

◆ 1830 A CENTURY OF WORLD PROGRESS 1930 ◆

Vol. 33-41, No. 1

NOVEMBER, 1929

The Improvement Era

Combined with the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL



THE SACRED GROVE, PALMYRA, NEW YORK

A Tribute To Our Pioneer Martyrs

AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT

Europe in the Melting Pot

DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

Some Uses Of Humor

BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

The Little Runt

PROF. HARRISON R. MERRILL

◆ "THE ERA IN EVERY HOME" ◆

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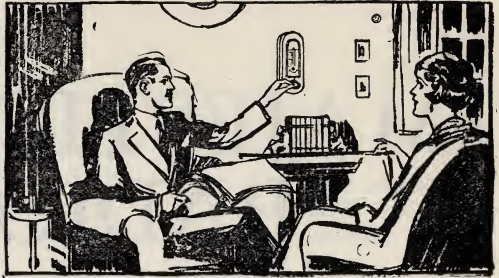
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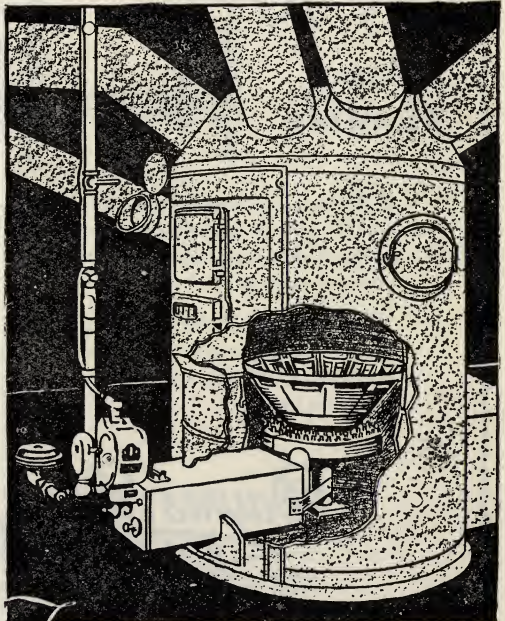


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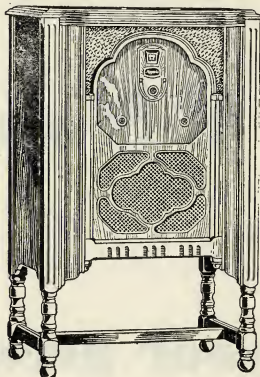


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FORECAST

About fifteen years ago Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve, wrote a number of parables for the *Era*. These were based upon observations which he had made, and were widely read. Dr. Talmage has kindly consented to furnish us with the "Parable of the House Party and the Weather," for the December number.

Can the deaf be made to hear and the dumb to speak? Read what a "Mormon" scientist is doing in New York along that line. This account of Dr. Harvey Fletcher from the pen of H. R. Merrill is something to which our readers can look forward.

Another scholarly article by Dean Milton Bennion, "A Spiritual Philosophy of Life," will be presented in the next issue. This series is deserving of thoughtful study.

"From the Green Mountains to the Rockies," by John D. Giles, will be continued in forthcoming numbers. This interesting series will be the means of making old and young familiar with scenes which mean so much to Latter-day Saints.

Fitting well with the foregoing are the articles by Carter E. Grant, written so graphically that they will be read by all classes. Not only are they full of historical value, but are highly interesting as well.

In addition there will be Christ-mas stories, biographical sketches, M. I. A. department material and instructions to the Priesthood. Supplementing the Priesthood items will be an account of the interesting experience of Bishop J. A. Rockwood with a group of boys who, under his direction, went through the grades of the Aaronic and into the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums.

The Improvement Era

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Rachel Grant Taylor
Chairmen Finance and Publications

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon
Managing Editor

Heber J. Grant
Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

Greetings

IT is not too much to expect that, combined with the *Young Woman's Journal* and with the aid of gifted women, the *Improvement Era* will reach a degree of perfection not heretofore attainable. For years these magazines have represented organizations which run along parallel lines, and it seems wise to have the efforts of all concentrated on one periodical. A material saving of time will result, and still the Mutual Improvement interests will be better served and at a greatly reduced cost to the general public. This step has our hearty approval, and we congratulate M. I. A. workers on its consummation.

In this connection we wonder if there is another magazine in the country which represents jointly a men's and a women's organization. Whether there is or not, this is certainly a significant step in the direction of co-education.

The *Era* will continue to be the organ of the Priesthood and the Church schools as it has been for some years past.

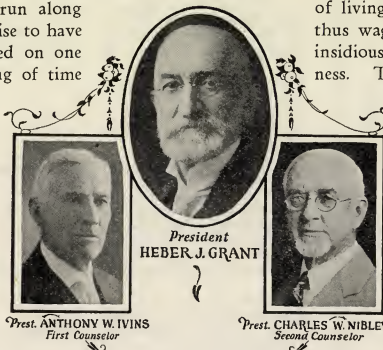
Offering, as it does, material suited to the tastes of young people, it has a well defined mission to perform among them. The power of the destroyer is abroad. We read with bewildering frequency of appalling disasters on land and sea—floods, volcanoes, earthquakes, cyclones, wars and revolutions, and both ancient and modern prophecy indicates that in this respect conditions will not become better. Over these occurrences naturally no human agency can have control. But disturbances caused by the elements are not the only forms, nor indeed the most serious, taken by the destroyer. Concurrent with them and of far more consequence are the destructive inroads planned to wreck

the character and faith of our youth. In this line of warfare the assaults are not made with storm and noise, but craftily. The *Era* in the past has done much to energize the desire to live righteously; it has assisted in the establishment of high standards of living, inspired lofty ideals and has thus waged constant battle against the insidious and artful attacks of wickedness.

The *Young Woman's Journal* has been no whit behind its companion magazine in this commendable work.

This is an era of improvement in spiritual, intellectual and scientific lines, but the world is whirling along at such a rate that there is danger of man losing his sense of direction. This magazine stands solidly for the splendid slogans adopted in the past by the

M. I. A. It stands, too, for the greatest fact of modern times, that God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son appeared in person to Joseph Smith. The *Era* must continue to herald the startling truth that the Almighty has spoken, that man is created in his image, that the Priesthood has been restored, Christ's Church established and the plan of salvation made clear.



Heber J. Grant

Anthony W. Ivins

Charles W. Nibley

The First Presidency,

What Hath God Wrought

By HUGH J. CANNON

DURING the thousands of years from Adam to the beginning of the last century, men moved along in the even tenor of their way, each succeeding generation to a great extent living very much as did their earliest ancestors. The fastest known means of transportation was by horse or camel. More often than otherwise a human runner was depended upon to carry the news. Indeed, men or animals were the sole means of transportation and also of bearing messages except for occasional smoke signals, semaphores or other visual means of transmitting thought.

But with the commencement of the nineteenth century, a period the like of which was never before known to the world as far as history reveals, a marvelous transformation occurred.

Without venturing into the fields of chemistry, medicine, and kindred branches of science, but merely considering the progress made along lines of transportation and communication, one stands amazed at what has been accomplished. A skeptical world had hardly recovered from its astonishment over the steamboat when the steam locomotive took the center of the stage; and before the great majority of people, even in civilized countries, had seen a train, the telegraph came into existence. Following closely on its heels was the telephone, then the automobile and the aeroplane.

The world is moving at a speed never before attained. Endurance records are made through the air, but do not endure—the heroes come down to earth, and, before the ovation accorded them by the welcoming crowd has subsided, their records are broken by new heroes. The Graf Zeppelin encircles the globe in about twelve days of actual flying time. Heavier-than-air machines hurl themselves through space at the rate of six miles a minute. Now we have television, telephotography and endless other things undreamed of by our forbears. All this, when less than three-quarters of a century ago the pony express evoked wonder.

These are common-place things to the present base generation and can be glibly recited by every well informed school boy.

They stimulate thoughts, however, which are not common-place. One wonders why the door to this storehouse of knowledge remained hermetically sealed through thousands of years and was suddenly thrown wide open, that all with resolute perseverance might enter. History reveals the fact that there were great minds in the world throughout the ages. Many things attest this fact; their knowledge of astronomy, skill in building, and experiments along various scientific lines; but the ancient minds seemed padlocked and confined within certain bounds.

Is there special significance in the fact that during thousands of years men traveled with oxen and donkeys, or at best with camels and horses, and then overnight, comparatively, are able to fly through the air at almost incredible speed and remain aloft for

weeks? Or in the fact that a message, regardless of its importance or the necessity for haste, required many hours to be sent a hundred miles then, suddenly can traverse the world almost instantaneously?

The Centennial year of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is upon us. A suggestion that the movement inaugurated one hundred years ago through the modern prophet, Joseph Smith, has had any bearing upon these astonishing developments during this period will be challenged by hosts of people. That is inevitable. However, a mere challenge is no refutation.

One might almost say that the steamship came into being coincident with the birth of this modern prophet, the locomotive with his first vision, and the telegraph with his martyrdom. Were these discoveries, destined to revolutionize the habits of the world, and the birth of the man who was to brush the cobwebs from the religious thought of his fellow-men the result of a whole chapter of chances?

In the "last days," God was to pour out his spirit upon all flesh: "Your sons and daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." This prediction, it is true, had a partial fulfillment during the earthly ministry of Christ and immediately subsequent thereto, but as hundreds view it those were not the "last days". These are, and the world is seeing a literal and an amazing consummation of that which was foretold.

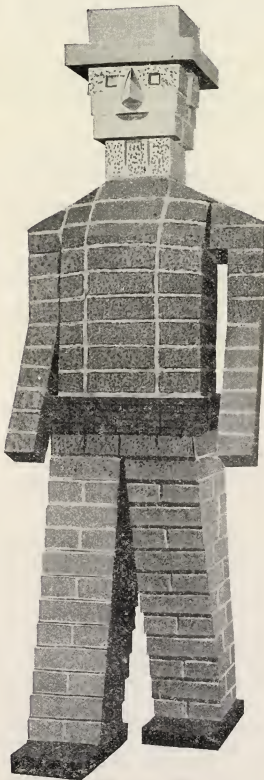
As one of the great events which should precede the final winding up scene, an angel was to fly through the midst of heaven with the everlasting Gospel decreed to be preached to every nation, kindred, tongue and people. The imagination staggers before the thought of how long this would take with the methods and means in vogue at the time the Church was organized in 1830. For more than two decades after reaching Utah, our missionaries crossed the plains with ox-teams or, under fortunate circumstances, with horses, and many weeks were required to reach Europe or the Pacific Islands in uncertain sailing vessels.

Now it is estimated that ten million people listen each Monday afternoon to the broadcast of the tabernacle organ and choir program. Millions have heard "Mormon" sermons delivered over the radio, many of them persons whose pride would not permit them to attend a service in a chapel or hall. Modern newspapers with their far-flung and efficient news-collecting agencies are a potent factor, sometimes unintentionally, in declaring the message that God has again spoken.

Old men dream dreams and young men see visions, visions which with miraculous skill are projected into accomplishment. The spirit of God is surely being poured out upon all flesh, as was predicted by the ancient prophets; it is revealing to them the mysteries of nature heretofore hidden from the world, and, as was also predicted, few are they who see in it the hand of divinity.

The Brick Man says:

“When you use brick, you do not experiment,
you do not take chances”



The great Chinese Emperor, Ch'in, 200 B. C., has many notable achievements to his credit. None, however, ranks with his great brick wall, 1200 miles long, which kept the Tartar hordes out for so many years and still stands today.

Modern builders who are seeking for both beauty and enduring strength might do well to pattern after Ch'in and use brick.

The same brick that repelled invaders will successfully keep out extremes of heat and cold.

The enduring brick that protected generations will shelter great-grandchildren.

The same beautiful brick will delight the eye of mankind long after the hand that laid it is a memory.

In addition to a complete line of Face, Common and Mantel brick, we manufacture Hollow Building Blocks, Drain Tile, Vitrified Clay Meter Boxes, Sewer Pipe, Wall Coping, Flue Lining, Roof Tile and other kindred clay products.

Quotations cheerfully given on request.

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Salt Lake City, Utah

Phone: Wasatch 951

Thanks and Congratulations!

Subscriptions to new IMPROVEMENT ERA exceed all expectations.

The General Officers of the Mutual Improvement Associations take this method of expressing their thanks and appreciation for the truly remarkable co-operation given by the stakes and wards in the introduction of the new IMPROVEMENT ERA.

We expected a generous response which is always forthcoming from the field when requested, but we were overwhelmed by the avalanche of subscriptions received.

We wish it were possible to express appreciation personally and mention individually all those who have done exceptional work in this campaign. Some wards have sent in more subscriptions than the total number of Church families in the ward. Several wards have disregarded the 7½% minimum quota entirely and with a vision of the big objective of the new movement have sought to place the Era in every home.

Entire stakes, in some instances, have taken the

same attitude. The result has been that the subscriptions have far exceeded expectations and insured the distribution of the Era into representative homes throughout the entire Church.

Splendid as have been the results and the benefits to the magazine, the most valuable and commendable feature of the whole movement has been the excellent spirit in which the work has been done. From all parts of the Church have come reports of renewed interest, not only in M. I. A. work, but in general Church work as well. Presidents of stakes and Bishops of wards have supported us enthusiastically, for which we are grateful.

To all who have participated in the work and made possible this glorious success up to this time, we extend our thanks and appreciation. Every possible effort will be made to publish a magazine that will in every way justify the splendid co-operation you have given us.

Here Are Some of the "Highlights" of the Campaign

TELEGRAMS

Maricopa Stake:

Maricopa Stake over one hundred per cent on the Era. Chandler Ward sold seventy-seven subscriptions with only seventy-one families in Ward.

Oneida Stake:

Era campaign over the top.

Taylor Stake:

Over the top on seven and one-half per cent minimum quota Era. Expect approximately four hundred subscriptions. Harvesting operations delaying drive somewhat but everything is being done to co-operate with Board to reach every home.

Benson Stake:

Over the top in every ward. 656 subscriptions received—589 quota. Lewiston Third Ward placed eighty Eras with quota of only thirty. This is an Era in every home in that Ward. An Era in every home irrespective of color or creed our slogan. Hope to send many more subscriptions as result of Era week campaign.

Palmyra Stake:

Palmyra Stake over one hundred per cent. 349 subscriptions required—356 received. Drive not complete. Expect many more.

LEADERS TO OCT. 17

Stake	% of Quota
Union	179
Fremont	162
Tiber	146
Teton	146
Maricopa	143
Hyrum	141
Moapa	135
Yellowstone	130
Franklin	128
Snowflake	126
Montpelier	118
Parowan	118
Cache	117
Morgan	116
Benson	114
Raft River	114
Pocahontas	113
Gunnison	112
Alpine	110
Jaab	110
Oneida	109
Palmyra	109
Carlew	108
Lehi	106
North Weber	105
Sevier	105
Timpabogos	103
Logan	103
San Juan	102
North Sanpete	102
Wasatch	100
Twin Falls	100
Bear Lake	100
Big Horn	100
Cassia	100
Idaho Falls	100
Minidoka	100

LETTERS

Edwin G. Wells of Moapa Stake: "The Moapa Stake is 'over the top' in the Era Drive with only six of its nine wards reporting. We have over 7½% of the Stake population now. However we are not through with our Drive yet, and expect to have about 180% of our Stake quota before we finish. Two of our wards have 200% (15% of the ward population) of their number of Eras, and one of them is going to try to be the champion ward of the Church. We have reached our first goal—now our aim is an Era in every home."

Louise W. Skidmore of Boxelder: "We are happy to let you know that Box Elder Stake has gone over 100% for the New Improvement Era."

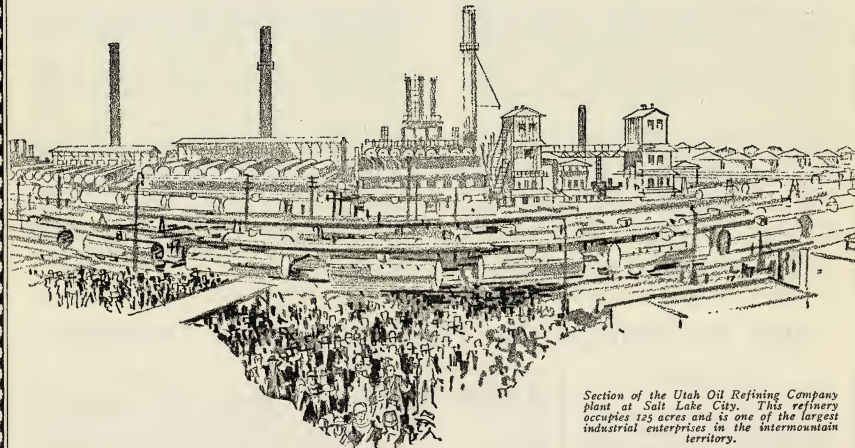
The following wards report The Era in Nearly Every Home: Chandler of Maricopa Stake; Las Vegas and Logandale of Moapa Stake; La Grande of Union Stake; St. Anthony First of Yellowstone Stake; Clarion, Centerfield and Axtell of Gunnison Stake; Sterling of Taylor Stake; and Lewiston Third of Benson Stake.

We want to thank every worker who has taken part so splendidly in this campaign.

"The Era in Every Home"

This HOME INDUSTRY

*provides employment for 1500 workers and
contributes greatly to the welfare of Utah*



Section of the Utah Oil Refining Company plant at Salt Lake City. This refinery occupies 125 acres and is one of the largest industrial enterprises in the intermountain territory.

Utah is justly proud of the Utah Oil Refining Company.

Manufacturing quality products and contributing in great measure toward the welfare of the state, this company and its subsidiaries employs 1,500 workers, which in turn means that 15,000 people are dependent upon this concern for a livelihood. It was organized in 1909 by Utah people; has been developed and managed ever since by Utah people and circulates over \$8,000,000 throughout the state of Utah every year.

Because of its large taxable property it pays approximately 75c per head for each boy and girl going to school in the state of Utah.

It has spent \$2,500,000 in oil exploration work in Utah, which would increase the taxable wealth and

yield royalties to the state for road-building and school building and maintenance purposes.

It is now building a road with 50 teams and 100 men, from Cannonville to Butler Valley Dome in southwestern Utah at a cost of \$35,000, so it can start drilling a well for oil, which will cost more than \$150,000.

During the twenty years since the manufacture of gasoline and oils was started in Utah, the people of this state have supported this industry splendidly. Their patronage has resulted in the growth of the industry from a small plant on a quarter acre of land, to a mammoth plant occupying 125 acres . . . from an original capital investment of \$30,000 to a total present investment of \$10,000,000 . . . from an original capacity of 7 barrels of crude oil daily, to a present capacity of 13,000 barrels.

We are glad to acknowledge the importance of this industrial enterprise to the people of our state and to join in commending the spirit behind the slogan—"What Utah Makes, Makes Utah."

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 33-41

NOVEMBER, 1929

No. 1

Europe in the Melting Pot

By DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

CAN this be Europe? How it has changed from the Europe of my childhood or of my student days, thirty-one years ago! Of course, the narrow, cobblestone streets, the crowded, queer houses, the cramped mode of living, the grimy poverty, the social strata, and the weight of castled and cathedraled centuries—the face of Europe—are still here, much as in the past. The difference is one of outlook and attitude, of hope and fear, of the spirit, but as real as wood or stone. The change is remarkable.

The spirit of tolerance, new and pervasive, is startling. A generation ago "Mormon" elders in Germany divided their time between being in jail and keeping out of jail for the crime of being "Mormons;" today, they have the use of magnificent schoolhouses in Berlin for Sunday meetings. Then, according to the British press, magnetic "Mormon" elders exported English girls to an "immoral" place in the American West; today, the same papers publish respectful interviews with said elders, and comment upon the splendid achievements of the State of Utah; and one paper is now publishing, serially, a life of Brigham Young, written by one of his daughters. There are those who would gladly flay or burn a "Mormon," but their voice is thin, and they are of the class who indiscriminately would like to flay or burn somebody.

THE spirit of tolerance is not confined to "Mormonism." It has entered every concern. The old barriers of prejudice have crumbled. It is conceded, though ever so reluctantly, that good may "come out of Nazareth." A European can now, at the comfortable close of

President of the L. D. S. European Missions and a Member of the Council of the Twelve. ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓ ✓



DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

day, look over his country's border into his neighbor's land without wheezing and bristling. There are yet selfish nationalism and national selfishness enough to be dangerous, but the feelings of the masses of the people are mellowing before the sun of tolerant understanding.

The cocksureness of the European is passing. "After all," he seems to say, "my country may not be the only one under the sun." The Briton is pondering deeply, "Perhaps the British lion is not the only animal with sharp teeth." One is not now crowded off German sidewalks by self-sufficient,

long-coated militarists. Even the Frenchman, in heated argument, swears at you behind his hand. There is a new realization that the world is made for all men.

There is an equally noticeable change in language. I mean in spoken thought, not in kind of speech. Europe is still afflicted with a dozen or more tongues that retard mutual comprehension and goodwill. That is one of the serious problems of the European future. But in every European tongue very much the same thoughts are now being discussed—relatively new thoughts—and spoken thoughts are the real language of nations. Some hundreds of years ago, Europe spoke in terms of Catholic power; then of the Bible and the Reformation; then of democracy or political liberty—each period marked by tremendous, world-shaping events; today the loud and insistent speech is of economics, of bread and butter. The need for physical comforts is co-equal with man, and has always been a human issue, but the manner of expressing the need is peculiar to this age.

The common man, the average man, with common speech is making Europe tolerant. His thoughts are on the lips of parliaments. He is coining today's language. He is

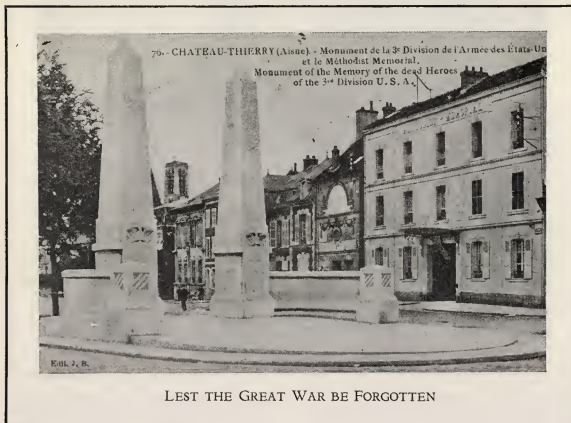
man is more interested in sunlight and full physical maintenance—things denied him in the past—than with boundary lines and diplomatic history. His economic speech is multiplied in volume, because there are more common men in Europe than ever before, while the valleys and hills that hold the elements of sustenance, have remained unchanged in size. Political freedom has come or is coming; that is taken for granted; equality in the enjoyment of the good things provided by nature through human industry is demanded.

Whatever the subject, modern European speech is effective and understandable only in terms of human needs. A government is good because it is economically successful; a man is worth while because he has contributed to the economic welfare of his fellow-men; a philosophy is enlightening only if it explains the events of today; a religion must be practically capable of use in daily life. Do not misunderstand; Europe is built upon spiritual foundations. It is not a materialistic language; rather one requiring that all human effort shall converge upon human welfare. "I do not fear the hereafter," says the modern European, "but I detest and dread sin and poverty

starved British workman helplessly accepts the existence of vast estates of pasture and hunting lands,

SONS of widowed mothers have played a great part in the history of the world. Dr. John A. Widtsoe is one of them. People envy him because of his learning, but, though gifted, he paid a high price in toil and privation for all that he has acquired. A poor Norwegian immigrant boy, he worked his way through our local schools, then through Harvard, where he was graduated with the highest honors, and through the university of Goettingen, Germany, where he took his doctor's degree. He has served as teacher, director of the experiment station, president of the Utah Agricultural College and of the University of Utah. Nationally, Dr. Widtsoe has served on some of the most important fact-finding committees. His books and pamphlets on soil chemistry, irrigation practice and dry farming have been widely distributed and translated into other languages.

when Great Britain's dire need cries to have the domain cut up into small, intensively cultivated farms. On the continent perhaps the majority of the hay lands are cut with scythes, in the face of a need for economic reform. Established customs are modified slowly. Then, evils of long standing, that corrupt and weaken the will, have free range. Notable among these is the use of alcoholic beverages. In countries where whisky and strong liquors are mostly used, the poverty of the people is most apparent—and it is awful. Where wines replace the stronger drinks, the people appear more prosperous, and where light beers are commonly drunk, the economic condition seems still better. It is a commentary on prohibition that may be read by every observant European traveler. A large portion of Europe's economic and social unhappiness would vanish quickly with the adoption of prohibition. The governments know it, but soothe their conscience by using a part of the income from liquor taxes—bread taken from hungry women and children—to pay starvation pittance to the unemployed. American bibbers of illegal liquor might be awakened to moral responsibility if they could have the contrast of wet Europe on a Saturday night.



LEST THE GREAT WAR BE FORGOTTEN

coming into his own; he is of increasing concern to the State; he has become the State. Kings are obsolete; those who remain are parts of the National fashion show. This rising, increasing common

and disease. Does your religion help men conquer such evils?"

TRADITION and age-old conventions continue to obscure remedies and hamper progress. The

THE focusing of national feeling, placing countless limitations upon trade and friendship, causes

riers be broken down, and the countries unite in economic endeavor? The tide of feeling favors

eye. "That's all I got out of it." The middle-class German, aged and grey with grief, whose only son was killed, and whose wife as a result is in a mental hospital, said, "It was a useless war. None wanted it, except the military men." The bookseller in my old university town straightened up and almost shouted, "There is only one end to the whole affair—Paris!" In central and Eastern Europe, particularly, a noticeably large proportion of the people who were children during the war years, are dwarfed, hump-backed, crooked-limbed—results of insufficient or improper nutrition. Horrible gashes over the face of Europe, material and spiritual, are constant reminders of the war. One wonders if the brutes who were responsible for causing it can ever be racked enough. The war taught terrible lessons, which are not fully learned; for, amidst the happy transformations, lurks the expectancy of war and the necessity of preparing for it. Centuries of warfare have left the nations unable to conceive of other means of settling misunderstandings and disputes or of solving wounded honor. It is so easy to rush to the arsenal! On every hand is the cry



AVENUE IN GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, NAMED AFTER OUR WAR PRESIDENT

international blindness. I asked an intelligent Berlin workman, I suspect now that he was a communist, for his remedy for Europe's woes. He gave prompt answer: "A United States of Europe!" That sounded interesting—so I secured the views of people in various countries, concerning such a European union. The immediate statement was unanimous. "We want nothing of it. We want to be governed by our own people, who speak our language. It is impossible." There was not a dissenting voice. Clearly, it was an expression, not of matured analysis and reflection, but of century-directed feelings. Such traditional points of view are curiously, and disturbingly, intermingled with Europe's new tolerance and call for economic equality.

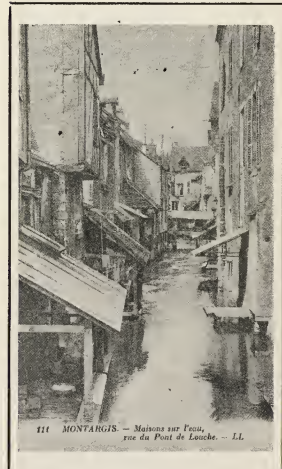
A United States of Europe did not seem so impossible, however, when the matter was further discussed. The objection seemed to be to a political, rather than to an economic union. Men eat bread, not politics. The example of America was always used. Among the half-hundred States of the American Union, approximately the area of Europe, but with only one-fifth the population, all activities are carried on fully, without boundary interference, and an economic success, not before known in the world, has been attained. Can the same be achieved in Europe, if the present customs bar-

the experiment. M. Briand only voiced Europe's thought in his recent proposal of a European economic federation. It will come; and perhaps out of it may grow the larger governmental union, indispensable to future world peace. That which has not been accomplished by abstract truth, however majestic, may be realized through economic pressure.

Fear of the United States, prosperous, well-fed country, with her wares on every European counter, is crystallizing the feeling for an European economic union. "If we do not get together," says the candid European, "we shall become bond slaves to America, our immature child." No love for America is lost on European highways. Affection is not begotten for the successful competitor or the inexorable interest and capital collector. Other favors are forgotten in economic warfare. A generation ago, America was hated, as I well remember, because, having won the war with Spain, she was interfering with divine monarchical rights. Today she is praised on European shores for upsetting thrones, but condemned for her economic success. The United States is ever present in European thinking.

THE Great War? O yes, it is remembered! The Frenchman who keeps a meagre hotel at Chateau Thierry stroked his artificial jaw and touched his glass

that American reparations demands are the cause of European troubles. That is patently not so, but it is true that war debts are Europe's insurance against her own immediate folly. Without reparation



payments, Europe would think less of peace and more of spending her surplus, and more in preparations for war. Again, economic necessity outweighs spiritual ideals. It is to be hoped that no impractical, slushy sentimentality will cancel present obligations. The memory of war horrors needs to be strengthened. And, it may be added, that the nations that most valiantly are attempting to make repayments are those which, with America, will preserve the world in peace.

All this and more may be said about Europe in 1929. Meanwhile, our civilization was born in Europe. America, which has so successfully built upon European foundations, is tempted to view Mother Europe as a very old, slow lady; but she, knowing her vigorous, skilful children, chuckles, often with good reason, at our immaturity, and she can go fast enough. The fastest steamers, railroad trains and aeroplanes are in Europe. The sound appreciation of spiritual foundations—education, science, art and music and literature—yet dominates the desire, if not altogether the practice, of Europe. On her lands, religion still continues to be more than a buttonhole bouquet. The very principles of action that have made America an incomparable world power, may yet transform Europe by the use of her wealth of accumulated experience to foster and establish every human good.

THIS is what I set out to say: Europe, just now, is in a melting pot. The stuff of which she is made is genuine enough, and the old rusty corners of the antiquated systems are rapidly softening. A melting and recasting of the old material would be for everybody's good. The outcome of present conditions will depend on the intensity and the length of application of the heat. Let us hope it may continue until the impending changes have assumed permanency.

“Hearken, O ye people who profess my name, saith the Lord your God; for behold, mine anger is kindled against the rebellious, and they shall know mine arm and mine indignation, in the day of visitation and of wrath upon the nations.” Doc. and Cov. 56:1.

As a Man Soweth A Contrast

By A. A. HINCKLEY

Former Commissioner of Agriculture of Utah

By LEROI C. SNOW

Member of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board

A FARMER in an outlying county returned home one evening and said to his boys: “I met Mr. B. today and he wants to buy a cow. He’s comin’ over in the mornin’ to look at ours. I’d like to git rid of that good-for-nothing old rip we all hate so much to milk and who breaks down every fence on the place. I’ve been thinkin’ that it would be a good plan to let her go tonight and tomorrow mornin’ without milkin’ and of course she’ll have a big udder and will draw his attention. When he asks about her you boys chip in and say, ‘Dad, you surely ain’t goin’ to sell old Fill-pail, are you?’ Then I’ll say, ‘Course not. We couldn’t spare her. She’s the best cow we got.’

“That will make him want the old hussy more’n ever. Now you’ll have to be cute about it and not say too much, but say enough. Just foller me, and you’ll see how to do the thing right.”

AND the farmer rubbed his hands gleefully in anticipation of a high price for an inferior animal. His boys were no less joyous, for this particular cow was the bane of their existence.

Mr. B. came as was expected, and the pre-arranged plan worked out as if on ball-bearings. Sundry sly winks were exchanged between the farmer and his sons; and behind the backs of their father and the visitor, as the money was changing hands, the boys could hardly restrain their mirth. It was not often that a sucker of such proportions came to the farm. When the purchaser leading “Fill-pail” was out of earshot, the father and the boys shouted with glee.

What became of the stranger and the cow? That isn’t important, and I don’t know. But I do know what became of the boys. They have both served terms in the Utah penitentiary for cattle stealing. Who was to blame?

JACOB HAMBLIN, noted scout, was set apart “an apostle to the Lamanites” by President Brigham Young, and was promised that as long as he was faithful to his calling he would never be harmed by the Indians. Confident in this promise he mingled fearlessly with them during the serious troubles in the early 80’s, in southern Utah and Arizona, and became known as the great “peacemaker.” The following experience related by Jacob Hamblin, Jr., indicates his character:

“On one occasion my father told me he had a horse to exchange for Navajo blankets, and asked me to get on my pony, lead the horse to be traded, and go to the Indian village and see what kind of a bargain I could make.

“The old chief, recognizing me, came out of his hut. I explained my errand and asked if he knew anyone who wanted to make such a trade. The chief, after looking the horse over, brought out some fine blankets, spread them upon the ground, and said: ‘I’ll give you those for the horse.’

FATHER had said, ‘Be sure not to trade the horse unless you get its full value.’ So I shook my head and demanded more. The surprised chief got more, among them two fine buffalo robes. Finally I closed the bargain.

“With difficulty I carried the big bundle home on my pony, happy over the trade, and showed the blankets to my father. Imagine my surprise when he divided them into two piles, then rolled up one lot and asked me to get on my pony and take them back and tell the chief he had sent too many. It was a hard thing to do, but I was always obedient and did as my father asked. When I explained to the chief what father had told me to do, the old Indian put his hand on my head and said: ‘I knew you’d come back. Jacob would not keep so many. You know, he is our father as well as your father.’”

President Heber J. Grant

AS a husband and father, and a real friend to the widow and orphan, and as head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, President Heber J. Grant has ever been a consistent, faithful Latter-day Saint. He is a strong advocate of the Gospel of the Messiah by precept and by example. His life is an open book. He is much beloved of his people. The Council of the Twelve join with the multitudes of his other friends and admirers in wishing him health and happiness and many returns of his natal day.—*Rudger Clawson*, in behalf of the Council of the Twelve.

SEVENTY-THREE years of unusual energy and great usefulness crown the abundant life of President Grant. Fatherless almost from birth, but blessed with a Spartan mother, he early developed self-reliance and persistence. A business man in his teens, an apostle of the Lord at twenty-six years—he has long exercised a constructive influence in the financial and spiritual affairs of the community and the Church at large. Generous in spirit as well as with means, devoted to the advancement of the Church, blessed with direct, clear inspiration, he magnifies his exalted position. May the coming years bring him fullness of joy!—*Sylvester Q. Cannon*, for the Presiding Bishopric.

I AM allotted seventy words in which to express an appreciation of President Heber J. Grant. The space is not sufficient to say the fullness of one's heart for one's friend, or to give in faintest outline an estimate of his character. I shall not make the attempt. Rather I name one shining quality I know him to possess—the keynote to the harmony of him. That keynote word is *sincerity*, the crowning glory of many virtues, without which there would really be no virtues and no glory. President Grant above all things else is a sincere man; and for that, among many other things, we admire and love him.—*B. H. Roberts*, representing the First Council of Seventy.

WE are happy today to congratulate President Grant on the approach of the anniversary of his birthday. We trust that the health he has enjoyed during the years of his presidency will continue, and that the blessings of the Lord may ever attend him. There has never been a time when the strong, vibrant testimony that the President bears has been more necessary to the spiritual welfare of the people over whom he presides than the present. We are grateful for the example of his life and for his valiant testimony. May he yet live many years, to inspire and guide

the ever-increasing group of people who recognize him as their spiritual leader.—*General Board of Relief Societies*.

THE General Boards of the Mutual Improvement Associations extend to

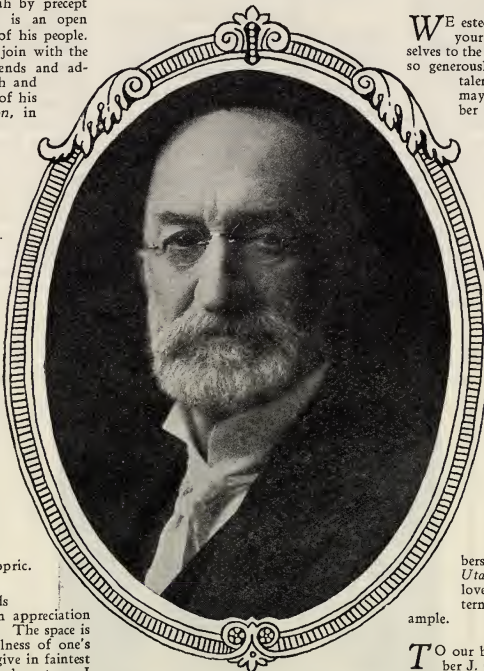
Church; that God has a special work for him to do, for which he has been, and is, the recipient of blessings to enable him to do this work. The *General Church Board of Education* wishes and prays for a continuation to him of vigorous health, divine favors and a prolonged life.

WE esteem it an honor to serve under your presidency and to devote ourselves to the cause to which you have given so generously of your time, treasure and talent. That all Latter-day Saints may with faith and works remember your birthday every year in ways which will accomplish for the Church and the Saints all your heart desires is our prayer for you.—*Deseret Sunday School Union*.

THE birth of President Heber J. Grant was the climax of a great life-drama, and the commencement of a marvelous mission. The men and women who gave him life were descended from the Quakers of New Jersey, the Puritans of New England and the noblest families of Europe. Almost miraculous it is that the only child of a widowed mother convert, should be preserved to become a savior in the house of her fathers. With all his manifold cares, he is today, by the power of his example in research and temple work, our most impressive teacher. All members of the *Genealogical Society of Utah* unite in assuring him of our love, our appreciation, and our determination to emulate his example.

TO our beloved Prophet President, Heber J. Grant, we extend sincere birthday greetings. We know of the integrity of his life—both his words and his works bear solemn witness of it. We know of his devotion to the work of the Lord, both at home and abroad. We honor him for his humility; we admire him for his fearlessness. He is honored by the Lord and by his fellow-men. Little children love him. Our prayers are with him. We wish him health, prosperity and many more years as leader in Israel.—*The General Board of Primary Associations*.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S birthday occurs on November 22. More than one hundred stake presidents and their counselors, a thousand bishops and those associated with them, high councils, missionaries in almost every civilized country, officers of Priesthood quorums and auxiliary organizations, and indeed the entire membership of the Church would gladly have added their good wishes to those expressed herein had space permitted.



you their hearty congratulations and birthday greetings. As the Lord has preserved and blessed you in the past for your great service to his people, so may health and happiness be yours to the end of your days. May wisdom and inspiration continue to flow from your lips and your administration be crowned with success. Quoting the words of the Lord to Joshua, as being a fitting injunction to yourself: "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

PRESIDENT GRANT has always been a strict observer of the Word of Wisdom, to which fact he attributes his excellent health. He has also been conscientious, upright, and honorable in all things, which has given him a peace of mind conducive to physical and mental welfare. The Latter-day Saints sincerely believe that he is divinely called to lead the

Some Uses of Humor

By BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

President of the Liberty Stake of Zion

THIS delightful quality of the imagination has many uses and is given to few abuses. Without attempting sharp distinctions it is less poignant and less brilliant than wit; but more agreeable. Wit directed against folly may offend by its severity—on the other hand humor makes one ashamed of his folly without exciting his resentment. Psychologists tell us that humor is an emotion such as fear, anger, grief. Its physical expression is laughter. Laughter has a highly therapeutic value. "Galen is said to have prescribed comic songs for his patients instead of drugs."

HUMOR is built very largely upon incongruities and contrasts. An investigation of a large number of funny stories and their families shows that they are based upon comparatively few subjects, such as mothers-in-law, hen-pecked husbands, fatness, thinness, baldness, stuttering, sea sickness, foreigners, prohibition and politics.¹

The sense of humor varies with the individual; for illustration—you try the same story on three or four friends. They may laugh heartily over the first, slightly over the second and none at all over the third.

It is a most powerful weapon when used with discretion. Its skillful use easily outweighs logic or lengthy discourse. There is no argument so hard to combat as a laugh. "The thief, the grafter, the gun man, fear laughs more than they fear the shackles or the jail."

¹"The Nature of Humor," by John C. Almack, *Century Magazine*, Sept., 1928.

BRAND WHITLOCK relates some typical examples of the power of well-directed humor which is often used to advantage in politics. We submit two of his stories:²

Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, in opening a campaign began his speech by saying, "Fellow-citizens, the issue in this campaign is very simple. We have got the state house—the Democrats want to turn us out and run the government. They think they can run this government, when it is all we can do."

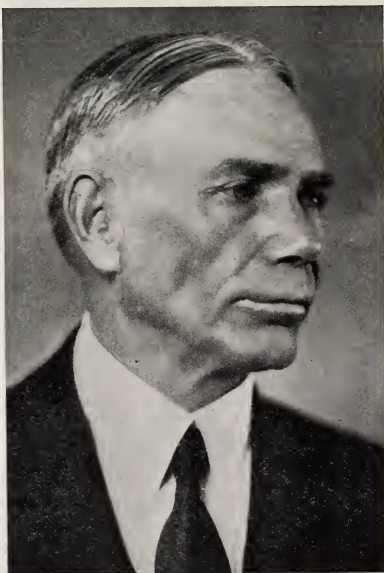
In one of his campaigns Gov-

²Taken from article "What a Man in Politics is up Against," by Brand Whitlock, *American Magazine*, Nov., 1927.

ernor Hogg of Texas was opposed by a very able lawyer who rashly challenged the Governor to a joint debate. The Governor had the opening speech and at the conclusion of his argument, as his opponent rose to reply, got up and said, "Just a word please." The Governor was a man of imposing appearance, while his opponent was a stumpy man with a small head, short legs and a round body bulging at the middle. Standing beside the handsome Governor he presented a droll and absurd appearance. Hogg raised his hand and with an imperative gesture, as though the crowd belonged to him, said in a most patronizing way, "Now, my friends, I want you to pay the same kind and patient

attention to my *jug-shaped* friend here that you have shown to me." The crowd looked at the short, solemn candidate with his protuberant waist, burst into a roar of laughter and the debate ended.

IT is reported that Clarence Darrow won a public debate from Ex-congressman Upshaw of Georgia by a single remark. By agreement there were no judges and no official decision. Upshaw told the audience how he had worked his way through school and studied hard on the farm. "I was so determined as a boy," he said, "to be a public speaker that I used to practice oratory on the poor mules while I was plowing." Then he spent the best part of an hour in an attempt to prove his case. When Darrow's turn came he rose and, fixing his glare upon the perspiring and panting Upshaw, said



BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

firmly, "If you expect us to believe all that you have said, sir, you must think you are still talking to a lot of mules." He won the popular verdict.

TURNING now to other sources of humor: Most Latter-day Saint bishops are obliged to make a living in addition to carrying the responsibilities of their ecclesiastical office, and one smiles and forgives the bishop who, announcing the hymn in a religious gathering, said, "We will now sing from page three dollars and fifty cents."

Bishops in the course of their calling hear many cases and are asked to advise on many different subjects. A man is reported to have appealed for advice on the following problem:

"Bishop, my wife is getting very extravagant and I am greatly worried. Last week she asked me for \$15.00 and then she wanted \$10.00 and now she wants \$5.00—what shall I do?" The Bishop said, "What does she do with all her money?" The man, with some hesitation replied, "Well, I don't know, I haven't given her any yet."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, one of the greatest leaders of men that ever lived and a consummate politician, was also a technician in the fine art of storytelling. Before the war actually began he was greatly annoyed by the repeated visits and appeals of three of his Southern friends. Standing at a window in the White House he saw these same three men coming again. He remarked to a friend, as he viewed the approaching visitors, "I feel very much like a big fellow in a reading class in a back-woods school in Illinois. It was the practice to have the class stand in line and take turns in reading a verse. They were reading from the Bible the story of the three Hebrew children. The first time this fellow tried to pronounce Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego he struggled, stuttered and floundered through. As his turn approached the second time, he discovered to his great dismay that these three names were in his verse and said in a loud whisper, "Those same three d— fellers are comin' up again."

BRYANT S. HINCKLEY, president of Liberty stake and executive head of the Deseret Gymnasium, is one of the outstanding storytellers of the Church. His knowledge of the use of humor has contributed to his great popularity as a public speaker. After graduating from the B. Y. U., he taught school in Frisco and later in the B. Y. U. in Provo and the L. D. S. College in Salt Lake City. He has done special work at the universities of California and Chicago and the Eastman National Business College in New York.

THE sense of humor is a most valuable asset to a teacher, indispensable to the most successful work, and the school room is an easy place to cultivate it. The school is in fact the center from which much of the choicest humor comes. The following composition on geese was written by a school boy:

"Geese is a heavy-set bird with a head on one side and a tail on the other. His feet is set so far back on his running gear that they nearly miss his body. Some geese is ganders and has a curl in his tail. Ganders don't lay or set, they just eat and go swimming. If I had to be a geese I would rather be a gander. Geese does not give milk, but give eggs, but for me give me liberty or give me death."

AGRAMMAR school boy handed in the following composition on cats:

"Cats that's mean for little boys to maul and tease is called Maultese cats. Some cats is reckernized by how quiet their purrs is and these is named Purrisian cats. The cats what has very bad tempers is called Angorie cats, and cats with deep feelin's is called Feline cats—but I prefer dogs."

A girl in the Primary wrote the following composition on monkeys:

"A monkey is an animal that wears a red cap and has a long tail. Monkeys have four feet; cows also have four feet, one on each corner. The other day me and my sister were going through a pasture and one of the cows ran after us and helped us over the fence—that was the other cow's husband."

A teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Madam: Please ixcus my Tommy to-day. He wont come to skule because he is acting as time-keeper for his father and it is your fault. U gave him a ixample if a field is 6 miles around how long will it take a man walking 3½ miles an hour to walk 2¼ times around it? Tommy aint a man, so we had to send his father. They went early this morning and father will walk around the field and Tommy will time him, but pleas don't give my boy such ixamples agin, because my husband must go to work every day to support his family."

SOME philosopher has said that women are more intelligent than men but not so intellectual; in other words, a man will think a thing over all day and then do the wrong thing, while a woman will intuitively do the right thing and say the right word at the right time, as shown by this story:

A very modest young man had been paying his addresses to a young woman. She thought he was not making the advances that she might reasonably expect. However, he took her on an excursion to Park City, and when they were passing through the tunnel at the summit somehow his arm fell about her waist. When they suddenly emerged into broad daylight the conductor was standing in front of them. The young man was greatly embarrassed and rubbing his hands nervously, said, "Mary, do you know that this tunnel cost a million dollars." "Did it?" she replied, "Well, it is worth it."

TWO hundred stories were submitted to competent judges, but very few of them qualified. However, one of the judges ranked a given joke as nearly perfect "from the psychological point of view." What is your estimate of it? A traveler in the South passed by a farm where a colored man was plowing with a very large horse and a diminutive mule. "Boy," said the traveler, "isn't the work pretty hard on that little mule?" "Nossuh, nossuh, boss," answered the dorky, "dis work don't hurt him none." "But," persisted the traveler, "you don't mean to tell me that this little mule can do as much work as that big

horse?" "Nossuh, boss, he kaint do as much work, but I done fix dat. You see I's been givin' de mule de sho't end of de double-tree."

THE story marked highest by the judges was a favorite of William Jennings Bryan. "A man said to one of his friends, 'I am drinking too much. I know it but I can't help it. My friends keep asking me to drink, and the first thing I know I get too much.' His friend said, 'I will tell you how to prevent it. After this, when you get all the whiskey you want, and anybody asks you to have more, don't call for it, call for sarsaparilla.' 'But', the man answered, 'that's just the trouble. When I get all the whiskey I want, I can't say sarsaparilla.'"

THERE are some good old stories that go the rounds for a long time and even though they are old they are never edged in black. I am reminded of the story that is told at most banquets, and notwithstanding its antiquity it still provokes a smile. A garrulous speaker at a banquet had talked on and on until the guests could not suppress their yawns. The irritated toast-master raised his gavel, intending to rap for order. He brought it down and in place of hitting the table he struck a man next to him, who had stooped to pick up his napkin, right on top of his bald pate and knocked him unconscious. They administered restoratives and when he began to revive they asked him how he felt. He said, "I hear him still talking, hit me again."

THE English, the German, the Irish, all furnish a good supply of rich humor but just now the thrifty and canny Scotchman leads all others in this respect. His thrift is everywhere manifest. You have no doubt read of the Scotchman who wanted to be married in his back yard so the chickens could eat the rice.

A Scotch minister told one about Jock who met Sandy on the street and casually remarked that he was going to send over a hen for his friend's dinner. A long time elapsed and the hen was not forthcoming. Finally the friend said, "See here, Jock, what about that chuckie?" Jock looked at Sandv

in astonishment and said, "Chuckie, what chuckie was that? Oh I mind, it got better."

Their thrift, which is much to be commended, is the source of many a laugh, though a more generous and large-hearted people would be hard to find. They are not slow to meet any situation, as shown by the following:

The enterprising and patriotic citizens of one of the mid-west cities had erected a monument to Washington and were paying for it by public subscriptions. One of the solicitors had on his list the name of a wealthy Scotchman—not unusual—from whom he expected a liberal donation. He made his call and explained that one purpose of the monument was to keep in memory the great service of the noble Washington. The Scotchman listened respectfully and finally replied that he did not need a monument to remember Washington—he had him in his heart. After the second appeal he made the same reply. The solicitor, baffled and irritated, said, "Washington in his lifetime was in many tight places, but if you have him in your heart let me say to you it is the tightest place he was ever in."

MANY people cannot see anything in the following—perhaps there isn't anything: Two inmates of a mental hospital were comparing notes. One of them said to the other, "How did they come to get you in here—how did they discover that you were a

little looney?" He replied, "I do not know, but this happened and they heard about it. I was doing odd jobs for a man in Salt Lake who concluded to sell out and go to California. He said to his agent, 'If there is anything you cannot sell, give it to my Scotch servant.' And I said to him, 'If there is anything your Scotch servant does not want can I have it?' And I am here."

A MAN who had told some stories, such as the foregoing, at a public function, on returning home was asked by his wife how his stories got across. He replied that judging from the effects, his listeners must have thought that they came across in the Mayflower.

"One leaves the pages of humor with a firm conviction that the world is growing better. Humor is growing away from the gross and crude and toward the things that are wholesome and pleasant. It makes more of human virtues and less of human frailties—it is more kindly, more sympathetic, more truthful. The humorist sees things with uncompromising clearness and judges with tolerance and good temper. A large part of the best humor is directed against narrowness, bigotry and inefficiency. It promotes reforms, builds character and helps to solve political and social problems." It is a most powerful weapon for good when used with discretion.

*"The Nature of Humor," by John C. Almack. *Century Magazine*, Sept., 1928.

Ideals

THIS material matches my sample in color and seems all right. Don't you think so," said a lady to the clerk in a small dry-goods store. He examined the sample carefully and answered: "I am sorry, madam, this isn't as good as your sample. The weave is coarser and the quality is not so good. We are out of that grade."

The woman left, and the proprietor, who had heard the conversation, remarked, "Young man, why didn't you tell the woman the material was what she wanted? You could have stretched the truth a little to make a sale. She would never have known the difference."

"Well, I wouldn't care to tell a falsehood to make a sale," the young man replied.

"Go to the desk and get your wages," said the proprietor. "You can't be a clerk of mine."

The young man was Marshall Field who later founded probably the largest and best conducted department store in the world.

—From Bulletin on Law Enforcement by Dean Milton Bennion.

A Tribute to Our Pioneer Martyrs

By AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT

OUT on the prairies of Nebraska, many years ago, was buried a wife and mother who had trekked her way that far, and then had given her life in the poignant struggle of that long and toilsome journey. A grave hastily dug, with only half a wagon-tire as a headstone, marked the resting place where she lay on the bleak plains until the years brought the surveyed line of the iron horse across the very spot whereon this grave was made. The wagon-tire remained intact, with its crude inscription, and the intelligent and sympathetic officials who led the surveying party made a respectful detour around the burial place. Later a monument was placed there.

The tragedies of the plains have been many, but individual remembrances are all too few. In most cases not a trace has been left for identification. But one spot has been almost miraculously preserved, and it might seem that this one has received undue recognition and attention. However, it is not so much to give honor and attention to this particular case as it is to hold in remembrance those who went through the same experiences but of whom all traces have been lost. The thought is thus expressed by Anne McQueen, a traveler

whose sympathies were called forth by seeing the only monument placed where the spot could be identified, at the grave of Rebecca Burdick Winters:

"Hers is the shapen and turf-grown mound
And the name carved on the stone today,
But the thought—'tis all for the grave unfound—
The others who died upon the way."

THE story of this grave is most remarkable, and numerous pictures have been taken, inspired, and column after column written by strangers and friends alike who have thus expressed their sympathy and interest in the tragedies of our Pioneers.

The Oregon trail and our Pioneer trail are identical along most of the way from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, and some of the writers have not distinguished between the two. We insert on the next page the remainder of the poem by Anne M. McQueen.

PERHAPS the best way to present at this time the story of the grave on the plains, which has been told so many times, would be to quote some of the various appreciative things that have been said by authors in different publications. The following is from the pen of one who was present at the

burial, Dr. Ellis R. Shipp, a lady now 83 years of age, who for many years was a practicing physician and medical instructor in Salt Lake City:

"The death and burial of Rebecca Winters is my most vivid memory of Pioneer days, when I crossed the plains, in the year 1852, with my father walking and driving the oxen; my mother knitting in the front end of the covered wagon.

"My grandfather, William John Hawley, was the captain of the company; my grandmother, Ellis Smith Hawley, was the ever ready, willing, efficient nurse in all emergencies. In answer to every call her slight, fragile form would deftly slip from under the flapping wagon cover in every hour of day or night, and when her old-time neighbor, Rebecca Winters, was stricken with cholera, she was her constant attendant. Through the usual speedy course of this virulent malady she never left her post. In the lonely wilderness, in the dreary night-time, lighted only by the campfire and a tallow taper, she worked and prayed in fervent faith. And she it was who clothed the silent wasted form for its final rest.

"In the meantime the captain summoned his forces, and with the sanction of the mourning family located the burial spot and set his sons to digging the impacted soil. When was it ever turned before?

"In those days I was never far from my grandfather, and at this time I was very close to him, and the now opening grave. To my unsophisticated sensitive soul it was a momentous event. I listened to his words as he dictated to his workmen, words that still ring in my ears through all these 78 years—'Dig it deeper, boys. We will have one grave that no wild animal can harm. Deeper, yes deeper, deeper, boys.'"

"I was feeling sorry for my loved uncle because they were working so hard; but when I looked up to my sire's noble face, I caught the inspiration of his thought; his words still live in my soul—living words through all these many eventful years, and which will still echo through the ages of futurity.

"After the grave was rounded over, my own dear father, William Reynolds, who was never idle, came with two wagon tires he had found by the wayside as he walked over the rugged roads. He had picked them up with the remark: 'They will be of some use to us on our journey.' I well remember these tires being tied to the outside of our wagon; I had listened for many days to their rattle and jangle as the oxen plodded along, and the heavy wheels surmounted large rocks and sank in deep gulches of that old uneven trail.

"While loving hearts and busy hands were managing other necessary details, my wise father, with vision given to but few, dug into the iron as others had dug the hard baked soil. All through the night

AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT, the second daughter of Oscar and Mary Ann Stearns Winters, was born July 7, 1856, at Pleasant Grove, Utah. In 1884 she married Apostle Heber J. Grant, now President of the Church. One of a Pioneer family, Augusta early shared in the hardships of that day, and through the necessity of learning to do various kinds of work, was trained to habits of physical and intellectual activity. She was one of the first graduates of the State University, taking her degree in 1877, and is also a life member of the Alumni Association of the B. Y. U., a school to which she has always been loyal.

Since she was fourteen years old she has worked in some Church capacity, for many years serving as a member of the General Board of Y. L. M. I. A., which position she still holds.

Traveled, gifted and cultured as she is, the quality which impresses most is the gentle womanliness of her personality, developed in part, perhaps from an early determination to make for her rule the idea, "I will like to do what I have to do, and I will not want anything I cannot have."

Some thirty years ago, Mrs. Grant resolved to go into the Temple at least once each week, and do work for the dead. To this resolution she has adhered for three decades, whenever it was in any way possible, and only those for whom she has given this service can appreciate the magnitude of it. With love of the Gospel strong in her heart, she has spent her life proving her loyalty and devotion to the brave and faithful Pioneer ancestors whose descendant she has the honor to be.

On the Oregon Trail

By Anne M. McQueen

OUT on the desert, barren and wide,
Watered alone by immigrant tears,
Upon the Oregon trail she died—
Rebecca Winters, aged fifty years.

Seeking the land of the storied west—
Opulent land of gold and fame,
Leaving her hearthstone warm, with the rest
Trekking far from the east she came.

Maybe the heart in her bosom died
For grief of some little grave back home,
Leaving all for the man at her side—
For women must follow where men would roam.

'Twas famine, or fever, or wan despair
That hushed the cry of her silent breast;
Close by the trail where the wagons fare,
Rebecca Winters was laid at rest.

Somebody—husband, or son or sire,
Roughly wrought, seeing not for tears,
This for her grave, on a sunken tire,
"Rebecca Winters, aged fifty years."

Long she lay by the Oregon Trail,
With the sagebrush growing above her head,
And coyotes barked in the moonlight pale,
And wagon-trains moved on by the dead;

Till, bearing compass and line and chain,
Men came, marking a way to the West,
During the desert's drouth and its pain,
A dauntless heart in each dauntless breast.

And stumbling into a sagebrush bed,
The lineman read, through a mist of tears,
On the wagon-tire that marked her head:
"Rebecca Winters, aged fifty years."

"Boys," said the leader, "we'll turn aside,
Here, close by the trail, her grave shall stay,
For she came first—in this desert wide
Rebecca Winters holds, right of way!"

Today the train glides fast to the West,
Rounding the curve where the grave appears,
A white shaft marking her place of rest—
Rebecca Winters, dead fifty years.

he toiled on; and with his cold chisel he left for future ages the emblem of his genius and loving forethought—the name "Rebecca Winters" upon the hard-wrought iron of the wagon-tire, which he placed over the grave. It was adjusted securely and when this crowning effort was completed he exclaimed in prophetic tones, "This will be the means of identifying this grave in years to come."

"It is not hard to visualize the scene of 70 years ago, when the long train of bearded followers of the Angel Moroni, the hardy women who were their wives, the children who took part in the journey, the oxen which hauled the wagons of the pilgrims and the guards who watched for hostile Indians, halted for the funeral of the wife of Hiram Winters. * * * A simple religious service

marked the lowering of the body into its grave; the earth was placed again and the iron arch set firmly into place. And then the caravan moved on.

"A hundred years from the time of her birth were to pass before the name of Rebecca Winters again stirred human thought, and then her descendants placed the later headstone. But her brave spirit needed no monument. It is found in the success of all those who have the courage to dare. It is found, one might say, in the spirit of the valley wherein her body lies—a valley that has become the home of a people who have reclaimed the soil from arid nothingness to a fertile land, giving life to thousands."

IN the *Omaha World-Herald*, of March 5, 1922, the story is told as follows:

Plains' Grave is Remembered after Century Passes

"The grave of Rebecca Burdick Winters, who died a martyr to that faith which led the Mormons across this state on their pilgrimage to the new promised land, is a spot of poignant interest. It is a monument to the spirit of the early pioneers who broke every tie with the past and their old homes to set forth across the Great American Desert in search of a new country where they, even as the Israelites of old, could worship their God as they pleased.

"And still more surely it is tribute, not only to Rebecca Winters, but to all the women of her time who endured so much in the drama of the winning of the West. * * *

"This shrine of the great plains' pilgrims is beside the Burlington railroad



THE GRAVE ON THE PLAINS

track that in the surveying was made to swerve imperceptibly for miles in order that the little plot of ground should not be violated. To the south is the shallow north branch of the Platte, whose broad and winding valley pointed the way of the Latter-day Saints to the West, and still farther is Scott's Bluff, Nebraska's highest peak, a massive, beautiful mountain, dominating the valley for miles around and keeping watch over the grave. * * *

THE following, by an unknown author, expresses very aptly the thought for all our western Pioneers:

Dreamers they were, those Pioneers.

Of the fifties, three and four;
Who braved the unknown of the plains
In search of an untried shore.

Brave of soul were the women-folk,
And the bearded men were strong,
They counted not that the trail was rough.
Nor cared that the way was long.

Week after week, month
after month
Steadily sure, but
slow,
They pressed on till
they reached the
stream
Where the waters
westward flow.

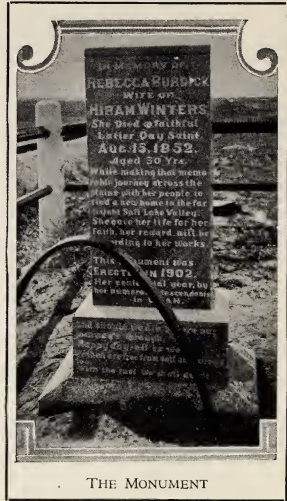
And they could see the mountains
where

Night drew her curtain blue;
Beyond which lay the land they
sought—

The land where dreams come true.

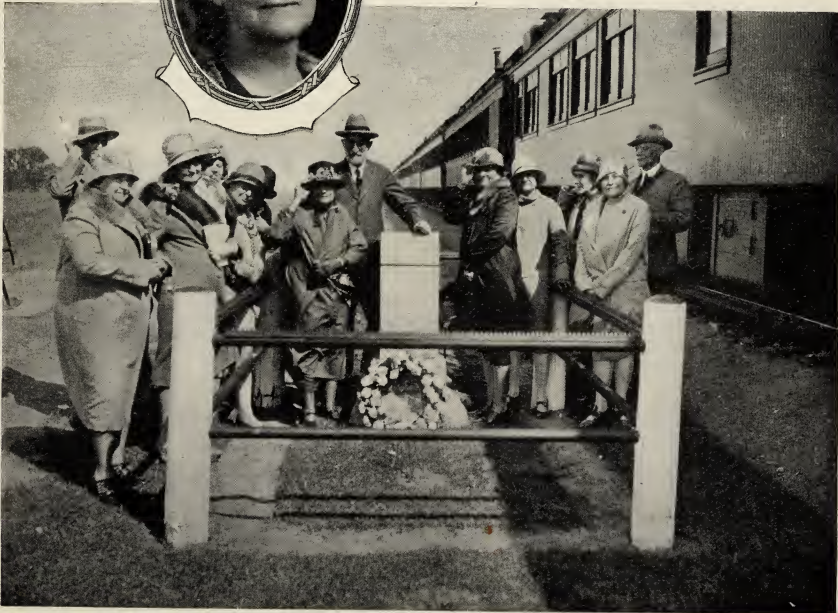
THE culminating honors were given to this departed Pioneer when it was discovered by the Daughters of the American Revolution that Rebecca Burdick Winters was a Real daughter of the Revolution, her father, Gideon Burdick, having served as a Revolutionary soldier under George Washington. It was then decided that the customary D. A. R. marker should be erected at her grave with suitable ceremonies. The following is an extract taken from a letter written by M. D. Kastrop, Com. Agt. C. B. and Q., Scottsbluff, to R. F. Neslen, Salt Lake City:

"The D. A. R. are going to dedicate the grave of Mother Winters—they are very desirous of having the Grants with them. We all have great respect for Mother Winters' grave in this territory, and feel



THE MONUMENT

highly honored that she is lying close to us." Mr. Neslen replied, "I will be very glad to take the matter up so that all who go will be taken care of."



UNVEILING OF TABLET TO MOTHER WINTERS. INSERTS AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT.

A LETTER was sent to President Heber J. Grant by Mrs. G. E. Mark, historian, from which the following is taken:

"The Kathadin chapter of the D. A. R. deem it a rare privilege to have the grave of a Real Daughter of the Revolution to care for, and we take advantage of every opportunity to direct the attention of the people to it. We feel that to honor the memory of such a brave Christian woman inspires both Christian and patriotic sentiments. The marker we are erecting is furnished by the National Association. It is a simple little memorial, composed of a small block of granite with a regulation-sized bronze tablet bolted to it, with the following words: *A Daughter of a Revolutionary Soldier, cast in it. The marker is small, but the spirit, honor and respect that go with it are great.*

"We are planning the following program:

"Short addresses by a railroad representative, our congressman, President Grant, state Regent, local officers, Dr. Grace R. Heward, Professor of history in the University of Wyoming and member of the State Historical Society; the singing of 'Mormon' hymns, taps, and the unveiling.

"The Burlington is planning to have a private car to bring you and your party to the grave, and will furnish a special train to convey the people of Scottsbluff to the grave, free.

"To further the friendly relations existing we are having a banquet at the Lincoln Hotel on the evening preceding the unveiling, at which you and your family will be honored guests."

(The "Mormon" missionaries and all members of the Church in the vicinity were invited guests also.)

A TELEGRAM to Congressman E. O. Leatherwood, Salt Lake City, from Robert G. Simmons, M. C., Nebraska, said: "Am speaking Sunday at service over grave of Rebecca Winters, 'Mormon' immigrant, under auspices D. A. R. Will you have material data about her rushed on to me here."

MR. E. M. Westervelt, of the Burlington Railroad, in his speech at the unveiling ceremonies, said:

"I consider that I have been highly honored in being permitted to join with you today in this dedicatory ceremony by the marker at this grave, and it is a great pleasure to have been able to bring with me to this ceremony, the granddaughter of Rebecca Winters, and her husband, the President of the 'Mormon' Church, Mr. and Mrs. Heber J. Grant. This is our third trip together to this spot, and I can truly say that to know these people is to love them.

"In the very early part of 1899 the Burlington Railroad Company decided to

construct a line of railroad from its line at Alliance, Nebraska, southward to the Platte River Valley and then westward in the Platte River Valley to Wyoming. An engineering locating party was organized and sent into the field in the dead of winter to locate this railroad. It was a difficult task to fight the bitter cold and storms, but as spring came on they were able to make progress. Mr. F. T. Darrow, now Assistant Chief Engineer, with headquarters at Lincoln, was in charge

'We can not do this', said Mr. Hedge, 'let us go back to the transit man and report that the center of this railroad, if constructed where now located, would desecrate the grave of a pioneer mother'.

"The line was changed and thrown far enough away so as not to disturb this resting place. The wagon tire was again set up in its proper place and a report made to the General Superintendent, who of course realized at once that this must have been a member of the 'Mormon' party who had left Nauvoo, Illinois, early in 1846. This General Superintendent wrote a letter to our General Agent, Mr. R. F. Neslen, at Salt Lake City, informing him of this discovery, and Mr. Neslen reported to his Church. The result was that the relationship between the pioneer mother, Rebecca Winters, and Mrs. Grant was established at that time.

"It is universally taken for granted that the reason for the discovery of this grave being delayed so long, was that shortly after the burial at this point, which is on the north side of the Platte River, the trail was changed to and continued to run on the south side of the river, and therefore this burial spot was lost for many years.

"Shortly after our railroad was constructed, we built a fence around this spot, and a little later the relatives erected a monument to the memory of Rebecca Winters, the base of which is of temple granite. It has been the pleasure of the railroad, through Mr. E. F. Desplain, section foreman of this district, to see that this plot of ground has been properly cared for. To do that he has put down a well adjoining it, and each day on his trip out or in, water from this well is used to refresh the grass and flowers. This has become a labor of love. And so this story, her legacy, has become a sacred heritage, not only to her immediate family, but to the officers and employes of this great corporation."

AMONG other speakers was Mrs. York A. Hinman, honorary state Regent for Nebraska, who said in part:

"I am glad to bring greetings to our honored guests, to the friends, and to the members of the Kathadin Chapter.

"To me it is one of these very gatherings such as we have here today—something for the children to remember lest they forget the hardships, the sacrifices, the toils of these pioneer women.

"We have in Washington the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and that is a mecca where all people of all lands go to pay their respects and their love to the soldiers who gave so much for this land; and I am hoping that this grave here will be a mecca for all the generations to come, where they may come and pay their respects, their reverence, to these pioneer women who tried to cross the prairies and because perhaps of accident and sickness and death they lay down by the wayside. This is the grave of one we know, Rebecca Winters, but I believe that it will stand for the graves of all the Unknown Mothers that lie under the grasses of our prairies all over this western land."

The Lonely Grave

By Howard R. Driggs

*THERE'S a lonely grave by a
long, long trail,
Where a tired mother sleeps.
The grasses sigh,
As the winds pass by,
And the stars their vigil keep.*

*The grave was made years, years
ago,
When the pioneers went west.
One mournful day
On that weary way
Another was laid at rest.*

*On a wagon tire that had borne
her far,
They cut the mother's name;
And marked the mound,
Then with sobbing sound—
Went on, hearts filled with pain.*

*The grasses hid the lonely mound.
The stars kept watch o'er the trail,
Through the long, long years,
Till new pioneers
Came to lay the iron rail.*

*The grave was found by these
rugged men;
It stood in their right of way;
Yet with tender care,
They left it there,
Changed the grade, that it might
stay.*

*This lonely grave by the long, long
trail
Now does its sacred part
To keep through the years
Our brave pioneers,
And our love of the mother' heart.*

of this party, and among them, as a topographer, was Mr. Verne Hedge, for the last two years Mayor of the City of Lincoln. The duties of a topographer in a locating party are to establish the legal corners of the different subdivisions of the land through which the railroad is being located, and tie the center line to these different corners. In carrying out this duty, Mr. Hedge, in kicking the sage brush aside for a place to set a stake for the center line, discovered a wagon tire. 'This is strange,' he said, 'and must be a relic of some broken-down wagon on the Oregon Trail.' He picked it up and there discovered, chiseled in a crude manner, 'Rebecca Winters, Age 50 years' They were about to set the stake for the center line just at the point above this grave.

THEN spoke Dr. Grace R. Hebard, who said:

"As our grateful nation has placed mausoleums over the graves of unknown soldiers, not to add glory to the departed, but to be a mecca to which members of a thankful and thoughtful nation may make a pilgrimage 'lest we forget,' so we today unveil this noble monument over the grave of a pioneer mother who made the supreme sacrifice while assisting in pushing the line of civilization ever toward the setting sun. In the name of the Daughters of the American Revolution, for them, and in humility and thankfulness, before this assembly, I thank you, Rebecca Burdick Winters, for the courage and faith possessed by you, to journey into this wilderness. For the sacrifice you uncomplainingly made for oncoming generations may we, of another generation, endeavor to emulate you in your mission. May we transmit to posterity the rare spirit of courage and faith, as did you, a Pioneer mother on the Oregon Trail."

MRS. Delia I. Booth, oldest daughter of the oldest son of Rebecca B. Winters, then unveiled the marker, with the following words:

"We wish to express to you people the thanks and appreciation of the family for the very cordial and friendly reception you have given us. We are very grateful for the opportunity of participating in these ceremonies in honor of our ancestor. Not only we, as descendants of this worthy representative of our pioneers, but all our people will feel honored by this recognition of one of their number.

"From the very first day that this grave was discovered, the railroad people have taken such a friendly interest in everything pertaining to it, doing what would be pleasing to us to have done, that we can hardly find words to express our gratitude. The great care that has been taken of this spot, the flowers that have been planted, the labor that has been given, are all deeply appreciated.

"And now, this that the living daughters

have done in erecting this tablet to a Real Daughter of the Revolution is a fitting finale to what has gone before. We sincerely thank them and all of you who have done so much to make this occasion one ever to live in our memories. Rebecca Burdick Winters was a true daughter, loyal to her country, faithful unto death to her religion.

"We contrast the first picture of this place sent to us—just the wagon-tire standing alone with the winds waving the prairie grass about it—with this beautiful spot, literally buried in flowers of every hue that the kindness of our friends has provided, and we will carry this picture away with us, to be treasured in our minds and in our hearts forever."

IN acknowledgment of a gift presented by President Grant, with the idea of sharing the financial burden of the undertaking, the following letter was sent:

"To President and Mrs. Heber J. Grant,
"My dear Mr. and Mrs. Grant:

"At the June meeting of the Katahdin Chapter of the D. A. R. your generous gift was presented by Mrs. G. E. Mark and I was requested to tender you an expression of our appreciation. The following resolution was adopted:

"That the gift of President and Mrs. Grant be made a permanent endowment fund, the interest to be used each year for flowers for the grave of Rebecca Burdick Winters, the known mother of the trail, as well as to honor all the unknown mothers that lie under the grasses of prairies of this western country.

"It gave me great pleasure to present this resolution with my final report and I feel that it is a fitting climax to the end of my agency.

"It was a great pleasure to each member of our chapter to entertain you and other members of your family and we thank each of you very much for the contributions made to our programs, and we trust that in years to come we may meet again.

"Sincerely your friend,

"Margaret M. Morrow."

arms ready and nerved for the service. From this roof four, from a neighboring roof two, to make up that score of heroes. How resolutely each looked into the face of Virginia, how loyally each stood at his forlorn post, meeting death cheerfully, till that master voice said, "It is enough." All these weeping children and widow, so lifted up and consecrated by long, singlehearted devotion to his great purpose that we dare, even at this moment, to remind them of how blessed they are in the privilege of thinking that in the last throbs of these brave young hearts, which lie buried on the banks of the Shenandoah, thoughts of them mingled with love to God and hope for the slave.

He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say this is too much. Our neighbors are the last men we know. The hours that pass us are the ones that we appreciate least. Men walked Boston streets when night fell on Bunker's Hill, and pitied Warren, saying, "Foolish man! Threw away his life! Why didn't he measure his means better?"

Now we see him standing colossal on that bloodstained sod, and severing that day the tie which bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III ceased to rule in New England. History will date Virginia Emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months—a year or two. Still it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slavery system; it only breathes—it does not live—hereafter.

The Burial of John Brown

By WENDELL PHILLIPS

HOW feeble words seem here! How can I hope to utter what your hearts are full of? I fear to disturb the harmony which his life breathes round his home. One and another of you, his neighbors, say, "I have known him five years," "I have known him ten years." It seems to me as if we had none of us known him. How our admiring, loving wonder has grown, day by day, as he has unfolded trait after trait of earnest, brave, tender, Christian life! We see him walking with radiant, serene face to the scaffold, and

think, what an iron heart, what devoted faith! We take up his letters, beginning, "My dear wife and children, every one,"—see him stoop on the way to the scaffold and kiss that negro child—and this iron heart seems all tenderness. Marvelous old man! We hardly said it when the loved forms of his sons, in the bloom of young devotion, encircle him, and we remember he is not alone, only the majestic center of a group. Your neighbor farmer went, surrounded by his household, to tell the slaves there will still be hearts and right

TO be strong and true; to be generous in praise and appreciation of others; to impute worthy motives even to enemies; to give without expectation of return; to practice humility, tolerance and self-restraint; to make the best use of time and opportunity; to keep the mind pure and the judgment charitable; to extend intelligent sympathy to those in distress; to cultivate quietness and non-resistance; to seek truth and righteousness; to work, love, pray and serve daily, to aspire greatly, labor cheerfully, and take God at His word—this is to travel heavenward.—Grenville Kleiser.

The New Washington

By SENATOR REED SMOOT

Chairman of the Committee on Finance



NATIONAL CAPITOL
WAR VETERAN'S BUREAU



GEORGE WASHINGTON, that man of splendid vision, foresaw the future of the nation's capital, which was named in his honor. In a public document, issued May 16, 1789, he gives expression to his feelings in the following words:

"A century hence, if this country keeps united (and it is surely its policy and interest to do so) it will produce a city, though not so large as London, yet of magnitude inferior to few others in Europe, on the banks of the Potomac, where one is now establishing for the permanent seat of the Government of the United States, between Alexandria and Georgetown, on the Maryland side of the river; the situation is not excelled for commanding prospect, good water, salubrious air and safe harbor by any in the world, and where splendid buildings are erecting for the reception of Congress in the year 1800."

At the time this was written, there was nothing but its natural resources to recommend the spot

where now a magnificent city stands, and many opposed the location of our capital at this point. The congressional debates on the subject were spirited, long drawn out and in some cases highly amusing. Many of those participating in the discussions thought, if their utterances revealed their true feelings, that the place under consideration was far beyond the borders of civilization, surrounded by dangerous Indian tribes.

THE first Continental Congress convened in Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. The purpose of the meeting was to unite the Colonies and resolve upon common demands that England should change certain intolerable conditions. It is not the purpose of this article to trace the various historical events which led to a break with the mother country.

Congress met in different places during the intervening years, and in 1783 under unusual circumstances removed to Princeton, New Jersey, where the University buildings were placed at the disposal of this body. The occasion of this removal was the appearance of some mutinous soldiers of the Revolution outside the State House at Philadelphia, where the Congress was then sitting. This law-making body found itself without any provision for protection by the city militia or other agencies.

THIS incident is generally credited with giving impetus to an effort to acquire a permanent place of meeting with proper conveniences and safeguards. On October 7, 1883, Mr. Gerry of Massachusetts brought in a motion "that buildings for the use of Congress be erected on the banks of the Del-

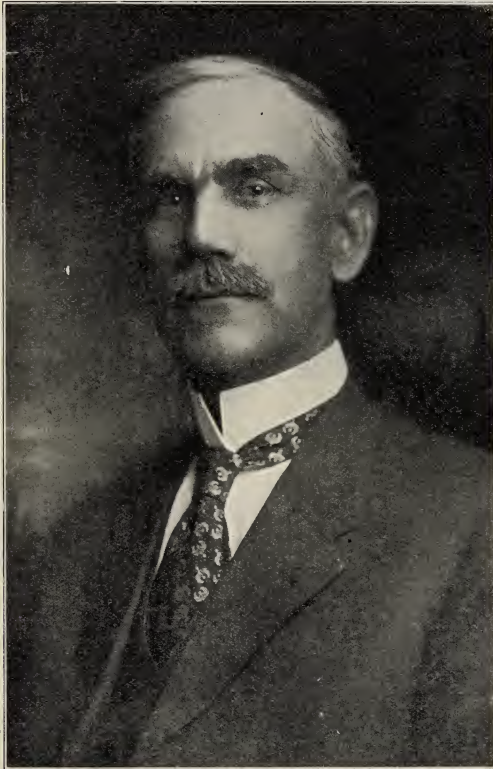
aware near Trenton or the Potomac near Georgetown, provided a suitable place can be procured on one of the rivers aforesaid, for a Federal town and that the right of soil shall be vested in the United States." This motion in its original form failed to pass, and was the subject of many acrid speeches.

THE initial session of the first Congress of the United States met in New York. The records tell us that "there ensued a spirited debate on the final choice of a site for the permanent capital. Northern and eastern members favored a spot near the lower falls of the Delaware River, while southern mem-

bers favored a site near the lower falls of the Potomac River." As a palliative to the northern and eastern members, who were anxious for the Delaware site, the same bill that established the permanent capital where it now stands fixed the temporary and immediate capital at Philadelphia where it was to remain for ten years, or until the first day of December, 1800. It was then that the city to be built was named after our first president.

AN act of Congress, approved July 16, 1790, accepted from Maryland and Virginia tracts of land on which to locate the per-

SENATOR REED SMOOT, now a world figure, has attained his present position by hard work, combined of course with natural ability. A prominent eastern writer has jocularly suggested that some future dictionary will say that "to smoot" means to delve into the subject at hand with untiring patience until every detail has been mastered. He was born in Salt Lake City but removed with his parents to Provo when but a small boy. With twenty-eight other students he entered the Brigham Young Academy (now University) in its opening year and was duly graduated from that institution. On April 8, 1900, he was made a member of the Council of the Twelve, and has represented Utah in the United States Senate since 1903.



SENATOR REED SMOOT

manent seat of Government, and provided further that the commissioners appointed by the president to survey the land, should, under his direction and prior to the first Monday in December, 1800, arrange for suitable buildings for the accommodation of congress and of the president and for the public offices of the Government of the United States.

In 1791 the site of the White House, or "President's House" as it was originally called, was selected by George Washington and Major Charles L'Enfant. What appears to us now to be a ridiculously small prize, \$500, was offered for the best design for the President's House. In 1792 the plans of James Hoban were accepted, and on the thirteenth of October of that year the cornerstone was laid by George Washington.

In 1800, the President's House was occupied by John Adams, although it was not quite completed. In the war of 1814 with Great Britain, Washington was captured by her soldiers and the President's House was burned, the flames destroying the interior and damaging the masonry. In order to cover the marks of the fire on the outside walls, the structure was painted white and from that time became known as the White House. In 1848, gas was installed and five years later a heating and ventilation system. In 1902, extensive alterations were made to provide adequately for the large number of people attending receptions and state dinners and to give the pres-

ident and his family the privacy of a home.

AT the present time, according to a statement issued by William P. Richards, tax assessor of the District of Columbia in 1927, the White House and its grounds are worth \$22,000,000.

Other buildings followed immediately after the commencement of the White House. The majestic Capitol, covering as it does about four acres of ground at the summit of Capitol Hill, is one of the famous buildings of the age, not alone because of its history and importance in the world's affairs, but for its beauty as well. The original building, the corner-stone of which was laid by Washington, was also burned by the British in 1814, and the present structure dates from 1818, though not until 1863 was the Capitol with its wings completed.

IN his fourth annual address, delivered November 22, 1800, President John Adams said:

"Immediately after the adjournment of Congress at their last session, in Philadelphia I gave directions, in compliance with the laws, for the removal of the public offices, records, and property. These directions have been executed, and the public officers have since resided and conducted the ordinary business of the Government in this place.

"I congratulate the people of the United States on the assembling of Congress at the permanent seat of their Government, and I congratulate you, gentlemen, on the prospect of a residence not to be changed. Although there is cause to apprehend that accommodations are not now so complete as might be wished, yet there is great reason to believe that this inconvenience will cease with the present session.

"It would be unbecoming the representatives of this nation to assemble for the first time in this

solemn temple without looking up to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe and imploring His blessing.

"May this territory be the residence of virtue and happiness! In this city may that piety and virtue, that wisdom and magnanimity, that constancy and self-government which adorned the great

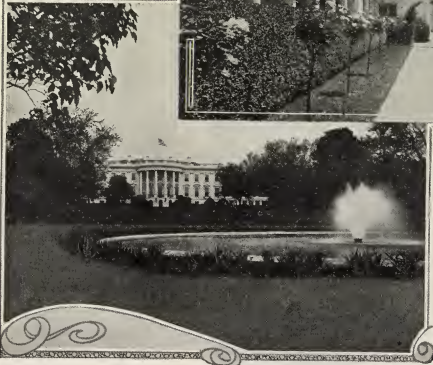
the senators and representatives altogether too extravagant, and proved the death knell of the plan, would have been wholly inadequate for the purpose. A twenty-million appropriation in 1908 is fairly comparable with two hundred millions today, the amount that will be required to complete the present triangle building program.

This plan of an improvement, however, was not inspired solely by a desire to make Washington something outstandingly beautiful. The need of a number of new buildings was a most urgent one. Life and health were jeopardized in flimsy, poorly lighted and

poorly ventilated fire-trap structures, many of which contained important and valuable records. Every year the situation became more intolerable. Government officials were widely scattered, often several miles apart. In its own capital the Government was merely a tenant, not infrequently subject to the whims of capitious landlords. Furthermore, the necessity of providing for inevitable expansion of administrative activities became more and more apparent.

ONE of the major items of benefit to be realized under the program will be the elimination of the Government's rent bill which increased from \$814,217.12 in 1924 to \$929,528.46 in 1926.

The present building program is most interesting from a historical point of view. We learn from the records that Major Charles L'Enfant was appointed by George Washington in the year 1792 to survey the property ceded to the Government by Maryland and Virginia and to suggest plans for the building of a city. It is a matter of surprise how nearly the present building program conforms to the suggestions of this expert of nearly a century and a half ago. Major L'Enfant had first-hand knowledge of the important cities



VIEWS OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND GROUNDS

character whose name it bears be forever held in veneration! Here and throughout our country may simple manners, pure morals, and true religion flourish forever!"

FOR a quarter of a century I have dreamed of the day when Washington should be the most beautiful city of the world. It has the possibilities, as was foreseen by our first president. The realization of this desire and faith is near at hand. Now I consider it fortunate that the efforts which I made, and which were supported by a few of my colleagues a number of years ago, to commence this program of beautification were at that time unsuccessful, for the amount we endeavored to secure then, though it seemed to many of

of most of the countries of the world and he, under the direction of George Washington, is entitled to great credit for what has since been accomplished.

THESE men foresaw and tried to avoid the very thing that has since threatened to disfigure the city, the commercial interests which, in their eagerness to promote their own plans, sometimes narrowly selfish, fail to grasp the entire vision as it was seen by Washington and his associates. Hills and ravines which lent themselves admirably to landscape effects were leveled. Magnificent groves of trees were destroyed. At various times plans were made to avoid this ever-increasing menace, but not until recent years was there a consistent and effective follow-up program.

NOW Congress has authorized \$75,000,000 for public buildings in the District of Columbia. Of this amount \$50,000,000 is to be used for construction of buildings and \$25,000,000 for the acquisition of land on which these buildings are to be erected. Most of this latter sum will be spent in acquiring land in the so-called Triangle Area, extending along Pennsylvania Avenue from Fifteenth Street to the Capitol and bounded on the south side by the Mall. The former sum of \$50,000,000 will include a site which has already been purchased for the Supreme Court Building, facing the Capitol and extending along East Capitol Street, covering an area approximating that of the Congressional Library on the south side of the street. A commission, of which the Chief Justice is Chairman, is now securing a design for the structure.

For many years the public buildings and grounds, together with the avenues leading thereto, have been the chief attraction in the national capital, but with the completion of the present program this will be true even to a far greater extent than heretofore. The Mall between the Capitol and the White House and the Treasury building will not be excelled by any avenue in another city.

THE building program will provide for the following governmental activities: Department of Agriculture, Department of Commerce, General Accounting Offices, Interstate Commerce Commission,

Department of Justice, Department of Labor, Internal Revenues and other bureaus of the Treasury, a building for certain independent offices and bureaus, warehouses for the general supplies of the country and other purchasing agencies, and the Archives Building. The Act provides that the entire building program shall be under the general supervision of the Public Building Commission. This authority is given because of the fact that, for nearly five years, this Commission has had control of the allotments of space in the Federal buildings of the city and has necessarily acquired an intimate knowledge of the conditions and the needs of the various departments. Each department will be, as much as possible, centered in one locality. This procedure will also make it possible to plan the entire program with a view to the best interests of the Government service as a whole, so that one department or agency will not be unduly favored to the detriment of another.

IN his annual message to Congress in 1926, Calvin Coolidge had the following to say: "We are embarking on an ambitious building program for the city of Washington. The Memorial Bridge is under way with all that it holds for use and beauty. New buildings are soon contemplated. The program should represent the best that exists in the art and science of architecture. Into these structures which must be considered as of a permanent nature, ought to go the aspirations of the nation, its ideals expressed in forms of beauty. If our country wishes to compete with other countries, let it not be in the support of armaments but in the making of a beautiful capital city. Let it express the soul of America. Whenever an American is at the seat of his Government, however traveled and cultured he may be, he ought to find a city of magnificent proportions, symmetrically laid out and adorned with the best there is in architecture, which would arouse his imagination and stir his patriotic pride. In the coming years Washington should be not only an art center of our own country, but the art center of the world. Around it should center all the best in science, in learning, in letters, in art. These are the results that justify the use of these national resources with which we have been favored."

IT is not too much to expect that every loyal American who visits Washington will feel a sense of delight with its beauty, its imposing dignity and the practical utility of its buildings. When this program is completed Washington will, in every sense, be a worthy Capital for this great Nation.

The Gospel of Gratitude

THREE of the great joys of life and perhaps the greatest three, are the joy of being healthful, the joy of being helpful and the joy of being grateful, and of these the joy of being grateful is the highest.

Gratitude is the fruitage of appreciation and appreciation is the apex of intelligence.

The gospel of gratitude is no minor part of the Gospel of Him whose earth-life was an ideal example of being grateful. However healthful, however helpful He was, He could and did joyfully look up and say, "Father, I thank Thee."

—GEO. H. BRIMHALL.

The Youngest Old Man

AT a stake conference held in Provo, a number of years ago, a notice was given of preparations for a Mutual Improvement Association stake excursion. President Wilford Woodruff followed the announcement with these words, as I remember them: "Now I want you young people to enjoy yourselves. I believe in excursions, yes, go and be happy in righteousness. I am soon going on an excursion more joyful than any that can be taken on the earth. I am going to meet Joseph and others of my friends who have gone before me and we shall clasp hands and rejoice together."

I was struck by the strength of his voice and the vigor of his bearing, both of which were in contrast with his grey hair, but what thrilled me most was the buoyancy of his faith and the brightness of his hope.

The presence of these two characteristics of perpetual youth in our aged president led me inwardly to exclaim: "He is the youngest of us all."

—GEO. H. BRIMHALL.

From the Green Mountains to the Rockies

By JOHN D. GILES

PART I

OF necessity this narrative is written in the first person singular. It is a story of personal experience, impressions gained and information acquired along the trail "from the Green Mountains to the Rockies"—a trail that differs greatly today from that of a hundred years ago, but is so closely linked with the history of the Church that the story of one is very largely the story of the other.

To begin at the beginning and to explain and give proper credit for the title at the head of this page, it is necessary to go back to June, 1926.

WITH my bride (of 20 years) I was honeymooning (if it is really possible to honeymoon on a business trip) and we found ourselves at the end of our stay in Philadelphia. The day before leaving, a telegram arrived from a business associate in Salt Lake. The message urged, almost directed, me to stop at Albany, New York, on the return journey to secure information regarding an unusual collection of Church history pictures, said to be in possession of a "Mormon" in that city. This was good news. During the twenty years of our married life, and more particularly since my own experience some years ago, I had promised that some day, as a part of our honeymoon, we should make the trip on the Hudson River boat from New York to Albany—unquestionably one of the most delightful inland

boat trips in America, and indeed in the world.

We had made our itinerary with this trip as one of the big features.

arrived at the Pennsylvania Station in New York with a margin of seventy minutes in which to transfer to the boat pier at the De Brosses

Street dock. At this point things began to happen, and we received satisfactory proof of the truth of our Scotch friend's theory that "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley."

Our trunks, which were being checked direct to Salt Lake City, had come with us from Philadelphia, and I had entirely overlooked the fact that it would be necessary to transfer them to the Grand Central Station in order to start them on their way westward. Simple enough in itself. For a moderate fee the transfer agent would attend to that. But to check the trunks it was necessary to present our tickets at the Grand Central Station, across the city from where we were.

A hurried consultation with the transfer agent made it clear that the trip by taxicab at the morning hour

through the heavy traffic on New York's west side was out of the question. The subway seemed to offer the only hope.

HAVE you ever tried to cross New York on the subway at eight o'clock in the morning, the very height of the rush hour? If you haven't, no description of mine will be adequate. To go uptown or downtown is easy—in fact, the easiest and quickest way to travel. But to go "crosstown"—well, that's different. With



THE AUTHOR

A study of train and boat schedules indicated that it would be necessary to leave Philadelphia at 4:40 a. m. That's really quite early, but when you're on a honeymoon and have in prospect the fulfilling of a promise made twenty years before and repeated at frequent intervals since, even arising at that unseemly hour isn't so difficult a task.

WE left the "city of brotherly love" as the milkmen were beginning their morning calls and

ample instructions and a do-or-die determination, I began the journey.

I was certain in my own mind

ONE disappointment is usually bad enough, but two are worse. Our experience at the De Brosse Street pier was exactly du-

me with my wilted collar and dejected countenance and returned the squeeze. We both understood.

WE reached Albany soon after noon, some six hours ahead of the boat. Locating ourselves at a hotel, I went about my task of seeking the pictures I had come to find. With little difficulty I found the photo studio, the address of which had been furnished me, but it was locked. Knocking and ringing the bell brought no response. Then I realized it was Saturday afternoon and the place was closed for the day.

I decided to locate a telephone and call the brother at his home. The telephone directory contained no such name, and "Information" said the phone had been disconnected some months before. Inquiry in the neighborhood brought no information. More because I had nothing else in mind than because I thought any good would come of it, I returned to the studio, and was impressed to knock again. After some minutes, patience was rewarded and the door opened. I asked the young man who presented himself if I might see Mr. Kline, and was informed that he was in Salt Lake City or somewhere between there and Albany. After learning the purpose of my visit, the man in charge kindly offered to show me the pictures.

FROM a desk drawer he took two leather-bound books with gold-stamped titles. The titles read, "From the Green Mountains to the Rockies." The entire con-

JOHAN D. GILES, one of the new members of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A., has been a pioneer in the Boy Scout work of the Church. Always an indefatigable M. I. A. worker, he has occupied various positions in the ward organizations and for fifteen years was superintendent of Ensign stake. During this period he played an important part in the development of the M men plan. His business, that of advertising, has taken him into all parts of the United States and some parts of Canada and Mexico and has given him the opportunity of following many old "Mormon" trails.



Left — Joseph Smith Farm

Bottom — Bed Room in Farm House



that the five or six millions which New York city claims as its population were all traveling that morning on the subway, and every individual in as big a hurry as I was.

TWO minutes sufficed for the purpose of my errand, and I have tried to forget what happened on the return journey in that seething, surging, squeezing, frantic mass of humanity. Eventually, however, I rejoined my "bride," by this time on the verge of a nervous collapse. The trip had taken us an hour, and we had less than fifteen minutes to catch the boat. Hailing a taxi and offering an extra tip for speed, we raced for the pier. We arrived just in time to see the gangplank lifted high in the air and the boat pull away.

Before we had even caught our breath, a taxi driver informed us that the boat made a stop at 42nd Street, and he "thought" he could make it. As a drowning man grasps at a straw, we seized the chance to beat the boat to the next stop.

HERE again, it seemed, all New York was determined to upset our plans. We felt that every truck in the city, a thousand taxicabs, and countless other cars had special business that morning along our route to the 42nd Street pier.

plicated at 42nd Street. We saw the boat leave without us. Then another "friendly" taxicab driver volunteered the information that the boat also stopped at 151st Street, and that he had been able to catch it several times. I looked at my "bride". The tears were beginning to trickle down her cheeks. The dream of years was about to vanish. In desperation I bundled her and baggage into the cab and told the driver if he knew what was good for him he would catch that boat. Before we had gone a dozen blocks the hopelessness of the situation was apparent. It was no use. There were more trucks, more taxicabs and other vehicles than ever. With visions of another missed boat and a six-dollar taxi fare growing brighter each second, I reluctantly ordered the driver to give up the chase and drive us to the Grand Central Station. Here we joined the trunks that had caused all the trouble and in a short time were speeding up the Hudson—not on the boat but in the train along the shore. As we passed the boat that almost fulfilled her dreams and my promises. I took my wife's hand and squeezed it gently. She looked at

tents of the two books were photographs of the important cities, towns, landmarks, monuments, buildings, prominent men and women and other items of historic and educational interest along the trail from Vermont, where Joseph Smith was born, to Utah, where the Church is now established "in the tops of the mountains."

I was given permission to take my time in going through the books and likewise to copy any information the pictures contained.

TO any student of Church history, here was a rare treat. There were dozens of pictures—Sharon, Harmony, Fayette, Palmyra, Hill Cumorah, Sacred Grove, Kirtland, Nauvoo, Carthage, Independence, Quincy—and then pictures along the Pioneer trail all the way to Salt Lake City.

While viewing the pictures, I mentally recounted the experiences of the day—it seemed a week since we had left Philadelphia—and suddenly realized that had we caught the boat as planned and had arrived in Albany in the evening, this opportunity would have been missed, there would have been no

means whatever of locating the photographer. Staying over until Monday was out of the question. Other appointments made it necessary to leave Sunday at the latest. Then it became clear that missing the boat was a blessing in disguise.

WHILE these thoughts were crowding through my mind, a young man entered the room. He appeared to be at home, yet seemed not to belong there. We passed the time of day and I proceeded with my task. However, the young chap seemed much interested in what I was doing. Finally he asked, "Are you from the West?" I replied affirmatively and told him why I was there. He said, "Let me shake your hand, brother, I'm a missionary here and have been working alone so long I'm homesick to see someone from Utah."

IT happened that I knew some of Elder Barlow's relatives, and we found many things in common about which to converse. During the conversation he informed me

that President B. H. Roberts and a group of elders and sisters had gone through Albany a few hours before on their way to the Sacred

Grove to hold a service the following day, which was June 27th, the eighty-second anniversary of the martyrdom.

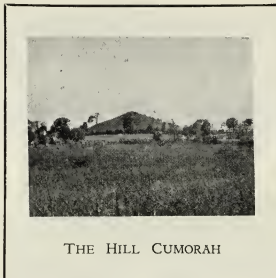
Here were additional reasons why the boat sailed, leaving behind its two most important passengers (at least that's the way we felt about it). Needless to say, plans were made to spend the following day, Sunday, at the Sacred Grove and Hill Cumorah. The balance of that Saturday afternoon was spent with the pictures and in copying the information they carried.

I LEARNED that Brother Kline, a professional photographer and proprietor of one of the best studios in the New York State capital, joined the Church several years ago and was just completing his second trip "from the Green Mountains to the Rockies," taking the entire summer for the journey and photographing everything of interest, as only a photographer, who is also a born artist, can do. This accounted for his home, one of the most beautiful in Albany, being closed for the summer and the telephone being disconnected.

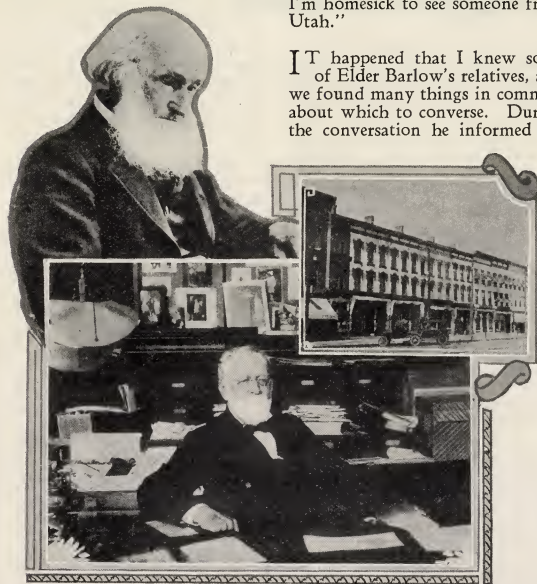
The foregoing is presented as a preamble to the story to follow. Not in chronological sequence, or geographical order, but as they came under my observation, the sacred places of the Church, historic landmarks, the shrines of our people, are to be pictured and described, with such information added as has been secured in the course of my own journeys along the trail "from the Green Mountains to the Rockies."

PART II

THE Sacred Grove is just out of the town of Palmyra in Wayne county, New York. Palmyra is some nine miles southeast of Rochester. From Rochester or Syracuse, Palmyra is reached by in-



THE HILL CUMORAH



Upper Left—Major John Gilbert who printed the first Book of Mormon. Right—Building where the first Book of Mormon was printed. Lower—Pliny Sexton, who owned the Hill Cumorah.

terurban cars with frequent service. The route runs through a beautiful farming section, that hasn't shown much change, either for better or for worse, in the century just past. True, there are electric cars, electric lights, autos and other evidences of progress, but many of the old farming towns, including Palmyra, are pretty much the same.

There, the old Powers Hotel still stands, as it was in the days of the Prophet's young manhood. The

Exchange Building, where the first copies of the Book of Mormon were printed, is also in daily use. Many other business buildings and homes of Joseph Smith's day are still there. Main Street is paved, but it's still Palmyra, the Palmyra you have read about for so many years.

AS you leave the town and drive south toward Manchester, about a half mile west of the main highway, which, by the way, is now paved and is a first-class road, is the road leading to the Smith Farm, where is found the home in which Joseph Smith lived and in which part of the Book of Mormon was translated (although not the house in which the Angel Moroni appeared to instruct the Prophet as to his future mission). One also sees the old barn, one of the early baptismal pools, which was formed by deepening a stream running behind the barn, and most important and interesting of all, the Sacred Grove, with the lane leading up the hillside to it.

THE picture on the front of this issue of *The Improvement Era*, is one of the best pictures ever taken of the Grove. It was taken by friend Kline, who has already been mentioned. The opening between the trees in the center of the picture indicates the place where services are held in the Grove. A seat has been built around the large tree in the center background, and the best information available is

that it was near this tree that Joseph Smith knelt to pray and received his first glorious vision, when the heavens opened and the way was prepared for the dispensation of the fulness of times.

The Grove occupies possibly

learned that "Mr. Bean" was well known and very well liked. The proprietor assisted us in an effort to establish connections with the farm, but without success. However, we finally prevailed upon the manager of the town garage to drive us to the farm and hill.

This was another piece of good fortune as later events proved. We rode first to the farm and then to the hill. The driver had agreed to make the trip, provided it

should require not more than an hour. By the time we had reached the sacred hill we decided to dismiss the driver and shift for ourselves, trusting to luck to get back to Palmyra.

THERE was too much to see, to learn, to contemplate, to be rushed away after a mere casual glance. Here we were on the 82nd anniversary of Joseph Smith's martyrdom, on the hill Cumorah, where he received the golden plates from the Angel Moroni. Incidentally the beauty of the June day conformed to the peace which brooded over the place. Upon approaching the hill the first thing that attracted attention was evidence that at some time in the not far distant past, the entire "nose" or point of the hill had been "prospected" or dug into, evidently for the purpose of finding more of the golden plates. Strange, isn't it, that the very people who denied the existence of the plates should have tried to locate others or possibly the same plates, thinking they might have been reburied there?

Reaching the top of the hill, one finds that it isn't really a hill at all. It more nearly resembles a huge moraine, running some miles from its southern source, where it emerges from the rolling countryside, as a long, narrow strip, ending in the hill-like formation usually shown in pictures.

Our driver-guide knew very little about its history, but during



Road leading to Sacred Grove.

Barn on the Joseph Smith Farm.



three or four acres of ground near the crest of a knoll. It is one of the few remaining clumps of virgin woodland in that vicinity. With the entire farm, including the old farmhouse, the barn, the baptismal pool and the Sacred Grove, now owned by the Church, it is under proper supervision and every effort is made to preserve the important landmarks.

The old barn, across the street from the house, has been placarded as "Joseph Smith Farm", that all who pass may know its location.

Some two miles to the south and a half mile east is the Hill Cumorah. The hill itself and a large tract of farm land adjoining it now belong to the Church.

ON the occasion of our visit to the farm and the hill we left Albany very early and arrived in Rochester before noon. We went immediately to Palmyra and endeavored to get in touch with Elder Willard Bean, a former fellow-townsmen in Provo, Utah. At the old Powers Hotel, still the leading hostelry of the town, we

our stay some young men from Palmyra gave us the village gossip about the hill and its history up to that time.

AS the story was told to us, and part of it at least has been proved true, some years ago the top of the hill extending down to a point almost midway from its brow to its base, as well as other property in the vicinity, had come into the possession of a banker in Palmyra. The banker, so we were told, had offered the property to the Church for \$100,000. This price, being a fabulous one for a small piece of pasture land, which the top of the hill was at the time of our visit, was declined. Later an appraisal was had from independent sources and the value was placed at \$12,500. This, so the story went, was accepted by the Church as a fair appraisal of the actual cash value of the land but it was recognized that in addition to the cash value, there was also an historical value. To compensate for this an offer was made to double the appraised value, one hundred per cent premium for its historical value.

THIS offer in turn was refused. With matters pending, the banker died. Then, we were informed, the executors of the estate offered the property for \$50,000 — four hundred per cent of the real value. Again the offer was rejected and there matters stood. Later the announcement was made, in the *Deseret News*, by the Church authorities

that the hill itself, and considerable property adjoining, had been purchased by the Church. *The Improvement Era* recently told of plans for landscaping and replanting it.

TO the west is Cumorah farm, owned by the Church and operated under its direction, giving our people valuable and important holdings at this historic place. Within a few years, with the landscaping plans completed, hill Cumorah should be one of the real shrines of Latter-day Saints. The most recent development, in addition to the landscaping and planting, has been the erection of a large billboard just off the highway, at the base of the hill, in the form of a book. This, of course, represents the Book of Mormon, and tells the story of the plates. It is a splendid piece of publicity and will doubtless attract the attention of thousands who pass along the road, which is the main highway between Palmyra, in Wayne county, and Manchester, in Ontario county.

One incident in connection with this visit to Cumorah was of more than usual interest to me. When I was a boy, my father returned from a trip to southern Utah with a story about the hill Cumorah

important thing is my own recollection of the details as related to me by my father.

IN his dream, as I have had the story in mind for more than thirty years, a red-haired Nephite sat on the bank of a stream near the hill Cumorah, playing a trumpet. It was the morning after the last great battle between the Nephites and the Lamanites. Practically all of the Nephite hosts had been killed. The bodies of the dead were everywhere. And here, on the banks of the stream, with his toes just touching the water, sat the fair-haired descendant of Father Lehi playing a sad and solemn, yet inspiringly beautiful melody, a lament over the destruction of his people. I had resolved, upon hearing this dream related, that if ever I should be privileged to visit the sacred spot I should look for the stream and on its banks hum to myself this "Nephite Lamentation", trying to picture in my mind the scene as it was on that fateful day.

SO, as I inquired about the hill and its location, I was particular to inquire also regarding the stream, which I had no doubt would be one of the familiar features of the countryside.

To my surprise I was told there was no stream within some miles of Cumorah. That seemed strange to me. I have always believed in dreams, especially when there is reason to think they are inspired. And as a boy

I had accepted this as a divine manifestation to Thomas Durham — a manifestation so impressive that Brother Durham, who was a musician, was unable to rest until he had arisen from his bed and



David Whitmer Farm, where the Church was organized

which impressed me very much. He had visited with Thomas Durham who related a remarkable dream. I have since heard this dream told with considerable variation, but as far as this incident is concerned the

written the melody. And now I was told that no such stream existed. Not satisfied, I inquired again with the same result. As I stood on the brow of the hill, at its highest point, not far from the spot where the plates are supposed to have been found, I looked carefully for signs of a stream or water course. I hoped the smattering of geology I had retained from my school days would help me to locate some evidence if it had ever existed. But from where I stood there seemed to be no indication, unless a sort of swale or lowland to the north could be accepted as evidence that at some time a stream had caused the depression.

MY disappointment was soon overshadowed, in part at least, by the beauty and inspiration of the surroundings. The hill itself, being used as a pasture, was literally covered with daisies in full bloom. Thousands of them greeted us on that perfect June day.

To the west lay beautiful Cumorah Farm. To the north, toward Palmyra, stretched attractive green fields and pastures, broken occasionally by a clump of trees, similar to those that form the Sacred Grove, some two and a half miles away. To the south the top of the hill itself, practically level, ran for miles, finally merging into the rolling hills. Southeastward ran the highway to Manchester. With so many things to contemplate the dream and the stream were forgotten for the moment.

Having dismissed our conveyance we started to walk toward the Smith farm and Sacred Grove, hoping to find someone who could show us around and help us back to Palmyra.

AS we walked along the road, I looked back toward the hill and decided a picture from that angle would be highly desirable. As I located myself for the "shot", it occurred to me that the view from a point further to the east would be still better. To reach the spot I had selected it was necessary to climb through a fence and enter a pasture. Then I discovered that my feet were wet and that the grass around me was of a variety which grows only where there is an abundance of water. The dream and the stream came back. In the meadow was unmistakable evidence that there was an old river bed. To the east then winding around the

hill to the south and extending as far as the eye could see, the water course was clearly marked from where I stood. The direction was toward the numerous lakes that dot the country south of Manchester, the largest being Seneca Lake, which divides Ontario and Seneca counties and extends still further south. To the west and north it was not so definitely marked, but appeared to run toward Palmyra and to the westward.

FROM the time we gave up our chase for the boat at New York and began our journey by train, our "misfortunes" all turned to good fortune. From the hill Cumorah we walked the distance to the Sacred Grove, or rather to the Joseph Smith farm, where the grove is located. Arriving there we found some of the missionaries who had come with President Roberts from Brooklyn for the service at the Grove and also to hold conference on the same day at Palmyra.

WE were shown through the home—the room where part of the Book of Mormon was translated, the relic room, where many of the personal belongings of the Prophet are preserved, and the bed room. Then we visited the Sacred Grove for the first time. As we walked along the lane, which most likely was used by the young lad as he went to the Grove to pray, a feeling of deep solemnity came over us. Approaching the opening, shown in the picture on the cover of this magazine, we felt an intense desire to pray, to thank our Heavenly Father for this opportunity and for the things that had happened in the past hours to make our trip so successful. He had overruled our own wishes for our ultimate happiness.

And we did pray. With heads uncovered, we expressed our thanks for the Gospel, for the great Prophet of the latter days, for the goodness of the Lord to his people and for his kindness to us in permitting us to visit these sacred places and partake of their inspiration and influence. With deep regret our visit was cut short, as the missionaries and we were anxious to return to Palmyra for the evening session of conference. But there was a determination to return soon. And last year I was privileged to visit again this section and to take along the children, including an

only son whose age was very near that of the Prophet at the time of the first vision. The same sweet spirit was again present and our little group knelt in prayer at the foot of the large tree in the center of the Grove.

TO return to the story of the first visit, we went with the missionaries to the conference in Palmyra and were present at the organization of the first Sunday School in that city, with Elder Willard Bean as superintendent. There were enough members of the Church in Palmyra to justify such an organization and President Roberts established it on that important anniversary under decidedly favorable conditions.

Incidentally the conference was held in the Grange Hall, less than fifty yards from the Powers Hotel, from which place we had tried to locate Elder Bean. All the while he was with his family and the elders and Saints in the conference. Even that circumstance was looked upon as good fortune, as it is fairly certain that without ample time and the leisurely walk along the highway, I never should have been attracted to the particular view of Cumorah that led me into the meadow and resulted in the discovery of evidence of the old stream.

THE other important, historic spot in this locality is the Peter Whitmer Farm, at Fayette in Seneca county, which adjoins Ontario county on the east where, on April 6, 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. This property has also recently come into the possession of the Church. Under the direction of the general authorities, the old Whitmer home has been reconstructed and will undoubtedly be the center of attraction to the thousands of Church members and others who are expected to visit historic points during Centennial Year. The acquisition of the Whitmer farm, hill Cumorah and other sacred places, should bring joy and pride to the hearts of Latter-day Saints. With the approach of Centennial Year, the possession of these hallowed spots is appreciated more by the Church than ever before.

(To be continued. Next month, Kirtland, Nauvoo, Carthage, Independence, Richmond, Liberty and Winter Quarters).

The World Scout Jamboree

By OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

Executive Secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A.

ROBERT BLATCHFORD, in the London Sunday *Graphic*, said, "The Boy Scout Jamboree is the most significant sign of an inward and spiritual grace I can remember. It is a sign of the growing amity of the nations and an omen of a coming peace and brotherhood built upon the solid rock of an enlightened understanding. It is a magnificent symbol of the spirit of the age—toleration, freedom and goodwill."

From all corners of the world the Scouts of forty-two nations, numbering over 50,000, came to Arrowe Park, Birkenhead, near Liverpool, England, to celebrate the twenty-first year of Scouting, July 31 to August 13, 1929.

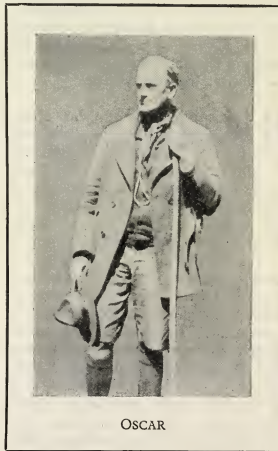
From a small beginning, under the magic leadership of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the movement has grown until today it numbers over two million. The Jamboree was the greatest gathering of youth in the history of the world. It was one glorious celebration—no contests, no rivalry unless it be in attempting to give greater service to one another. The spirit of helpfulness, and a desire to let Scouts know how the program is conducted in their home country, was demonstrated everywhere with pride and thoughtful preparation.

IT is hardly necessary to say a word about Oscar A. Kirkham, for his dynamic personality has impressed itself upon this entire community. After graduating from the B. Y. U. at Provo, and studying music in Berlin, he later taught in the L. D. S. U. at Salt Lake. Oscar, he is thus designated internationally, besides his other duties, is associate regional executive of Region 12, Boy Scouts of America. This includes Utah, Nevada, Arizona and California. During the Jamboree he was a member of the national staff, was general morale officer and member of the program committee. He was in charge of the religious exercises of the American Scouts and assisted in general supervision of the American contingent.

"Scouting is a world-wide movement for the development of character and initiative in boys, who in a few years will be called upon to carry on the work and government of the world."

Scouts from the frozen north to the tropics came in ships, by train, by aeroplane, and marching overland. The American delegation numbered about 1,400, with representatives from Honolulu and Alaska. There was also included within their delegation, a patrol of real red American Indians from Oklahoma. Up from the African coast came the black-skinned boys and from the Orient came the yellow-skinned lads. In some instances it had required a month of sailing in ships. They had taken their time and when threatening storms arose, would drift leisurely into some safe harbor and await a proper time to continue their journey.

SEVERAL days prior to the opening of the Jamboree, delegations began to pour in to the old Liverpool harbor. It took eleven trains to bring the 2,500 Scouts from France. A troop of German Scouts marched overland from Grimsby, not with hand grenades as their fathers might have done 15 years ago, but with friendship for England, who took special pride in entertaining them enroute. Many inspirational stories were told of Scouts who made great efforts to come to the Jamboree. One boy tramped 90 miles over the Himalayas to join his comrades at Calcutta. Another Scout from a way in the interior, in crossing the desert, was caught in a sand storm and when rescued it was discovered he had lost his sight. When he met his friends they granted him the privilege of continuing the journey, hoping that perhaps some specialist in England might be able to assist him. A great Scotch physician, on hearing of the case, traveled 80 miles to proffer his services. The sight of one eye was restored and the Scout continued his journey to the Jamboree. The Scotch specialist refused to accept any pay and expressed his pleasure



OSCAR

in being able to help the lad. Many jokes are told about the Scotchmen and their love of money, but my acquaintance with them leads me to believe they are intelligent givers—they save to give.

AND so the 50,000 Scouts came with their many group and individual problems, but all bringing a wonderful spirit to this great gathering of boy life. All the boys had met the requirements of a definite preparation camping period in their own countries. They had been vaccinated for smallpox and inoculated for typhoid; they had passed physical examinations. They were in good standing and carried the spirit of the movement in their hearts. This was all put to a test, for the majority of the days in camp were rainy days and there was mud everywhere; but the Scout spirit overcame the difficulties and their songs and cheers dispelled the efforts of the cloudy days to dampen their ardor.

Organization of the Camp

ARROWE is a beautiful park with sweeping meadows of about 400 acres. The camp was divided into 8 sub-camps with about 6,000 Scouts in each. It was laid off with highways, avenues, and lanes. Great Britain, our host, had carefully planned that one of the groups from her own Shires, one from her colonies and a number of foreign countries should make up each sub-camp. The places designated for traffic were given interesting names such as: "The King's Highway," "Wild Boar Avenue," "Rattlesnake Lane."

To illustrate the type of personnel which composed these camps: America was located in sub-camp No. 6. Just across the way was Denmark with 1,500 Scouts, and up "King's Highway" was India with 300 and Chili, Malta, Lancaster, Scotland, etc. Delegations from the different countries were organized into troops and patrols, and one of the interesting features was to note the different types of shelters and tents which were used by these Scouts. Each troop provided its own bulletin boards, where messengers

brought the announcement of daily procedure.

IN the heart of the mammoth park, 40 to 50 acres were set aside for a great Arena where grandstands were built to accommodate the thousands of guests who came daily to see the programs.

It took nearly three-quarters of a million dollars to feed these lads while in camp. The most careful preparation had been made. Each Scout paid the equivalent of \$10.50, for which he was provided each day with the necessary raw materials which he was to prepare and cook over his own campfire. In the American camp a large commissary tent was provided where the trucks came all through the night, loaded with provisions which by dawn were distributed to the different troops.

The Program

DURING the first week of the Jamboree, the morning periods were devoted to visiting. The Scouts from one camp would visit those of another camp. This became intensely interesting to many of the boys and offered many

splendid educational opportunities. I remember one night when coming into the American camp from the hospital, where I had been visiting one of our boys, I met an American Scout who had been "over to Austria." It was about one o'clock in the morning, and when I spoke to him about his having spent not only the morning, but the afternoon and evening there and also far into the night, he said, "Well, Mr. Kirkham, we had a great time together. I couldn't speak their language, but it has been a wonderful day." When I told him how serious it would be if all our Scouts attempted such a program, he said, "I guess you can do what you want, it was worth it." And so, these lads enjoyed the fellowship of one another.

The varied methods of camping in the open were very interesting. New Zealand's unique cooking; the Irish huts; the Eiffel tower built by French Scouts with their staffs; the Arab tent life; the Czecho-Slovakia interesting half-cabin, half-tent homes, and the many activities of these nationalities proved intensely attractive and educational.

DURING the afternoon, the main feature was the presenta-



An aerial view of the great Jamboree Camp at Arrowe Park, Birkenhead. Near the centre of the photograph is Arrowe Hall, and towards the back is the Rallying Ground, where all the more important functions took place.

Courtesy "Scouting"

tion in the great Arena of the big programs by the delegates of the different countries. Owing to the size of the audience, it was necessary that thousands of the boys participate at the same time. The day of the visit of the Prince of Wales, it was estimated there were 65,000 in the camp. At the conclusion of the programs on that day, I happened to be near the grandstand when the British Scouts staged a "great rush" for their Crown Prince. He said he had been entertained in all parts of the world, but had never been thrilled as he was that day when he saw these thousands of lads cheering and yelling as they came across the field toward him.

EACH performance in the Arena was opened with a grand parade of nations. Each day one or more of the national delegations had an opportunity to present its interpretation of Scouting by pageantry, dramatics or some other method. The French Scouts gave a wonderful story of Joan of Arc as part of their program. Hungary, with a large Scout band and a boys' chorus of Vienna, introduced their folk-dancing and folk songs. Denmark gave a great callisthenic drill in which their hundreds of Scouts performed as one. The American delegation told the story of the great American Indian with all his regalia and camp lore. A demonstration of our woodcraft and campcraft program was also given. A Pine Tree Patrol pitched their tents and prepared their camp on a schedule of four minutes. The finale of our pageant proved very effective. At the conclusion of our program, the American Scouts rallied in a great half circle near the grandstand. Out from the center came a Scout with a beautiful American flag of silk and then the flags of the different countries, which had been invited to participate with us, came forward and joined with our own colors, and as they did so our American Scouts rallied and cheered them. When all these representatives had arrived, our Scouts shouted these words as with one voice:

"World Friendship,
World Brotherhood,
World Peace."

and then far away in the grandstand a quartette of Scouts behind megaphones (the great Arena was



Scouts from Forty-four Nations Assembled at the 1929 Jamboree
Courtesy "Scouting"

provided with amplifiers) sang:

"From a country rich in Scouting,
Far across the sea,
We are here to bring our greetings
And good will to thee.

"From these places we have gathered,
May there come great good;
May God's guidance ever keep us
One in brotherhood."

Then the bands began to play and amid the cheers of the multitude we marched to our quarters.

THE evenings were devoted to camp-fires. For the first week, each sub-camp provided its own program. The best events were selected and during the second week were put on a circuit which went around to the different sub-camps. There were many interesting types of entertainment:

music, dramatics, pantomime, stunts, big sings, etc. Each camp-fire was opened with a song entitled, "Jamboree," the melody of which imitated the ringing of the great bells of "Big Ben" in the House of Parliament, and each evening's program was always finished with the singing of "God Save the King."

At these camp-fires great friendships were formed. In the joy of the entertainment, Scouts forgot national lines and greatly enjoyed the fellowship of one another.

DURING the second week of the Jamboree, the outstanding events were the visits of Scouts to English and Welsh cities. Trains and busses were used. It became my duty and pleasure to take great

delegations to Chester, Bolton, Liverpool and other places. To illustrate the keen interest manifested by the English people in entertaining us at Bolton, one of the largest mill cities of the world: Upon our arrival a band met us at the station and the people of the city crowded the walks as we marched along. We were taken everywhere and shown all the places of interest. At the conclusion of the day's program, we met in the large city square on the Town Hall steps. The mayor and other city officials greeted us. It was estimated that there were over 10,000 citizens present. The mayor with his great gold chain and with his fine English manners, expressed the love of his people for America and the Boy Scout movement. After his speech and when the time came for presentations to be made, I was happy that I had been thoughtful enough to keep an American flag of silk in my coat which we had been using in one of our demonstrations at Arrowe Park. It was truly thrilling to note the great enthusiasm and joy of these people when I presented their leader with this flag. Another interest-

ing incident happened immediately after our program when we were retiring and falling into formation to march to the trains. One of our American boys, who was enthusiastic in collecting souvenirs, asked one of the policemen if the emblem on his uniform was the coat of arms of Bolton and when the officer nodded yes, he said, in characteristic language, "Gosh, I wish I had one of those." This remark was overheard by the mayor, and he told the boy to leave that to him. The next day I received by special post a package of these emblems with a letter from the mayor, saying he was pleased to send one for each of the Scouts of the delegation although they had been obliged to take all of their reserve and to strip most of the uniforms of the police force, but that our visit had been worth it.

England did everything in her power to show these boys a good time. I am sure her citizens were anxious to impress the visiting delegations with the love which the English people truly felt for their guests and the nations throughout

the world which they represented.

The Religious Life

THE spiritual life of the Scout played a big part in the program. Each Sunday was carefully programmed as well as other days of the week, when the various religious organizations were holding their exercises. Great non-sectarian programs were provided for those who did not attend other religious gatherings. The Arch-Bishop of Canterbury and other dignitaries spoke to the Scouts. The prayers of these prominent men in behalf of Scouting were very impressive. One of them was as follows: "Help us by thy grace, at home or abroad, at work or at play, to walk worthily in thy high calling. Enable us with cheerfulness to fulfil our daily tasks, with courage to face our daily difficulties, to be on our guard against the suggestions and assaults of sin, to rely on thee for thy unflinching strength, and by thy mercy to win the crown which thou hast promised to all who love thee and do thy will."

On one of the
Sundays 10,000
Catholic Scouts



1. American Contingent on parade.
2. L. D. S. German Scouts encamped at Jamboree
3. Giant Cake made by ship chef on S. S. Samaria for Scouts en route.

4. Main Entrance to Boy Scouts of America Camp.



Top—Cheering for the Duke of Connaught, brother of King of England, President of British Boy Scout Organization.

Bottom—Oscar leading cheer for Crown Prince when visiting American Camp.

had the honor of listening to a cardinal of the Roman Catholic church. Provisions were also made for the Jewish boys to have their religious devotions, and this was true of all other creeds.

IT was a great event in my own life to kneel with representatives of these 42 nations in the great Liverpool cathedral and silently pay our devotions to our God. At the conclusion of the program, the Arch-Bishop gave this blessing:

"May the Almighty bless you with the courage of the spirit of youth. May he give you firm faith, eager hope and unconquerable charity, that being fortified with such devotions of his grace, you may be partners with the pioneer of universal peace, even the young Prince of Glory, Jesus Christ. Go forth into the world in peace. Be of good courage. Hold fast to that which is good. Render to no man evil for evil. Strengthen the faint-hearted, support the weak. Help the afflicted, honor all men, love and serve the Lord."

AMID all these great religious devotions, in one of the tents of the American camps, provision was made for our own Latter-day Saint religious exercises. President John A. Widtsoe and his wife were with us. We were about 70 in number. Latter-day Saint Boy Scouts from 11 different countries were present. President Widtsoe

conducted the exercises. The services were interpreted for the benefit of those who did not understand English.

THE part which the Latter-day Saint Church is playing in this important world movement is a very sacred one. Thousands of friendships are being made and we are having an opportunity to let people of the world know and understand what our religion is doing. The International Office is friendly to us and has been the means of assisting us in having proper affiliation with the different countries of the world. There is a real challenge to every Latter-day Saint man and boy who has the privilege of wearing the Boy Scout insignia and uniform. It is not long before he is known as a "Mormon" no matter where he may be, and with this knowledge comes great responsibilities.



Edwin H. Calder, H. Plath, Irving Beesley, "Mormon" missionaries, at Guildwell Training Course.

THERE were many intimate, inspirational happenings among the boys, and perhaps, at some future time, I shall have the opportunity of telling you about them. The closing hours of the camp were very impressive. The new friendships made during these two weeks seemed to have been life-long, as these lads lingered with each other in saying goodbye. It did not seem to matter whether their skin was black, yellow, brown or white. They felt that they were all brothers together.

And so, the Jamboree ended.

"It stands for service and not for self; for duty nobly done, For acts of kindness gladly wrought from dawn till the set of sun; For links that are strong and hearts that are clean; stout muscles and active brains; For a smiling face when the sun is bright, and a brave face when it rains."



Oscar showing western scenes to Scouts of five nations visiting American Camp.

Captions in this article were written by the editors.

From the Ends of the Earth

AS an indication of the widespread interest in Scouting and particularly among Latter-day Saint boys, the following is taken from "Cumorah's Southern Cross," organ of the South Africa Mission: Brother Harry Spear (the Mormon Boy Scout representative from South Africa) called at "Cumorah" on 2nd July on his way to attend the Boy Scout Jamboree in England. Brother Spear is from the Bloemfontein Branch. On 5th July he left for England on the R. M. S. "Edinburgh Castle."



The LITTLE RUNT

by
HARRISON R. MERRILL

LITTLE JOE GARDNER sat on the bench with his chin in his hands watching the football game. Bitterness was in his heart. For four long years he had been kicked and battered about on the field of scrimmage, first as a freshman, then as a varsity man, but not yet had he made his letter. This was his last year at Kinsmore, and it was slipping away.

He realized that he was small. One hundred and twenty-five pounds of bone and brawn tied up in a little skin, though it was a tough skin, was not enough to send against a husky foe, he knew. But he also knew that bone and brawn are not everything, even though the coach and some of the alumni fans did think so.

For eight years now he had been a careful student of the game which had become a passion with him. All through his high school he had played quarterback and had made a splendid reputation. But for some reason he ceased to grow. Furthermore, his own little high school was two states removed from Kinsmore, and few here had ever heard of the glory he had won.

HE knew that Coach Lyn Smith liked him, but knew also the coach's passion for big fellows.

"Talking of football players," he had often heard Smith say, "if you have a good big man and a good little man, why take the good big man every time. That's my gospel."

Little Joe could not help but agree with the coach, though he knew that there were many grades of "good".

The little quarterback knew that Burke James, the sophomore who was running the team out

there, was a good quarterback; but he also knew that Burke had great gaps in his football knowledge and in his thinking as well.

Burke performed well except in one thing: he seemed unable to remember instructions, or he purposely changed the style of game because he had more faith in his own strategy than in that of the coach. Furthermore, Burke was often influenced by some "smart" player to pull something that was not on the program at all.

Little Joe was sure that only a very superior team had saved Kinsmore from at least two defeats this very season. But he was not the man to stick his nose into other people's business. Joe played football when he got a chance, and ate

READERS of Utah newspapers and Church magazines all know Harrison R. Merrill, by reputation if not personally. His poems and stories have been appearing for years, and he is the author of a charming novel, *Bart of Kane County*. But it is perhaps as a writer of sporting events that he is best known, and the *ERA* is fortunate in having this football story from his pen. For a number of years he has been assistant professor of English at the Brigham Young University and is now in New York as a student at Columbia University.

his heart out on the bench when he did not.

He knew he would get into this game all right. He always got in. But it would be after the real battle was over, a moment only, just before the gun cracked.

THE players almost without exception liked the little fellow. When he was in a game he commanded like a Napoleon. No player from the smallest to the largest on the team ever attempted

to tell him what play to pull. Yet the coach would not use him. Smithy was afraid of having the little fellow trampled to death.

"Well, Joseph, would you like to get in and warm up a bit?"

It was Coach Smith. He sat down beside the quarterback and laid his huge hand on Joe's knee.

"Sure!" the boy exclaimed. "Every chance!"

"Then get your helmet and send Burke out. Play safe football. Time's about up."

AS Joe sped across the field that parting word rang in his ears—"Play safe football; time's about up."

Not a chance to show anything. Just a puppet.

Burke trotted off the field and before the first play was fully executed, the gun barked, closing the contest.

Joe dressed in silence. Disconsolate, he left the gymnasium. All the minutes stacked together any two years he had been on the varsity squad would not make enough to give him a letter. How could he hope for one this year with the season already half over.

"Well," he told himself with a grimace, "somebody has to be scrimmage fodder. Might as well be me."

HE sat down on a bench overlooking the football field. His thoughts were as glum as the clouds that hung above the lake he could see glimmering beyond the town. He noticed the coach leaving the gymnasium and walking toward him. Joe idly wondered where Smithy was going. He was surprised when the big fellow turned toward the place where he sat.

"Like the game?" the coach asked as he seated himself by the quarterback.

"Yeah," Joe answered, "it was great."

"Gardner," the coach turned to the boy—"what is your opinion of Burke James as a quarterback?" The boy's heart swelled with pride. Smithy was asking *him* about a football player. He knew

"You saw him play this afternoon," he said as if that ought to settle it.

"Yes, I saw him," Smithy replied with just a little too much force to indicate satisfaction. "I am deucedly worried," he continued. "Everybody thinks we have a great team. We have, but it lacks much of being a smoothly functioning machine yet. Our stiff competition is yet to come. Everybody expects us to win because we've had such an easy time with these early games, but I tell you, Joe, we got to pick up. When that team strikes bang up outfits, it's going to wobble. And the weakness is in the quarterback, Joseph."



HARRISON R. MERRILL

the boys respected his fund of football knowledge, but he did not know the coach had any such feeling.

"Well," he said, hesitating, "Burke is a mighty brilliant quarterback."

"Yeah," the coach answered, "but how, in your opinion, does he handle the team and run the game?"

BURKE JAMES was playing the position that Joe would have given ten years of his life to play for just ninety minutes. He knew James, though fast and shifty, was not entirely safe, not just what a quarterback should be in the head. His strategy was poor and he could not or would not remember his sequences at the right time. But Joe also knew that Coach Smith knew all these things. He had a great respect for Coach Smith's football knowledge. Besides, young Gardner was not the man to tear down another to his back.

THE coach was decidedly worried, Joe knew, or he never would be talking like this. Coach Smithy was not the man to broadcast his troubles. He had been an unusually successful coach, but during the past two years his teams had been in a slump. This year material was better and there was a decided feeling of optimism both on the campus and in the town. Everybody was predicting another Kinsmore championship.

"Well, sir," Joe answered, "we've a good team. Lots of weight, lots of speed, lots of courage! It looks like a winner to me."

"It is," the coach admitted, "if we can keep it together. Our quarters are good men but they lack experience. Burke is the best of the lot, but he's short somewhere. I don't know where, and I'm just afraid it's something a coach can't give him—in time, at any rate."

"You're worried now, sir," Joe replied. "I believe Burke will snap out of it by the time we meet Randall Tech. That'll be our big test."

"Joseph, why didn't the good Lord give you thirty pounds more—or even twenty?" the coach asked whimsically. "See here, Joe, why don't you go down to the training table and eat for a solid hour every day?" He grinned as he rose to go. "Of course I was talking to you confidentially,"

Smithy continued. "We've come to look upon you more as a member of the coaching staff than as a player. Four years now, isn't it?"

"Yep," Joe gulped, a lump in his throat. He was still a boy, but little past twenty.

"No letter yet! Bench warmer for four years!" The coach looked at the quarterback, admiration in his eyes. "It takes grit to be that—more than it does to play the game against the hardest of competition."

As he walked off, in his eyes was a speculative light.

"It takes grit to be battered around four years for nothing." He stopped—"I wonder? * * *". Then shaking his head he moved away.

THE day of the big game arrived at last. Kinsmore had continued with an unbroken string of victories, but so also had Randall. The two schools had defeated every opponent and were now ready to match strength against each other for the conference championship.

Coach Smith approached the day with misgivings. He had not found or made a quarterback in whom he could place implicit faith. Burke James was still good, but he lacked something of being ideal. He could not run his plays with the precision the coach would have liked, and frequently made grave errors in judgment. He was too much of a gambler also to suit the coach.

It was all right to throw a pass from his own thirty-yard line against a weak team, or to try a long unprotected one, but such tactics would not do at all against Randall Tech, Smith knew.

He spent much time night and day with his problem during the week prior to the game. He called special skull practices in which he attempted to provide for every contingency. Two substitute quarters were carefully trained in case an accident should take James from the game. But still he was decidedly uneasy. Burke lacked both generalship and command in g power, no doubt of that.

OCCASIONALLY the coach thought of little Joe Gard-



IN THE STRESS OF THE GAME

ner. But always he dismissed him from his mind.

"Hundred and twenty-five pounds!" he would grunt. "It'd

be murder. Those big fellows would step on him and mash him in the mud as they would an ant—and on the very first play. No,"

he'd shake his head, "awfully sorry for the little runt; does know the game from A to izzard—wonderful—above the ears!"

EVERYBODY was keyed to a high pitch of excitement when the Kinsmore-Randall game got under way. Randall had brought a train-load of people to the contest, believing that in rooters there is strength. They had won all their games from harder teams than those which had played Kinsmore, or else had won by a larger score from the same teams that had played Kinsmore. There was every reason to believe they had a slightly better chance for victory than their rivals.

The Kinsmore fans were equally expectant. They had supreme confidence in Old Smithy and the team he had trained for the big occasion. Few knew the coach's problems. Fans rarely do. In their minds, Kinsmore's quarterback was the star of the team. Burke's brilliancy and daring had won him many friends and supporters.

Little Joe Gardner sat on the bench, his usual position when the games got under way, and studied the situation. His heart beat for old Kinsmore. This was his last year and he wanted the school to close the season in glory. His own personal feelings were swallowed up in his ambition for the Alma Mater.

He heard Coach Smith's instructions to the team.

"Go in there and win," was the parting admonition. "And Burke," said he, calling his quarterback to him, "play the game heads high, old man. Tough battles like these are won upstairs. That's all. You're the general. Show us what you can do!"

COACH SMITH sat down beside the little quarterback.

"Study the game, Joseph," he said solemnly. He usually, for some reason used Joe's full name. "Help me to see our faults this first half. You watch Burke. See if he is playing heads up."

In the same manner the coach designated positions for all his assistants and a number of the subs to watch.

Kinsmore received. The ball spiraled high in the air. Burke caught it on his own two-yard line and dashed up the field. A Randall end shot in from either side and downed him on the fifteen yard line.

A growl escaped the coach.

"The simp," he snarled. "Should've let that go over. A fumble would've lost the game right there. Did lose five yards, and five yards against Randall at any stage of the game is considerable."

Little Joe shivered. No one but a novice, a braggart, or a fool would take a chance like that with the ends so close. But it was just such "game" plays that had made Burke popular with the fans.

BURKE seemed to have gained his equilibrium, however. During the first quarter he played careful ball. He called only straight plays and punted on the third down, usually, if there was any danger whatever.

Randall played the same waiting game. The teams were like two boxers feeling each other out.

The second quarter was more hectic. Randall unwound some trick plays and finished the sequence with a long and deceptive pass which took the ball over the line for the first touchdown. The visiting quarterback kicked goal.

Score: Randall 7; Kinsmore 0. Kinsmore fans groaned. A 7 to 0 lead was usually enough to spell victory for a Randall team. The Randall players were jubilant and returned to the attack with renewed vigor.

Kinsmore, however, rallied and played heads-up ball, blocking the big brown ends and tearing through Randall's line frequently to tackle their backs before they could get going.

NEAR the close of the quarter Kinsmore got the ball on their own forty-yard line. Immediately Burke James called a huddle. Little Joe shivering on the bench, not with cold but anxiety and excitement, wondered what the quarter was up to. He watched with eager eyes as the backs prepared for the play which had evidently been selected. He saw Silky Kinkaid, heavy and fast fullback, back up to punt formation.

Little Joe relaxed. He thought Burke was starting on a sequence which, Coach Smith insisted, would carry the ball down the field from any where near the center.

The ball was snapped back to Burke James, who faked a pass to Silky, just as the first play of the sequence suggested. But the se-

quence play was not completed. Burke, seizing the ball, ran out to the side and snapped it entirely across both teams in a long pass to Sandy Alexander, lengthy left end.

Little Joe noticed that the Randall backs suspecting a trick play were on their toes. Each defensive player had his man spotted. As the ball whipped over the line of scrimmage, Bill Banting, huge Randall fullback, shot out between the ball and Sandy; snared it from the air on the run and plunged toward the Kinsmore line. The Kinsmore team strung out behind him like the tail of Haley's comet in a vain attempt to drag him down. The pass had been totally unprotected.

Randall annexed the extra point. Score: Randall 14; Kinsmore 0.

Coach Smith leaped to his feet.

"Max!" he commanded. "Go in there and send that boob out. I want to talk to him before the half is over!"

Max Baum, a German youth who had shown considerable promise, rushed into the game and Burke James with head hanging limped over to the bench where the coach waited.

TEARS were in his eyes. For after all, football men are usually mere boys, the great majority of them under twenty. Coach Smith knew the feeling. He had played fullback for six years, high school and college, and knew what it was to be jerked from the game.

"That's all right, kid," he said calmly, his first upheaval having passed, but his tone still cut. "You probably lost the game with that one. I'm not censuring you if you really *thought* that was the way to win. But it was a boner, we can certainly all see that now."

"Yeah," Burke quavered. "I wouldn't've pulled that one, but Sandy told me he thought it would work. He said he'd noticed their ends and backs were playing in close. He thought they wouldn't be expecting a pass there."

"They must a been surprised!" the coach answered cuttingly.

Smith's ire rose. That was what he had feared: that others would take a hand in running the team and would mess things up. But he kept his voice level and not too gruff. He knew football men, and

was not the swearing, loud-mouthed kind.

"You should've closed Sandy's mouth, Burkey, with your fist if necessary," he said solemnly. "The general must run the army. He must learn all that he can about a battle, but when it gets under way, he's got to run the fighting."

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," Burke said humbly.

Even Little Joe felt sorry for the quarterback, although he thought the coach was "plenty soft" in dealing with him.

Coach Smith between halves, was in a quandary. He knew that Burke James would be useless in the remainder of the game that day. Not because the boy himself could not come back, but because his team-mates had lost confidence in him. They would insist more and more on the huddle and would interfere continually. He knew that no game could be won that way.

MAX BAUM had done fairly well, but the coach knew the team had little confidence in him and had difficulty in understanding the signals.

While the men were in the hands of the trainers between halves, Smith walked up and down the long training room. This game meant more to him than any of the team knew. At the close of the season he was giving up coaching forever. He had been postponing the occasion until he could quit with a winning team. He had set his heart on that.

At last he finished in his walk, his decision made.

"Joe, come here," he motioned to the little quarterback who had been assisting with the work.

Little Joe rose to his feet every nerve a quiver. Had his opportunity arrived?

"Burke's shot his wad for today," the coach said. "Poor chap, it was unfortunate, but of course he has only himself to blame. He should have run the team his way. Now Max can't pull this game out of the fire, so there we are!"

The coach walked beside the little quarterback to the end of the room. Then he paused and laid his big hands on Joe's shoulders and looked down into his eyes.

"Joseph, it's asking a lot of a kid your size, but how would you like to go out there and handle that team?"



JOE was speechless for a moment.

"Better than anything in this world!" he said huskily.

"You don't have to unless you want to," the coach continued. "I've kept you out of a lot of games, but believe me, Joe, it was on your account! Those big Randall fellows will take delight in tramping you in the sod!"

"That won't matter, sir!" Joe exclaimed. "Let 'em, if they can!"

The youth's eyes flashed and his jaw set.

"That's the spirit, old man!" the coach cried, his hopes rising. "Then you go in there, Joe, and play the game as you want to play it. You know the sequences. For the last two years I've been watching and admiring you for the manner in which you've dug into the game. You're the little Napoleon, the man of the hour! We sure need one today if we are to win. Fourteen points is an awful lead to overcome."

"I'll do my best, sir," Joe answered tensely.

COACH SMITH turned to the team.

"Men," he said, "this game is not lost yet."

"I should say not," the fullback exclaimed. "We're not through with that outfit."

"I'm goin' to send Little Joe in there at quarter. He's light, but he knows the game as few football men know it. He knows all the sequences, and is expert on defense. Now you fellows go in there and get behind him solidly. We'll pull this game out yet!"

When the eleven determined men trotted on to the field each looked up at the score board and

each in his heart resolved to do his utmost to wipe out the glaring fourteen points.

THE game got under way with a bang. Randall received the ball on their own fifteen-yard line and plunged down the field to their own twenty-two-yard line before Kinsmore could down the husky back who caught it.

"Now fellas," Little Joe shouted to the team, "let's show these web-foots that they're up against a Kinsmore wall!"

Twice Randall bucked the line without appreciable gain. On their third down they punted, indicating that they were content to have the score as it was. The ball went out of bounds on Kinsmore's forty-five-yard line.

"The breaks!" Little Joe shouted, "we're getting the breaks. Now fellas!"

Little Joe's heart sang as he squatted behind big Din Chalmers, Kinsmore's great center. No line could stop his team, he was saying to himself as he ripped off the signals.

HE was so small that he was practically hidden from the eyes of the opposing team.

The ball was snapped back, and he slipped it to Bullet Roxy. Kinsmore's speedy right halfback, Roxy tore around right end for two yards. An off tackle play and a center buck completed the ten yards for first down.

Kinsmore fans went wild. It was the first first-down on straight football. All the others had been made on passes or flukes of one kind or another.

The ball was now just past the center of the field in Randall territory. Little Joe's mind worked like lightning clicking off the mid-field sequences which had been stored there during many hard scrimmages. He selected one.

"Punt formation!" he sang out. Randall got set for a pass or fake.

Big Silky Kinkaid, Kinsmore's fullback, prepared to receive the ball from the center. Long Sandy Alexander shifted to right end, beside Johnnie Bristol, the regular right end, leaving the left tackle eligible to receive a pass.

Silky gave the signal. The ball snapped back, but into the hands of Little Joe. He side-stepped to the rear and whipped it like a bul-

let over the heads of both teams into the waiting arms of Sandy Alexander who had slipped in behind the Randall center.

THE gain was but two yards, but the pass was completed. That was what the sequence needed.

Again Little Joe sang out: "Punt formation!"

Again Silky dropped back to receive.

"Watch a pass, watch a pass!" the Randall men cried. "Watch your man!"

Again Sandy Alexander shifted to the right end of the line. Fans were breathless with excitement. At last they beheld a football team—a machine—functioning. Every part seemed to be connected with every other part.

The ball was spiraled back. This time Silky did receive. The left tackle, now eligible, sifted through the line. Sandy Alexander shot off wide shouting for the ball, but it was Bullet Roxy who cutting in again behind the Randall line that received.

The pass was completed with a two and a half yard gain.

THE fans were in an uproar, and along the Kinsmore benches excitement kept every man in quivering anticipation. The sequence was working.

"Punt formation!" again Little Joe sang out the command. In his voice was the intonation of victory.

Again the same disposition of the men was made. Now the Randall team was clearly excited.

"Don't let 'em pull that stuff!" the captain implored. "Get your man! Hang on to him! Don't let 'em make another pass!"

Again Silky opened his hands for the ball. Again he received it. With his left hand extended and his right hand drawn back as if to pass, he froze like a statue hiding the ball in his hand behind his back. It was the well known Goddess of Liberty play, old but ever new.

Bullet Roxy, the right half back, the fastest man in the conference, dashed around behind the big full-back scooping up the ball as he went and was off down the field. The entire Kinsmore team shot into the play blocking with perfect timing and efficiency.

Randall had been pulled out of position, yet two of their backs remained unaccounted for. With a yell they were off after Roxy. His start gave him a slight advantage, but his speed gave him more.

LITTLE JOE GARDNER, like a hound at the flank of a deer ran beside the halfback. Randall's halfback made a leap for the twinkling feet of Bullet Roxy. Joe made a mighty lunge and was caught in the eager arms of the baffled tackler. That left only one Randall man in dangerous proximity to the man with the ball.

"He's away," Coach Smith yelled, excitedly, unable longer to restrain his emotions. "The little runt! A perfect execution of a play that looks like a fur coat in July if poorly timed!" he was saying over and over, but nobody was listening. The entire throng was on its feet cheering and yelling as those two men streaked down the field.

The Randall safety, having a slight advantage in yardage gradually drew close to the Kinsmore back as their trails converged. He measured his distance and lunged. Roxy side-stepped, spun completely around and was off with a clear field between him and the goal.

The Randall back lay where he fell, too disappointed to rise immediately to his feet.

For the extra point Little Joe placed a drop kick squarely between the uprights.

THAT touchdown made a new team of the Kinsmore eleven. Working with the precision of a machine both on the defense and offense, they stormed through the quarter. Randall still fought gamely, but was unable to threaten the Kinsmore goal.

Early in the fourth quarter Kinsmore once more got the ball on downs. With never faltering generalship, Little Joe selected his sequences and carried them through with such speed and animation that the Randall team was amazed. Despite their gamest efforts the Kinsmore machine once more rolled down the field and over the line for their second touchdown.

By the middle of the final quarter the score stood: Randall 14; Kinsmore 14.

BACK and forth the battle waged with honors about

even. Both teams fought desperately to break that deadly tie. Both quarterbacks used every play they knew in the hope that they might snatch victory from the other. Little Joe, however, never faltered in activity or faith. Kinsmore must win.

He became the little giant. His tackling, his uncanny sense which enabled him to shift perfectly to meet the thrusts of the opposing team, were disheartening to the Randall men.

"Let's get that little wart!" the Randall captain finally growled in desperation, when the quarter mused up a pass that was thought to be perfect—certain against any team. It was a play that had scored for Randall several times and had been saved for the close of the game as the last gesture upon which victory was to be staked. "The next time any of you tackles cut that little runt, bust him! Put him out! He's half of the team!"

The Randall men watched their opportunity. The game was nearly over when it came.

THEY were not conscious of the unsportsmanlike attitude they were taking. They were merely eleven desperate young men, exasperated beyond measure by a little chap who was turning sure victory into defeat. By "busting" the captain did not mean that permanent injury was to be inflicted. He merely meant that some one should knock the wind out of the little chap and force him to withdraw from the game.

WITH less than four minutes to play, a beautifully executed series of passes had placed the ball on Randall's two-yard line. It was fourth down. The Kinsmore eleven knew that it was now or never. There would not be time to work the ball back to scoring territory should they lose it now.

At that critical moment the captain called a huddle.

Little Joe was vexed but said nothing. They must all pull together now.

"Now I think a pass here is the thing," the big tackle suggested, "they re—"

"Shut up!" Joe snapped. "What is it, Cap?"

"I think myself a pass will go!"

"This is the quick opening, scoring play," Joe answered.

"Now let's snap into it and put it through that left guard. He's wobbling. Silky you're to carry it on 76."

"Aw—" the tackle began, but he got no farther. The others had already lined up. Every man knew that Joe was right.

The backfield men set themselves as close to the line of scrimmage as the rules would permit. Silky was ready for the lunge that was to bring victory.

Little Joe squatted low behind the center. A great silence filled the stadium. Everybody knew the crisis had arrived.

LITTLE Joe opened his hands. The ball was thrust into them as the big center lunged forward to do his share toward making that important hole. Little Joe reached it to Silky, but Silky was not there. He had slipped and was sprawled on the ground full length. The play called for lightning execution. There was just one thing for Joe to do. He did it. Tucking the ball under his arm he shot through the hole the center and guard had made for Silky. He plunged low, so low that he could see a forest of legs as he wormed his way through, scrambling toward that coveted white line.

THERE was a crash. A ton of beef fell upon his head, another upon his spine. He felt a twinge in his right leg and then—all was dark.

The referee dived under the pile of squirming humanity as the umpire began pulling the men off. The ball was over.

A mighty cheer went up from the Kinsmore stand.

"The little runt, the darned little runt!" Smith almost weeping, was saying over to himself as he watched that pile of men with anxious eyes.

The score was Randall 14; Kinsmore 20.

But what was wrong? Why didn't the team line up to try for the extra point? Then Coach Smith saw two of his men carrying a limp form from the field.

He ran down the side-lines to meet them. Tenderly he took the little quarter in his arms as a man might take his own son.

"I was afraid of this," he said huskily to himself, as he looked

down at the muddy, blood-smeared face.

He carried the youth up to where the team sat in stupefied silence.

"Burke!" he commanded, "go in there and bust those birds!"

DOC Withers worked over the unconscious boy until the last fan had left the stadium before Little Joe opened his eyes. Coach Smith, who had sat anxiously by, breathed a sigh of relief. He stooped tenderly over the lad.

"Well, Coach, —I—guess—I—am too—little." The quarter spoke brokenly. "When Silky—slipped—I thought—I could—take it over! Just—too—little—I guess!"

His eyes closed and his face to Coach Smith looked very pale but as sweet as a girl's or—an angel's. The thought gave the seasoned old coach a twinge.

"Boy, you did it!" he said huskily. "And believe me, Joe, when I say you are the biggest man I know—big enough to do anything!"

The blue eyes opened and a smile played over the quarter's face.

"Did I, Coach?" He sighed. "Then nuthin' else matters much!"

THE assembly hall at Kinsmore was packed to overflowing on the day the football awards were made. Coach Smith was handing out the letters, the sweaters, the blankets, and the medals. All of the football men had passed over the stage and had received their honors from an appreciative student-body. The fact that they had won a conference championship did not detract from the enthusiasm of the occasion.

From a seat near the back of the auditorium Little Joe Gardner watched the proceedings with beaming eyes and an aching heart. He had helped win the championship, but he had not made his letter. He never would win a letter now for he had had his three years of varsity participation.

When the last award had been given he picked up his crutch preparatory to leaving the room when something Smithy was saying stopped him.

"And now," said Smith, "all those who, according to the rules, have earned awards have received them. But rules cannot cover all cases. For example, we have a man

here at Kinsmore who has been on the squad three years and before that he played freshman football. He has been a faithful trainer and a staunch supporter of the main team.

"This man has never had a football trip, he has never had an honor of any kind except the thrill that comes to a good sport who knows he is assisting in building the team.

"Now it's through no fault of his that he has failed to play his ninety minutes. It's not because he cannot play the game. He can. It's not because he doesn't know the game. He does, better than most of these men who have received their awards."

The coach paused.

"Now you all know the man I mean."

Cheers shook the building. Mingled with them was the name of Little Joe.

"I suggest that we give Little Joe Gardner not only a sweater, but a gold medal besides. What do you say?"

Applause that lasted for two minutes was the reply.

"Bring him to the stand!"

"Speech!"

"Let's see Joseph!"

Such cries rang out all over the auditorium.

WILLING hands shouldered the little quarterback and carried him to the stand.

Little Joe stood there with his crutch under his arm. The four years of battering rolled away and he was glad—happier than he could ever remember of being before. The bench warmer was appreciated after all.

"I can die happy if it should happen tomorrow," he said simply, and everybody knew he meant it. "You have honored me. The right to wear that big block K means more to me than sweaters or medals or money."

"The game little runt!" Coach Smith muttered under his breath.

Soldiers, what I have to offer you is fatigue, danger, struggle and death; the chill of the cold night in the free air, and heat under the burning sun; no lodgings, no munitions, no prisoners, but forced marches, dangerous watchposts and the continual struggle with the bayonet against batteries—those who love freedom and their country may follow me.

Garibaldi to his Roman soldiers.

The Earth and Life in It

By DR. JOSEPH F. MERRILL
Church Commissioner of Education

THE strangest thing about the earth is the people in it. Not that we are all strange people, but we do not positively know that there is another single orb in the heavens that boasts of any living inhabitants." In our universe there are thousands of millions of stars—suns, many, perhaps, being surrounded by solar systems similar to our own. But of this we can never be certain, for these planets, if they exist, are too small, far away and dark, ever to be discovered by any means within human power. No telescope or other instrument ever made would reveal the Earth or Jupiter to us if we were gazing from even the nearest star, 4 light-years' distant. And surely none of the visible stars are habitable, for they are much too hot, their temperatures being much higher than any known fiery furnace. The temperature of our own sun varies from ten thousand degrees at the surface to forty millions at the center. Similar temperatures exist in other stars. And of the seven other planets in our solar system none has conditions so favorable for life as we know it as does the earth.

The following table of data of our solar system, after Professor F. R. Moulton, is interesting in this connection:

Planet	Distance from Sun	Length of Year	Mean Diameter	Density Water-1	Mass Earth-1
Mercury	36,000,000 miles	2.9 months	3,009 miles	4.5 (?)	0.05 (?)
Venus	67,200,000 miles	7.4 months	7,701 miles	4.9 (?)	0.81 (?)
Earth	92,900,000 miles	12 months	7,918 miles	5.53	1.00
Mars	141,500,000 miles	22.6 months	4,339 miles	3.58	0.11
Jupiter	483,300,000 miles	11.9 years	88,392 miles	1.25	314.5
Saturn	886,000,000 miles	29.5 years	74,163 miles	0.63	94.1
Uranus	1,781,900,000 miles	84.0 years	30,193 miles	1.44	14.4
Neptune	2,791,600,000 miles	164.8 years	34,823 miles	1.09	16.7

FROM this table it is seen that the planet Venus, two-thirds the distance of the earth from the sun, is the only planet comparable in size—(volume and density)—to the earth. Conditions on Venus

may be favorable to life like ours, but the surface of Venus no human eye will ever see because it is enveloped continuously in an impenetrable blanket of clouds. But suppose Venus or some other



DR. JOSEPH F. MERRILL

planet is peopled. How should we ever know it? To communicate with them they would have to understand our language. But our tongue would be utterly unknown to them. Idle fancy, however, has been frequently indulged in speculating about the inhabitants of the planet Mars. The length of the day there is not much different from that on the earth and its seasons resemble those of the earth, though the year is nearly twice as long. As shown by the table, Mars is about 48 million miles farther than the earth from the sun. Hence it is colder there than

here. By certain methods practiced by physicists and astronomers, the temperature of heavenly bodies may be measured. At noon the temperature at the equator of Mars is about 50 degrees Fahrenheit; but at sunset this temperature falls to the freezing point and reaches about 50 degrees F. below zero at midnight. Further, spectroscopic methods show that the air on Mars is rare, containing very little water-vapor and only about one-sixth the oxygen of the earth's atmosphere. Who of us could live in a place so cold and forbidding where the air is so rare and so dry? The giant Jupiter and the three planets beyond are much less dense than the earth. Probably like many of the stars and the sun they are not even solid bodies—therefore wholly uninhabitable.

NOW, some of the stars have solar systems similar to ours—hence habitable worlds probably exist in distant parts of the universe. But for this view speculation is our defense—we can never be certain. Strange, is it not? Astronomically speaking, the earth is only the tiniest speck in the universe and yet science says it may be the only known dwelling place of human beings—of man, whose intelligence comprehends the universe which is so vast that it takes light, traveling at the rate of 6 trillions miles a year, (this distance is called a "light-year"), hundreds of thousands of years to cross it. Let him who questions the power of human intelligence study modern astronomy and particularly read the story of the discovery of the planet Neptune, the most distant member of our solar system, a member that no naked eye has ever seen because of its distance and dimness. It was the great Newton who discovered the key by which the mysteries of motions of celestial bodies have been unraveled. His tomb in Westminster Abbey, where England buries her greatest men, carries this epitaph: "Mortals, congratulate yourselves that so great a man has lived for the honor of the human race."

Factors Upon Which Life Depends

WHY is it probable that human life does not exist on any other member of the solar system? The answer will be plain when we enumerate some of the essential

factors upon which life depends—equable temperature, light, water-vapor, atmosphere. How sensitive we are to changes in temperature!

DR. JOSEPH F. MERRILL is one of the highly trained men of the United States, and the Church is fortunate in having him as Commissioner of Education. He studied in the East, after graduating from the University of Utah, and took degrees from the University of Michigan and later from Johns Hopkins University. In addition, he has spent five summers at Cornell and the University of Chicago. Dr. Merrill was director of the School of Mines and Engineering at the U. of U. prior to being called to his present position. For a number of years he was in the presidency of Granite state, and is now a member of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.

Life depends upon vegetation. And vegetation thrives only between the temperature limits of 14 to 132 degrees Fahrenheit. But in measuring temperature the physicist commonly begins at "absolute zero", a point 459 degrees below the zero of the Fahrenheit scale. The reason for this is that heat depends upon molecular motion, but this motion entirely ceases at the "absolute zero." So, expressing on the "absolute" scale the vegetation temperature ranges, we have 473 to 591 degrees, which is only 11 per cent. above or below the average temperature, 532 degrees.

For life to thrive the temperature must stay within these narrow limits. But what keeps it from exceeding these limits? Science answers, "the sun, the air and the water." If there were no air on the earth the noon-day sun would send the temperature up to the boiling point of water, but before the next morning it would get cold enough to freeze the mercury in the thermometer bulb. But this great change in temperature does not occur. Why? Because of the tempering effects of the air and the water-vapor and clouds which it always contains.

DURING the day the atmosphere absorbs some of the heat of the sun, the amount depending on the density and water-vapor contents of the air. After sunset the earth radiates out the heat received from the sun. But this process of losing heat is more or less slowed up by the enveloping atmosphere which

acts as a blanket and keeps the heat in. The more clouds and water-vapor in the air and the greater the atmospheric pressure the more effectively the blanket acts. In the spring frosts do not occur on cloudy nights. Desert travelers and mountain climbers know that in high elevations where the air is light and dry the difference between the day and night temperatures is very great. The sun's rays pass through a vacuum and all transparent media without heating them. Thus in high altitudes direct sunshine is warm but it is cool in the shade. Where there is no absorption of the sun's rays there is no heating. But the moment the sun goes down and heating by absorption stops, then cooling begins and during the night all the heat gained during the day may be lost.

A Digression on Radiation

THE process of heating and cooling is called radiation. The sun sends its energy out into space, not in the form of heat at all, but in the form of waves which pass out through space with the tremendous speed of 186,285 miles per second. If the waves are absorbed, their energy is changed into heat and the temperature of the absorbing medium may rise. We say *may* rise. Let us explain. Already we have said that when the motion of the molecules of a body ceases there is no heat in the body and the temperature has reached the "absolute zero"—459 degrees below the zero of a Weather Bureau thermometer. If there is molecular motion, then there is radiation—waves carrying away energy with the speed of light. If the body absorbs radiant energy faster than it radiates it, the temperature rises; if slower, the temperature falls; but if the gains and losses are equal the temperature remains constant. Obviously the higher the temperature of a body the faster it radiates—sends out energy-carrying waves. But these may not be light waves. Indeed even the sun's radiation is not all light waves. It contains ultraviolet waves—too short to give us the sensation of light—and infrared waves—those too long to excite vision. In general the higher the temperature of a body the greater is the proportion of short, or light-producing, waves in its radiation. But let us keep in mind the fact that above the "absolute zero" all

bodies radiate waves, relatively long ones at low temperatures and more and more shorter ones as the temperature rises, so that finally the body may become hot enough to emit some light-producing waves along with its invisible radiation. The body is then at least red-hot and will be hotter when shorter waves are radiated. The entire radiation from an incandescent body like the sun consists, therefore, of waves of many different lengths, those giving light sensations being very short—about one-fifty-thousandth of an inch long. But long or short the waves are all of the same kind and travel with the same speed through space. Radio waves, relatively very long, are also of the nature of light-waves and have the same speed.

Radiation and Plant Growth

TO return from whence we digressed. The radiant energy of the sun is enormous. Even though the earth is nearly 93 million miles away, on a square yard

exposed perpendicularly to the sun's rays radiant energy is received at the rate of one and one-half horse-power—enough to heat every minute six ounces of water to the boiling point. The average rate for the twenty hours—periods of darkness as well as sunshine—is three-eighths of a horse-power per square yard of the earth's surface, or the surprising amount of 1815 horse-power per acre.

It is upon this radiant energy that all life depends. Sunshine is requisite for plant growth. Plants feed animals and plants and animals feed man. Plants do not grow in the dark. Under the influence of sunshine their leaves inhale carbon dioxide gas from the air, which, in combination with the water and chemicals brought up from the roots by the sap, is converted into complex compounds of carbon—the life-substances of the plant. Literally then the leaves are the chemical factory upon which all earth-life depends. Curiously enough they inhale carbon

dioxide, the waste of animal breathing, and exhale oxygen, the necessary element inhaled by all animals—complementary reciprocity, we might call the process.

THUS the growth of plants is due to a marvelous but little-understood chemical process. Man with all his learning, cunning, and skill, cannot yet duplicate the process and there is little hope that he shall ever do so. This process requires an equable temperature, sunlight, water, carbon dioxide and other chemicals—elements and factors all well known. But the secrets of the process Nature has to date kept securely locked from the prying eyes of her inquisitive sons.

We know the conditions for plant growth and for life in all its varied forms and hence we are slow to believe that life exists where the conditions are greatly different than they are here in the earth. We say therefore that life may exist on the planet Venus, the October evening star of 1928, 1930, and 1931. On Mars, the fiery-red planet next to the earth but on the far side from the sun and the October evening star in 1929 and 1931, some low forms of life may exist. But man would certainly have a tough time trying to live there. The other planets of our solar system do not support life as we know it.

WE have spoken of life "in the earth." The reason for this will be apparent when it is recalled that the atmosphere is a part of the earth and one of the elements necessary for the existence of life. Some heavenly bodies like the moon have no atmosphere because gravity there is too low to hold air and water-vapor to the surface. So on the moon the temperature difference between mid-day and mid-night is surprisingly great, boiling temperatures at noon, but extremely intense freezing at midnight, 200 to 300 degrees below zero. Further, the lunar day is nearly 30 times the length of ours. Hence there is no life on the moon.

Science says there is probably no human life in our solar system except in the earth. If there is any elsewhere in the universe science can never find it out. But if there is, these people are not near neighbors, for their planet is at least as far away as the nearest fixed star—four light-years, or twenty-four trillion miles. We shall never quarrel with them.

Keep on the Way You are Going

BY JOSEPH S. PEERY

RECENTLY Mr. D. A. Skinner, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, remarked to a L. D. S. missionary: "Keep on the way you are going. You beat the world in turning out more and better leaders."

A lady remarked: "How do you produce such fine, clean young men for missionaries?" The answer is given: "That is what this Church does to all who observe its teachings. It uplifts every person who is active." Christ said, "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

Our young people are taught correct principles from infancy and are given opportunities to apply this knowledge. They develop through their activities. As they obey and work they grow. They are doing the work given them by the Master, and he directs them with his spirit. Naturally they are enthusiastic because they believe with all their hearts in the thing they are doing, and working thus they are encouraged from on high. Joy comes as a reward of their endeavors. Consequently they are earnest salesmen of the divine message. The hearers feel this spirit, and, unless very much prejudiced, are impressed by it. A lady said, "I am gripped with your message."

Why shouldn't this be the case when the Almighty is our leader and teacher? All eternity calls to us: "Keep on with the good work. It means salvation to yourselves and to all who hear you." No wonder with such an impulse, such pure teachings, such opportunities for every member, that leaders are produced. Yes, let us keep on the way we are going. It is God's way, and we cannot improve on it.

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

The first of a series of twelve articles

By MILTON BENNION

Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah

I

THE term philosophy is derived from Greek words meaning "love of wisdom." The title philosopher was applied to leaders of thought among the Greeks as early as 600 B. C. One of the outstanding characteristics of the early Greek philosophers was that they sought to replace the mythological explanations of the nature and the origin of the world with explanations based upon observation and reason. This point of view and method has ever since characterized philosophy. Although philosophers may indulge freely in speculations, their speculations represent the outcome of reason applied to the facts of experience.

Philosophy may be defined as an effort, based upon the sum total of human experience, to understand the nature and meaning of the world. It is an effort "to see life steadily and to see it whole," a phrase that comes to us from the ancient Greeks and is often quoted by contemporary writers in both philosophy and education. Metaphysics, the heart of philosophy, is said by William James, in his characteristic fashion, to mean, "only an unusually obstinate attempt to think clearly and consistently."¹ That all intelligent, serious-minded men and women are in some degree metaphysicians is evident. In regard to the characteristics of intelligence the distinguished French philosopher, Henri Bergson, says:

"Intellect, alone, indeed, troubles itself about theory; and its theory would fain embrace everything—not only inanimate matter, over which it has a natural hold, but even life and thought."²

One who thus constructs theory

¹Psychology, Briefer Course, p. 461. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

²Creative Evolution, p. 160. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

is, to that extent, a philosopher. This is not to say that the same person may not also be very practical. Bergson also says, "We regard the human intellect * * * as relative to the needs of action."³



THE AUTHOR

THE term spiritual in philosophy is used in contrast with the merely material and mechanical. Our civilization, for instance, has accumulated certain material values; such as railroads and other means of communication, factories, and buildings, public and private. The spiritual values of civilization are, however, to be found in its great bodies of scientific and social knowledge, world literature, musical compositions, philosophy, and religion, that have been developed by the labors of many and transmitted as a contribution to the life of succeeding generations. A spiritual

³Ibid, p. 152.

philosophy is one that gives recognition to the preeminence of these phases of civilization and, in this connection, recognizes as the most real and enduring aspect of the world, of which we are a part,

life itself with all that this implies in its higher ranges—ideals, conscious purposes, choice of ends, sympathetic understanding of the social order and its strivings toward higher goals.

The materialistic-mechanistic view on the other hand starts with basic conceptions of physical science as generally promulgated by Sir Isaac Newton, his scientific associates, and their successors. This mechanical, rigid, deterministic conception of nature is now extended in materialistic philosophy to include the whole universe, even all that has here been designated as spiritual. Thus everything that is, is reduced to an aggregate of atoms or neurons in motion in exact agreement with the same mechanical laws with which the physical sciences deal. The feeling of creative power, choice of ends, and responsibility are thus reduced to mere illusions to be dissipated in the light of science. This type of science

holds that the world of our experience began with nothing but matter in motion, some of which somehow fell into very complex and intricate aggregations called living creatures, but still nothing more than mechanisms to be fully explained by the laws of physical science. The practical implication of adoption of such a world view with its corresponding judgments of human nature and destiny is clearly manifest; our first concern, however, is not with its consequences but with its truth or falsity. The basic question for philosophy is:

What is the Ultimate Nature of the World?

IS it a rigid, mechanistic, materialistic system, or is it fundamentally a living, self-active, creating energy or system or aggregate of such energies?

What, then, does rational consideration of all the facts of experience yield in constructing a theory of the nature of reality? It seems evident to the writer that such consideration leads to rejection of mechanistic materialism; first, because any attempt to think to its logical conclusions this conception of the nature of reality proves it to be inconceivable and, therefore, even prior to experience, impossible as theory; and second, because in experience this theory is wholly inadequate to explain the facts. This is not to deny the existence of mechanical forces in nature, to minimize their importance, or to discredit the physical sciences. It does mean to deny that the mechanistic conception of nature is adequate to explain the whole of reality. Because physical energy was essential to the production of the philosophy of Kant is no reason for assuming that this philosophy is thus wholly accounted for, however far back through ancestry this mode of explanation is carried. The fact that something is essential to the production of an activity is no proof that the one is sole cause of the other, or even that it is a cause at all in the proper sense of that term. For instance, a man cannot swim without being immersed in a liquid; is, therefore, the liquid the sole cause of his swimming? Is it even the primary cause, or is it properly a cause at all? Is it not rather the condition of the act of swimming? May not physical energy likewise be the condition of certain activity, the direction of which is otherwise determined?

THE presuppositions of some scientists, working in limited fields, may lead them to reject this view; the facts of experience as a whole, however, seem to lead inevitably to the conclusion here suggested. The facts seem to point with certainty to the theory that while physical energy is consumed in human activity, both physical and mental, the direction of that activity may be consciously deter-

mined; that persons set up purposes to be realized and that they direct and redirect physical energy into activities that bring about realization of these purposes.

Is it reasonable to deny these un-

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He received the degree, Bachelor of Science and Teachers' High School Diploma, University of Utah, 1897; M. A. from Columbia University, 1901; has done graduate work also at the University of Chicago, University of Wisconsin, and the University of California.

He went to New Zealand at the age of nineteen and, after three years of missionary work there, visited Australia, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, and England, returning via New York City.

(See WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA.)

doubted facts of experience, or to pronounce them illusions, because they do not harmonize with unproved presuppositions of any particular science? Yet that is the point of view of some teachers of science, one of whom in a public lecture recently held that all human conduct must be predetermined in a fixed causal series because otherwise there could be no science of psychology. Does the world exist that there may be a science of psychology, or is it possible that this particular psychologist had a wrong notion of science? Is it not the purpose of science to explain the facts of experience rather than dogmatically to assert the universal validity of its own presuppositions. Other sciences, for their particular investigations, may have very different presuppositions. In any case, these presuppositions should be limited in their scope and should always be subject to readjustment to fit facts. In themselves they prove nothing, however necessary they may be in any particular investigation.

PROFESSOR M. C. Otto, of the University of Wisconsin, writes:

"In our commendable desire to emulate scientific method we have become more and more obsessed with the notion that no matter what mutilations or distortions might be necessary, everything must be studied as we study chemical reactions or falling bodies. Differences in subject matter might increase our difficulties but must not deviate us from this procedure. And this has been a costly error—how costly there is no way of telling. We do indeed want disciplined intelligence in every field, but disciplined intelligence is not necessarily identical with the specialized form it has taken in the physical sciences. This step—the clean-cut recognition that facts determine method, not method facts, that science is for life, not life for science—is of the greatest significance. * * * The theory that men are machines may serve as an illustration. This theory is arrived at by abstracting certain aspects of human behavior and letting these symbolize the whole. When this particular view is applied in a circumscribed field not only is there no harm done, but it may prove highly beneficial in various ways; but when, its limitations lost sight of, it becomes the basis of great economic, social and political programs, the damage done is enormous."

And again, he writes:

"Men consciously select certain aspects of their environment and act with deliberate reference to these aspects. They pass judgments of value upon themselves, other men, and things, and with these as guides, form plans of action aiming at the realization of particular goods and the avoidance of particular evils. * * * Instead of quietly ignoring these features of human behavior or going to any length of twisting and warping to force them into the conceptual scheme adapted to the behavior of atoms and molecules, we may develop other conceptual schemes more hospitable to the facts, and so doing, may give a new purpose and consequence to the study of these processes."

Speaking further of such an investigator, Dr. Otto says:

"In that high sense he will be scientific. And he will agree with William James, that what most men need 'is that their faith should be broken up and ventilated, that the north-west wind of science should get into them and blow their sickness and barbarism away'. But he will not make reality as pictured by natural science the model for human life."

Henri Bergson expresses the same thought thus:

"We cannot sacrifice experience to the requirements of a system. That is why we reject radical mechanism."

*Things and Ideals, pp. 218-219. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

†Ibid, pp. 221-222.

‡Ibid, p. 223.

§Creative Evolution, p. 39.

TO summarize, the mechanistic, materialistic conception of the nature of reality is inadequate to explain how the world and man came into being, how development can take place at all, or how purpose in any form can be admitted or realized. Yet man is here in this complex world in which purposes, both conscious and unconscious, are all the time being realized. The intelligence and purposeful activity of man are all the time extending his control over the mechanical forces of nature in the service of his own ends and creative activities. Thus there are numerous concrete examples of minds functioning as creative powers redirecting the mechanical forces of nature toward consciously determined ends. Is not this an indisputable fact of experience? Does not this fact lend support to the theory that the whole of reality, including the mechanistic forces of nature, is the expression of mind or minds having creative power and capable of purposeful activity? From this outlook the mechanical forces of nature may be regarded then as the servants, not the masters of mind. They have an important, but a subordinate place in the whole of reality, which may, therefore, be regarded as fundamentally spiritual, using this term in its broadest philosophical meaning.

BUT even science itself is becoming less mechanistic. The tendency of recent physical science is to discard the older notions of matter as merely extension, and to substitute therefor a dynamic conception; that is to identify matter with energy and to regard this energy as having in itself creative power, a conception by no means new in philosophy. Thus even matter, so called, may not be merely mechanical, inert, or wholly predetermined in its activity. Assuming certain facts of nature explained by Sir Isaac Newton by the law of gravitation to be beyond question, these facts are just as well and reasonably accounted for by a very different mode of stating the law. As generally given in physics the law reads:

"Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force that varies directly as the product of the masses of the particles and inversely as the square of the distances between them."

This statement of the law seems to assume that any particle of mat-

ter in the universe has power to exert a force or tends to move every other particle in the universe but has no power of self-motion. This is foundational to the mechanistic-materialistic view of the world or reality. But the law may as well be stated thus:

"Every particle of matter in the universe moves itself in a way that can be calculated by the product of the masses of the particles and inversely as the square of the distances between them;"

that is, the assumptions of self-motion and creative activity in nature are as consistent with the facts as is the purely mechanistic assumption. In case the fact of uniformity of law in nature is cited as an objection to the assumption of self-motion, it may be answered that there is no reason for assuming that self-motion or self-activity is generally to be identified with arbitrary or unpredictable activity. If this were true it would be very unfortunate for human character, to say nothing of making life as we now experience it impossible. In other words there may be general uniformity both in nature and in human conduct with self-activity, as well as with external compulsion. The creative process, however, in its very nature requires also that there shall be innovations in nature. That innovations do occur is not merely a theory, but an indisputable fact of common observation. This point is bordering upon the subject of *Freedom*, which is to be dealt with in a subsequent number of this series.

THE recent discoveries of Einstein indicate that the Law of Gravitation is due for re-statement in less mechanical form; while the latest announcements of Millikan's investigations indicate modification

of the Law of Conservation of Energy; this in recognition of the creative powers of energies or substances with which physics deals. It should be recognized that the laws of physical science, as we know them, are creations of the intellect of the scientist as a means of explaining the facts of nature, that any such law is properly meant to explain only one aspect of a great complex, and that the law itself is subject to change as the discovery of new facts require such change. This statement is amply supported by the history of science. Science, like other human productions, is neither final nor infallible. Scientific theory, especially, is all the time in course of development. Properly understood and properly used, its utility is beyond question. There is, however, no justification for allowing any scientific theory to become a tyrant over the human intellect.

IS it, then, to be assumed that reality is wholly spiritual, or are there two diverse kinds of reality, the material and the spiritual? However this question may be answered, it seems evident that reality includes both conscious and unconscious activity, but that where consciousness is manifest, it tends to control the unconscious. The process of control is, however, a matter of growth or development, and is manifest in varying degrees. It seems probable, therefore, that there are not two wholly different kinds of reality, but rather that all reality has some measure of self-activity or creative power, but that it is only in its more developed forms, and possibly in reality as a whole, that it attains to the status of self-conscious creative power.

My Thoughts on Gazing on the Grandeur of Bryce Canyon

O God! How marvelous are thy creations!

Thou hast painted with Thy mighty skill, colors that no human hand can duplicate.

The harmonious blending of shades and hues is beyond mortal.

With water, wind, and sun, Thou hast carved from the solid rocks temples with grandeur rare and castles in their majesty. Mystic forms of ancient columns and sta-

tuary in bold relief are on every side.

We gaze on Thy handiwork and feel in its presence overwhelmed with its beauty, and our souls arise and say: O God, who are we that we are privileged to look upon this glorious sight?

Thou Master Sculptor and divine painter, Thou Father of us all!

—Mrs. W. H. Richards,
Malad, Idaho.

Union Forever

By SUSA YOUNG GATES

THE joining of the two young people's magazines, just now accomplished, is surely a step in the right direction. There is a profound significance in this action, far deeper than appears on the surface.

When the M. I. A. organizations were first projected, an effort was made to join the two in a single association. But Brigham Young, when he learned of the conjoint Mutuals which had been started, one in the 21st ward and one in Logan, objected strongly to that plan, saying that men had many opportunities of self-expression in missions, quorums and public offices generally; while women had no such chance, and women didn't in those days, except through the Relief Society. So the young women were left alone to work out their own public problems, religious, social and educational.

Let me here offer a tribute to three young men of those early pioneering, adventuring days, whose supreme influence, gallant and courteous appraisal of human values and relationships enabled them to sail their experimental ship through many rough waters and guide the vessel safely over hidden reefs and through some threatening storms; Junius F. Wells, Milton H. Hardy and George D. Pyper, were eminently qualified to pilot their vessel sailing side by side with the girls' own ship along the early journalistic waterways into safe harbor. At the same time that trio of unsurpassed women leaders carried the young women triumphantly past every danger, seen and unseen: Elmina S. Taylor, Maria Y. Dougall and Martha Horne Tingey, always under the wise generalship of Zion's foremost woman leader, Eliza R. Snow.

The youthful voyagers who followed after were safe always when under the counsel of the presiding Church authorities, no matter how deep the channels nor how lowering were the clouds.

The Journal's Mission

THE part which I played in the founding of the *Young Woman's Journal* has been related in detail elsewhere and will not be repeated here. However, it may not be out of place to state that my sole motive was to strengthen the faith of our young women and increase their devotion to the work for which their parents had endured so much, and at the same time to give them an opportunity to develop later literary gifts. It is with real pride that I look back upon what has been accomplished in this respect. Through all the years of its existence, the *Journal* has never lost sight of its original purpose. Many people, who have since won distinction as writers found in the *Journal* their first opportunity of expressing their thoughts on paper. In this respect the magazine proved a real blessing to them.

Upon learning of the proposed combination of the *Era* and *Journal*, I remembered a letter written by President Joseph F. Smith to me while I was the editor and virtual owner of the last named magazine. This communication bears date of September 18, 1896,

SUSA YOUNG GATES, a daughter of President Brigham Young and the devoted wife of Jacob Gates, is the mother of thirteen children, and all of those now living are of unusual ability, some of them well known internationally. With her husband she has filled missions in Hawaii and New York. She has represented the women of the Church three times in Europe and seven times in the United States at National and International Congresses. When fourteen years of age she was assistant editor of the COLLEGE LANTERN, a university publication, and has been writing ever since. For eleven years she was editor of the YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL, of which she was the founder, and eight years editor of the RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE, besides which she has always been active in civic and educational movements, temple and genealogical work. When "Aunt Susa," as she is affectionately called, ceases to be active the end will not be far distant.

and the following paragraph is taken from it:

"Sister Elmina Taylor called on me about the joining of the *Contributor* and the *Journal*. I think if it can be done on some plan mutually agreed upon and mutually satisfactory, it will be better for both in the future from a financial point of view. For as it is now, those who take the *Journal* do not take the *Contributor* and vice versa. The circulation of both will be increased if made one. But I do not advocate the destruction of the identity of either—that is, while the two may be merged into one, the sex of each should be preserved. A man and wife are one, yet they are two."

Have Women Lost Their Poise

TIMES have changed. Human conditions and relationships are chaotic today. Women in the world and here at home have attained their majority. Many of them are giddy with their new rights, so-called, and have lost their poise and balance.

The occasional strident voices of dominant women in the market places of the world betray the fact that too many of them have interpreted liberty in terms of license. No one can blame them, for many men, who should be leaders, morally, socially, and religiously have quite stepped out of their sphere, and have laid down the reins of moral, domestic and spiritual government. I sometimes wonder if our own people are free from this cataclysmal condition?

So I welcome this union of journalistic interests between our young people. I see in it growth and opportunities for increased development and hope that our dear sisters will avoid the confusion and anarchy which will follow a lack of obedience. Our men have ever given more real freedom of opportunity for individual expression than has been asked for by the women.

This new united project is both a prophecy and a testimony. There will be closer contacts, better team

work and more intelligent progress in every direction. It also demonstrates the real harmony that shall mark similar efforts to break down barriers of selfish sex inhibitions and to preserve the glorious dual relationship which forms the basis of all group life and development on earth and in heaven. I am not afraid for the future except for myself and mine. I am tremendously individualistic myself, as are all natural women, and the one question I ask of me and mine is: How shall I, how shall we, daughter and granddaughter, measure up to this symbolic companionship? Shall we be as loyal, as devoted and as true to truth in this combined journalistic interest as when we prided ourselves on our sex-independence, our self-expression in our newly discovered personalities?

Confidence in the Future

THE movement is inspired, there is no doubt about that. Yet I ask myself will subscriptions be doubled, energies be redoubled and shall we all be doers of the word, not hearers only? Will our struggling girl-writers still keep the flame of inspiration burning, when they find the altar fires directed by a dual leadership and the pathways more crowded, the opportunities more restricted to receive their own little contributions? Creative art is always attended with pain and sacrifice, especially so today when there are few who care to listen to the less trained efforts of amateurs and demand finished productions, though they come from uninspired sources.

All this I wonder about. Yet I rest happily in the inspired Y. M. leadership of our three Apostles: wise and sympathetic George Albert Smith, courteous and cul-

tured Richard R. Lyman and our magnetic orator, Melvin J. Ballard. These three are not more fitted for their task than are our three Y. L. presidents, gifted and thoroughly trained Ruth M. Fox, noble and beloved Lucy Grant Cannon, and that dynamo of human energy and executive power, Clarissa A. Beesley.

I have the greatest confidence in the editors. Who wouldn't have when President Heber J. Grant himself stands at their head? His watchful eyes will not overlook any necessary change of policy. We

doubt persuade him, woman-like, that he thought of it all first. At the same time Hugh is considerate and will divide honors. But he'd better watch out. The female-goblins will get him if he doesn't.

Now, these are all personalities, I am a woman and therefore love personal news and study human values from an individual angle rather than as groups or classes.

I defy either editor to change a word of this copy. I advise both of you to be mutually good and mutually unselfish; then naturally you may be very happy but not rich. It's only the selfish, greedy grafters who get rich, and Jeremiah says it's only the wicked who prosper. You'll both be lonesome. Hence—Union Forever!

WHEN I consider our present conditions I ask myself anxiously, will my sons and grandsons recognize the subtle menace in this new woman's age, and retain their priestly leadership in domestic, civic, and religious activities, as their fathers and grandfathers did? Will they permit themselves, through a mistaken mingling of courtesy and indifference, to take second place to their women-folks? So many men in this modern world have wishbones instead of backbones. Ask men today who is the boss in their

homes, themselves or their wives, and they will counter, a very large number of them, with the joking reply, "Well, who is?" If they only knew how women, weak or strong, despise men who lack the strength and power of leadership in their own homes, men would measure up to their responsibilities. Yes, indeed. Union Forever! Each in his or her own sphere, joined together when life's adjustments permit Conjoint Mutual Work.



SUSA YOUNG GATES

all understand that the details of this work must largely be done by others. By inheritance and early training Hugh J. Cannon should be qualified for the place he occupies, and with him will be associated that devoted wife and wise mother, Elsie Talmage Brandley, who will fill her new sphere. I prophesy, as nobly as she did when left alone to do her own ship piloting. Whatever Hugh may lack she will supply and will no

What Men Live By

*A Philosophy of Life by Dr. Richard Cabot**

Reviewed by ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

THE basis of this most excellent and stimulating volume is the theory that life, in order to be complete, and to be lived abundantly, must combine four phases—Work, Play, Love and Worship; and these are interdependent upon one another, no one of them being enough by itself. Work, beside being work, must have in it elements of play, love and worship. Play must connect with the other three, and so on.

Work

WORK, according to Dr. Cabot, to many is mere drudgery, made worse because if it ceased, life would be more miserable than if it goes on. Work makes up a large part of many lives, with other elements sprinkled in. While it sometimes seems to be a galling yoke, to which we submit blindly or angrily, and with revolt in our souls, one rarely finds work so overwhelming that it crushes out play and humor and fellowship. We work because we want the results it brings; if we force ourselves along without any desire for attaining a goal, it is drudgery indeed. Learning to work is training imaginations to feel the stimulus of distant futures, as large cities get heat, light and power from distant mountain streams. Work is always justified by faith.

There is a queer pleasure to work—a grim exhilaration in taking up a heavy load and feeling our strength adequate to it. Work dispels discouragement because it turns consciousness away from disheartening littleness, and lights up the world of possible achievement.

Any work which leaves part of us unused must either be changed or supplemented by other activity. Terms like "physical culture" and "mental training" should be abol-

ished, for they are concerned with mind and body, which is morbid, for all tasks should make us forget mind and body in a higher union than both.

The typical laborer of the present day is soaked with the spirit of his work, and respect for the materials with which he works. He is essentially industrious, and his mind is absorbed with the work in hand. Stoicism is his protest against sentimentality; he fears the flames of love, worship and faith, and has no sympathy for talkers, believing that idealism talks about things it never accomplishes. He loves a fight with the elements—with knots in timber, frost which spoils crops, aridity of soils, earthquakes, fires and other such obstacles. They kindle his fighting spirit and spur his imagination to inventiveness and valor. He does not recognize the fact that just as great opportunity for combat is offered by stupidity, the franchise, illiteracy, etc.

Radiations of Work

THERE are two parts to effort—that which one knowingly and consciously does, and that

which radiates from the subconscious. Character talks when we are silent. The good doctor wins confidence, not by words, but by his unconscious presence; his methods.

Rewards of Work

PAYMENT for work is determined by what some other person would do the same work for. The man himself cannot be paid, for he does much that nobody notices, but there is a spiritual value in being paid in cash, for it gives assurance of usefulness to someone. If a man is paid only in money, however, the benefit is partially lost; there should be something as well which gives courage and self-respect. Gratitude, given or received, is one of such things. There is no nobler art than expressing thanks sincerely. Artists are not satisfied with the plaudits of a great crowd, or their money. They need the heartfelt appreciation of a few friends. A sense of someone's need is a most powerful motivation force.

Success, one of the rewards of work, is never the end. It is of value only when we regard it symbolically, as a means to something finer and further away.

Play

OUR ancestors regarded play as a necessary nuisance, but today it is taken seriously. Recreation is considered something almost religious. Is it possible to be both serious and playful? Yes, for seriousness alone is dull, and should be mixed with lightness of heart. Seriousness of purpose should be the background for everything, but in the foreground it quenches animation, vivacity and effort. Many excellent backgrounds are disastrous as foregrounds. We often insult children by imploring them to step up to the serious level of adults; rather we should realize that adults stepped down when they gave up playfulness. The

A Nineteenth Century Solomon

THE following story is told of the late Paul Kruger, former president of the South African Republic: A wealthy father left a large landed estate which was to be divided equally between his two sons. Unable to agree on the line of division, they appealed to President Kruger. He listened to their problem, then asked:

"Will you abide by my decision?" The brothers agreed.

"Well, then, the older brother will divide the property, and the younger brother will have his first choice."

*The first of a series of reviews and articles to be studied by Community Activity Committees as their reading course assignment.

present business of the educators of the world is to divorce morality from dullness. It should never be bleak and solemn, and only a great interest in play can effect the needful separation.

Recreation and Other Arts

MANY thinkers are putting play where it belongs—the center of the garden, and not the weed-bed outlying. To understand God and enjoy him, we must understand the forces of nature he created, and enjoy the world he gave us. Some rare persons there are who touch work with magic which turns it to sparkling play. These radiant souls turn grey to gold.

In work and love and worship we seek for goals; in play and art, we find immediate fruition.

The Aim of Play

PLAY brings its own rewards, and need not be regarded as a means to health and morality, though these result naturally. Cows are means to leather boots and gumdrops, but these are not the sole reasons for the cow's existence. Violin playing strengthens finer ends, but that wholesome result is not as great as the joy given in the process. Play must take its place among other arts, and not be degraded into a medical instrument. Some of the major arts in America are drama, baseball and dancing, and they are genuine arts, to be placed with the others—literature, music, painting and sculpture.

The minor arts are humor and good humor—a form of good manners. Charm and beauty should run like a gold thread through the life-fabric. To sing at work, to do everything with swing and rhythm, preserves one's soul from drought.

Pageantry and folk dancing are beginning of the introduction of fine arts and minor arts to each other. They have form, technique and beauty, and yet are done in a playful spirit by people unused in the fine arts.

The Art of Seeing Beauty

BECAUSE we cannot preserve, as children do, the virgin freshness of the oft-repeated, we need to cultivate the art of seeing tran-

sient beauties so vividly that they will remain with us.

Possession decreases value; only the thing for which one is striving is truly worthwhile. Precious jewels are not really precious, because they can be enjoyed by so few. There are jewels, however, which should be regarded as precious—the jewels of daily life. Daily jewels are violin notes, cool water on a hot face, thrush notes at dawn, swift laughter, lights in eyes or on the street, waves breaking into white foam—all these set in motion trains of thought and action which we ourselves cannot ignite. A jewel-like moment can

An Organ of Organizations

WHAT does this mean? It means that an organization has a publication through which it will receive official messages to guide in the conducting of its affairs. And through which not only instructions, council and advice will be received, but also encouragement and appreciation.

The Improvement Era is to be looked to for guidance and encouragement as an organ of the Priesthood, the Young Men's and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, independent of education, as a source of information. The Era will be as a hughle that gives no "uncertain sound," and its columns will be a means of keeping the four fields of activity in a constant state of preparedness.—Geo. H. Brimhall.

sustain long hours of dullness; a shining moment centers the meaning of a whole month, as a single cadence dominates the development of a symphony. These moments are powerful, for they live in their own afterglow.

Impersonation

THERE is mystical significance in playing a game. Think of the thrill of being "it". Uniform and insignia are unnecessary, for imagination supplies them. Impersonation in art and play is bound up with symbolism, for symbolism is to put new personality into an object, while impersonation is putting new personality into a person.

We assume new characters in every phase of work, love and morality. In medicine, for instance, a man assumes the role of a solemn physician, realizing the while that underneath the disguise he is still a scatter-brained boy, and

something of a humbug. If we are dull and credulous we may in time come to believe that we fill our parts well, but if any sense of humor is left, we recognize the fun in our attempts to be what a professional title proclaims us to be.

In love it is the same. Every man suffers from stage fright when set to impersonate a head of a household. The spirit of play comes in to aid the spirit of work and morality. The ability to impersonate in our own minds every type of scoundrel or simpleton, priest or politician, brings us to the heights of sympathetic intelligence. Impersonation is an art needed to prepare and discipline stubborn individuality for the love and knowledge of all created things.

From the earliest years, impersonation is a game we play with children. "Be a good girl, and don't cry." "Behave like a man." "Act like a little gentleman." With such solemn admonitions we bid them assume virtues whether they have them or not.

Impersonation does not enter every phase of life. At our worst, we sink below it; at best, we rise above it.

By-products of Play

THERE is danger of obscuring the central value of play by over emphasizing minor issues. Health, grace, and victory are part of play, but should not become abnormally prominent.

Games develop the art of taking victory and defeat symbolically. Great values attach to symbols, for they enable us to say what would otherwise be too great for us to express. The essence of good sportsmanship—obedience to rules, ability to be a modest winner and a cheerful loser—is also the essence of self-government, good service, and spiritual growth.

Love

LOVE has many allies. Elemental nature is one; sharing fatigue, disappointment, surprise, hunger, joy and good appetite, gives common interest. In hospitals, those who face terror, disease and death are knit into comradeship, like soldiers in a campaign. Playfulness, patriotism, loyalty to truth and honor, forge chains of love between those who share them.

Love cannot be measured, for it is an infinite current flowing out to others. Perfect response in any human relationship is almost unattainable. To me there is more or else less meaning than you put into your joke. I go as far as I can with you, and then faith shoots me the rest of the way. God knows what your joke meant to you; he knows what it meant to me: In him we meet, and in this consciousness we sympathize. We laugh, partly at the joke, and partly at the good nature and fellowship which pardons mistakes and is determined to make us congenial at all costs. Laughter is intelligent contagion.

There are double meanings in everybody's remarks—we must pick out the meanings that are best. In the personality of those we love, we must learn to detect their highest possibilities; and without good nature there can never be mutual understanding.

Worship

WE are all pitifully unexpressed, differing only in the means we have for setting free flood of power within us which pushes ever for freedom: The craving to sing is but a partial and imperfect image of the craving to pray, which is present in every person, whether it be admitted or not. What song is to speech, prayer is to song. It is the supremely personal and direct utterance for which all creation longs.

Worship is a permanent and necessary privilege of the human spirit. It renews the soul as sleep does the body.

Worship is the capacity for wonder, the element which gives the spiritual refreshment necessary to the perpetuation of youth. Like beauty, it is a gate through which we pass toward action or prayer. The power to marvel at beautiful things gives the disenchantment which makes worship possible; but it must not stupefy. The inspiration which worship gives is a cool silver shock which sends us bounding toward some definite and worthy task.

An average man never feels so small as when people call him great. This mingling of abasement and exaltation gives a new heaven and new earth.

Prayer is the greatest expression of sincerity, and it clarifies thought.

To pray for specific blessings is unsound, unless these are for the good of all. Every prayer should be, "If possible, give me victory; in any case give me right."

All Together

THESE four phases of life, while keeping separate individualities, should have unity. To live is to

understand the whole world, and in work, play, love and worship we find ways of becoming akin. Work, love and play make a strong team; they brace and reinforce each other. Yet they leave us rudderless and unsatisfied without worship.

Each food by which the spirit lives makes us hungry for the rest. With them we live abundantly; without them, we shrivel and die.

A World Traveler's Opinion of the "Mormons"

DURING the past summer an eminent German writer and traveler, Dr. Otto Kruger, visited various parts of Utah and expressed his delight in the following words: "I am thrilled by the beauty of Salt Lake City. Your wide streets and fountains are most attractive and something I have not seen elsewhere."

Dr. Kruger had flown from Danzig, in Germany, to Marseilles, France, via Berlin and Paris. From this point he had traveled by rail and water, visiting Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal, Jerusalem, Bombay, Singapore, different parts of China and Japan, and then across the Pacific to Seattle.

In Seattle the noted doctor had an experience similar to that given "Mormon" missionaries in times past by his own country. He was put "behind the bars" for sixty hours while immigration officials ascertained the validity of his passport. He took the delay good-naturedly and said he was well treated and actually enjoyed his first experience of being "inside looking out."

Dr. Kruger concluded his interview with this statement: "I am glad to find a people here who teach that it is not good for the body to drink alcohol, coffee, and stimulants, to use tobacco in any form, or to eat much meat. I should like to see the day come when the world will accept this doctrine."

On at least one previous occasion Dr. Kruger was in Salt Lake, and visited other surrounding points of interest. He reported this visit in a talk made over the radio in Stuttgart, Germany, on July 24, 1927, the eightieth anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers in the valley. A conference was

being held in Stuttgart at the time, and the missionaries, seeing his lecture on "Utah and the Mormons" advertised, installed a loud speaker in their hall. They had tried vainly to see the doctor, with the view of learning whether his talk would be favorable or otherwise. By diligent effort they secured a large attendance, feeling that if an unfavorable report was made, they at least would have the last word.

However, there was no need of refutation. The speaker told of the miracle which had been wrought in this land through the industry of the people and the blessings of heaven. He was impressed by the spirit of peace and contentment which hovered over the community.

After visiting the Temple Block and listening to the tabernacle organ, with which he was deeply impressed, he made an effort to gain access to the temple. Admission of course was denied him. "I had visited shrines and holy places the world over," he said, "and could not believe there was one on earth so sacred that a good-sized tip would not open its doors for me. But I was to learn something. In Utah things are different. I soon found that money has no effect upon the guardians of that building."

The attentive missionaries wished that all Germany, indeed the whole world, could have heard Dr. Kruger's talk, and especially its conclusion, when he said something like this: "People may call Joseph Smith an impostor and his successors clever deceivers. They may say the Book of Mormon is a fraud. But such statements do not explain to my satisfaction the miracle of Mormonism."

The Contributor

By JUNIUS F. WELLS
Of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board

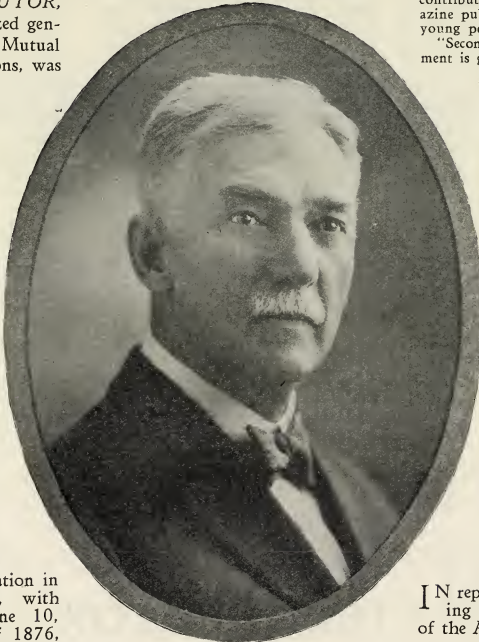
THE CONTRIBUTOR, the first authorized general organ of the Mutual Improvement Associations, was established in 1879—the first monthly number appearing in October of that year. It ran through seventeen volumes, the first thirteen (1879-1892), of which I was nominal editor. Its origin and purpose are set out in a correspondence with President John Taylor, President of the Quorum of the Twelve, the presiding authority in the Church after the death of President Brigham Young in 1877; and in the Salutory of the first number.

THE beginning of the Y. M. M. I. A., it will be remembered, was in the organization of an association in the Thirteenth ward, with eighteen members, June 10, 1875. By the end of 1876, there were over a hundred associations with 2300 members. On December 8, 1876, a Central Committee was organized to take general overcharge of the Associations. This Committee met with many difficulties and discouragements until April 6, 1880, when a General Superintendency was nominated by the First Presidency of the Church and took charge. Following are extracts from my letter respecting the above, of June 4, 1879. This letter in full will be found in Volume 28 of the *Improvement Era*, September, 1925, pages 1069-1070:

"June 4th, 1879.

"To President John Taylor and Council of Apostles:

"Since the commencement of our organization, four years ago, associations have been formed very extensively. Our last report shows twenty stake organizations, two hundred and thirty-nine associations, with a membership of more than nine thousand two hundred. * * *



JUNIUS F. WELLS

"The object of this extensive organization is, to introduce to our young men an order of religious and intellectual exercises that will secure to them a knowledge of the Truth, and put them in possession of the evidences to advocate and defend it. * * *

"Realizing that thoughts gain solidity and volume from the effort to express them concisely, we have been encouraged to put them upon paper in the form of essays, compositions and contributions to manuscript and printed papers. * * * That the ability and disposition to write is growing and becoming more confident, is evidenced in the efforts made in several counties to publish periodicals, and their literary success has been acknowledged; notably with the *Amateur*, published in Weber County. They, however, have been unsuccessful financially owing to the limited circulation of a single county. * *

"The encouragement I have received from those most interested in mutual improvement supports me in asking your sanction and approval of the following propositions:

"First,—I propose during the summer to visit the associations and canvass for

contributors and subscribers to a magazine published in the interest of the young people of the Territory.

"Secondly,—If sufficient encouragement is given by the class to be benefited, I will publish a magazine, octavo size of either twenty-four or thirty-two pages, once a month, beginning October 1st, at a price securing its financial success. This magazine will be distinctly a young people's periodical, of such literary merit as their talent can make it, and whose general tone will be pure, refined; tending to improvement and elevation in thought and in all our intercourse; devoted to the culture of the youth, and the cultivation of character and sound doctrine among them.

"I believe we have a distinct and legitimate field in which to operate, doing good to ourselves without infringing on the rights of any one.
* * *

"Hoping this will receive your favorable and early consideration, I am yours respectfully in the Gospel of peace.

"Junius F. Wells."

IN reply I received the following extract from the Record of the Apostles:

"Letter of Elder Junius F. Wells read, in which he proposed to establish a monthly magazine, as the organ of the young people's Mutual Improvement Associations.

"On motion, the proposition made by Brother Wells in the above-mentioned letter was unanimously approved of."

PERMISSION thus being given by the authorities, I became active during the summer and autumn, soliciting subscriptions and advertisements; deciding upon the name, size and style of the magazine and arranging for its publication with the *Deseret News* Company. In the first number I did my first proof-reading.

SALUTATION

"The need for a general representative publication designed expressly in the interests of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations has been for a long time a growing one. All who are interested in the welfare of

our organizations realize this fact. * * *

"That the thoughts and expressions of the young people of the Territory will be interesting to their companions, and that in writing for the press their thoughts will gain volume and solidity seems reasonable, and cause sufficient for a publication devoted to them. It is for this reason and because the growth and prosperity of our organizations require it that we have undertaken to publish a periodical that will represent the associations, and that will foster and encourage the literary talent of their members.

"This is the mission of *The Contributor*, the name of which has been chosen that it might say to every young man and every young lady among our people, having literary taste and ability, write. * * *

MY effort to make *The Contributor* a magazine of good literary quality was also to have the contents of every number supplement and support the order of exercises prescribed for the meetings of the Associations; hence there was required a doctrinal, scientific, historical, biographical article, and one, at least, of superior literary value, in each issue. A brief review of the index of each volume would indicate how remarkably successful we were.

In Volume One, 1879-80: "Confidence," by Moses Thatcher, ran through eight numbers; "Character Sketches," by Karl G. Maeser, four; "Eminent Women," by Emmeline B. Wells (Amethyst) and "Felicia Hemans," by Maria M. Miller, two each; "Home," by John T. Caine, Jr., five; "Lesser Lights of the Book of Mormon," by George Reynolds, nine; "Educational," by O. H. Riggs, five; "Scientific," by J. B. Toronto (Quebec), nine; "Bits of Travel," by the Editor (De Vallibus), twelve; "Musical," "The Nauvoo Brass Band" and "Dominico Ballo," by H. G. Whitney; "The Warfare Then and Now," by B. H. Roberts (his first contribution in printer's ink); the martyrdom of Elder Joseph Standing and erection of a monument by the Associations in his honor occupied editorial space; "Mahomet and his Religion" and three other capital papers by Richard W. Young. Besides se-

lected poetry, there were poems by Emmeline B. Wells, O. F. Whitney, Eliza R. Snow, George Manwaring, Augusta Joyce Crocheron, H. W. Naisbitt, L. M. Hewlings, J. L. Townsend, and B. Goddard. "History of the General Organization," by M. H. Hardy, ran through three numbers; and under the standing head "Association Intelligence," appeared reports of quarterly and semi-annual conferences; suggestions of the Apostles; address of the General Superintendency; statistical report, notes and notices.

THE editorials supplemented Association Intelligence, with matter concerning conduct of meetings, missionary labors, Scripture readings, libraries, etc. There were no manuals nor handbooks, in those days, and the Associations were instructed mainly through these departments, which continued to be the especial feature of the magazine, as an administrative officer of the Associations, for at least twelve volumes. The four-

dition of the manuals was laid in this service, chiefly by the devoted, intelligent labors of Elders M. H. Hardy and George H. Brimhall, who prepared the Scripture and Historical Analyses and lessons, and the outline programs.

The second volume, 1880-81, was increased by the addition of ninety-six pages (there were but 288 in the first volume) and the page was somewhat enlarged, adding practically a hundred pages of reading matter. With the fourth volume a further enlargement to 480 pages was made, at which it remained until Volume 13, which contained 568 pages.

THE principal serials of Volume 2 follow: "Mexico and the Mexicans," by Moses Thatcher, who also wrote a series of five on "Historical Evidences of Divine Origin of the Book of Mormon;" "Chronicles of Utah," by Prof. Joseph L. Barfoot (Beta), which were continued in two numbers of Volume 3. This invaluable series was the forerunner of a series entitled "Historical Record," in Volume 6, 1884-85, by Andrew Jensen, before he began the publication of his magazine bearing that title. Elder C. W. Penrose wrote for this volume "Leaves from the Tree of Life," twelve numbers. This series became the celebrated tract of which many thousand copies have been printed. "Nephite Apostles" and "Nephites under the Judges," George Reynolds; "Travels in Italy," twelve numbers, De Vallibus; "The University of Utah," R. W. Sloan; "The Brigham Young Academy," J. E. Talmage.

AMONG new contributors Volume 2 contained the names of Edward H. Anderson with his beautiful poem, "A River's Love," and others; N. Tanner, Jr., Joseph A. Smith (Beppe) with "Devotional Literature," and some scholarly translations; Talula Young (Viva) with "Studies of Bacon,

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 1.

The Glory of God is Intelligent.

THE

CONTRIBUTOR.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

REPRESENTING THE

YOUNG MEN'S AND YOUNG LADIES' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS
OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY JUNIUS F. WELLS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

OFFICE: 15 EAST TEMPLE STREET, FIRST DOOR NORTH OF Z. C. M. I.

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Remittances should be made by P. O. Money Order or Registered Letter

Chaucer, Spencer;" John Q. Cannon, (Jaque) "Spouting Well at Kane;" Susa Young Gates in "Homespun Talk;" Z. Ballantyne, "Spartan Discipline;" Thos. Y. Stanford, "The First Crusade;" J. B. Keeler, "The Silent Recorder;" Wm. W. Taylor, "The Scientific Test." Beautiful poems were contributed by Emily Hill Woodmansee, Henry W. Naisbitt, R. All-dridge; and selections from Bryant, Leigh Hunt and Longfellow. Bishop Edward Hunter had admonished me to embellish the magazine with choice selections from the great poets. J. B. Toronto (Quebec) was as regular as the months in three volumes with his scientific articles so reliable and plainly told.

WITH Volume 3, 1881-82, appeared the first of the series of "Sermons and Writings of the Prophets," including a biographical sketch of Joseph Smith, and steel engraved portraits of himself and Hyrum. These sermons were carefully selected from the "Times and Seasons," and certain ones from the journals of Elder Wilford Woodruff which had not previously been published. I had occasion to consult President John Taylor about the authorship of certain of them. He was highly interested in their republication. He told me he read every number of the magazine. I recall also a complimentary note about this time from Professor Barfoot, whose praise was praised indeed. He said: "The Contributor is the Addis-onian publication of Zion. I am highly delighted with it."

THERE were three serials. "The Ancient Government Chronology and Laws of the Hindoos" and papers on "Impure Castes" and "Brahmins of India," by Wm. Fotheringham; "A Trip to Denmark," by De Vallibus and "The Echo Canyon War," by the Editor (Vaux) ran in twelve numbers and was supplemented in Volume 4 by "Lot Smith's Narrative;" "Mormon Polygamy and Christian Monogamy," by Moses Thatcher.

SPACE here will not permit pursuance of *The Contributor's* contents in this manner through the succeeding volumes, gratifying as it would be to its old editor; nor is there room for the bare mention of scores of beloved names of writers for its columns. There were serial biographies of George A. Smith

JUNIOUS F. WELLS has traveled extensively in America and Europe and has met many men of national and international prominence. In all his travels he has always been a missionary, a worthy representative of the Church. The greatest honor that ever came to him was when President Brigham Young appointed him to organize the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. From that time to the present he has been closely associated with M. I. A. activities and is still a member of the General Board. A genial, courteous, well informed man, an original thinker, he "goes about doing good."

and Jedediah M. Grant, with fine steel-engraved portraits. A large steel engraving of President Brigham Young was given as a premium one year and a splendid lithograph of Joseph Smith as Lieutenant General of the Nauvoo Legion, mounted on his celebrated war horse, "Joe Duncan." Premiums of books for libraries, running from a single volume up to hundreds of volumes—in the aggregate laying the foundation of over a hundred libraries in Associations competing for them. Having begun in the third volume to provide illustrations, the following ten volumes contained 24 full-page steel and 16 photo-engraved portraits, 48 photo-engravings of historic scenes, temples, public buildings and residences, and 269 cuts in the text, besides 12 ornamental initials from drawings by Harwood for the Nauvoo Legion series.

THE CONTRIBUTOR sponsored musical and oratorical contests in the Tabernacle, giving money prizes of hundreds of dollars to the winners. Nearly twenty bands were entered in one of these primitive contests; and vocal solos, duets, quartettes and choruses up to a hundred voices. Prof. Evan Stephens introduced me humorously to Dr. Joseph Davies, the Welch Adjudicator, as the "Father of the Utah Eisteddfod."

Money prizes and valuable gold medals were given for Christmas stories and poems, bringing out in the contests some splendid compositions in prose and poetry.

I regarded sending Elder B. H. Roberts, with a camera, on the back track of the Church's travels as equal in journalistic enterprise to that of *The Century* sending

George Kennan to Siberia, though minute of course in extent and expense. Elder Roberts' travels produced serially, "Missouri Persecutions," "Rise and Fall of Nauvoo," with incomparable photo-engravings of scenes and places together with "A New Witness for God," which were republished in large editions as bound books.

DO you wonder that indulging in such extravagance of expense, with only a local subscription list and meagre advertising to depend upon, that my father should one day have said to me: "It looks to me that you are swinging a cat by the tail and the cat keeps getting bigger and the tail slimmer. I believe, if I were you, I would let go." "But Father," I replied, "It's my cat and, if I do, I'm afraid it will kill the cat." Well the time came when I had to let go; but I thought provision was made against disaster. And it was, had not the accumulated burden of multifarious duties and labors been too heavy for the stalwart shoulders of the beloved, lamented Elder Abraham H. Cannon, upon whose decease *The Contributor*, having continued four years, to the end of Volume 17, 1896, at length succumbed.

IT was remarked to me one day not so long ago, by the late Elder J. M. Tanner, a voluminous writer for the magazine, that he believed my memory would survive longer and be more highly esteemed for the encouragement and help I had given to local writers in the promotion of a meritorious home literature than for any other service of my life. I felt complimented by this observation from him and much surprised. It is indeed a pleasant reflection, as I review the twelve volumes that I edited—thirteen nominally, to find the names of over 300 writers, nearly all known by me personally and with whom I had mutually encouraging correspondence. At least half of these made their first appearance in print in *The Contributor*. Others have written for the *Millennial Star* and the *Juvenile Instructor*. A few could not be called local writers; but, with this exception, the contributions of all gave the magazine its name and character as a magazine of original home literature, published for the encouragement of the talent and culture of the young men and women of Zion.



THE AUTHOR

Spawners

By

IVY WILLIAMS STONE

yards. The creek was bone dry. Not even water to dampen the cobbles which dazzled one's eyes in the white heat.

THE sky was darkening off eastward, behind the peaks. A suggestive, heavy cloud was slowly enveloping them, softening their rugged outlines. John Gibby glanced with tired satisfaction toward the

neatly topped stacks of timothy. Lucky he was finishing haying, with rain threatening. He sighed and turned gratefully toward the house. It was a good house, three bricks thick, the sort of house that was always cool in summer, warm in winter. John Gibby felt tired. It had been a hot day—a hot summer. He must be getting old. It had seemed hard, topping that last stack. He was glad it was done. Guessed he shouldn't've let the hay hands go after dinner. Finishing a job like that alone wasn't so easy. If Leslie had only been satisfied to stay home and work. He glanced again toward the lowering clouds and the defiant peaks, then quickened his step. Amelia would be waiting supper.

HE washed in the little tin basin on the back porch and combed his hair before the tiny wall mirror. No need to make extra work for Amelia by musing up the bathroom. If Viola were home for the summer, instead of going off to summer school, it wouldn't make so much difference. The square kitchen table, once ridiculously small for their family, was now set for two. Amelia was peering into the oven, her brows puckered in disapproval.

"The biscuits don't brown," she

complained in the gentle, mild voice which had characterized all her patient years. "Somehow the stove don't draw today."

"Too hot," replied John. "Air's too heavy. We're due for a storm. Never mind the biscuits, Mother. Seems like it's most too hot to eat anyhow."

"Go set on the front porch a minute or so," suggested Amelia. "You'll feel more like eatin' when you cool off. I'll quicken the fire with kindling."

JOHN GIBBY passed through the dining room, cool and half dark. It would be pleasant to eat in there, but it was such a bother, now the children were all away. The big table seemed to beckon him, recalling the days when they had filled its ample sides—Amelia and he and the six kiddies. Eight plates—eight chairs. His throat tightened as he visioned the day when there were only seven plates. That day when Jimmy, of the weak heart, needed a plate no longer. They had spread the seven plates out so it wouldn't look like one was missing.

The house faced east and the living room was cooler still. There stood the radio Albert had sent from Chicago and the ivory cuts Elsie had sent from her studio in New York. Pictures of Henry's twins smiled at him from the piano. Cute kids, first-born grandchildren. We wished there were more grandchildren, living closer, so they could run in often.

IN the restful shade of the front porch John Gibby relaxed and smiled, and reached into his hip pocket for a pamphlet which the visiting scientist down at the summer hotel had given him. Nice fellow, but queer.

The book was a story of salmon—must be a fish story. That man had come all the way from Boston to study rocks and mountains. Seemed as though the canyon, *their little old canyon*, was just the thing he'd been hunting. The way

LITTLE beads of perspiration trickled down John Gibby's face as he unharnessed the horses and turned their heads toward the barns. He loosened the neck of his blue shirt and shook the timothy chaff, but it did not fall loose. Instead, it formed in damp ridges in the creases of his neck, and lay in moist clusters on his shoulders and overall straps. He mopped his forehead with an already overtaxed handkerchief as he glanced down toward his fields, cleared of the last load of hay, then back toward the canyon or *Draw*. It was an odd canyon. He'd heard folks say so often. Spreading out into the valley by means of rolling, service-berry covered hills, it changed abruptly and rose skyward in rugged, bare peaks. Three stark, defiant peaks, challenging, unconquered. Their north sides held the snow banks which all summer fed the little creek that zigzagged through the Gibby farm. It had been like a bank account, that creek. Had never failed before. In all the forty years John Gibby could remember farming, first helping his father and later for himself, the creek had never quite dried up before. Now, however, there was no need for the foot-bridge which connected the house path and barn-

the rocks were piled up meant something special. A fault; that was the word. A fault in the earth's crust. He knew all about fish, too, that chap. Must have studied a lot.

John Gibby read on in the pamphlet, engrossed in the story. Seemed there was a certain kind of salmon that hatched, made its way clear out to sea, and then returned to its native stream to spawn and die. Some of them had been known to leap falls eight and ten feet high. They had been bruised and hurt, but always they managed to reach the stream, the very identical stream, in which they were born. Queer things!

"Them fish got some sense," mused John Gibby. "Home again for them all, after their wanderings."

THE long, slanting rays of the August sun danced on the dust-covered limbs of the blue spruce which spread wide branches over the lawn.

"I'll have to dig that tree out of there one of these days," continued the man musingly. "It's getting too big. Killing the lawn." But even as he voiced his threat, he knew it would never be fulfilled. The lawn had no possible chance within the radius of the low, thick branches. But Jimmie had sat under its perfumed shade for long hours, whittling the wooden chains which filled his days of enforced quiet.

THE kitchen was hot, but the biscuits were browned and the meal was good. John Gibby felt better. "Sure hot," he began, splitting one of the biscuits to admit a thick wedge of butter. "Glad the hayin's done."

"You should akept the men to help you longer," admonished Amelia. "You ain't so young now. Toppin' a stack like that is some job."

"Well, it's done," sighed John. "And I beat the rain," he beamed.

"Well, I'm glad I ain't tryin' to make butter these days," added Amelia. "It just wouldn't come on a day like this."

"Any letters?"

HENRY'S boys has got chicken-pox." Even as she produced the letters for him to read, Amelia poured forth their contents. "Good

time to have it, though. And Viola's school will be out sooner than she expected. She'll be home next week."

"I been readin' 'bout some fish that always go home to roost," bantered John, reaching for his spectacles.

"Fish? To roost?" repeated Amelia incredulously. "Why—"

"Well, they swim home. They're a certain breed of salmon," he explained, smiling at her astonishment. "No matter how tiny the stream nor how far away they swim, they go home to spawn and later die."

"They would get lost. I don't believe—"

"But they don't get lost," persisted John. "The men who work on this kind of things mark the small fish and they keep tab, and it's been proved the fish always go back."

"Why, persisted Amelia, "Water is water anywhere, it seems to me,"

"And home is home," countered John Gibby. "They got sense—them fish. Sense enough to go home after their wanderings. Maybe, someday, after they've tried their wings, our minnows will come back home. Maybe Leslie will be willing to try his college farm notions on the old homestead."

HE finished another biscuit and started out for the barn. Only the two horses to feed, only one cow to milk. "Hurry with your work, Mother, and as soon as I finish we'll read some more 'bout them fish. Mighty interestin'."

Amelia nodded and turned to her kitchen tasks. To keep the front rooms cooler she made sure the door to the dining room was

closed. They would enjoy the cool room as they read. They would re-read the letters and learn more about fish. John liked to study living things. He ought to rest more. He liked to fish too. She stacked the dishes in the sink, set out one lone milk pan and a strainer. No need for the separator any more. They only kept old Bess because John liked clotted cream on his mush.

AS she turned the hot water over the dishes, Amelia was aware of a queer rumble of thunder—distant, yet vibrant and quivering, followed by quickening twilight. She hoped John would hurry. A thorough soaking might start his rheumatism again. Even as she glanced anxiously toward the barn, the rain came. No gentle shower this; but a steady sudden downfall. Drip, drip. No wind. Just rain, ceaseless, persistent, as if angered at delay. Amelia turned on the lights to finish her dishes, but as she wiped out the sink there came a terrific burst of sound, as though a thousand giants had loosed their anger over the valley. A prolonged sound, which rattled the windows and made the ground quiver. To Amelia it was surely peculiar thunder. Then other sounds, rushing winds, snapping trees. Sounds constantly nearer and louder, frightful sounds, uncannily because unknown. Wishing John would hurry, she turned toward the porch, just as the house was struck by some unseen, horrible force, which treated the sturdy brick as if it were a cheap toy. A crash of glass, and a heavy, unknown object struck the closed dining room door, rumbled, grated, creaked and stopped. Amelia, transfixed with fear, saw a tiny stream of water begin to ooze under the door. Grimy water, gray, then brown, charged with a heavy deposit. The tiny stream spread out slowly but surely. It gathered around the stove legs, settled in a pool near the sink where the floor was low. She became conscious her feet were wet. The lights flickered and died; the house trembled again. Amid the confusion of darkness and protesting partitions, Amelia felt her way to the porch. She climbed to the wash bench and from there upon the wide mouth of the old separator which was firmly screwed to the floor boards.

In the erratic flashes of lightning

IVY WILLIAMS STONE is one of the writers of Utah who has long been regarded as outstanding. Her first appearance in the "Young Woman's Journal" was in 1917, with the story "Somewhere in France" and a charming variety of poetry. From the fact that she began in volume 28 as "Joy Williams" and ended as "Stone", we conclude that she was married that year. She is now the mother of five children and the experiences of family life have only added to the strength and interest of her writing. She has promised a serial story in the very near future which assures "Era" readers of something unusually fine.

she saw the creek bed change to a raging stream. Turbulent, angry waters rushed by, carrying rocks that grated, clashed and broke. Rocks that were swept on by the impetus of others behind; little rocks, big rocks, huge boulders. The lightning revealed the water slowly but steadily creeping over the threshold of the kitchen door. It came around the legs of the wash stand, covered the base of her iron perch. A crash in the front yard, and the top portion of the beloved blue spruce toppled into the rushing waters and dashed past, its branches bobbing and gesticulating like a ship in distress. A lantern flickered across the creek; then made frantic circles. Amelia knew John was signaling her for some sign of safety. But she could give no answer.

FEAR of the unknown kept her confined to the cramped safety of the separator mouth. Presently more lanterns joined the solitary beacon, moved in precise file from the barn to the edge of the swollen creek. More rocks tumbled and rolled. More trees were pushed helplessly along. More rain, steady, monotonous. The lanterns flickered back and forth, continued to wave in circles. It was useless to call out; all other sounds were lost in the terrific crash of wind and rain. She could give no signal. She could only sit in her cramped but safe refuge and catch flitting glimpses of the cataclysm going on about her. She thought of earthquakes, but they were followed by fire. Then when she glimpsed a mountain pine being dragged and pushed and jostled along the widening stream, she knew. A cloud burst had struck the peaks and their tons of rock and debris were pouring down the creek channel and spreading out over John's fertile fields. Numbed with cold, she could only wait while the tedious hours of darkness dragged by. Wind and rain and darkness, and flickering lanterns. At least, John must be safe. The lanterns moved rapidly from barn to creek bank, and back to the barn. Amelia followed their line of march until her eyes ached. John must not try to cross; it would be folly, madness.

WITH the coming of dawn the rains ceased, the waters abated and daylight broke on a scene of calm

OH! Unseen Power that rules and controls the destinies of the children of earth; teach me the symphony of life so that my nature may be in tune with Thine.

Reveal to me the joy of being loving, self-sacrificing and charitable.

Teach me to know and play life's game with courage, fortitude and confidence.

Endow me with wisdom to guard my tongue and temper, and learn with patience the art of ruling my own life for its highest good, with due regard for the privacy, rights and limitations of other lives. * * *

If in life's battle I am wounded or tottering, pour into my wounds the balm of hope, and imbue me with courage undaunted to arise and continue the strife.—From "The Optimist's Prayer," by William J. Robinson.

desolation. Willing hands tore planks from the barn for a bridge over the creek. While the darkness had been full of unknown fear, daylight brought grim realization. A carpet of rocks and water, sticks and mountain debris spread out over the meadows. Pulverized rock, forming into crude but solid cement, had settled over the floor, hopelessly embedding all the furniture. Tiny pebbles to huge boulders had taken up new resting places on the farm. The timothy stacks were gone and remnants of them were scattered over the now useless fields. The rock wall, which the night before had been heavy with promise of grapes, was buried in debris. Even as her rescuers lifted her numbed and stiffened body from her iron perch, Amelia's eyes took in the scene of desolation.

"It will kill John," she muttered to the kindly neighbors who were all solicitude. And John Gibby, his face slow to relax the grim control with which he had expected to meet death, tramped laboriously through the mire that enveloped his home. No vestige of the blue spruce was even visible. A huge boulder had passed through the front window, lifted the dining table on edge and braced it against the door that led to the kitchen. The piano and radio were half buried in the soft, spongy cement that covered the entire first floor. But thanks to the brick partitions and the three-brick walls the house structure had held. The old oak table had saved Amelia's life. The kitchen stove was already rusting

beneath its coat of slimy water. The garage, built on the slope of the hill, was entirely buried.

Viewing the devastation of his home and fields, John Gibby looked hopelessly up toward the canyon and the peaks. "It will kill Amelia," he muttered. "Her home. Babies all born here. Jimmie spent his last summer under that spruce. Funny 'bout them peaks," he continued to the neighbors who never left him. "That fellow down to the hotel said they'd catch a cloud burst some day." He glanced again toward the peaks. A faint, fresh scar on the face of the nearest marked the source of the desolation which had cut a deep, but narrow, path down the valley.

NEWS of the freak storm spread rapidly. The scientist from the summer hotel rejoiced that he was present to study the causes, to inspect the results, to seek freshly revealed stratas, to find specimens for his laboratory. The metropolitan dailies featured the story. Photographers came to get views of the wrecked home and photographs of the woman so miraculously saved from death. Feature writers came to interview John and Amelia, to ask their plans, to offer suggestions. The governor of the state started a relief fund to reimburse, as far as possible, an aged couple who had lost their all through an act of Providence.

VIOLA rushed home, hysterically rejoicing that her parents were safe. Telegrams from the absent children arrived. Close on the heels of his message, Albert came by airplane from Chicago. Leslie came from the state's experiment farm, full of suggestions, eager to explain the futility of reclamation. Housed by a neighbor, wearing borrowed clothing, John and Amelia lived the following week as if entranced.

"I don't care about the farm, Dad," Leslie explained for the fiftieth time. "It's gone. No amount of money or work could reclaim it. The soil is buried under rock. You and Ma—"

"I'm taking them back to Chicago with me," interrupted Albert. "I need a cook. Ma. I've got the cutest little kitchenette you ever saw. Easy too. Gas stove, Ma. No ashes—no smoke—no wood

to worry about. You'll like it. Dad can just read and wander round the town."

"They'll feel better living with us," suggested Henry. "The twins will take up Mother's time. The thin one looks like Jimmy, too, Mother."

"My father and I built that rock wall," recalled John Gibby. "I remember a stone mason from England said he couldn't have done better. Little Jimmy helped me plant the grape vine on the south side of it. At least he thought he was helping," he added. "There was a good crop coming up, too."

"I had a hundred glasses of raspberry jam in the cellar," Amelia explained in her patient, slow tones. "Seems like I couldn't learn to cut down. Always canning too much fruit."

"Forget it! Ancient history!" cried Leslie, weary and taut from reiterated explanations. "It's gone I tell you, and that's that. Talking about it doesn't help any. You were too old to farm anyway. I almost believe it was a blessing in disguise. Now you both come live with me at the experiment farm and watch modern methods. Not a horse on the place, Dad."

"We're all three going to New York for a year," announced Viola with the positiveness of youth. "Elsie telegraphed the price of tickets. With the relief fund we can live in style."

"My father got this farm through squatter's rights. He was one of the first men to come into the valley," added John Gibby, not even answering Viola's assertion. "I perfected the title afterwards by homesteading. There was rocks on the place when father took it up. Most all the old rock fences hereabouts come from off our place."

"There are rocks enough on it now to build fences from here to Chicago," scoffed Albert. "And the old peaks look as calm and undisturbed as if nothing had happened. We'll fix you and Mother up with clothes and start east right away. I can't stay long."

"Mother's coming to supervise our twins," added Henry.

"Dad's going to learn real farming," persisted Leslie.

"I could blast the biggest rocks with dynamite," mused John Gib-

by. "I wish the blue spruce hadn't gone."

"Seems like I can see little Jimmy lying under it, even now," Amelia brushed a persistent tear with a toil-hardened hand.

"You can get them full grown now, Mother. They move 'em in the winter, with soil frozen round the roots. I'll get you another."

"O Mother, quit talking about the old farm," cried Viola. "Just think, in another week we can be selecting new clothes on Fifth Avenue."

AT this point the scientist, weary and begrimed from his hike, stopped to explain his findings.

"It's remarkable, Mr. Gibby. Simply remarkable. Most clearly defined fault it has been my good fortune to observe. Those peaks, too. Their tops rise high above the timber line. They are composed of rock, shale and loose soil. No roots to serve as a barrier against washes. It may happen again."

"Guess maybe that was an old cloudburst my father and I cleared off the farm," observed John Gibby.

"No doubt about it," added the scientist. "Whenever climatic conditions combine as they did last night, it will happen again," he continued. "Your farm is in the

natural pathway. Being located at the base of the draw, you simply can't miss it. It may be another hundred years before another such event, maybe only another week. We cannot tell."

"We three are leaving for New York as soon as we can secure reservations." Viola intended to silence all further protests.

"We should worry about future cloudbursts," added Henry. "Dad and Mother are leaving here to make their home with us."

"We're staying on, Amelia and me," announced John Gibby with exasperating calm. "We're spawners."

"It's a menace," warned the scientist.

"It's darned stubbornness," persisted Leslie. "They'll kill themselves working and won't get anywhere, either."

JOHN GIBBY reached into the pocket of the borrowed overalls and pulled out a pamphlet. Some of the leaves were glued together with the grime of that dreadful night, and the whole was soiled and crumpled. But the leaves which told the tale of the faithful fish had been carefully separated and smoothed out.

"Saved this little book from my old clothes before they set with cement," grinned John Gibby. With the light of visioned achievement in his faded blue eyes he ran a forefinger under certain lines of print and announced.

"It tells here about a certain kind of salmon that goes back to its native waters to spawn and die. Sometimes it had a hard time getting back. Sometimes they jump falls and get bruised, but they return just the same. We're goin' to build again, Amelia and me. We'll plant grape vines along the fences we have to build, and we'll get a ready-grown blue spruce. We'll dynamite the rocks and plant pedigreed alfalfa, instead of timothy. It's better suited to rocky soil. What say, Mother?"

AMELIA GIBBY did not trust herself to speech. She moved her chair closer to John's. While her eyes gazed toward the devastated home and the inundated fields she reached for his hand and gave it a firm, trusting squeeze.

He Understood His Job

PRESIDENT J. Robert Price of Maricopa stake tells of an experience he and two other men had in California. They were accosted by a diminutive newsboy. The gentlemen were not interested in his wares, but President Price finally bought a magazine because the boy could tell all about the contents and the authors.

Turning to one of the others the lad asked him to buy, but received a negative answer.

"Will you take one if I tell you what your first and last names are?"

"Yes."

"Well, your first name is Baby and your last name is Corpse." The man bought a magazine. The little chap addressed the last man. "Will you buy if I'll tell you how many birthdays you've had?" The man agreed, and the youthful salesman said, "You've had just one. All the rest have been anniversaries."

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

*All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve;
and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.*

THIS is a continuation of the lesson suggestions which began in the October number of the *Improvement Era*:

Week of December 1

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call.
(Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)
3. Reports of Committees.

a. Special.
(Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social, (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc.

b. Standing.
(Receive report from one of the four standing committees: viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in writing and signed by members of committee.

4. Assignments.
5. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topic: *Duty of the Teacher in Times of Sickness and Death.*

1. In sickness.
 - a. Interest manifested in visits and administration.
 - b. Ascertain by observation and inquiry if aid is needed.
 1. Financial.
 2. Medical.
 3. Special nursing.
 - c. Report to bishopric.
2. In case of death.
 - a. Report to bishopric.
 - b. Report to quorum president.
 1. Consultation regarding needs of bereaved.
 - c. Assist as directed by bishopric in funeral arrangements.

Week of December 8

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call.

(Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)

3. Reports of Committees.

a. Special.
(Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at a previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social, (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc.

b. Standing.
(Receive report from one of the four standing committees; viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in writing and signed by members of committee.

4. Assignments.
5. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topic Outlined: *Quorum Members, Gospel Ordinances and Ceremonies, Baptism.*

1. Essentiality and significance.
 - a. Command of God.
 - b. Entrance to Kingdom.
 - c. Its symbolic significance.

Week of December 15

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call.
(Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)
3. Reports of Committees.

a. Special.
(Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at a previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social, (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc.

b. Standing.
(Receive report from one of the four standing committees; viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in

writing and signed by members of committee.

4. Assignments.
5. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topic: *Baptism Continued:*

1. Proper Mode.
 - a. Immersion.
(Sprinkling — pouring — have little or no significance.)
2. Proper Preparation.
 - a. Of one officiating.
 - b. Of applicant.
 - c. At water's edge.
 1. Essential features.
 2. Non-essential features.
 - d. In water.
 1. Position of elder.
 2. Position of applicant.

Week of December 22

1. Prayer.
2. Roll Call.
(Each member should receive credit for attendance at meetings and for service rendered during the past week.)
3. Reports of Committees.

a. Special.
(Call for specific reports from (1) committee appointed at a previous meeting to visit quorum members, (2) committee on social (3) committee or individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc.

b. Standing.
(Receive report from one of the four standing committees; viz., Personal Welfare, Class Instruction, Church Service, Miscellaneous. Report should be in writing and signed by members of committee.

4. Assignments.
5. Consideration of Principles of Conduct.

Topic: *Baptism Continued:*

1. The Prayer.
 - a. Prescribed by the Lord.
(Doc. and Cov. 20:72-74.)
 - b. Analysis of.
 1. Baptism administered by authority.
 2. One officiating must be commissioned.

Note: A man may have the authority to baptize, but not the right to exercise that authority. He must be appointed by proper presiding authority in the Church before he can officiate authoritatively. For example, a high priest, a seventy, an elder, a priest, though holding authority by ordination, must not exercise that authority without first being duly appointed (commissioned) by a regularly presiding officer of an organized branch of the Church.

2. Important historical incidents.
 - a. Christ's baptism. Matt. 3:16. Mark 1:10-11.
 - b. King Lamoni and his people. Alma 19:35.
 - c. At waters of Mormon. Mormon 7:8-10.
 - d. Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdrey. Pearl of Great Price—p. 56.
3. A universal requirement. Week of December 29.—Open.

necessary that each individual study carefully the lesson assigned during the week immediately preceding his class period, that he may have clearly in mind the subject matter, or perhaps questions written out on matters which are not clear to him. The manner of conducting the lesson periods should be left to the supervisor, who should always keep in mind the interest of every member of the class. A general discussion of these lessons is always advisable, and it should be the aim of the leader to encourage every boy to participate actively. At the close of this lesson period the class session should be closed by singing and benediction.

It is desired that a general missionary work be taken up among the members of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums to secure, if possible, a one-hundred per cent enrollment of all members of the Aaronic Priesthood before the beginning of the year. And what a wonderful thing it would be if we could enter into the *anniversary year with one-hundred per cent attendance at our meetings!* May we suggest that all interested in this work or engaged in it, fix that as their aim during the balance of this year.

Aaronic Priesthood 100 per cent Attendance

ON Saturday, October 5, at 4:00 p. m., 461 men met in the Assembly Hall, Temple Square, Salt Lake City, for the purpose of discussing matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood. With the showing made, and the interest and enthusiasm, it was quite evident that those charged with this responsibility, are anxious fully to organize their forces, finish the year in the spirit of enthusiasm, and be prepared to begin 1930 with all organizations ready to make of it, the *anniversary year*, the banner year of Aaronic Priesthood activities.

For the benefit of fathers and others who were unable to attend this meeting, we feel that the plan presented should be put in the hands of all those who are or should be interested in this work.

In the first place, the responsibility of keeping a boy active in his Priesthood work rests with the parents of that boy. The stake presidency, high council, and ward bishopric are directly responsible for the results attained through quorum activities in the several wards. It is important that a Priesthood meeting be held in each ward each week for these young men, and that this work continue through the year, the quorum year being the calendar year.

To have a successful Aaronic Priesthood quorum or class, it is necessary that this work have proper supervision. The person selected as supervisor should act as an aid or advisor to the quorum presidency. This presidency should perform the duties required of a

presidency. They should have a secretary, whose duty it is to keep an accurate record of the proceedings of the meeting. The bishop and his counselors are in charge, and should keep in close touch with this work to aid the quorum presidencies to function properly and to give such advice from time to time as may be necessary.

During the activity period the following program should be followed: First, prayer, calling the boys in turn, making a record so that in time all may have this privilege. There should be a roll-call, audible, that all may know who are and who are not there. This will enable the active ones to do missionary work where it is most needed; and assignments should be made to secure attendance of those who do not attend. This should be followed with a review of the previous assignments and duties performed, and new assignments should be made for work to be done during the following week. Ordination of new members may be performed at this time, and a discussion held of social or fraternal matters or any other matters of interest to the young men of the quorum.

For the lesson period a course of study has been prepared adapted to each grade of the Priesthood. As this course of study is in booklet form and can be had from the Presiding Bishop's Office at a cost of 10c each, it is desired that every supervisor, every quorum member, and everyone interested in the Aaronic Priesthood work, obtain one of these booklets. To be successful in the quorum work, it is

Something Over Which to Ponder

BUT as a high priest of the Melchizedek Priesthood has authority to officiate in all the lesser offices, he may officiate in the office of bishop when no literal descendant of Aaron can be found, provided he is called and set apart and ordained unto this power by the hands of the Presidency of the Melchizedek Priesthood.

The power and authority of the higher, or Melchizedek Priesthood, is to hold the keys of all the spiritual blessings of the church.

To have the privilege of receiving the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, to have the heavens opened unto them, to commune with the general assembly and Church of the Firstborn, and to enjoy the communion and presence of God the Father, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant."—Doc. & Cov. 107: 17-19.

POETRY

It is not given to all of us to spend four seasons in old Mexico, but in the following verses, Mrs. Pratt almost makes us believe we have been there—and long to return once more.

Pictures of Juarez

Grace Zenor Pratt

SPRINGTIME in Juarez—let me return once more—
Fragrance of blossoms, humming of the bees;

The lacy, flowering beauty of the trees.—
Apricot, peach and apple, pear flowers, white

While yards of roses quicken my delight.

Summer in Juarez—let me feel thy breath
From canyon's shaded gloom and silver streams,

Peace dwell beside me while I sit and dream,

Rest me beside the wide-flung alamo trees.
Breathe the rain-freshened air on every breeze.

Autumn in Juarez—mellow sunset's glow;
From rocky highway I am looking down.
A mystic sunset glorifies the town;
Tall golden poplars, maples bright.
Touched with the magic glow of sunset's light.

Winter in Juarez—one last backward glance.
From hill top's crest, O fairy mountain vale,

Half sad, I watch thy golden glory pale.
'Neath shadowed hills of lavender and blue—

Oftimes in dreams I journey back to you.

Every second-hand store, if suddenly given voice, could cry out hundreds of stories—sad, gay, poignantly vital. Voiceless, it must leave poets to speak in its name.

Holder of Flames

Stella P. Rich

LITTLE antique candlestick,
Shrouded in cobwebs, mantled in dust,
How did you evade the grasping hand of the bargain hunter?
Are you by accident or design

Huddled behind that cheap rift of broken furniture,
Presided over by a gesticulating Jew?
What is your history?
Have long swaying tongues of flame
Reached down from you to a bowl of crimson roses,
While answering flames burned in eyes of blue to brown?
Perhaps slender white hands have set you in a window
To cut the darkness that led to home;
Or, perchance, baby hands have held you high,
As white-nighted and pink-toned, their owners
Climbed sleepily toward a haven of dreams.
Ah, a touch of sun catches your brass,
A gleam shoots out into the musty darkness.
Is that my answer? I wonder.

There is perhaps no word more frequently used nowadays than "beauty." Magazines abound with it; store-window descriptions flaunt it; boys and girls fling it around profusely. But it is not always used in the true sense—the soul-sense—as it is in the following poem:

Beauty

Mary M. Porter

A SOUL that sees into the heart of things;

A life that responds to their urge;
A face that glows when a skylark sings.
That dreams when day's colors merge—
That soul knows beauty.

A soul with a passion for knowing truth;
A life that is strong and fine;
A face that is tender with sympathy
That consecrates each design—
That soul is beauty.

Perhaps a great many quiet men are misunderstood stay-at-homes. Since it is a man telling about a man, we are inclined to suggest to all women-folk that they think twice before they go out at night and leave Dad alone.

The Stay-At-Home

Frank C. Steele

HE sits beside the lamplight
With his glasses on his nose,
And the paper lies beside him
Where the ruddy fireplace glows;
The house is still and empty
For the folks have gone away
To spend the night in gayety
With the neighbors 'cross the way.
They never thought he'd like to go
To their world of song and dance,
But his wistful eyes were brimming
As he waited for a chance—
A chance to leave his corner,
To don his Sunday best;
To break the drabness of his days
And give his heart a rest.

But they left him in his corner
With his paper on his knee,
And his glasses sitting on his nose—
But his tears they did not see;
For the stay-at-home was smiling—
'Twas the proper thing to do;
But his hungry heart was breaking,
And yet they never knew.

Bertha A. Kleinman has long been recognized as one possessing a rare gift. She speaks in verse—and what she says remains in the back of our minds to make life seem sweeter, saner and more worthwhile.

The Best Comes Back to Me

Bertha A. Kleinman

TO give my every thought away,
That seemeth worth the while,
A better thought inspires today
Of keener phrase and style.

To pass along my treasure horde—
The big joy and the least;
To keep no single treasure stored—
Thus is my wealth increased.

To give my best is to possess,
To lend is to receive,
To spend of hope and happiness
Is better to believe.

To send afar the candle gleam
That radiates for me—
My faith transcending every dream—
Becomes a surety.

To give myself ungrudgingly—
To answer every need—
The best of life comes back to me
And I am rich indeed!

MUTUAL WORK

Executive Department



GREETINGS

TO you, our subscribers of the past, to the thousands who have taken out new subscriptions, and to the many others who have, with enthusiastic loyalty, given encouragement to the new *Improvement Era*, we send greetings—greetings of joy and gladness in presenting to you so fine a publication as the combination of the former *Era* and the *Young Woman's Journal* promises to be.

The new *Improvement Era* will come to you as a harbinger of good-will, of harmony, of oneness of purpose of the two great Mutual Improvement organizations. Each month it will bring to you who are leaders of the youth of Zion, messages of vital import and it will inspire you who are members of the association to high endeavor. Within its covers will also appear communications on Priesthood work for the various quorums. This co-operation shows how closely the auxiliary work is associated with the higher orders of the Church.

As heretofore, articles, stories, and poems from the pens of our ablest writers will continue to brighten and enrich your lives.

It is significant that the first issue should come to you in the month when all hearts are turned in praise and gratitude toward the Father of all good gifts. May the inspiration and blessing of this new magazine bring intensified joy, and thanksgiving into the homes of all our people.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

General Superintendency, Y. M. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY G. CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Presidency, Y. L. M. I. A.



A New Era Resolution

Which Should Not Be Put Off Until January 1

RESOLVED: That I will read and will induce all of my fellow-workers to read each month the Mutual messages. They will be helpful to me as an executive, in the general conduct of the associa-

tion and in giving me more intelligent understanding of the needs of each department; they will be helpful to the leaders in each department as they bring practical information for the carrying forward of the M. I. A. program.

Mass Participation Contest

AS stated in the magazines last month, this contest will be carried on during the months of November, December, January. See *M. I. A. Hand Book*, page 99, for general directions. Each stake should make definite regulations

and select the events in which wards are to participate. This is a contest of *numbers* but the quality of work should also receive attention. Last season splendid results were achieved in many stakes and they were enthusiastic as to its benefit.

M. I. A. Monthly Reports

WE believe that our new form of monthly report has been well received by all of our stake and ward officers. The report provides for checking off each month a few definite accomplishments, so that each local organization may feel the satisfaction which comes from reaching a specified goal in a given time and steadily progressing toward the completion of a year's program. There are no figures to give, no percentages to compute. The report may be quickly filled out immediately after the last meet-

ing of each month, and should be forwarded *at once* to the stake secretary. No credit is to be taken except for complete accomplishment. Particular attention should be given to the items of *average attendance* and *week by week program*, so that they may be reported accurately.

The Stake Report calls for the number of wards completing the designated work. In the general offices the percentages for each stake will be computed and the reports published in the *Era*.

Genealogy in the M. I. A.

IN the July number of the *Improvement Era*, 1928, copy of the following letter sent to all stake presidents appeared:

"Dear Brother:—

"We were appointed by President Clawson to answer your letter relative to the proposed genealogical work to be given in connection with the Mutual Improvement Association under the new plan.

"This is to advise you that we have concluded that so far as the course is concerned, it is to be furnished by the Genealogical Society of Utah, and the execution of the work will devolve upon the stake and ward committees of Genealogical Society; though the time allowed is a portion of the M. I. A. and the work is to be given as one of the optional courses for the Adult group in this association. The Mutual Improvement Association will be entitled to take credit for attendance for those members

who are taking the genealogical work, but the presentation of the lessons will be left entirely in the hands of the local committee of the Genealogical Society. There must be, therefore, close cooperation and harmony existing between the genealogical workers and the Mutual Improvement people, so that the desirable purposes may be accomplished in giving to those who wish to study genealogy in the wards the opportunity to do so during this M. I. A. period.

"Trusting this will be satisfactory and that we will have good results come from this new opportunity, we are

"Sincerely your brethren,

"Joseph Fielding Smith,

"Melvin J. Ballard,

"Special Committee."

It should be noted that this letter points out the fact that genealogy is considered one of the *optional* courses of the M. I. A.; that is, all adult members of the ward should be allowed to make their

own *choice* as to whether they will study the course provided by the M. I. A. (this year, "A Century of Progress") or whether they will study genealogy.

On the M. I. A. Monthly Report, *both groups* are to be considered in recording accomplishments.

The thought should be emphasized that all persons studying genealogy are considered members of the M. I. A. with all the privileges and obligations of regular members and the leaders of this group are to meet with and co-operate with the class leaders and officers of the M. I. A. in the general management of the organization.

Executives.

After a year's experience in combining genealogical work with that of the M. I. A., both organizations should have a clearer understanding of each other's aims and should be able, at the beginning of the second season, to make whatever adjustments may be necessary. In many instances the combination has proved successful; in some there have been difficulties. Our observation has been that the most successful groups have been those in which the attitude of the leaders has been right, where the genealogical workers have appreciated the splendid program for adult education offered in the M. I. A. and the Mutual workers have not undervalued the great importance of the study of genealogy. In these instances there has been complete co-operation, each working for the other's interests.

At the commencement of each season, all of the adult people in the ward should be invited to attend the opening session of the M. I. A. The leaders of both groups should explain the objectives and point out the attractive features of both lines of work and the members should be allowed to make their own choice. In the great majority of wards, there are sufficient numbers of persons to carry on two sections, one in the course of study offered in the M. I. A. and one in genealogy, and this is the plan we recommend. This year on the first Tuesday of each month both groups are expected to meet together to consider the M. I. A. project—a project which is vital to all adults in the community and which will make not only for better citizenship, but for more intel-

ligent and loyal Church membership.

If in some small wards it is not possible to hold two groups on the second, third and fourth evenings, the M. I. A. course and the genealogical course may be alternated, or some other adjustment made, after conference with the bishopric, the Genealogical Society, and the M. I. A. officers.

All members of the genealogical group are considered members of the Mutual Improvement Association with all the privileges and obligations of regular members. The class leaders of both groups are to meet with and co-operate with the M. I. A. officers in the general management of the organization.

On the M. I. A. Monthly Report, in recording work accomplished in the Adult Department, the genealogical group should be considered as well as those studying "A Century of Progress."

Sunday Evening Monthly M. I. A. Joint Sessions

THE following suggestions are made hoping that they may be helpful to our Executive Officers in compiling their programs for this important occasion.

1. This is our opportunity for M. I. A. religious expression before the general public in our respective communities.

2. A committee of our General Board has prepared seven suggestive programs—the materials grouped around the seven presidents of the Church.

3. Our work should be carefully planned in advance, making out the programs in detail, the assignments to be made and accepted, and a careful follow-up made to assure a worthy presentation.

4. M. I. A. members should be used as far as possible in the presentation of this work. However, when the subject matter requires the thoughtful and efficient presentation of outstanding speakers of the community, they should be invited to assist us.

5. The M. I. A. directors of music should be handed a program sufficiently early in order that they may build upon it appropriate and well prepared music.

6. The general public always appreciates the thoughtfulness of our officers when they make the building attractive with beautiful flowers, etc., and have someone to

greet them at the entrance of the chapel.

7. Prior to the announcement of the general theme of the evening and in many cases before the singing of the second number, our annual slogan is presented and the audience requested to stand and repeat the same. These presentations are most effective when they are preceded by a brief comment which will produce the proper atmosphere, or the quotation of some appropriate scripture such as the following from the 86th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, ver. 8 to 11:

"Therefore, thus saith the Lord unto you, with whom the Priesthood hath continued through the lineage of your fathers.

"For ye are lawful heirs, according to the flesh, and have been hid from the world with Christ in God.

"Therefore your life and the Priesthood have remained, and must needs remain through you and your lineage until the restoration of all things spoke by the mouths of all the holy prophets since the world began.

"Therefore, blessed are ye if ye continue in my goodness, a light unto the Gentiles, and through this Priesthood, a savior unto my people Israel. The Lord hath said it."

M. I. A. Sunday Evening Programs of Stake Quarterly Conferences

THIS occasion presents another opportunity for our stake officers to prepare and present to the public appropriate programs illustrative of our work and of such a nature as to make a high spiritual appeal to the youth of our stakes. The program should be carefully thought out and presented to the stake presidency for their approval.

In some instances on account of the lack of understanding or the indifference on the part of our local leaders, this opportunity for M. I. A. expression has been neglected. We trust that our Stake Executive Officers will look forward to these opportunities, watch for the dates and plan carefully to bring before the public such programs as will be both instructive and inspirational to our young people.

Program for Sunday Evening Joint Meeting

Suggestions and Material for the Program of the Monthly Joint Session, December 1, 1929

General Theme: President John Taylor

1. Singing, "Go Ye Messengers of Glory," preferably by one or more returned missionaries; at all events have the hymn and the author of it introduced.

2. Invocation, preferably by some one who was personally acquainted with President John Taylor.

3. Music.

4. Announcements.

5. The M. I. A. Slogan.

(a) Introduction.

"We will contend for our constitutional rights inch by inch," President John Taylor.

(b) Presentation of Slogan.

6. Presentation of the life of John Taylor, preferably by M. I. A. members who have made thorough preparation for the effort, Y. M. and Y. L.

7. Brief address by someone who was personally acquainted with John Taylor, and there are such to be found in most of our wards.

8. Singing, "True to the Faith."

9. Benediction.

JOHN TAYLOR

(Taken mainly from the "Life of John Taylor" by Roberts)

I. SOME OF HIS OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS.

1. Spiritual Strength.

John Taylor possessed a portion of the spirit of God and was very happy. Manifestations of his presence were frequent, not only in the expansion of his mind to understand doctrines and principles, but also in dreams and visions. "Often when alone," he writes, "and sometimes in company, I heard

sweet, soft melodious music, as if performed by angelic or supernatural beings." When but a small boy he saw in vision an angel in the heavens, holding a trumpet to his mouth, sounding a message to the nations. The import of this vision he did not understand until later in life.

While crossing the British Channel the ship he sailed in encountered severe storms, which lasted a number of days. He saw several ships wrecked in that storm, and the captain and officers of his own ship expected hourly that she would go down. But not so with our young emigrant. The voice of the Spirit was still saying within him, "You must yet go to America and preach the Gospel." "So confident was I of my destiny," he remarks, "that I went on deck at midnight, and amidst the raging elements felt as calm as though I was sitting in a parlor at home. I believed I should reach America and perform my work."

2. Courage.

"Defiance of Mob in Ohio:" A little before meeting time a number of the brethren came running to the house where he was stopping with the information that the whole town was gathering and that a number of men had proposed tar and feathers, and boasted they would dress him with them if he undertook to preach. The brethren advised him not to attempt it as they were not strong enough to protect him. After a moment's reflection, however, he decided to go and preach. The brethren remonstrated; they knew the tar and feathers were prepared and that he could not escape. He replied that he had made up his mind to go; they could go with him if they chose, if not, he would go alone.

A very large concourse of people assembled to listen to him. He told them that he was from Canada, a land of monarchical rule, and eloquently depicted the glory of American freedom, then he said: "But, by the by, I have been informed that you propose to tar and feather me, for my religious opinions. Is this the boon you have inherited from your fathers? Is this the blessing they purchased with their dearest hearts' blood—this your liberty? If so, you now have a victim, and we will have an offering to the goddess of liberty." Here he tore open his vest and said: "Gentlemen come on with your tar

and feathers, your victim is ready; and ye shades of the venerable patriots, gaze upon the deeds of your degenerate sons! Come on, gentlemen! Come on, I say, I am ready!"

No one moved, no one spoke. He stood there drawn to his full height, calm but defiant—the master of the situation.

So outstanding was his courage that at his funeral services a shield, on which was written "Champion of liberty" was made a part of the decorations.

On one occasion he wrote: "I was not born a slave! I cannot, will not be a slave. I would not be a slave to God! I'd be His servant, friend, his son. I'd go at his behest; but would not be his slave. I'd rather be extinct than be a slave. His friend I feel I am, and he is mine. A slave! The manacles would pierce my very bones—the clanking chains would grate upon my soul—a poor, lost, servile, crawling wretch to lick the dust and fawn and smile upon the thing who gave the lash! Myself—perchance my wives, my children—to dig the mud, to mould and tell the tale of brick and furnish our own straw! But stop! I'm God's free man: I will not, cannot be a slave! Living, I'll be free here, or free in life above—free with the Gods, for they are free: and if I'm in the way on earth, I'll ask my God to take me to my friends above!"

3. Honesty and Caution.

During a period that he was in straitened circumstances, a member of his family was out of fuel, and without the means to purchase any. She sent word of the situation to him; having no money, and not wishing to go in debt as long as he saw no prospect of repaying it, he sent to her his new overcoat as that was the only thing he had at hand which could be turned into money. It was accompanied with a kind note that directed one of his sons to dispose of it, and deplored the rather close circumstances in which they were placed. "I can get along very nicely with my old coat this winter," he wrote: "It is a little faded, but then I prefer a faded coat to a faded reputation; and I do not propose to ask for accommodations that I am not prepared to meet."

4. Thoroughness.

He had adopted in practice some

most excellent maxims which would have insured him success in any business he might have chosen. What they were may be seen in this: If he plowed a field it must be done well. He was not content to skim over the ground merely. If the ground was hard or rocky in places, someone must ride on the beam and the plow made to do its work. Moreover, the furrows must be straight. If he planted trees the holes must be made large; in setting them in, the fibres of the roots must be spread out and the soil placed round them carefully and then be well watered that they might have every chance to live.

5. Loftiness of Purpose.

During his stay in Paris he visited the Palace Vendome, and with a number of friends ascended Napoleon's Column of Victory. His companions scratched their names on the column as thousands had done before them. Seeing that Elder Taylor had not written his name, they asked him to write it with theirs. "No," he replied, "I will not write my name there, but I will yet write it in living, imperishable characters!"

6. Personality.

President Taylor was nearly six feet in height and of fine proportion, that combination which gives activity and strength. His head was large, the face oval and the features large, strong, and finely chiseled. The forehead was high and massive, the eyes gray, deepset, and of a mild, kindly expression, except when aroused, and then they were capable of reflecting all the feelings that moved his soul, whether of indignation, scorn or contempt. The nose was aquiline, the mouth well formed and expressive of firmness, the chin powerful and well rounded.

In his manner he was ever affable and polite, easy and gracious, yet princely in dignity. In his intercourse with others he was familiar but never vulgar. "His eloquence was a majestic river full to the point of overflowing its banks." His voice was clear, strong, resonant, and of wonderful compass.

II. HIS CONTRIBUTIONS.

He proclaimed the Gospel in many lands; and as a champion of truth, stood ready to meet all who assailed it; and whether he met his opponents in the forum, before a multitude steeped full of preju-

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dice against him, or in the columns of the public press, he was equally successful in vanquishing them by his powerful statement of the truth, backed by a peculiar ability to expose the weakness of his opponent's position.

So prominent was the career of John Taylor in the Church, as a trusted friend of the prophet Joseph Smith, with whom he may be said to have shared martyrdom; as a founder and editor of Church periodicals; as a preacher of the Gospel; as an apostle, as a pioneer of Utah; as a legislator; and, finally, as president of the Church during one of the most trying periods through which she has passed in her eventful career, that the literature of the Church would be incomplete without his history.

Of his book, "The Government of God," (Show a copy of it if possible) the historian, Bancroft, says: "As a dissertation on a general and abstract subject it probably has not its equal on point of ability within the range of Mormon literature. The style is lofty and clear, and every page betokens the great learning of the author. As a student of ancient and modern history, theologian, and moral philosopher, President Taylor is justly entitled to the front rank." (History of Utah, 433 note.)

He is the author of a number of L. D. S. Hymns: the following are enduring products of his poetic mind:

"Go Ye Messengers of Glory."

"O Give Me Back My Prophet Dear."

"A Glorious Plan."

"The Seer, Joseph The Seer."

Some sayings of President John Taylor, taken from "The Government of God:—"

1. "If the planets move beautifully and harmoniously in their several spheres, that beauty and harmony are the result of the intelligence and wisdom that exists in his mind. If on this earth we have day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest with the various changes of the seasons; this regularity, beauty, order, and harmony, are the effects of the wisdom of God."

2. "There are two kinds of rule on the earth; one with which man has nothing directly to do, another in which he is intimately concerned. The first of these applies to the works of God alone, and his government and control of

those works; the second, to the moral government, wherein man is made an agent. There is a very striking difference between the two, and the comparison is certainly not creditable to man; and however he may feel disposed to vaunt himself of his intelligence, when he reflects he will feel like Job did when he said, 'I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.'"

3. "In God's government there is perfect order, harmony, beauty, magnificence, and grandeur; in the government of man, confusion, disorder, instability, misery, discord and death. In the first, the most consummate wisdom and power are manifested; in the second, ignorance, imbecility, and weakness. The first displays the comprehension, light, glory, beneficence, and intelligence of God; the second, the folly, littleness, darkness, and incompetency of man. The contemplation of the first elevates the mind, expands the capacity, produces grateful reflections, and fills the mind with wonder, admiration, and enlivening hopes; the contemplation of the second produces doubt, distrust, and uncertainty and fills the mind with gloomy apprehensions. In a word, the one is the work of God, and the other that of man."

4. " * * * What is the object and design of man's existence on the earth; and what is his relationship? For all this magnificent world, with its creation, life, beauty, symmetry, order and grandeur, could not be without design; and as God existed before man, there must have been some object in man's creation, and in his appearance on the earth. * * *

"The object of man's taking a body is, that through the redemption of Jesus Christ, both soul and body may be exalted in the eternal world, when the earth shall be celestial, and to obtain a higher exaltation than he would be capable of doing without a body. For when man was first made, he was made 'a little lower than the angels', but through the atonement and resurrection of Jesus Christ, he is placed in a position to obtain an exaltation higher than that of angels. Says the Apostle, 'know ye not that we shall judge Angels?'"

5. "The Lord will say of persecutions as he says of the waves of the sea, 'Thus far and no farther.'"

Suggestions and Material for Program Sunday Evening, January 5, 1930

General Theme: Life of Wilford Woodruff, fourth President of the Church

1. Singing of his favorite hymn—*God Moves in a Mysterious Way*.

2. Invocation.

3. Music.

4. Announcements.

5. The Slogan (a) introductory remarks or questions; (b) presentation.

6. Talks on the Life of Wilford Woodruff, (preferably to be delivered by returned missionaries of the M. I. A. They must be well prepared.)

7. Testimony concerning the life of President Woodruff—by a member of the Adult department of the M. I. A.

8. Singing.

9. Benediction.

WILFORD WOODRUFF

Four Outstanding Characteristics of His Life

1. Sportsmanship.

Following the enactment of the first fish and game law in Utah, the man who was in grade A as a hunter and had few peers as a fisher said from the pulpit: "Now let us let the game and fish alone during the closed season and take none during the open seasons in unlawful ways." That man was Wilford Woodruff.

It is said of him that when going up a long hill with a tired team he was met by a team and wagon and shouted to the man who had the down grade advantage, "Turn out or we will serve you like we did another fellow." The other teamster gave the right of way and then asked, "How did you serve the fellow who would not give you the road?" "We gave him the road," said Brother Woodruff.

2. Youthfulness.

One much younger as years go who knew him well, speaks of Wilford Woodruff as "the youngest old man I ever knew" and relates the following in support of his decision:

"At a stake conference in Provo a notice was given of preparations

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Season one can of Miss-Lou Shrimp well with salt and pepper; chop a few pieces celery well with a little onion, and add. Pour over this mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with sliced hard boiled eggs, lemon, beets and celery tops.

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for an M. I. A. Stake excursion. President Woodruff, then about ninety years of age, followed the announcement with these words, as I remember them: 'Now I want you young people to enjoy yourselves, I believe in excursions, so go and be happy in righteousness. I am soon going on an excursion more joyful than any that can be taken on the earth. I am going to meet Joseph and others of my friends who have gone before me and we shall clasp hands and rejoice together.'

"I was struck by the strength of his voice and the vigor of his bearing, both of which were in contrast with his grey hair, but what thrilled me most was the buoyancy of his faith and the brightness of his hope. And, in the presence of these everlasting evidences of youth inwardly exclaimed, 'He is the youngest of us all.'"

3. Guilelessness.

An eminent educator wrote: "No man was ever more willing than Wilford Woodruff that the sentiments of his heart and the thoughts of his mind should be read as if in an open book. The dividing line of his inner life and the expression of his words and conduct was never marked and he was therefore free from that secret life which is constantly struggling against the revelation of its real truth. The Saints will always think of him as a man like Nathaniel—without guile."

4. Faithfulness.

"Wilford the Faithful" would be a fitting title for a set of books dealing with the life and labors of Wilford Woodruff, the miller boy, the mighty missionary, the tireless toiler and the lovable leader, but we must just glimpse at his worthiness to the title through a few paragraphs.

Wilford Woodruff, fourth president of the Church, was born in the town of Farmington (now called Avon) Conn. His birth on March 1, 1807, was fifteen months after that of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

The father of Wilford Woodruff was a miller and Wilford worked with him in the mill until the spring of 1832. He says (in the preface to his journal for 1838), "I was early taught by my

stepmother, and other friends, also by the Word and Spirit of God, that the Church of Jesus Christ was in the wilderness, that there had been a falling away from pure and undefiled religion before God and that a great change was at hand.

"At the age of 23 I resolved by the grace of God to be led into 'that Truth that maketh free.' On hearing the fullness of the everlasting Gospel proclaimed by the Latter-day Saints, I immediately embraced its truth with a glad heart."

These few lines from the pen of Wilford Woodruff at the age of 25 reveal the principles which directed him through all his activities in life. Here are child-like faith, a positive hunger for truth and a restless energy that drove him to action. The expression, "I immediately embraced its truths with a glad heart," indicates the perfect satisfaction and testimony of the writer. In fifteen volumes of finely written matter in the journals of Wilford Woodruff, there is not one sentence that even hints at doubt concerning the truth and ultimate triumph of this Latter-day Gospel. His words flew like the bullets from a machine gun. He never hesitated to find one. His utterances, impelled by the conviction of the speaker, pierced the hearts of the listeners. One of his sermons was taken as a model by the author of "Preaching and Public Speaking."

His converts were so numerous that he has been referred to many times by President Heber J. Grant as "The greatest missionary since the Restoration." His work in this dispensation was similar to that of the Apostle Paul in the first century.

The record of one of his meetings reads, "Elder Richards preached from the words, 'If the Lord be God; serve Him.' The power of the Priesthood rested upon him and the principles of eternal truth were presented so plainly that no opposing power could withstand them. When he closed I arose and bore testimony to the truth of what they had heard."

"The Church Minister in the parish had sent a spy to attend our meeting, to carry him word what we preached. As soon as the meeting closed I put my hand upon his shoulder and asked him what he thought of our doctrine. He

replied 'I think it is of God'. Almost every person I conversed with said they wished to be baptized as soon as an opportunity afforded."

The "Youngest Old Man" grew until the day of his death. He was a miser who counted each moment of time of infinite worth. As he rode thousands of miles in carriage or wagon to preach the Gospel he would read a book. Men who drove for him have said that the chuck holes were often so bad as nearly to throw him from the wagon, but seldom bad enough to make him lose his place on the page. Through this use of "spare time" he read the history of nearly every nation and every great man he heard of, in English, and many French books, among them the Book of Mormon.

He had a system of shorthand which he used to record the sermons of leaders of the Church. This shorthand appears in his journal as do many hieroglyphics to call attention to special days or events.

Lest we imagine that Wilford Woodruff was a book-worm, we give a few days' record from his journal:

"My farm was flooded with water. I had to dig a ditch while standing knee deep in water for many hours. I then took 100 bushels of potatoes out of a pit."

Another day: "Trimmed my cottonwoods and hauled seven loads to cover bowery on the Temple Block."

"March 18th: In the evening Wilford (his son) and I went to the farm. We sifted 16 bushels of seed wheat and some barley and oats. In the morning opened carrot-pit, loaded 10 bushels of carrots and returned to the city. Gave endowments and attended a special meeting in the afternoon."

"April 3: Sowed one acre of oats (by hand). Walked from farm to City (just over three miles). Went to school of prophets and in the evening went to a leap-year party in the 13th ward." He did not believe in all work; for we find many references like this: "Went duck hunting at Pettit's. Shot forty ducks and three geese."

Another day he records: "Brother Madsen and I caught in a net in Provo river 2,300 lbs. of trout. A number weighed from 9½ to 15 lbs. each."

One entry reads: "My wheat went forty bushels to the acre, also ten to fourteen bushels of grasshoppers. I had threshed 226 bushels of wheat, seventeen bushels of oats and 36 barley. I am very grateful for this when we had so many grasshoppers. The next morning I paid my tithing."

There can be little doubt that he was one of the most energetic and perhaps the most successful missionary the Church has had in modern times. He filled six missions, and was the medium of bringing not hundreds, but thousands of souls to the Church, many of whom he baptized himself after miraculous conversion.

As a pioneer and community builder he made an enviable record. His tireless work, builded by his faith and foresight enabled him to found settlements and new industries, and generally to carry on the work in the valleys of the mountains which President Brigham Young had begun. Worthy of mention is the fact that President Young entered the Salt Lake Valley on the 24th of July, in Wilford Woodruff's light wagon, and it seems that the mantle of pioneering surely fell in its natural way and time from the one to the other.

At a time when the Prophet Joseph Smith appointed him to collect funds for the Nauvoo House and Temple, he gave a letter of commission which indicates the high regard in which he held President Woodruff. It would be well to read it, on page 178 of Cowley's *Life of Wilford Woodruff*.

Four of Many Contributions of His Life

1. A well-kept voluminous private journal, which is a valuable original source of information on Church History.

2. Twenty-one years' service as a legislator.

3. Fourteen years' service as custodian and general Church recorder.

4. Nine years of undaunted leadership as president of the Church through one of the most perilous periods of its existence.

The student is cited to the *Life of Wilford Woodruff*, by Cowley, from which most of the material for this outline has been taken.

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A Century of Progress

A Review of the Adult Department Course of Study

A PERIOD of fullness—of achievement—of accomplishment; a time when the ultimate in all fields of activity is to be realized; that is the present age.

The Creator has told us that this dispensation would be ushered in—impelled—and carried to its glorious end by the pouring out of his spirit and influence upon all nations. He would take a hand in the affairs of men and guide the destinies of his children. His influence would be felt in every worthy and progressive endeavor, which would indeed characterize this dispensation with fullness, with completeness, with accomplishment.

A little over a hundred years ago, God the Father, and His Son, Jesus Christ appeared to Joseph Smith in a glorious vision, the significance of which we are unable to grasp fully, for they were then ushering in this era of achievement, this dispensation of fullness, this century of progress. Some years later, under the direction of Heaven, this Church, bearing the name of its Head and Master, was organized, so that by the power of God, which is his Priesthood, his spirit might be carried to the hearts and minds of men in all the earth.

What has been the result? In the field of religion there has been a revolution of thought and doctrine not even equalled by the Reformation. The truths of life restored at this time by revelation, by discovery, or by experience of whatever nature have so changed the complex of our daily lives that the past of a century ago, and the present are as of two different worlds.

One hundred years ago, "real wages," the proportionate earning and buying power—was a little less than half what it is today in the United States and Great Britain.

*Address given by Lucy W. Smith over KSL on the Mutual Hour for Sunday, Sept. 22, 1929.

Not only are the returns for our labor greater, but they are of a better quality. Our food is well preserved and handled cleanly. Our clothing is more comfortable and of finer and better fabrics. Our homes are so much better outfitted that life in the home of a century ago would indeed seem primitive. Furthermore, these economic and social changes have not just made life more pleasant, but have lengthened it. In 1830 the average person in this country lived less than 40 years, whereas today he lives 55 years. In 1830 the per capita wealth was \$300.00—today it is over \$3,000.00. It is almost needless to say that this economic condition makes possible educational, recreational and cultural pursuits which were hitherto impossible.

This has not only reached into our centers of population but also to our farms and rural communities. Whereas the farmer of 1830 used the scythe, the cradle, and other poor tools, he now has the reaper, the tractor, the combine harvester and other modern machinery on his farm. His home was then of the "candle-lit" type, with no plumbing, and hardly the bare necessities of life. Today it is not only infinitely better than then, but compares well with the city home, having telephones, radio, furnaces, all electrical appliances and what not. And the social life of the farmer, which was almost entirely confined to his own home in 1830 is now as full and complete as his city brother's, thanks to the auto, the railway and other means of speedy transportation. He has also been able to increase the quality of his products, improve his strain of livestock, and many times increase the productivity of the soil from which he wrests his livelihood.

In 1830 the knowledge of the wisest medical men would be almost laughing stock today. They were so limited as to be almost

helpless. Since that year Rudolph Virchow discovered the principle of cellular pathology. Louis Pasteur, perhaps the greatest scientist of all time, and the father of bacteriology, made his important contributions which unshackled the medical profession to a marvelous extent; and Lister, applying these discovered truths gave birth to antiseptic surgery. The knowledge gained by these involved sciences, and the use of anaesthetics are fundamentals of the medical profession, and all have been added within the century of progress. The work of preventive medicine has entirely abolished certain formerly uncontrollable plagues and diseases, and brought others well under control. This has been the work of those who are not only concerned with individual, but with public health and its many and varied complications. Bubonic plague, leprosy, small-pox, diphtheria, cholera, typhus, scurvy, typhoid fever are only some of the ghastly afflictions which used to harass mankind, and which modern sanitary methods and medical treatment have almost abolished. Indeed the knowledge available to care for human bodies and alleviate suffering is almost entirely the product of the past one hundred years, and the progress made has been colossal.

The field of the physical sciences has an equally remarkable record for this stretch of time. Were we to return power to its status of 1830, our present civilization would vanish. At that time one knew man-power, wind-power, water-power and steam-power. Only the latter was any improvement on the previous centuries, and its application at that time was exceedingly restricted. The same is true of light. Only very simple inefficient forms were in use, such as were known to primitive man; but today we have great plants which can generate and distribute power and light in much more efficient and readily available form to whole communities.

Space allows only a mere mention of the development in means of communication. Not only have the vehicles which carry tangible messages been speeded up, but man has discovered much swifter means to convey his ideas and desires from one place to another. The telegraph, telephone, wireless, radio, and now television have become

such a part of our life that we easily forget they were undreamed of just a century ago.

Simultaneous have been the strides in transportation means and methods. In 1830 the first railway system in the world was five years old, and both steam engine and horses were used to pull its cars. At least one steamship had crossed the ocean, but not without the aid of sails. The first all-steam crossing was in 1832. Since that time, palatial liners have been built which bring the ports of the world close together, and make an ocean voyage a pleasure, and not a thing to be abhorred. Our modern railway systems span the continents and provide swift and safe travel at small cost. And following these two important types of travel we have seen the automobile take its place as a necessity, bringing with it good roads all over the world. Finally air travel has so developed that its novelty is entirely gone. It is a permanent, accepted institution. The flight of Lindbergh, with his heavier than air machine, and the world cruise of the air liner, Graf Zeppelin, merely point the way of future growth in this field.

Our construction engineers now build with speed and economy great edifices that would have been impossible of erection in 1830. The use of steel, which is a new development in building, and the discovery of Portland cement are but two factors of tremendous import in the development of the architectural and constructive arts. And let us just mention the utility of modern lighting, plumbing, heating and electrical appliances.

In the chemical and industrial lines the inventions and discoveries have been legion, and we now produce speedily articles which were formerly the product of tedious manufacture. We even produce synthetically what we previously had to raise in the soil. The modern chemist is a veritable magician from the standpoint of a century ago.

This learning has been made possible of dissemination because of the efficiency of the press, which makes newspapers and books readily accessible to all.

All these new ways and means have completely changed the status of human relations. There is no more isolation. All businesses are inter-allied and dependent upon one another. Nations are tied to-

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gether by the bands of commerce and trade. Our group life knits us together economically and socially, to such an extent that a man is indeed his brother's keeper.

To meet and cope with these fast-evolving, ever-changing conditions the governments of the world have been revolutionized both as to functions and methods. Autocracy has given way to democratic government and a spirit of progressive freedom permeates the world. Through the emancipation of women the doors of unlimited achievement are open to her. The common citizen, both male and female, is now allowed to participate in the governing of his resident state. This spirit has spread beyond national boundaries and we stand on the threshold of an era of internationalism.

We have learned to recognize the need and importance of natural wholesome recreation and the Church has made an enviable name for itself by fostering constructive programs for leisure time. Today all firms, schools and civic units provide for this human need.

Not only have our actions and ways of doing been revolutionized by this century but also our ideals and ways of thinking. We have become critical. We want evidence. The mere existence of a notion or a practice is not justification enough for its continuance. Its truth or its utility must be demonstrated. This scientific spirit, where properly used, has done away with many of the fallacies and misconceptions of the past and opened up new avenues of progress.

Universities and other schools of lower and higher learning have sprung up all over the country and carefully worked out pedagogical plans to make education available to all who wish it. Education

has reached out into the field of social welfare work and reform, affecting all classes and types of people. The child is the object of much more care and attention than was his great-grandfather, for we have learned that he not only has rights, but he is the man and may become the leader of his own generation.

An interesting development has been the opening and settling of many apparent disputes between so-called religion and so-called science. And the outcome of these issues has ever affirmed the belief of Latter-day Saints that no two truths can be at variance. Real knowledge of facts, gained in any way, will always be substantiated by further true experimentation and discovery.

Let us again ask the question. Why this outpouring of discovery, research, invention and achievement? The great results are about us. One cannot deny that great and effective forces and influences are at work. With our limited experience it is difficult to identify or grasp them; but inspired men of God have pointed out the ways by which we can know of a surety wherefore these things have been done. The Lord has poured out his spirit upon all nations. He has prepared the way for the consummation of his purposes, and we recognize in this century of unequalled progress, the dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER

(Women's Separate Division)

Nov. 5—Sarah—Oct. *Journal*, p. 715.
Nov. 12—Practical Nutrition—Oct. *Journal*, page 721.

Nov. 19—Spirit of the Home—Sept. *Journal*, page 628.

Nov. 26—Sociology—Outlines sent out. (The lesson, "Rebekah," which was mailed to stake presidents, is for December 3 instead of Nov. 5 as indicated.)

Community Activity Department

E. E. Erickson, Emily C. Adams, Chairmen; Heber C. Iverson, John H. Taylor, W. O. Robinson, Don Wood, Joseph F. Smith, Charlotte Stewart, Elsie T. Brandley, Katie C. Jensen.

Course of Study Motion Pictures

For November 5

MOTION Pictures is a field assigned to the Community Activity Committee for study and

consideration, and none can deny that it is one of the outstanding problems in the recreational life of today. If you have a motion picture projecting machine in your

ward, the problem becomes more acute, and the study of it will be colored by the experience you have had in connection with it, but if you have not a machine, your responsibility in striving to improve the quality of the pictures shown in your community is none the less serious.

Of great help will be the little paper called *National Indorsers of Photoplays*, published monthly, and mailed free upon application to interested individuals and groups. Send your request to that publication at R R M, Box 39H, Indianapolis, Ind., and you will be put on the regular mailing list. The *Educational Screen* is a most excellent magazine to study in this connection.

In surveying the motion picture field, it has been found that by far the majority of attendants are children, and in this light, we should consider it almost a sacred duty to try to get the best to be had in this line. Children are extremely impressionable, and a movie of vicious nature might do irreparable harm to a child, as well as to an adolescent.

Before getting into the technical discussion of the problems confronting us, it might be well to define the work in hand, and more fully comprehend the field we are considering.

The motion picture industry is rated as fourth in importance, among world industries. Every day it reaches into the lives of millions of people, and touches them for good or ill. Ideas and ideals of various phases of life are influenced by the pictures we see, for it is estimated that 80% of our impressions are taken through the eye. Through the movies, even children are enabled to see and understand customs, history, travel scenes, flights of fancy, truth and untruth, fact and fiction. Classics of literature may unfold before their eyes, followed by the most obnoxious type of slap-stick comedy. A world of education is wrapped in the motion picture, and whether that education shall be worthwhile or harmful, depends upon the verdict of the great picture-going public, for box office receipts are all-powerful, and the sort of thing the public patronizes is the thing commercially minded producers will continue to feed them. The great feast is spread before us—it is our task to make our own decisions regarding which foods we

will eat. It is impossible to take in everything the cameras click off, and one of the great powers to be developed in this generation is the power of wholesome choice.

Do the movies you see do this for you?

Mrs. E. L. Saunders of Little Rock, Ark., won second prize in a national contest with the following:

Why I like the Movies

Because they entertain and instruct me.

Because they carry me to the corners of the earth, and show me things I could never expect to see otherwise.

Because they widen my knowledge of the world, expand my ability to grasp life's problems, enlarge my range of tolerance to others of differing views, develop my ambitions, and amplify my joy of living.

(National Indorsers of Photoplays)

If we look upon the movies with eyes set toward the light, we will find ourselves refusing to sit through trashy shows, and demanding the best. Someone has said that motion pictures are destined to be the greatest power in education in the whole world; and the basic problem confronting the nation is education and personal responsibility, not on the part of producer and exhibitor, but of the public.

For material on the subject of Motion Pictures as an educational factor, refer to the M. I. A. Hand Book, pages 167-69; Hand Book Supplement, pages 28-29.

Questions:

What can be learned from a good picture?

How can people be educated in choosing good pictures?

Discuss the effect of names of pictures upon the imaginations of young people.

What should be our objectives in the motion picture field?

What is done to promote proper order in the movies in your community?

For November 12

MANY wards not having motion picture machines in their own possession have rendered a fine bit of community service through joining forces with the commercial

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exhibitor in their town, and getting one night a week set apart as M. I. A. night at the movies. On this occasion, the committee was permitted to select the picture to be shown, given the right to sell tickets, and allowed to share in the proceeds of the evening, above a certain amount. One stake undertook such a move for their own project last year, with the results that they were invited to use two nights instead of one, as the attendance had increased, the order was much better, and the atmosphere on M. I. A. night was better than other nights.

You might try this idea in your community.

Movies for the Many; Plays for the Few.

"The drama appeals to hundreds of people, but the movies appeal to millions," Louis K. Anspacher, lecturer, said in two addresses before large audiences. "About 50,000,000 go to the movies in one week in the United States. One-fifth of the population is at the show every week. In the face of this fact the movies must offer variety to appeal to all types. What do they enjoy? What is their mental capacity? How much of a background do they contribute to the understanding of those things which to the intellectual seem obvious?"

"The influence of the movie is incalculable for good or evil. The movie is the magic carpet for the average person away from his own part of the world. Education will eventually be conducted almost entirely by the movies. The mind retains visual material better than the heard facts. We must be fair in our judgment of both drama and movies. Each has its definite place in our lives. Let us use both for our betterment."

That young people like good movies is proved fairly well by the survey made among a great many high school students as to their favorite pictures.

The tabulated results were as follows:

First ten favorites of the boys—Beau Geste, The Big Parade, Old Ironsides, Ben Hur, The Better Ole, the Winning of Barbara Worth, Variety, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, The Scarlet Letter, The Sea Beast. In addition to these, the girls listed The Vanishing American, Stella Dallas, and Brown of Harvard. None of these pictures are of the awfully

sensational kind, and most of them are character sketches of a high type.

If audiences are liking the finer sort of movies, it is a gross injustice to them to give them inferior ones.

Lists of pictures recommended by various federations of clubs and welfare agencies for exhibition are as follows: The Patriot; Sorrell and Son; The Last Command; Four Sons; The Street Angel; The Crowd; The King of Kings; The Air Circus; Noah's Ark; Annapolis; Interference; The Trail of '98; Wings; The Wind; Napoleon Barber; King Cowboy; The Land of the Silver Fox; Looping the Loop; Prep and Pep; The Viking.

For children, some suitable pictures are:

One Man Dog	F. B. O.
Outlawed	F. B. O.
The Big Hop	Fox
The Dummy	Paramount
All Faces West	Pioneer
Million Dollar Collar	Warner
Steamboat Bill, Jr. (Buster Keaton)	United Artists

Uncle Tom's Cabin	Universal
Harold Teen (Arthur Lake)	First National

Texas Steer (Will Rogers)	First National
The Raider Emlden (German Cast)	Pathe

That Certain Thing (Viola Dana)	German Prod.
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Stark Love	Par. Fam. Lasky Corp.
Dead Man's Curve (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.)	F. B. O.

Aflame in the Sky (Jack Ludden)	F. B. O.
Hold 'Em, Yale (Rod La Roque)	Pathe

We Americans	Universal
The Gloom Chaser (Big Boy)	F. B. O.

The Wandering Toy	Educational
Lyman Howe Travelogue Hodge	Educational

Podge	Educational
Exkimoize (Felix the Cat)	Educational

Terror Mountain (Jane Reid, Frankie Darrow)	F. B. O.
All Bear (Curiosities)	F. B. O.

Rah, Rah, Rah (Dorothy DeVore)	F. B. O.
Laugh, Clown, Laugh (Lon Chaney)	M. G. M.

Circus Rookies (Karl Dane)	M. G. M.
The Big Killing (Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton)	Paramount

A Lady Lion (Comedy)	Pathe
Happiness Ahead (Colleen Moore)	First National

The Lone Eagle (Barbara Kent)	Univ.
Glorious Betsy (Dolores Costello, Conrad Nagel)	Warner Bros.

The Crowd (Joan Crawford)	M. G. M.
West Point (William Haynes)	M. G. M.

The Fortune Hunter (Syd Chaplin)	Warner Bros.
Terror Mountain (Tom Tyler, Frankie Darrow)	F. B. O.

Lyman Howe Scenics	Hodge
Wandering Toy	Educational

Out-door Scenics (Robert Bruce)	Educational
Wild Wool	Educational

The Night Cloud..... Educational
 *Out of the Ruins..... First National
 †Revenge..... United Arts
 †Beggars of Life..... Paramount
 †The Cameraman..... M. G. M.
 *Four Walls..... M. G. M.
 *The Fleet's In..... Paramount
 †In Africa..... Walker-Arbutnot Exp.
 *Two Lovers..... United Arts
 *The Godless Girl..... Pathe
 *Lilac Time..... First National
 *The Man Who Laughs..... Universal
 *White Shadows of So. Seas..... M. G. M.
 *Street Angel..... Fox
 *Four Sons..... Fox
 †A Ship Comes In..... Pathe
 †Caught in the Fog..... Warner
 *Foreign Legion..... Universal
 *Forgotten Faces..... Paramount
 †Vanishing Pioneer..... Paramount
 *Oh Kay..... First National
 †Excess Baggage..... M. G. M.
 *Lights of New York..... Warner
 *Strange Case of Capt. Ramper.....
 *The Terror..... First National Warner

*The Perfect Crime..... F. B. O.
 †Home James..... Universal
 *No Other Woman..... Fox
 †Kit Carson..... Paramount
 †Crooks Can't Win..... F. B. O.
 *The Cop..... Pathe
 *The Red Mark..... Pathe
 †Tarzan the Mighty..... Universal
 †The Mysterious Airman..... Cooperative
 †The Yellow Cameo..... Pathe
 † Indicates Adult.
 † Indicates Children.

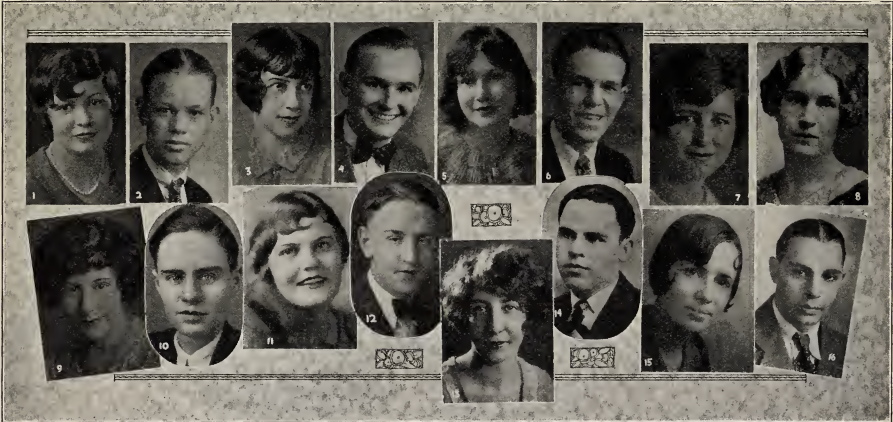
it to a plane higher than the ordinary movie. If you haven't a machine, secure the cooperation of the local exhibitor, and put into the event the same interest and care as you would in your own recreation hall. (For choice of picture see Hand Book Supplement.)

Children's Matinees

IN some wards and communities, they have found that by running a Saturday morning children's matinee, with selected pictures, real success results. The children are given pictures they like, and are in consequence willing to stay home from the grown-ups pictures, making it nice for all. Children are not allowed to wear high heels, eat rich food, and stay up as late at

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night as their parents; why should we take them to see the same shows, when they are just as incapable of digesting and assimilating them properly as they are unsuitable food?

If the Community Activity Committee is to be recognized as an agency working for the good of their fellow-men, they must get farther and farther away from the idea that money is the main medium of exchange in recreation. Minds, ideals, characters are being handled as well, and these need careful and prayerful consideration.

Questions to be Considered for November 19

DO you have a motion picture machine in your ward?

Do you rent one?

Do you have one in the community?

Have you tried co-operating with this company in presenting a ward night entertainment?

If so, did you have the privilege of choosing the picture?

What picture can you remember seeing, in your own hall or the commercial movie house, during the past year?

Discuss them and the possible effect they might have on children.

Have you noticed audiences after the showing of a picture? What reactions did you note? What are your own feelings after seeing a highly sensational picture? After seeing a deeply religious or idealistic one?

Do you have access to any educational film magazines? Have you studied them carefully? Many excellent suggestions are contained in these publications.

Do you have good order in your community? If not, why?

Do you have music as a regular feature on such occasions? If so, what effect does it have?

Do you have any music at all before and during the showing of a picture? What kind? Does the music director help in this regard?

Who is responsible for the choosing of pictures shown?

Has your stake done anything in the nature of exchanging ideas regarding good and bad pictures?

What sort of advertising do you use?

The name of M. I. A. should not be used to advertise a picture if it is not up to the standards of the organization.

After discussing the foregoing questions, if you feel that your findings have been helpful, write down the results, and mail them to the General Board Office, 34 Bishop's Building. You might have discovered ways of doing this work which other groups would appreciate. Let us have the benefit of it.

Reading Course for the Community Activity Committee. (For Nov. 26.)

As explained in the Hand Book Supplement, there is no one book specified to be read by this committee. There are so many phases of our work, and the spirit actuating it, and so many lovely things written pertaining to it, that it was deemed advisable to review several good books, and print in part or in full outstanding magazine articles appropriate for our use.

The first review, "What Men Live By," by Richard Cabot, M. D., is published elsewhere in this issue of the *Era*. For the last Tuesday in November it is recommended that it be studied and discussed.

Gleaner Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Grace C. Neslen Emily H. Higgs, Chairman Martha G. Smith
Ray G. Taylor

The Music Project—An Evening of Music Appreciation

ETHEL S. ANDERSON

The Opera *THE BOHEMIAN GIRL*

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE, composer of the light opera, "The Bohemian Girl,"

was an Irishman with a genius for melody. The son of a dancing master, Balfe had his first musical

instruction from his father. He played the violin as a young boy for the dancing classes, but he had few advantages for real musical instruction. A polacca which he wrote in his eighth year was so good that a friendly bandmaster, Meadows, could not persuade his men that young Balfe was the author of the piece. When he was ten he composed the first of his ballads. One writer says, "Balfe was no great musician, he had not even the instinct for dramatic music, nor much artistic conscience, but he had a remarkable fund of invention of a certain sort, the practical knowledge of writing fluently for the voice; the power of producing melodies of the kind that fasten themselves deep in the popular heart."

"Killarney" is one of the most famous of Balfe's compositions and is considered one of the most beautiful of Irish melodies. His ballads are so melodious, simple and direct in their appeal that they speak for themselves. It was because of these ballads in advance of "The Bohemian Girl" that Balfe found a place in the hearts of all English-speaking peoples.

Unlike the grand operas whose plots are usually so dark and tragic, "The Bohemian Girl" has a very happy ending. The libretto was written by an English operatic manager, Alfred Bunn. The opera was first produced in Drury Lane, London, 1843.

The incidents of Balfe's opera are supposed to occur in Hungary. Preparations for a hunt are in progress upon the grounds of Count Arnheim, governor of Presburg. Scene one discloses the chateau and grounds of Count Arnheim on the Danube near Presburg. On one side is the principal entrance to the castle. Opposite is a statue of the Emperor. On the rising of the curtain, retainers of the Count are discovered preparing for the chase. Count Arnheim and his effeminate nephew Florestein enter, followed by various neighboring nobles, huntsmen, etc. The Count bids all welcome and they are off, singing, "Away to the Hill and Glen." The Count's little daughter, Arline, begs Buda, her attendant, to let her go a little way, so they go off, following a foot path by the side of the rocks.

Thaddeus, a Polish exile and fugitive, appears in flight from the Austrian soldiers. Then comes a troop of gypsies headed by Devils-

hoof. They sing, "In a Gypsy's Life," and invite Thaddeus to join their band. He consents. Soldiers are reported coming that way. In a moment the gypsies strip the soldier's dress from Thaddeus and as they are putting on a gypsy's frock a roll of parchment, with seal attached, falls at the feet of Devils-hoof, who seizes it.

Devilshoof.—What's this?

Thaddeus.—My commission! It is the only thing on earth I possess, and I will never part with it.

He snatches it, conceals it in his bosom and has just time to mix with the gypsies when a body of the Emperor's soldiers enter in pursuit.

Officer.—(scrutinizing gypsies). Have you seen any one pass this way, any stranger?

Dev.—No one—stay—yes, a young Polish soldier ran by just now, and passed up those rocks.

Officer.—That's he—t h a n k s friend.— Forward! (Exeunt soldiers up rocks).

At this moment loud shouts and alarms are heard. Florestein enters, evincing the greatest alarm and terror, bringing the news that the Count's child and her attendant have been attacked by a wild stag. Thaddeus rescues the child who has been gored in the arm by the infuriated animal. In his gratitude the Count invites the gypsies to the hunting dinner. During the course of the festivities Thaddeus refuses to drink the health of the Emperor and is about to be arrested when Devilshoof interferes and is himself confined in the Castle while Thaddeus is permitted to go. The gypsies depart. Devilshoof climbs from the window and steals the little Arline, making his escape by chopping down the bridge after he has crossed the ravine.

Between acts one and two, twelve years are supposed to elapse. During this time the Count has given up his daughter for lost. Thaddeus has joined the gypsy band, among whom Arline has grown to be a beautiful maiden of seventeen. The second act discloses the gypsy camp by moonlight. On the opposite side of the stage are houses, one of which, a hotel, is lighted up. Arline is discovered asleep on a tiger skin. Thaddeus is watching over her. As the curtain rises, a Patrol of the City Guard marches by and as soon as they have disappeared, Devilshoof and a party of his men wrapped in cloaks, suddenly ap-

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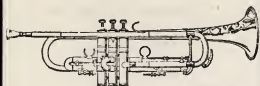
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pear. They sing "Silence, the Lady Moon."

Silence, the Lady Moon
Is the only witness now awake,
And weary of watching, 'chance she soon
To sleep will herself betake.

Devilshoof.

There's a deed to do whose gains
Will reward the risk and pains.

(The gypsies draw their daggers
and appear delighted).

Dev.—

Fie, fie, to a gentlemen when you appeal
You may draw his purse without draw-
ing your steel.

With bows and politeness and with great
respect

You can take more than he can at first
suspense.

(Pointing to the lighted win-
dows of the hotel).

See where in goblets deep
What sense they have they steep
Watch here! till each to his home
Shall reel on his doubtful way
Watch here! and the goblets foam
Will make each an easy prey
Silence! this way.

As the gypsies retire upstage,
Florestein staggers out of the hotel.
He is elegantly dressed, with chain,
rings, etc., and a rich medallion
around his neck. He is easily des-
poiled of his jewelry, Devilshoof
making off with the medallion.
While the others are dividing the
rest of the spoil, the Gypsy Queen
appears on the scene and demands
that they return the stolen articles.

As soon as they have gone off,
Arline, who has been awakened by
the noise, comes from the tent, fol-
lowed by Thaddeus. She relates
her dream in the beautiful aria, "I
Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls".
This is one of the favorite melodies
of the opera:

I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls.
With vassals and serfs at my side.
And of all who assemble within those
walls

That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count
Could boast of a high ancestral name,
But I also dreamt, which pleased me most
That you loved me still the same, that
you loved me.

You loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand.
That knights upon bended knee
And with vows no maiden heart could
withstand.

They pledged their faith in me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim.
But I also dreamt which pleased me most
That you loved me still the same, that
you loved me.

You loved me still the same.

At the end of the song Thad-
deus presses Arline to his heart.

Arline.—And do you love me
still?

Thad.—More than life itself.

Arline.—Yet is there a mystery
between our affections. (Pointing
to her arm). The mark on this
arm which I have seen you so often
contemplate, is the key to that
mystery. By the love you say you
bear me solve it.

Thaddeus then discloses to her
the fact that the scar on her arm
was inflicted by the stag from
which he rescued her, but he does
not enlighten her as to her birth
and family. He declares his love
for her and is then and there united
to her in accordance with the cus-
toms of the tribe by the Gypsy
Queen who appears at this mo-
ment. She, however, vows venge-
ance secretly upon the pair as she
performs the rite, for she herself is
in love with Thaddeus. The
Queen then sings "Bliss Forever
Past."

The scene changes and we see the
gypsy band as a part of the throng
at a fair in the streets of Presburg.
The opening song, "Come with
the Gypsy Bride," is very melodi-
ous and the character of gypsy
music is felt here more strongly
than in the other pages of the opera.

Florestein also makes his ap-
pearance in the crowd and, being
quite attracted by the beautiful Ar-
line, addresses her, which she vig-
orously resents. The Queen recog-
nizing in Florestein the owner of
the medallion (which she has pre-
viously demanded of Devilshoof)
gives it to Arline, ostensibly to
reward her for her spirit, really
with the purpose of brewing
trouble. The trouble comes when
Florestein sees the trinket upon
Arline's neck and charges her with
its theft. In defending her Thad-
deus is arrested also.

Again the scene changes and
Count Arnheim is in his apartment
in the Hall of Justice and gives ut-
terance to his grief at the loss of his
daughter in the aria—"The Heart
Bowed Down." Arline is brought
before him for trial. He sees the
scar on her arm and asks its origin.
Arline repeats the story Thaddeus
has recently told her, whereupon
the Count recognizes her as his lost
daughter.

The third act shows Arline re-
stored to her position in the castle
of Count Arnheim. She still
secretly pines for her gypsy lover.
Devilshoof contrives to get Thad-
deus into the castle and secures an
interview with Arline. He avows

his love for her again and as he believes his bride forever lost to him he sings, "Then You'll Remember Me." They are interrupted, however, by the Count's approach and Thaddeus hides in a closet as the guests arrive for a reception in honor of the newly-found heiress.

In the midst of the festivities the Gypsy Queen arrives, closely veiled for disguise and reveals the presence of Thaddeus. He is dragged forth from his hiding place and ordered to leave the house. Arline declares her love for him and implores her father to relent. The Count denounces him as an outcast but Thaddeus proudly claims equality with the Count, through his noble Polish ancestry which he celebrates in the song, "Fair Land of Poland." He produces his papers which verify his words. The Count yields and gives his daughter to Thaddeus. The Queen transported with jealous rage, causes one of the gypsies to fire at him as he is embracing Arline, but Devilshoof is at hand. He knocks the weapon, and averts the bullet from Thaddeus. It kills the Queen

instead. At this opportune moment the curtain falls as the chorus sings, "Ah, What Full Delight."

Note.—It is desirable that as many of the selections as possible be heard by the class. Many of the solos are available on records and there are two records which contain gems or short themes from the opera. Arrangements for some reproducing machine may be made beforehand, and the person giving this lesson should be *thoroughly* familiar with the music of the records before playing them before the class.

It might be possible in many of the wards to have a Gleaner Girl and an M Man dress in appropriate gypsy costume and sing (the girl), "I Dreamt I Dwelt In Marble Halls," and the boy, "Then You'll Remember Me." The class might like to participate in singing the number, "Hail to the Gypsy Bride." The musical numbers should be interspersed throughout the story as they occur. It is important that a listening attitude be maintained by the person in charge to insure active listening by the class.

M Men Department

COMMITTEE

John F. Bowman, Chairman
Oscar W. Carlson

Herbert B. Maw
Alma C. Clayton

Thos. A. Beal
Homer Warner

A Message to M Men

BY THOMAS A. BEAL

IN order to develop the initiative of young men, and give them practice in conducting a program, the "M" organization was created. The real purpose of this organization is to carry out more fully one of the aims of Mutual Improvement work as set forth by Brigham Young; namely, to teach the young men to preside over public assemblies and to express themselves before the public.

Brigham Young is reported to have defined education as "the power to think, to act, and to appreciate." The idea is intended to be carried out in the M Men activities. The young man is given an opportunity to think for himself. In other words, the "M" work will give the man the opportunity to develop leadership and initiative,

which means the power to do the right thing at the right time without being told; that is to say, "carry the message to Garcia."

The "M" work further provides opportunity; develops capacity and gives ambition, and with these three, properly balanced, success will be assured. Responsibility is another phase of the "M" work. Here the young man is especially interested. The mantle of leadership is given to him, and if he is of the right material this responsibility will bring it out. Responsibility develops faith, vision, courage, initiative and other things that make the world go round.

In "M" work, the young man is given responsibility. He is given an opportunity to see what "M" stands for; namely, Minute men,



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Knowing what "M" stands for, young men, get your work under way at once, and altogether go to

it. With head, heart and hand, put it over.

For Project, Radio Broadcast of Social Customs in foreign lands and Harvest Ball, see M Men-Gleaner Department.

M Men - Gleaners Department

COMMITTEE

Combined M Men and Gleaners Committees

The Joint Project

By THOMAS A. BEAL

"I Will Contribute Each Day to the Honor and Happiness of My Home"

MY home is my temple—my castle. The Gospel is the blue print from which it is designed. I will defend its sacred traditions by obedience to its laws and principles. I will contribute to it by making it the center of culture and refinement. I will help to implant within its shelter the value of faith and virtue, that it may be an inspiration to a strong purpose and a lofty aim.

To bring honor and happiness to my home, I will give an abundance of love and confidence to the members of my household. I will conduct myself so that it will reflect credit on my home. I will use tact, industry, perseverance,

honesty and all the other virtues in my every-day contacts. In my home I will contribute to the spirit of brotherly love, which will be generously used in the affairs of life. It will be the spirit of my home rather than its physical features which I shall cherish in order to preserve its happiness and permanency.

In brief, I will listen to the lessons of obedience, diligence and truth and forsake not the instructions of my father nor the law of my mother. I will obey the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Annual Recreational Event of M Men-Gleaners

The Harvest Ball

THE Harvest Ball is one of the big opportunities of the year for the M Men and Gleaners to demonstrate their ability to entertain. It is scheduled annually for the latter part of November, and before long will be taking its place with other traditional events of the M. I. A.—Fathers and Sons' Outings, Mothers and Daughters' Days, and Gold and Green Balls.

The Harvest Ball should be all that the name implies—a lovely, satisfying affair which will create an atmosphere of beauty and charm. The Autumn time is perhaps the most picturesque time of all the year, for the foliage which has been green for so long now

gradually changes to brilliant colors of red and gold.

There is a little poem which reads:

"The Autumn is brown in field and row,

But goldenrod, and goldenglow,
Purple aster and crimson oak,
Sumack spreading a crimson cloak,

Apples red and pumpkins gold—
Perhaps it's gayer to be old."

So let's make of the Harvest Ball an occasion of gaiety—the joyousness that comes from hearts thankful for the fullness of the season's bounty; and perhaps we might spare a thought for the Pioneers,

and what the harvest time meant to them.

INVITATIONS AND DECORATIONS

Invitations may be general, or individual. If the affair is to be a success it is essential that the M Men and Gleaners in charge of it shall have consulted with the ward or stake executives, to be sure that no other event is scheduled for the night chosen for the Ball. With this co-operation assured, the officers of the M. I. A. will assist in advertising the affair, and extending invitations to all members of the ward. (If deemed advisable, this event may be given as a stake party).

The decorations will present no great problem, as the woods and gardens are full of lovely leaves, and the last flowers of the year—chrysanthemums. Corn stalks or other such things might be placed in corners to give the harvest atmosphere.

One Harvest Ball last year was made interesting by the fact that tickets were paid for with garden produce, which later went to the poor families of the ward. The balls of the olden days were conducted along this plan, and it was great fun to figure revenue in terms of squash, melons and apples. The food thus garnered was placed in one corner of the hall, forming an impromptu county fair booth, and blue ribbons were awarded for the best and biggest exhibits. If the "Fair" idea appeals to you, it might be carried further. Booths erected all around the hall help to create a holiday spirit, and various interesting features may be introduced in this manner. A "Beauty Parlor," in which fair, white-clad maidens give mustaches and curls to formerly unadorned boys, is great sport. A ten-cent charge, which you will agree is very reasonable for such treatment, will help defray the expenses of the party, if the admission-vegetables go for charity. A contest in bakery is novel, the girls having made their bread, cake, or pie before the Ball, and competent judges passing upon them during the course of the evening. The pastry or whatever it is could be added to the vegetables and fruit to make lovely Thanksgiving baskets for the needy ones in the community, or it could be sold to those who are having the threshers on the morrow. Or it might simply be served, in conjunction with a little

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S70	Silk Stripe, Part Wool..... 2.50	930	Non-Run Rayon..... 2.50
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apple cider or punch, as the refreshing part of the party.

An interesting feature of the program would be a dramatization of dance customs, old and new. Have three or four couples dressed in the costume of the gay '90s who present customs and points of ball-room etiquette of that day, and dance a few of the dances, Polka, Schottische, Varsouvienne, etc. (Any sociably inclined lady of that day would be glad to help in the detail.) Then follow with a similar picturization of the present, and let both generations draw their own conclusions.

But whatever we do in the line of Harvest Ball, and however we plan to do it, let us remember that this is an occasion when Thanksgiving and its spirit of gentleness and gratitude is prevailing throughout the country; and the M Men and Gleaners have this splendid opportunity to show to the older ones who love them, that appreciation and love are much alive in the hearts of the youth. Let's put into the Ball all the beauty and refinement of which we are capable, and at the close of the evening have the whole M. I. A. anxious for next fall to come, that they might attend another such affair.

Social Customs in Foreign Lands

(For December 3)

Radio Station M. I. A.—M Men Announcing

THIS is probably the first international hook-up in the history of Radio. Tonight in every M Men-Gleaners class of the Mutual Improvement Associations in all the world this broadcast featuring the customs of the Mexicans is being conducted.

It has been said that really to know the Mexicans is really to love them. They are a warm, vibrant people, generous to a fault and willing to give their all for those they love. From early childhood they are taught etiquette and some say that the children of Mexico are the best behaved children in the world. One reason for this is that in well-to-do homes there are many servants and if a child misbehaves the servants and not the children are upbraided by the mother, and this makes the servants very particular in their training. It is the mother's duty to keep herself beautiful; the cares and worries of her family do not devolve upon her.

There are two classes in Mexico, the upper and the lower, or the wealthy and the servant classes. In both groups are love and romance.

Let us take a look into a home in the City of Mexico. This city has the most perfect climate in the world, for the thermometer seldom varies much above or below 78 degrees. The year round one can look upon snow-capped mountains, and in all the country surrounding, tropical fruits are raised. As we go along the street we wonder where one house begins

and the other ends. It looks like one long wall with doors and windows. We knock at a door, which happens to be the entrance to the home of a wealthy family. We are received by a servant and taken into one of the bed rooms. The beauty of the room surprises us. The bed is a hand-carved model of Louis the XIV and is covered with an exquisite hand-made lace spread over pink silk; the hangings at the windows are a combination of lace and silk, which is most effective; the entire room is furnished with exquisite taste. We are so enraptured that, for the moment, we do not notice the arrival of the mistress of the house. She is dressed in American clothes and is very gracious. She takes us into the living room and from its door and windows we see a beautiful garden in the center of which is a sparkling fountain. This garden is the center of the home—the house is built around it. An upper balcony overhangs it and doors from different rooms lead to it.

In the living room we notice a beautiful Mexican girl of eighteen years who, like her mother, is dressed in an attractive afternoon dress of American design. Her hair is bobbed, her eyes are large and beautiful and her teeth are very white. She and her cousin (a young man of twenty years) are singing "LaGolondrina" together—he playing the guitar accompaniment. "LaGolondrina" was written by Narciso, a Mexican, and is sung everywhere in Mexico. "La-

Golondrina" will be sung this evening by _____ and _____

Cousins are very welcome in the homes of relatives in Mexico, and often a love affair will spring up between two such young people. These two, Consuelo (pronounced Con sway' lo) and Luis, are very fond of each other and both are wondering on this afternoon if they are deeply in love. But yesterday Luis brought his friend Antonio into the home of his cousin Consuelo and he saw Consuelo for just a moment—he is very sure that he is in love with her and is at this moment arranging for an orchestra to come with him to serenade Consuelo as soon as the moon comes up. But Luis is not thinking of him and when Consuelo asks him to stay to the evening meal, he is more than willing.

In the kitchen, helping to prepare the evening meal, is Pancheta (pronounced Pahn-Chee'-ta). She too is young and longing for romance, but her mistress is very strict with her and she is given little opportunity to become acquainted with young men. There is a boy who sometimes brings in fruit from the country round about. He has just left the house where Pancheta is a servant. They have looked at each other meaningfully, but have not dared to speak—but each has resolved (unbeknownst to the other) to go to the Plaza that night. However, now it is time to serve supper and Pancheta must keep busy. The supper seems simple for it consists only of bunuelos (pronounced boo-new-a-los) and goat's milk, but it has taken Pancheta all day to prepare the bunuelos, which are made of a stiff dough that is worked out until it is as thin as tissue paper and then fried in deep fat.

As soon as supper is cleared away Pancheta hurriedly washes herself, throws her scarf around her head, and hastens to the Plaza. She is delighted that her mistress has given her permission to go. At the Plaza (which is a public park with a band stand in the center) young people meet. There are seats not far distant from the band stand on which the girls of the lower class sit, and there is a pathway on the opposite side of which the boys of the lower class sit. There is more lawn and then another road way on the opposite sides of which sit the girls and boys of the wealthy class. The wealthy men and girls

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are dressed exactly as Americans would be; those of the servant class are dressed in native costumes. The band begins to play (an American popular piece, 'Rosita') and all the young people get up and walk—the girls going one way and the boys the other. They look at each other as they pass and smile as they walk along. Pancheta is in the crowd; she is walking in perfect rhythm to the music (the Mexicans are full of rhythm) and her heart is pounding with anxiety for she is hoping that Carlos, the farm boy, will be there. Carlos too is hoping that he will meet Pancheta, but the orchestra has stopped and they have not met, for the crowd is large. Poor little Pancheta wonders what she shall do—her mistress gave her permission to stay for a very short time and she feels that she should be returning. But the band has started again, and she decides to stay for one more walk for *perhaps* she may see the farm boy. She is still hopefully looking—she will have to go when the music stops this time and it may be months before she can come to the Plaza again. Why has she been so foolish as to hope to see him? Her heart is heavy, but not for long, for surely that is he! She turns and looks back to make sure and he is looking back too. Oh, the rapture of that moment! How she wishes she could stay but she must hurry home for already she has lingered too long. Did Carlos not know already where Pancheta lives he would follow her home. He wishes to do this anyway, but knowing that Pancheta will not have time to loiter with him for even a few minutes he stays at the Plaza. When Pancheta returns to the home of her mistress she sees the members of the orchestra which Antonio has hired, gathering near Consuelo's window. Soon the lovely strains of "LaPaloma" are heard through the house and courtyard—"LaPaloma" will be rendered by

For weeks life moves on much the same. Almost every day Luis can be found at the home of his cousin, Consuelo, each day he being more convinced that Consuelo is the girl for him, and Consuelo still wondering—for Antonio has demonstrated that he loves her and although she is anxious to know more about Antonio she does not like to inquire too much of Luis because she doesn't wish to arouse his suspicions.

The great National holiday, September 16, is at hand and all Mexico will celebrate. On this day the rich casts aside its American dress and attires itself in native costume. Consuelo appears in a bright-colored skirt and white blouse with large sleeves and Luis, like a great many of the other well-to-do men, wears a bright bolero of velvet, a sombrero and buckskin pants that fit him skin tight and lace up each side. Everywhere can be heard the National Air ("Himna Nacional") for there are numerous bands playing and the holiday spirit is felt by all. "Himna Nacional" will be rendered by

During the afternoon Consuelo, her parents and several of her brothers and sisters and Luis and some of his family go to the bull-fight, where they all sit together in a large box that has been reserved for them. Thirty thousand people gather about the Arena and there are dozens of military bands and regiments of soldiers. Two, four, six, eight, ten bulls are teased, tormented, jabbed, driven mad and killed and one by one dragged off the field by mules. Dozens of bony horses (blind-folded in one eye so as not to be able to see the on-rush of the bull) are jabbed by the bull's horns, tossed up in the air, trampled perhaps, and killed or made unfit for the fight and they too are dragged off the field by the mules. The excitement runs high all day and when the Matadore, by his quick thinking and moving and his aptness in striking deep into the heart of the bull, escapes death the great throng cheers him and he becomes indeed the man of the hour! (It is the Toreador and Picador who tease and madden the bull and the Matadore who does the killing.)

Little Pancheta would like to have enjoyed the holiday too, but she does not mention it, she is used to sacrifice. Her life is made up of it. The family will come home from the bull-fight hungry and she must keep herself busy preparing the holiday meal, and cooking it in unglazed pottery over a charcoal fire. The fire must be fanned often to keep it red—but the charcoal fire is so clean that even the unglazed pottery does not become blackened.

The Trevino family returns from the bull-fight full of the excitement of the day, with plenty of things to talk of. They have

brought their relatives with them and the scenes of the fight are recounted over and over, as they partake of their meal. The two families are seated at a long table spread with beautiful linen imported from Europe and lovely silver. The menu consists of vegetable meat soup, sopa (made with either rice or spaghetti), beans with a delightful flavor known only to the Mexicans, hot tamales, (not the American imitation) followed by an American desert—ice cream and cake.

There is a grand ball in the evening to which some members of the family will go. Consuelo's father is going and her cousin and she too will be allowed to go.

Antonio, her cousin's friend, is also filled with the excitement of the day and he is thinking that undoubtedly Consuelo will be home during the evening but being unable to hire an orchestra with which to serenade her, because of the great demand on this day for music, he decides to go alone to her window and sing a Mexican love song—"Morir por tu Amor"—himself and play his own guitar. He sings with all the fervor of a Mexican lover, feeling confident that Consuelo is hearing him and thinking him to be the grandest singer in all of Mexico. But his voice is being lost on all but poor little Pancheta, who is imagining that it is her farm boy lover, knowing perfectly well that it isn't. "Morir por tu Amor" will be sung by

The next night Antonio comes again to serenade. Consuelo is home and is really thrilled because his voice is lovely. Night after night Antonio serenades Consuelo and soon she begins to feel that she loves him. She makes him beautiful gifts, among them exquisite handkerchiefs that are lacy enough for the daintiest girl and sends them to him. Sometimes these two pass on the street—but never speak except with their eyes.

At last Antonio thinks the time is ripe and he goes to Consuelo's father and asks for her hand. He is accepted and from that hour he pays Consuelo's board, buys all of her trousseau and pays for the wedding.

During Consuelo's engagement she is very happy and often rises early and goes to the flower market to purchase flowers with which to adorn herself. The flower market is one of the most beautiful sights

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in all Mexico. One sees magnolias, calla lilies, cloth of gold and daffodils, tube roses and narcissus, great baskets of rosebuds and the beautiful black prince, and Mexico's American Beauties; almost every imaginable flower that grows is there in great abundance.

Then comes the wedding day—Consuelo must be married twice; once by the law of the land and once by the church—otherwise she will not be really married. She looks a picture in her wedding dress, which was made specially for her by a New York designer, as she moves down the church isle to the lovely strains of Lohengrin's "Wedding March."

The Wedding March will be rendered by _____.

After their return from their honeymoon in Italy, Consuelo is established in a home similar to her mother's, with lovely furnishings and a wonderful garden with its fountain, and if you will call on her a few years hence you will undoubtedly see many little children, playing about, each with its own servant.

Poor little Pancheta has been a servant in the home of Consuelo's parents almost as long as she can remember, and now she is fifteen years old, plenty old enough to get married. She wishes that the farm boy would ask her father for her hand, for she has seen him many times lately, and is very sure that she loves him and hopes that he loves her. She wishes that he could afford to pay her board to her father, buy her trousseau, and pay for a wedding, but she fears that none of this can happen, for well

she knows that most of the poor class are never married because the man is just as poor as the woman. While Pancheta's thoughts are traversing along this line, Carlos, the farm boy, is counting his world's goods and thinks that with much careful planning he may be able to pay for Pancheta's board for one day and pay for the wedding. The next day he is off to inquire of Pancheta's mistress who her father is and to get both her father's and her mistress' permission for Pancheta's hand, for the little servant must not offend the mistress, as she may have to work there after marriage. How happy they are when the consent is given and the wedding day arrives!

After you have called on Consuelo, if you visit the market place you may see Pancheta trading for Carlos—(all the trading at the markets is done by women). She may have fifteen or seventeen children, but they will not hinder her, for her children will be well trained and manageable. She may take them to the market with her, six or eight or even ten of them at a time, and if you happen to go down there, perhaps you will see one of her bright-eyed children peeking at you from behind her skirts, and if you turn he may run up to you and shout, "Hot Tamales."

This ends our broadcast for this evening—but look out for future broadcasts of this nature over station M. I. A.

Note: If there is no one in the ward who can render the numbers suggested probably a talking machine can be brought into use.

Junior Girls Department

COMMITTEE

May Booth Talmage, Chairman
Agnes S. Knowlton

Laura P. Nicholson
Julia S. Baxter
Marie C. Thomas

THIS month we wish to stress the necessity of Stake Junior Supervisors and Ward Junior Leaders reading the messages and instructions to officers with greater care. It would be well worth the while of all Junior leaders, especially the newly installed ones, to go through last year's *Journals*, beginning with the issue for September, 1928, and make themselves familiar with the contents of the department. Many questions

would in this way answer themselves and many problems be solved that otherwise must be taken care of through special correspondence; and in many instances this communication is postponed, to the detriment of class success.

Course of Study

FROM reports and questions sent to the general office, it is found that through some misunderstanding, the lessons now being

presented in some Junior classes are last year's *Junior* lessons, instead of last year's *Gleaner* lessons, as planned and outlined. The course of study, "Ideals of Latter-day Saint Homes and Home Life," was prepared in two sections, the first of which is the Junior course of study for 1929-30. The lessons were published in the *Journals* for last season, and may be obtained at the general office, 33 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, at a cost of \$.40 per set, or 5c per single copy. Outlines in guiding lesson discussions have been printed in the *Journal* for this fall, beginning in September, 1929, and will doubtless be found helpful.

Preparation

LEADERS, make early and thorough preparation for the work to be given each week, for your girls easily detect superficial study on your part, and judge your power of leadership accordingly. Someone has sounded the warning to teachers, "Never teach to the edge of your knowledge; you might fall off." If your preparation for each lesson is adequate, there need be no fear of "falling off."

Travelogue

AT the Institute for leaders which followed the June conference, a Travelogue was demonstrated, most successfully. If you are one of the leaders unable to attend and would care for a copy of the Travelogue, write in to the office, and it will be sent to you.

The material for the *Gleaners-M* Men discussions on "Social Customs in Foreign Lands," now being published in every issue of the magazine, will doubtless be of great value in preparing Travelogue programs. Various countries are being studied, and little dramatizations given which will enrich and broaden your presentations.

The Question Box

THIS period gives excellent opportunity to bring up and discuss questions of vital interest to the girls. The fact that no names are signed to questions makes it appear logical that more frankness and freedom will characterize the discussions than could otherwise prevail. The self-consciousness which prevents many girls from expressing their views is eliminated through the question-box method.

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Such is the record of Keeleys, Incorporated, known throughout Utah and its neighboring states. This organization was founded over 23 years ago in a single store in Salt Lake City. Today, it operates seven retail stores in three cities; serves the people of four states through 1,500 dealers and employs 350 Utah men and women.

Recently, the ice cream department of Keeleys was sold to the Mid-Western Dairy Products Company. Since that time we have not manufactured ice cream, but have concentrated on the making of fine candies, food dainties; the serving of luncheons and fountain refreshments. This caused the name to be changed from the Keeley Ice Cream Company to Keeleys, Incorporated, but it did not cause the slightest change in management or ownership.

Devotion to a single ideal of highest quality service and tested goods has resulted in the expansion of Keeleys, Incorporated.

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In h a n d y sanitary
containers with the
foods properly pre-
pared—well—let the
family be the judge!
(Scowcroft's are
members of the Utah
Manufacturers' Asso-
ciation—"What Utah
Makes Makes Utah.")

and the effect of this program is felt
to be extremely wholesome and en-
lightening.

Typical questions from such a
box follow:

What shall I look for in the
young man I should marry?

The answer was found in an
article written forty years ago by
President George Q. Cannon, and
published in the *Juvenile Instruc-*
tor.

"The Right Kind of Young
Man."

I love a young man who loves
his mother so fondly that for her
sake he is chivalrous to other
women.

I love a young man who will
step out of his way to avoid crush-
ing a worm, and will not deem it
beneath his dignity to succor a
stray kitten.

I love a young man who is pure-
hearted, and slow to laugh at a
smutty story.

I love a young man who believes
there is a nobler career in life than
to be a good dancer, or a successful
society man.

I love a young man who is not
ashamed of tears for others' sor-
rows.

I love a young man who cannot
be laughed out of a duty, or ridi-
culed from a purpose.

I love a young man who hates
whiskey as angels hate Satan, and
thinks too much of his brain to
make smoked meat of it.

I despise a goody-goody young
man, but I love a good one.

I would not like to be even third
cousin to a dude, but I love a
young man who is a hail fellow,
well met with nice girls, and

scorns not the companionship of
his sisters.

Many of the questions presented
have been along deeply religious
and spiritual lines, indicating the
fact that our girls are but hiding
womanly qualities and mature
thoughts behind a flippantly fash-
ionable exterior. Make the most
of the Question Box. Use it as a
means of getting into the hearts of
your Junior girls, and finding there
the beauty and sweetness of bud-
ding womanhood.

"A wise question will unearth
precious ore, and a proper discus-
sion refine it into pure gold."

Ten Questions on the Question Box

1. Does every one know that
the second period of the second
Tuesday in the month is reserved
for the Question Box?

2. Is the box always in a con-
spicuous place in the class-room?

3. Are all members constantly
encouraged to drop questions into
the box?

4. Do all M. I. A. officers and
teachers know that they are invited
to set the example in this?

5. Are the questions which will
be discussed removed from the box
one week in advance of their use?

6. Do the group leaders study
the questions carefully during the
week?

7. Do the leaders give the mem-
bers their rightful opportunity for
discussion?

8. Are the leaders prepared to
direct the discussion toward the
proper answer?

9. Are you getting results?

10. Are you thinking up a good
question for the box, right now?

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Vanguards-Scouts Department

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Geo. R. Hill; Chas. R. Mabey, Chairman
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Nicholas G. Smith
Ernest P. Horsley

Books Indispensable to the Scoutmaster

J UST as his tool kit is indis-
pensable to the carpenter, so
the requisite library is indispensable
to the Scoutmaster. Books are the
tools from which he gets the ideas
with which to plan and build his
temples. Without them he is in an
uncharted wilderness, without a
compass. With them, his is the
universe. His compass, like the

Liahona, points according to his
faith and hard work.

Because it is felt that these helps
are vital to scouting, the list of
books recommended in the Van-
guard-Scout Guide is re-named:

Scoutmaster's Handbook\$1.00
Boy Scout Handbook..... .50
Merit Badge Library—each..... .20
(87 Merit Badge pamphlets)

Scout Magazine (free with registration)	
Boys' Life (\$1.00 on concession plan)	2.00
The How Book of Scouting	1.00
Swimming and Water Safety	1.00
The Little Service Library	4.00
Winter Camping	1.50
Games and Recreational Methods	2.00
Patrol Leaders' Handbook	.75

These books may be ordered from any Boy Scout Headquarters, or from the Deseret Book Co., 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

It is advisable, if possible, to have the Merit Badge Pamphlets bound into about six volumes, to avoid having them scattered or lost. The Deseret News, or other book bindery, will do the binding at about \$1.50 per volume; The Deseret Book Co. might order the series, and have them bound before sending them to you, or a Scout might bind them for himself.

Every Scoutmaster, Assistant Scoutmaster and Troop Committeeman ought to have easy access to these books. They are rich in ideas, practical ones that have been tried out and found to work; ideas that set fire to the imagination; ideas out of which a contagious

enthusiasm among boys as well as leaders is born.

To illustrate: Doesn't Douglas Fairbanks' recipe for hot cakes, published on page 338 of "Games and Recreational Methods," fairly make your mouth water, and give you an awful itch to get out to a fragrant sage brush campfire and try it out?

Doesn't reading the chapter on "Patrol Methods" in the appendix of the Scoutmaster's Handbook make you say to yourself, "Why, the strenuous, nerve-racking efforts I have made to herd boys within four walls isn't Scouting at all. Scouting is a game, a boys' game, in which the boys play and live, and vibrate to their own program under the leadership of other boys—their own patrol leaders—working out projects that they themselves have planned. My job is to furnish a little leaven from the sidelines, not to monopolize center stage and try to do the job myself. That's probably where Pete Smith got his ideas of patrol methods that are making his troop such a success. If he can put it over in his troop, I certainly can in mine. I'll just scratch around in the Scout library for ideas, and attend the Scoutmaster's training courses as often

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Any motor steps into the high-compression class with Conoco Ethyl gasoline. But—

All red gasolines are not Conoco Ethyl. To be sure of quality, look for the Conoco Ethyl sign.



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Ideal Coal and Electric Ranges
Haag Washing Machines

Ask your dealer about any of the above lines, or call at our stores at Salt Lake City, Ogden, Twin Falls, Idaho Falls, Buhl or Shelley; or address our Wholesale Department at Ogden, Utah.

Mountain States
Implement Co.

"We Will Treat You Right"

as they come, and put one over on Pete."

Doesn't reading the merit badge pamphlet on "Angling" just make you—? Why of course it does. It does any one who, as a barefoot boy, has tramped over the dewy grass in the gray dawn after angle worms.

How can the Scoutmaster get access to all the literature? He can't afford to buy it, so that is another place where the Troop Committee comes in. Some wards are already working on the budget plan as recommended in the M. I. A. Handbook. All should be. In such wards the Troop Committee and the Scoutmaster with his associates should carefully prepare a Scout budget for the year, and in it in-

clude this list of books and a place in which to keep them. If the ward is not working on the budget plan, then the Troop Committee should raise the money from some other source. Each troop needs the literature by means of which it can make its work efficient. When the purchase is made, it might be well to include "The Southerner," by Thomas Dixon and Russel G. Carter, "Three Points of Honor," by _____

These are the M. I. A. reading course books for the Scouts and Vanguards, and all the boys in the troop should read them. Remember that it isn't the books themselves, but the way they are used that counts.

Bee Hive Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Elsie Hogan

Catherine Folsom, Chairman

Vida F. Clawson

WE feel that perhaps Bee-Keepers might welcome some suggestions which will fit in with the contest in homecrafts this year. Something definite to work on makes for efficiency and will fit in with our project. We strongly suggest that each girl finish a given task before beginning another. Some of the stakes are taking up some one thing for all of the girls to do each month—for instance, making a pillow out of scraps around the house, either old or new material, old party dresses, etc. You will find many pillow designs in magazines and art needle books that can be used with little or no expense to the girls. The girls may receive a seal for this under Cell 454, Field of Domestic Art.

Sister Beeley in Applied Art Department of the August *Journal*, explains very plainly parchment lamp-shade making. Foundation Cell No. 3 (Gatherers of Honey) might be filled in this way, working the girls' symbols into the lamp shades, or a girl might fill Cell 506 in the Field of Domestic Art, for which she would receive five seals. We suggest that the Bee-Keepers might buy the materials, having the girls pay their share of the expense, thereby making the lamp shades very reasonable. The paints for instance, purchased together, will make a number of lamp

shades, as will the parchment paper also.

At the end of the year you might hold a contest in handicraft (or homecraft) and have a fine display in your Stakes on Swarn day of articles made. For further suggestions on contest work in homecrafts, see August *Journal*.

Cell 509—Field of Domestic Art

Felt Flowers

FLOWERS, and more flowers! Natural and artificial ones! You must wear some kind of a flower to complete your costume; and as the fad increases, the variety and necessity for careful choice keep pace.

We do not wear the same flower on our coat lapel as on our evening dress. For dressy wear we choose a lovely, soft trailily blossom, or one of the pretty jeweled flowers so popular now. Our afternoon dress may sport a small nosegay of many colors, or a matching one of more generous size.

It is in the tailored flowers, designed for coat, suit, and sport dress, that we find the newest novelties. They are made from rubber, oil cloth, feathers, kid, mother of pearl, imitation metal; and last but not least, of soft, lovely-hued

felt, which lends itself to clever cutting and manipulation and makes the very perkier boutonniere of all.

So many lovely things are being made from felt that a little stock will come in handy for your Christmas sewing. You may use any patterns that have bold and clear-cut lines, and develop the prettiest sewing bags, cushions, telephone book covers, score pad covers, etc. The main thing in its successful use is good color combinations and sharp scissors. Felt may be purchased at good dry goods stores for about \$1.75 per yard single width (36 in.). Some stores sell it for 5c an inch and you may choose a good variety of colors for a few cents.

Materials: Spool wire, stamens, leaves, steam tape.

Process. Daisy Flower.

1. Cut 8 to 10 petals from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch deep, according to the desired size.

2. Place petals edge to edge and thread all on needle, stitching tightly together at base.

3. Wind a stem of wire around a little bunch of stamens, and sew petals firmly to the base.

4. Wind stem with tape from flower downward.
Circular Flower.

1. Cut a tiny disc, place it on felt piece and bring needle point through center. Cut around in a little larger circle. Continue the process until the flower has 3 or 4 circular pieces of alternating color.

Another is made by cutting one circle about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter. Sew a few loops of yarn to the center and trim to a fluffy ball center. This is sewn to the wire stem, and stem wound with tape.

Make a number of varieties and colors before grouping them and you will find it very interesting to select the proper combinations of shape and color to make attractive bouquets.—*May Billings.*

Notice

THE play-writing contest which was announced in the M. I. A. Hand Book supplement, is in one-act plays. This point was not specified, and all other details remain unchanged.

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Every first mortgage negotiated by our loan department is selected, first to provide safety for the investor and to insure prompt payment of interest.

These loans yield 6%, and are secured by carefully chosen homes in approved residential districts in Salt Lake City and Ogden.

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They are ideal for the investment of trust or other funds.

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