

The Improvement Era

Combined with the **YOUNG WOMAN'S JOURNAL**



JOSEPH SMITH MEMORIAL COTTAGE AND MONUMENT

The House Party and the Weather

DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE

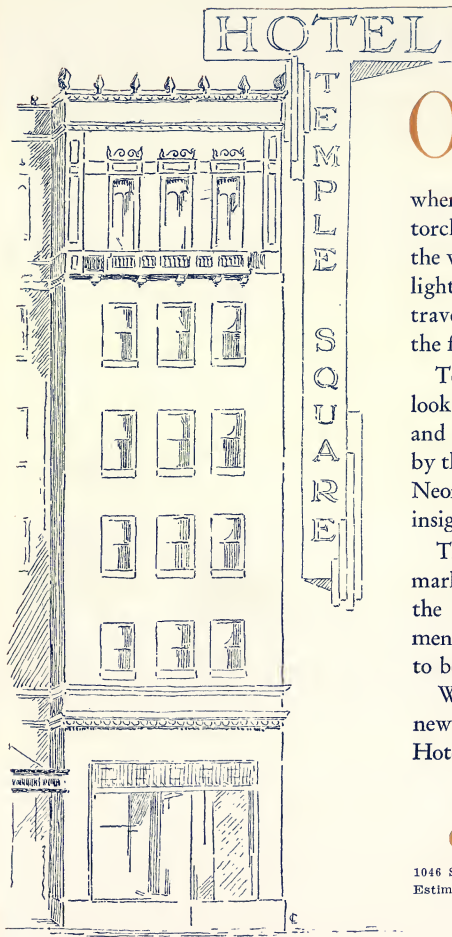
"Heart" Horton Learns Basketball

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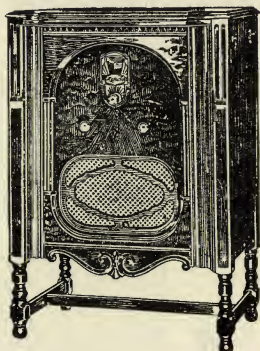
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FORECAST

Dr. Franklin S. Harris, who recently returned from Russia, where he went as chairman of an important fact-finding committee, furnishes an article for the January *Era* under the title, "A Demonstration of Leisure Time Activities in Russia."

Through the courtesy of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the *Era* will publish in its next issue an article, "Col. and Mrs. Lindbergh Aid Archaeologists." This gives an interesting description of the "Lone Eagle's" flight over western America and will be well illustrated. A later article to appear in the February number, describes flights over the Maya region, during which Colonel Lindbergh and his party landed on spots wholly inaccessible except from the air. Their photographs and descriptions add materially to the world's knowledge of these localities.

The serial, "Out of the Burning," by Ivy Williams Stone, will leave the reader at a point where it will be difficult to wait for the next issue.

In addition to this story there will be others of the same nature which will furnish interesting and wholesome reading.

Harrison R. Merrill's promised article, "Dr. Harvey Fletcher—Friend of the Listener," is ready for the January number. This is a story of achievement which will inspire young people to set their sights high when aiming at life's target.

For the thoughtful reader Dean Milton Bennion's "Spiritual Philosophy of Life" will be continued. Many educators and other studious people have commented very favorably on this series.

Another story of Jim Bridger and his experiences as a scout and Indian fighter, from the pen of Carter E. Grant, will be forthcoming.

John D. Giles continues his interesting series, "From the Green Mountains to the Rockies." There is so much of drama and tragedy in the early history of the Church, that this account, illustrated as it is, is meeting with much favor.

The Improvement Era

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

CONTENTS

Title	Page
Editorial—	
The Prophet Joseph Smith.....	Hugh J. Cannon 101
Peace On Earth.....	Elsie Talmage Brandley 102
The House Party and the Weather.....	Dr. James E. Talmage 103
Sans Frankincense and Myrrh—A Story.....	Kathleen B. Nelson 106
An Appeal to Students.....	Dr. Elmer G. Peterson 109
Gratitude a Measure of Intelligence.....	Dr. George H. Brimhall 112
Poetry	113
Christmas Heritage.....	Edith Cherrington
To the Wind.....	Francis Nuttall
Voices.....	G. Adelle Shov
Wanderlust.....	Mary C. Shaw
To the Old Year.....	Mary Hale Woolsey
The Rainbow.....	Ruth May Fox
Out of the Burning—A Story.....	Ivy Williams Stone 114
Opening the Gospel Doors to the Slaves.....	Dr. John A. Widtsoe 117
A Spiritual Philosophy of Life—II.....	Dean Milton Bennion 120
The First White Man to View the Great Salt Lake.....	Carter E. Grant 123
The Dance of Life—Reviewed.....	Elsie Talmage Brandley 126
"Heart" Horton Learns Basketball—A Story.....	Prof. Harrison R. Merrill 128
From the Green Mountains to the Rockies—II.....	John D. Giles 131
Department of Education—	
L. D. S. Institutes and Why.....	Dr. Jos. F. Merrill 135
Dedication of Pocatello L. D. S. Institute.....	137
Priesthood Quorums—	
Suggestions for Guidance.....	138
Know Yourself.....	140
Blessed Are the Pure in Heart.....	Rosannah C. Irvine 140
Mutual Work—	
Executive Department.....	141
Advisory Committee Department.....	142
Finance and Publications Department.....	144
Community Activity Department.....	146
Adult Department.....	147
M Men-Cleaners Department.....	149
M Men Department.....	152
Gleaner Girls Department.....	153
Junior Girls Department.....	154
Vanguards-Scouts Department.....	155
Bee Hive Girls Department.....	156
M. I. A. Monthly Reports.....	159
How About the Unworthy Son?.....	Joseph S. Peery 167
Sailor's Superstition Saves Ship.....	176

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EDITORIAL

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Managing Editor

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Associate Editor

The Prophet Joseph Smith

By HUGH J. CANNON

ONE hundred twenty-four years ago, on the 23rd of this month, Joseph Smith was born. During the past century his name and the word "Mormonism" have become inseparable, and both he and the work he was instrumental in founding have been on trial. Efforts have been made by proponents and opponents to collect and present favorable and unfavorable evidence, and a mass of material is before the court.

This is an age of clear, incisive thinking, an age in which fraud of any kind is quickly detected and denounced. Any story amazing enough to attract universal attention must be invulnerable, or the verdict condemning it will be unanimous.

Joseph Smith's work, unlike the almost numberless religious organizations which have been effected since 1830, startled the world. The others have differed only in minor degrees from prevailing creeds. They do not claim to have any new and distinctive message to mankind and there is nothing in them upon which to focus serious criticism.

But it was not so with the youthful claimant to divine favor. Because of the nature of his story, the search-light, one might almost say the X-ray, was turned upon him and it, and this has continued ever since.

There are a number of general tests which can reasonably be applied to this work. Among them are the following: 1. Do its doctrines agree with the Bible? 2. Have the numerous prophecies made by Joseph Smith and his associates, many of which have been published to the world, been fulfilled? 3. Do the archaeological investigations made in recent years

contradict the Book of Mormon, or have the witnesses who testified to its divine origin ever been discredited? 4. Do the fruits of the Gospel as taught by Joseph Smith substantiate his claim? 5. Are practical, clear-thinking and prayerful men, who carefully investigate its principles, fully converted to it?

Has "Mormonism," based on these tests, made its case? The matter is deserving of painstaking analysis.

Many brilliant opponents have attempted by various means to prove the principles unscriptural. With a sound case their skill entitled them to a verdict. But did they win? A complete report of the three-days' public debate between the mental Goliath, Dr. John P. Newman, and Orson Pratt was gladly published and widely distributed by the Church. The challenger was hit squarely between the eyes, and his downfall was hardly less ignominious than was that of the original Goliath.

The Church was also willing to broadcast the newspaper discussion on the Book of Mormon between a skillful antagonist who signed himself "M." and Pres. B. H. Roberts, and on the Godhead between our same stalwart representative and an able opponent. Space will not permit of further reference to the demonstrated ability of Church members to defend their belief, using the Bible as their weapon.

Had Joseph Smith uttered no other prophecy than the one regarding the Civil War, his prophetic gift would still be worthy of notice. But while this prediction has perhaps attracted more attention than any other made by him, it is but one of the many which stand to his credit and are no less

remarkable. For example: He declared it had been revealed to him that his name should be known for good and evil throughout the world. This from an unknown farmer's boy!

Almost every missionary who has gone out from the Church has received a blessing under the hands of the general authorities. The gift of prophecy has been manifested times without number on these occasions, and though the promises have seldom been published to the world, the recipients have borne solemn testimony that this gift has been restored. Just one example: In the very early days of the Church Heber C. Kimball was called to England as a missionary. The responsibility terrified him, but he consented to go and later wrote in his journal: "The presidency laid their hands on me and set me apart to preside over the British mission and conferred great blessings upon my head; said that God would make me mighty in that nation in winning souls unto him; angels should accompany me and bear me up." During all his subsequent life he testified that this prediction had been fulfilled. Volumes have been written on the modern prophecies and their fulfillment.

The Book of Mormon makes positive statements concerning the ancient inhabitants of this land, recounting how they lived, describing their civilization, worship, travel, buildings, and final destruction. Has any archaeologist found evidence which seriously controverts any of these statements? There are many men in this and other nations, like the unknown "M" referred to herein, who are eager to pounce upon any evidence which would prove this book false, but in a hundred years of research they

have sought in vain for such material.

One can do no more in this article than call attention in a brief sentence to the singular agreement on historical and doctrinal points between the Jewish and the Nephite Scriptures. And the prophecies of the latter record have had quite as complete fulfillment as those of the former.

The witnesses to the Book of Mormon were not always in harmony with their leader, but they never wavered in their testimony, even when the hand of death was reaching out for them. The credibility of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris was unquestioned, and no more solemn testimony has ever been borne to the world than their words recorded in the first part of the Book of Mormon. The testimony of the eight witnesses that they saw and touched the plates, though not so far-reaching as that of the three, is no less solemn.

In a sense the Church itself and its accomplishments furnish the best evidence of its divinity. The fruits of "Mormonism" are good. Every unprejudiced person who has investigated the matter testifies to that fact. Testimony is also offered and it is accepted as truth throughout the world, that the "Mormon" Church has the best organization in existence. That being true, one of three things must be a fact: This is the Church of Jesus Christ, or he has no church upon earth, or he has permitted Satan or man to form a better organization than he was able to create. The last alternative is unthinkable.

After all, testimony is the one unanswerable argument. Men who have made a study of "Mormonism," not with a view of accepting it but to ascertain if possible the secret of its widespread influence over its members, have marveled at the very large number who solemnly say they know these things to be true. Begin with Joseph Smith's family. In any important matter parents always know whether or not a child is telling the truth. But these parents fully accepted the boy's story. To believe they would stand by him in a falsehood—facing the odium and persecution which followed—requires even more imagination than Joseph's enemies accused him of having. Even their lives were in danger and

an older brother went willingly with him to death. Consider, too, the character of the men who were ready to give their lives for the testimony that his calling was divine. Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, and hosts of others who were prepared to die for him or the work, were men who could not easily be deceived.

With this evidence before it, and

this is a minor part of that which might be submitted, what would be the verdict of a fair-minded jury? It requires more credulity to believe that Joseph Smith was an impostor than to believe that God spoke from heaven.

Today this man is a world figure, his claims unshaken by the assaults of hate or the calm unprejudiced investigation of scientists and thinkers.

Peace On Earth

By ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

CHRISTMAS is on its joyous, holly-bedecked way. Every thought is turned towards the great holiday of the world; the day which commemorates the birth of the Savior. In the rush and struggle of every day life, the ideals of Jesus help us to make the decisions and choose the path which lead to happiness and salvation, if we but take the time to make them a part of our philosophy of living. And if we do not consciously sit down to ponder on the meaning of the truths he taught during the brief three years of his ministry, there is still power in them which makes them a part of us, even though an undefined part.

The world today is different from the world of even a century ago. The materialistic attitude of many people has resulted in such an abundance of things to be wanted, and such a feverish attempt to secure them for ourselves, that calm tranquility is a characteristic more frequently envied in

others than possessed by the average girl and boy. Hours for thoughtful contemplation of life and its meaning are crowded out by the innumerable interruptions and diversions which appear continuously all day long, and so the joy of understanding life as well as living it is diminished.

During the Christmas holidays there might be a few moments in which to think, or talk about the real things of existence. Shows, automobiles, dances and fine clothes are not the greatest blessings to be attained, but sometimes in the effort to secure those, we leave ourselves no time to place real values upon the real things. Gifts for Christmas are selected with a mental comparison, and an unvoiced idea of what will be given in return; the shepherds and the wise men expected nothing in return for their gifts that first Christmas.

The youth of the Church constitutes a tremendous power. You are the ones whose responsibility it is to insure the faith and unwavering trust in the Gospel which is your heritage. At Christmas time—on Christmas day, if no other time is promising—take a few minutes with yourself to find out what preparation of soul and mind you are making to carry on. The future of the Church depends upon you; the great gifts which have been in the "family" for a century are yours to preserve, untarnished. And so, on the very eve of the new century of "Mormonism," take inventory, and see that you understand the stock, and know what your part is in its preservation. May a clearer understanding of its incomparable value to you, individually, and to the generations to follow, be yours this Christmas-tide.



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No. 2

The House Party and the Weather A Parable—After a Fashion

By
JAMES E. TALMAGE
*of the
Council of the Twelve*

ONCE upon a time there was a party at our home, even as there had been parties before and have been since; but this one was out of the ordinary. A small company of girls, chums and guests of our girls, had come to spend a few days together, as girls like to do. When was it? Ah, the years have sped their way with swift wings since then! Every one of that gladsome, winsome, lovely and lovable bevy of girls is now a matron in her own right, lovable as ever, with girls of her own—to say nothing of the boys. Never mind the boys; this part of our story has to do with girls. Boys did not count, except as mustn't-meddle lookers-on, in that little house party far back in the yesteryears.

I was a looker-on too, a privileged one in a limited sense, being let into little secrets and whispered conspiracies—for there were factions in the party, each trying to out-do the others in plotting and scheming for the happiness of all.

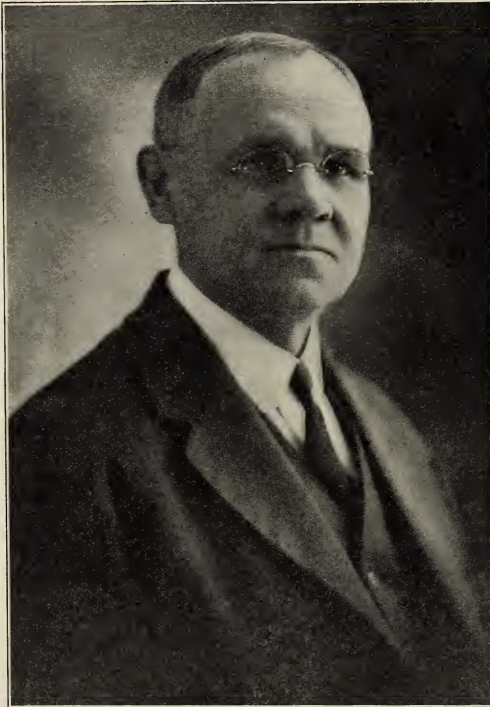
Blessed be the faculty of recollection! Cheer and comfort come to me tonight

as I write—for the indestructible kinegraph of the past is clear and brilliant.

THE party was a joyous one and a goodly. Every waking hour was provided for with program varied and full. Wholesome fun and frolic had their place, as had reading, music and story-telling, with just enough of seriousness to make stimulating contrast. Outdoor activities in the early autumn days, with cozy gatherings before the open fire or attendance at theater or concert in the evenings was the usual order.

ON my arrival home once at dusk I was forcibly seized—a not unwilling prisoner—and was dragged into the kitchen to view the preparations for next day's picnic. The display was appetizingly tempting. There was to be an early start, for the proposed hike led up City Creek Canyon, thence on beyond Black Mountain, with Dry Canyon as the homeward stretch.

The cumulative knowledge of the group was all-sufficient. They were sure of the trail, where they had to leave the canyon road; they knew just where the late flowers were to be found, where to get the best view of massive limestone



DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE

walls and crags, where to look for the weathered-out "stone lilies"—those fossilized crinoids that tell of ocean life millenniums ago—all of this and much more. Oh, the joys of anticipation!

I ENTERED into the gladsome spirit of it all, and when released from custody went to my room. Glancing by habit at the barometer hanging above my desk I noted that a very considerable fall in air pressure had occurred during the day, and, as a later reading showed, this was still in progress. A test with the hygrometer demonstrated that the humidity of the atmosphere was unusually high. These observations led to an examination of weather data in the day's paper.

When the evening dinner was finished, as the girls were about to hasten from the table, I ventured to advise that they change their program for the next day and enjoy themselves at or near home, postponing the canyon trip. Then came the inevitable "Why?"

"Because of bad weather: a heavy storm is coming tomorrow." Disappointment was plainly manifest; this led to amazement, and in turn to dismay. I was pulled to the open door, then pushed outside, and was rather peremptorily told to look at the stars. I looked: they were all there, in their places and shining brightly. Questions were put. How could I stand beneath so glorious a sky and speak of rain and wind for the morrow? The prediction, the warning, the advice were repeated; and, of course, the forecaster was made to know that he was very unpopular, then and there. Verily, that poor prophet was without honor in his own household.

NEXT morning the barometric reading was lower still. No, the barometer had not fallen; to say that it had would be to follow a loose and inaccurate style of speech, all too common. The instrument still hung above my desk, and hangs there yet; but on that bright morning it showed that the atmospheric pressure had decreased or fallen during the night.

At the breakfast table the weather-prophet found his chair shifted from its usual place; it was set so that the direct sunlight would fall upon his plate, if not in his face. After appreciation of the lovely weather had been impressively

voiced, somebody made a remark, casual of course, about there being different kinds of prophets. One smiling miss, who was a student in a Church school and whom I had observed in the act of returning the Bible to its place as I came down to breakfast, said that she remembered something in Deuteronomy, eighteenth chapter as she vaguely recalled, about the test of a true prophet being that his predictions came to pass; but weather-prophets were not specifically mentioned in that chapter, she added. The weather-prophet reiterated his forecast and counsel of the preceding evening, with even greater certainty and earnestness.

FATHER," said one of our girls, "if you say we mustn't go today, of course we won't. Do you really mean that we must not?"

"No, indeed," was the reply; "I know we shall have a storm today; and to be overtaken by it in the canyon or on the mountain would be not only disagreeable but dangerous. So I advise you to stay near home. But you may do as you please."

The girls went into executive session; a decision was soon reached—to start at once and go as far as they could while the weather was fair; and that if any really threatening signs of rain appeared they would turn back.

WE left the house at about the same time, the girls and I, they for the canyon, I for the office, they with lunch-baskets, camera, and other accessories, I with rain-coat on arm and um-

brella in hand. And the sun was still shining, though clouds could be seen in the north and west.

By early afternoon the sky was darkened, then blackened. Before long lightning flashed and thunder rolled, while the wind roared in fury. The Storm King was abroad, with a mighty army in full action. The possibility of torrents in the canyons caused me concern. I went home early, with mackintosh and umbrella in good service, and with a half-formed plan of enlisting aid and setting out to find the girls. Anxiety was soon dispelled, however. I arrived just in time to witness the return of the bedraggled brigade.

A QUICK count showed all present, but in what a state! Have you ever seen a flock of chickens rushing for shelter after having been caught afire in a heavy downpour? Never mind answering; the question may have nothing to do with the story—irrelevant indeed.

A bath, dry clothing and dinner restored the feminine spirits to a condition near normal gaiety. They laughed over their misadventures and had much to tell. However, one of the girls guardedly expressed a thought that brought a serious look to every countenance; commotion followed. Then came the most grievous tragedy of the day:

THEY blamed the weather-prophet for it all—for the rain and the wind, the lightning and thunder, the soaked sandwiches, the torn dresses, and for the loss of sundry articles dropped in the hurried retreat. Why had he cast so evil a spell over them, with his barometer, his hygrometer, and his magical conjurations? Later, they came to understand—in part, at least.

Thank you, girls as you were, women as you are—thank you, each and all, for the good food of thought with which you have served me. I too find it difficult, sometimes, to understand; but is it not so with all of us?

WE are prone to confound foreknowledge with cause; and this weakness of ours, absurdly inconsistent, illogical and childish though it be, is particularly manifest in our appraisement of Divine prophecy and its fulfillment. In mercy the Lord warns and

DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE, a member of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is prominent in literary as well as religious circles, for he has long been recognized as an outstanding author and educator. He has written many books on nature, science and theology; and during his years as professor and president of various Utah schools, he made deep impressions upon the minds and hearts of the hundreds of students fortunate enough to come under the influence of his tireless energy, thorough training and strong personality. As a member of several scientific societies he is internationally known, and through such affiliations has been able to accomplish much good for the Church to which he renders implicit devotion.

forewarns. He sees the coming storm, knows the forces operating to produce it, and calls aloud through his prophets, advises, counsels, exhorts, aye, even commands—that we prepare for what is about to befall and take shelter while yet there is time.

But we go our several ways, feasting and making merry, consoling conscience with the easy fancy of "time enough" and in idle hope that the tempest will pass us by, or that, when it begins to gather thick and black about us we can turn back and find shelter.

SO has it been, so is it likely to be, else history is no indicator of futurity. Man is self-centered and selfish; he follows his bent for pleasure, wealth, power, ignoring the barometer of advancing time, though it signals change and turmoil as surely as did the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's impious feast. When the storm bursts—in war, pestilence, famine, earthquake or destruction in general—he attributes evil to the prophets who spake and to the God who gave them utterance.

PRAY be not hasty in denying parallelism between the experience of the girls in our story and that of mankind with respect to the great events of history. It may be thought that prophetic warning, based on foreknowledge of approaching calamity, would be unnecessary and void if God, who knows all and is almighty—omniscient and omnipotent—chose to avert the impending disaster. True, the human forecaster, depending upon present observations, can tell of coming events only as they cast their shadows before; but one may say that Deity can so order things that there would be no looming disasters to cast shadows and follow them with dread reality. This fragmental thought may be shaped to mean that God could prevent the coming of the storm if He would.

ADMITTEDLY so, in a narrow sense; *but would He?* By another conception one may rationally and without irreverence ask: *Could He?* As to the attributes of Deity, enough has been revealed to make us know that God operates through law—Divine law—and it follows that He does not violate law. Therefore, God cannot arbitrarily, capriciously, prevent or set aside the results of obedience or disobedience to law.

WE become men, not after we have been dissipated, and disappointed in the chase of false pleasure; but after we have ascertained, in any way, what impassable barriers hem us in through this life; how mad it is to hope for contentment to our infinite soul from the gifts of this extremely finite world; that a man must be sufficient for himself; and that for sufferer and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing. Manhood begins when we have in any way made trace with Necessity; begins even when we have surrendered to Necessity; as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to Necessity; and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt that in Necessity we are free.—
Thomas Carlyle.

TO the Children of Israel in the olden days, after they had been brought up from Egypt into the land of promise, Jehovah presented two panoramas, of contrast as strong as that between noon and midnight. One showed blessings surpassing all rational expectation, assurance of rich harvests and thriving flocks, of individual and national prosperity; the other depicted misfortune and loss, captivity and servitude. The realization of the one or the other, of blessing or cursing, was contingent upon their fidelity in righteousness or their high treason in sin.

AS it became apparent that Israel had chosen the evil alternative, the Lord brought before them again and again the picture of impending distress. He pleaded with them as a father with a wayward son; He commanded and threatened, but they would not heed. In time came the Assyrian captivity, later the Babylonian, and then subjugation by Rome. In accord with the fateful prophecy voiced by Amos, Israel have been scattered amongst the nations "like as corn is sifted in a sieve."

All this was foreknown to Israel's God—yes, and more, for beyond the dispersion He saw the gathering of His people, now in progress. Did Jehovah, whose prescience embraced the events of centuries and millenniums, bring the curse upon Israel, or did Israel bring it upon themselves?

GOD reads the future of child and children, of men individually and of men collectively as

communities and nations; He knows what each will do under given conditions and sees the end from the beginning. His foreknowledge springs from intelligence and supreme wisdom. He sees the future as a state which in the sequence of events will be, not as one which must be because He has willed that it shall be.

The predicted judgments of the last days, now manifest, are just and, withal, beneficent. They were divinely foretold, and the way of escape or protection was prepared aforesaid.

So may we apply our parabolic story of the girls and the weather.

Poison Poppies

A MAN, keeping a fine swarm of bees, loved the little busy creatures; summer after summer he watched them go to fields of sweet clover, and fly back to the hive to deposit their treasure and seal it over with the wax which would keep it clean and wholesome and nourishing.

One summer the bees discovered a garden of poppies. No need had they to go in search of other fields when here in such abundance grew gorgeous blooms. But before they had found the honey, they grew sleepy, and turned toward home to rest. The drug in the flowers had had its effect. Upon awakening, they hurried back to the fascinating spot, there to buzz drowsily about until their senses were dulled, and they could sleep again, forgetful of the sunny hours passing by. Winter came, and found them unprepared, for their whole summer had been wasted in the soothing poppy garden.

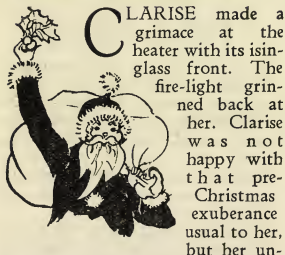
Are there pleasures, gay and bewildering which draw us away from the life-giving joys of less spectacular pursuits? We know the difference between the things which give health and happiness, and those which give only momentary excitement, followed by discontent and regret, but knowing, are we choosing wisely, that the winter to follow the sweet spring-time of youth shall find us ready, our hives of life filled to overflow with the sweetness which will carry us through the rest of our days?

*This is a true incident, related by a friend of the Bee-Keeper in a meeting of Y. L. M. I. A. officers.



Sans Frankincense And Myrrh

By KATHLEEN B. NELSON



CLARISE made a grimace at the heater with its isinglass front. The fire-light grinned back at her. Clarise was not happy with that pre-Christmas exuberance usual to her, but her unhappiness was not bad enough for the luxury of despair nor the cooling depths of sorrow. It was just plain uncomfortable, something laying hands on her smug optimism and flaying her responsibility side.

In the thirty Christmases she remembered of her thirty-four years, none had ever shown so little promise as the forthcoming one. Christmas only five days off and she floundering for cheer. It was incredible. Could it be she was growing old?

NO! That was not it. Hastily she arose to her own defense. This morning her mind had been full of happy plans. It was only since she had run down to the store for that ribbon that things had changed. It was in the air—that's what it was. The air was thick with the query, "What's the use?" In her daily occupation of building up this Christmas fantasy for the children, how slow she had been to sense that the village was numb with helplessness. The first of the month the paper mill had closed down. That meant every man in the village except the postmaster was out of a job.

Clarise Williams was a schoolmarm with an ungraded school of eighteen pupils. She had been a teacher for fourteen years but this ungraded school was a new experience. New experience, new surroundings—it was the desire for these that had brought her here. When her mother died the previous spring she had felt she must get away from all dear familiar things, so here she was. There were no relatives to consult. She was the last of the family. There had been friends—many of them—always. Her mother kept open house for her friends, not only in holiday season but all the year round. What happy times they had had! But when one is thirty-four most of one's friends have made permanent attachments and have to go out of their way to include one in their number. The last few years Clarise had felt this. She always sent their children some little remembrances at Christmas. She gave careful consideration to the smallest gift and dispatched them trustfully with the postman who charged nothing extra for the weight of love in each.

IT was Saturday morning and she had just been finishing a perky little apron for Dotty Mason. She had run to the only store two blocks away to get some ribbon for the ties. When she entered the store she was struck by the unwonted quiet. Three men were drawn up around the red-hot stove. Mrs. Larsen in a purple crocheted hug-me-tight sat with her plump hands before her on the counter. The Saturday before Christmas and nobody buying a thing!

WHERE are your toys?" Clarise inquired. She ex-

pected to see the usual small town array.

"Ain't got none!"

"Not any little things—dolls—and trains—and balls—things for the children to buy?"

"What for?"

"Why, to make it seem like Christmas," lamely from Clarise.

"No. As soon as I heard the mill wuz to close I cancelled my order."

"Oh-h." It was a long drawn out, the real situation slowly sinking in. One of the men laughed.

Clarise took her ribbon and departed. As the door was closing she heard one of the men mock, "To make it seem like Christmas!"

She felt like she had had a battle and come off the loser.

NOW as she sat in the rented room that was home, tacking the bows on the little apron all her eagerness had left her. What was the sense in her making presents for children who had everything while her own—her roomful of little trusting children went without Christmas?

It wasn't as if they were expecting nothing. Whatever Clarise did she did with her whole soul. Immediately Thanksgiving was over, every day had been filled with these suggestions of Christmas—pictures, songs, stories, poems, games—little gifts for parents and brothers and sisters. Everything anticipative of the great holiday.

THIS Christmas atmosphere. Clarise loved and made everyone else love it. It would be hard to make one understand how much Christmas meant to Clarise—that is, one to whom it was only the 25 of December and a big hole in the bank account. Santa Claus was as real to her as to her little

charges. When she first mentioned Santa Claus in school the older children laughed knowingly but one by one they had drawn into the magic circle. It was so much more fun to be on the inside looking out. "A little thoughtfulness is all it takes to make a child happy." That was her philosophy, but after her trip to the store Clarise doubted.

Always before she had taught in select residence districts. This problem of bread and butter was only a general one. She hadn't realized that the closing of a mill could literally behead Santa Claus. And she had gone on encouraging her trusting brood in their shy confidence. Plainly it was her responsibility to see that they were not disappointed.

SOMETHING must be done. But what? She could not give the men work. Impatiently she threw the unfinished apron on the table and began walking about the room. It was a pleasant room with a bay window in one end and a heater in the other—the only trouble being, these cold days, that these two points of interest were rather far apart. In the window-seat was a basket bulging with multi-colored yarns—leftovers from her pulled-rug venture. The yarn gave Clarise her happy thought, and she was putting on her rubbers in a jiffy and walking briskly around to Mrs. Swenson's in the next block. When she emerged half an hour later you could tell Clarise had started something. "Be sure and tell them to bring all their bright colored scraps and needles and thread and think-caps," Mrs.

Swenson called after her.



AT two-thirty that afternoon the work



party at Miss Williams' was getting well under way. The older children and the men were at home to tend babies so the women were unencumbered. At two-fifteen Mrs. Elston came puffing in with a twenty pound baby. "I just had to bring him. Sam went up the mountain for a Christmas tree."

"A Christmas tree," laughed Annie Waite. "What do you want a Christmas tree for?"

"For the baby of course."

A SNORT from Annie, "A four-month's old baby, what does he know about Christmas trees?"

"Not as much as he's going to by a darn sight. We've been married eight years and this is the first Christmas we've had a kid and we're going to have a tree, work or no work. It's our first real Christmas." Mrs. Elston spoke fiercely and Mrs. Swenson hastened to intervene.

"You're right, Sadie. None of the children is going without Christmas if we can help it. Now each one of you, I hope, has an idea for something to please them."

Mrs. Scheimer had many ideas—many more than she could make intelligible in English. She had worked in a toy factory in Berlin. But she had brought materials to demonstrate at least one idea—spools, buttons, wooden beads, string.

"I make one doll to make you laugh." Busily she set to work.

EVERYONE was busy—every one talking at once. Happy as little children—perhaps happier, seeing their ideas grow into concrete expression. One woman was fashioning a wonderful dog with shoe-button eyes from a piece of astrachan coating. In the hands of the two others an old piece of white plush washed soft and silky was inspiration for adorable bunnies and kittens. The rag dolls under Clarise's supervision were emerging gay marvels in their bright crocheted dresses.

Mrs. Scheimer was gesticulating wildly with her hands touching the smooth surface of the door, rubbing her cheeks. Paint—that was what she wanted—finally they understood.

Mrs. Swenson said she had half a can of white enamel and while she went to get it Clarise rifled her



china painting outfit for colors and brushes.

Mrs. Scheimer proved a wizard with paint. She could make a clothes pin look like a movie vamp or a Methodist minister. The only trouble was lack of materials on which to experiment.

Mrs. Huizer said her husband whittled all kinds of wooden toys. Had a whole box full of them.

"He make 'em, I paint 'em. We go partners."

THE short December afternoon was over. The lights were turned on. Most of them stayed long past supper time.

"Let the men folks see what an easy time we have at home all day long."

Mrs. Jacobs was talking in an undertone to her neighbors.

"I tries to be savin' but it don't do no good. Ike never gives me a cent and when I go an' charge things he says, 'Minnie throws more out the back door than I can haul in the front door with a wheel barrow.' Men don't appreciate and they haven't the feelin' for their kids."

"Ah, come on, Minnie. You don't mean that. It ain't only the mothers that like to see their kids happy. Sometimes I have to snoop a nickel here and mebbe a dollar somewhere's else to get enough together to buy 'em something they wants. That's the way it was with Freddie's wagon. If I'd come and asked Rube to get it he'd a thundered his head off, but I went about it quiet and when I'd got enough, (I didn't dare take it all out of one check) I went and bought it. Rube was tickled'er

than the kid with it. Couldn't wait 'til morning for him to try it. Had to go in and pull 'im out of bed."

"They're all alike—my Chris—"

"Yes, but bein' out of work weighs heavy on 'em. They can't forget there's nothing comin' in."

"Cept the wolf, as my old man sez."

MRS. Swenson tried to steer them from that disagreeable subject.

"Len got a good one on me the other day," she said. "I was braggin' I never wasted anything. 'Why, Maria,' he sez, 'You waste more breath than anyone I ever knew.'"

The brief laugh was not enough to change the train of thought.

"These things we are making are all right for the little children, but they're not going to take the place of skates and sleds and books for the older ones. We're not actually suffering but the men will not spend money for such things with no work in sight." It was Mrs. Taylor who spoke. She had worked busily all afternoon without saying much. She hoped the doll she had made would please some little one. It did not solve her individual problem.

"We must be hopeful." This from Clarise. "Even now something might happen before Christmas."

"What could happen?"

"Well, I've heard of mountains being moved."

"We don't want a mountain moved, dear Miss Williams, just something to cheer the men up. There's no chance for Christmas spirit with them all so sullen."

"Bein' a father's hard work sometimes—especially at Christmas."

"Yes, I know. But let's just think everything is going to be all right. The mill may re-open."

"The last of the year!" They regarded her pityingly. Whatever she knew about school teaching she knew very little about mill owners.

PERHAPS their attitude sprang defiance in Clarise. Whatever it was she was startled at her own ringing words.

"What about faith? If you women don't have faith your men are beaten before they start. I tell you something will happen and the men won't have to leave home to find work!"



Clarise dropped into bed and slept the sleep of the blessed. When she opened her eyes it was broad daylight and much lighter than usual, for the ground was covered with snow. Through half open lids Clarise noted the feathery flakes, then dozed off again. She was so tired and it was so pleasant to lie half asleep and half awake.

It snowed all day. Clarise did not leave the house. The unchallenged quiet was heavenly. Truly it was a day of rest. Her spirit felt bathed and refreshed. She wrote some letters and addressed some Christmas cards. Just before dark she walked out on the porch. The sky fairies still seemed to be shaking their giant sifter. The white peace that stretched as far as eye could reach was only rivaled by the peace in her heart. How different the feverish haste of yesterday—and tomorrow, back into the battle, but today that did not matter.

NEXT morning up and making her own fire before daylight she was startled by a man whistling happily. Looking out she saw Timothy Waite shoveling a path to her door. The snow was above his knees.

"A job at last," he shouted seeing Clarise framed in the doorway. "Sure some snow!"

It was indeed, breaking all previous records. It stopped for about two hours, while the men worked clearing paths. Then it began again. The children were wild with delight. The paths, with the snow piled high on either side, became new mysterious alley ways. It was snowing at recess but there was no keeping them inside.

JUST before noon when Clarise was giving the high class spelling, there came a cracking, thunderous sound. Then men ran past the school-house. Clarise was frightened, but she managed to answer the children's frightened questioning with a reassuring smile. John Blum, oldest boy in the school was hastily dispatched to find out what it was all about.

He was not long in returning. "It's the warehouse roof," he announced breathlessly. "The snow's caved it in."

Now there was work and work aplenty. They turned out to a man and worked, regardless of wages. 'Til after dark they were removing the snow and debris. It had cleared off and was freezing hard.

AS Clarise walked home, fragrant odors of baking and frying came from the clustered cabins. She sensed the change in the village. There was stir and excitement. The apathy caused by three weeks enforced idleness was broken. Later she heard the men shouting, laughing, even singing as they came home from the mill.

Mrs. Swenson had gone in to make a fire so Clarise came home to meet cheer.

"How's the miracle-maker," laughed her neighbor.

Clarise was at a loss to catch her meaning.

"You're not going to deny that you prophesied something would happen, are you?"

"Well, has it?"

"Well, hasn't it? The men are working. You must have prayed hard."

"Not for the warehouse roof to fall in."

CLARISE could not help laughing. The mill owner would never feel the loss. Doubtless it was controlled by Eastern capital. But Mrs. Swenson was pouring a steady stream of conversation.

"They'll get it all cleared out tonight. It's a blessing it's quit snowing. They'll start on the new

(Continued on page 168)

An Appeal to Students

By DR. ELMER G. PETERSON

President of the Utah Agricultural College

EACH year throughout the country we observe what is called Constitution Week, during which we attempt to analyze and appraise anew our great basic governmental document. There has been special fervor in the appeals to support the Constitution during recent years because of the development of a state of lawlessness which many observers believe seriously jeopardizes the very liberties our Constitution was ordained to establish. We must assume that it is among the first duties of intelligent citizens to uphold the law of the land. If they do not they invite anarchy and destruction of all the benefits of orderly government. It has become smart to drink liquor in America. This nation-wide violation of our Constitution may return to plague us; indeed it has already done so. It must be a matter of grave concern to all Americans to have the President of the United States announce, as he did a few months ago, that life and property are less safe in America than anywhere else in the civilized world. "We are suffering," he said, "not from a crime wave, but from a subsidence of our foundations." A more severe arraignment of America has never been made in its history than this. In the midst of our prosperity and

power, we laugh heartily at this statement; as the drunken despots of old laughed and leered when prophets told them they were headed for ruin.

LET me make it clear that I am not a pessimist, preaching doom. I believe heartily that ours is the most capable and in some ways the finest generation of history, but I do believe that the wastage now as always in wrecked lives and diseased bodies and souls is tragically great as we go forward to whatever our destiny may be.

And I want to say that if a

college becomes merely a reflection of cheap American life, its doors had better be closed. If our student groups and our social assemblies are not markedly different from the comparatively low club and social life and the cheap public dance halls which infest our communities our colleges had better be demobilized and the students go down among those who have never had the vision which should come from institutions of learning.

IT is probably unnecessary to say that there are many citizens in every community who arouse only our great admiration. There is probably a growing number of such carrying heavy burdens uncomplainingly and generously supporting every good movement. In fact the evil I am here mentioning seems to be more in movements and in formulas and ways of thinking which fasten themselves upon the world than in people themselves, although there are always enough people of low aspiration and conduct in every community to express any evil we may have in mind.

IN considering the Constitution we should think not only of the Constitution but in addition of all law, not only that great body of decisions of our legislative assemblies but also those even greater



DR. ELMER G. PETERSON

dicta which may be classed as natural law, whose operations pervade the entire universe. I have in mind also not only recognized and demonstrable natural law but that even more important group which we call spiritual law, as yet only vaguely defined and understood, yet which exercises a determining influence upon the future of each one of us and which determines the development of nations. Taken as a whole the observance or the violation of law has the effect either of raising an individual, a group and a nation to great levels of achievement or in an apparently ruthless way crushing them. Everything in our universe from the movement of a dust particle to the operation of a great intellect is under the rule of law. We cannot escape it.

To know the law and to obey it in my judgment is the first necessity if we are to achieve personal integrity or social and national worthiness.

The Declaration of Independence says among other things that "we hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal and endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

THESE are rights, so says the Declaration, to which every man is entitled; as he is entitled to the benefits of gravity as he runs water over his field to irrigate his crops or as he drops water on a wheel to generate electricity or as he suffers disaster as he falls from a high building. It would be unthinkable to have water run down the rows on one man's farm and refuse to do so on another.

The overwhelming portion of the leaders of the civilized world did not grant in 1776 that men had such things as inalienable rights. The world had been nurtured for centuries on the doctrine of the divine rights of kings or popes and priests. They were unaccustomed to this new doctrine of the divine right of ordinary people.

EVEN after the adoption of the Constitution as the basis of our commonwealth through its acceptance by the original states, many accepted this statement as a theory only, but the founders of our government believed it sincerely. It was an expression of faith in a

DR. ELMER G. PETERSON, president of the Utah Agricultural College since 1916, is a Utah product, having been born in Plain City, Weber county. His state has reason to be proud of him. He graduated from the school over which he now presides, and later studied at the University of Chicago and at Cornell, teaching for a time in the latter institution. He is a member of a number of scientific societies and is the author of many articles on bacteriology and entomology. The West is fortunate in having at the head of one of its colleges a man who exercises so wholesome an influence over young people as does Dr. Peterson.

purely spiritual conception which has marked our government and determined our progress for the past hundred and fifty years. It is this that I now have in mind, this faith in a purely spiritual conception.

TODAY this issue separates the world into two groups. The first group consists of the believers in animalism, the atheists and the mechanists on one hand and everybody else on the other. Each group is entitled to respect and a hearing. A surprising portion of the civilized world, particularly a large portion of the so-called intellectuals, admittedly now has faith only in the demonstrable things of life. They have abandoned the old spiritual concepts. No one would deny the primitive necessity of proof in all scientific matters. Tested thought is the very foundation of modern civilization. Where we err is in trying to subject to proof those things which do not admit of proof or measurement, or analysis in any material way. The important thing to remember is that these intangible and unmeasurable forces or values are even more important than those things we can measure and analyze. The love of a mother for her child, the devotion of men to a principle driving them even to death, honor that is above price, the friendship of strong men for each other, courage which enables men to face any suffering, self denial for others or in a just cause, the love of justice,—these are spiritual forces the power of which cannot be denied.

Incomparably the greatest event in the history of the world is that which relates to the life, the cruci-

fixion and the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

THOSE who may for purposes of this discussion be called unbelievers (I use the word reluctantly because many so classified advocate and practice the most advanced morality) would make Christ essentially a sociologist and philosopher. They do not believe in the intangible or the unprovable assumptions which are considered by many to be the very heart of Christianity. They espouse Christianity in its ethical aspects only. This they would say is Christianity. These honest doubters are agnostics in the sense that Huxley, who invented the word, was. He deliberately used this term to distinguish himself and others of similar belief from those whom the church histories of the times called gnostics, meaning those who professed, sometimes undoubtedly unworthily, knowledge which they did not possess. As opposed to the oppressive priestcraft of former times which sought to coerce men into assumptions and pretensions of faith for which they were not prepared and of which they in many cases were unworthy, agnosticism was a wholesome reaction which undoubtedly has done its great part in freeing the world from vicious practices in the name of religion.

IT should be remembered that the world is full of philosophies, theories and ethical statements as admirable as any philosophy Jesus taught, but our civilization, the Anglo-Saxon and Nordic particularly, is, in my judgment, based upon Christ not as a philosopher, a sociologist, or economist, but as the Son of God who came, as Paul said he himself came, not to teach the attractive things which made up the thinking of the Greeks or any other representatives of a purely intellectual civilization but to teach Christ crucified and risen from the dead.

Luke in the beginning of the great record known as the Gospel according to St. Luke says:

"For as much as many have taken it hard to draw up a narrative concerning those matters which have been fulfilled among us, even as they delivered them unto us, who from the beginning were eye witnesses and ministers of the word, it seemed good to me also, having traced the course of all things accurately from the first, to write unto thee in order, most

excellent Theophilus, that thou mightest know the certainty concerning the things wherein thou wast instructed."

IT is these matters "which have been fulfilled among us" which merit the careful attention of all of us. I venture the assertion that every one who reads these lines, as every one in America, is a beneficiary of the blessings which have followed faith in Christ crucified and resurrected from the dead. The civilization of which we are a part, centering in the home and emphasizing the importance, even the sanctity, of the individual is a product of New Testament teaching. North Europe and American development is largely the result of faith in Christ as the Savior of the world. I would consider myself gravely derelict in my duty if I did not charge the students everywhere and particularly of the College with which I am associated with the solemn responsibility of inquiring diligently into those things "which have been fulfilled among us."

I believe that faith in God is the first necessity of this or any other generation. I believe that the absence of such faith has been the corrupting influence in the life of every nation that has decayed and equally that such atheism has been the essential and beginning evil which has wrecked the life of every individual who has degenerated to a low level. If this is true then how important it is that we attempt to understand the record contained in the New Testament. It is more important than all our other learning.

THE story of the World War has not yet been told in full, particularly the origins. It is of less importance to know that Germany or France or England was the exciting cause than to know what kind of thinking it was that led men and nations up to such a terrible cataclysm. I think that the cause of such monstrous action is complex and cannot be stated fully in a single statement. At the same time I think that the primary cause of every war is the thinking of people and particularly their unbelief in the reality of God or in the actuality of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The world has been overrun by the doctrine of evolution, which of course no intelligent and informed man denies. Evolution is a fact or rather a tremendous

concourse of facts. That man is a beast is not a fact. One of the curses of our times is that this great doctrine of progression has been prostituted into unbelief in the spiritual nature of man. Consequently any nation, England, Germany or France, conceiving of man as essentially an animal naturally proceeded to apply to man the laws of the animal which are the laws of violence. If any animal desires food which is possessed by another animal weaker than he, he takes it by force. So a nation seeking coal fields or oil or harbors sends its soldiers or its ships out to capture what is needed. This is overwhelmingly the tragic story of the world from its earliest history and it is the present international point of view which inevitably produced the World War and will continue to produce wars as long as men so believe. Pre-war Europe was under the influence of the theory of evolution applied not only to animals and plants but also to man, particularly that portion of it which related to the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. The philosophers of Germany were unqualified in their opinions. Such opinions pervading the thinking of whole nations, particularly the advanced thinking, human relationships naturally tended to settle to the low level of bestiality. The tendency was to put not only inter-national relations on this level but also for the individual to think of himself as an animal and therefore to think it unnecessary to aspire to those great

spiritual heights which are the objective of Christianity. These naturally he thought of as interesting hypotheses but, as the power of the opposite doctrine increased, he thought of such spiritual concepts decreasingly as practical proposals for conduct.

THERE are always a great many who look upon life essentially this way. What can I get for myself; how much learning can I acquire for my own satisfaction; what advantages can my superior knowledge give me over others; how much work can I get out of by securing an education; how little can I give and how much can I get in return? I owe allegiance, such people say, to no code of morals which does not minister to my personal satisfaction or advantage. I shall believe only what admits of proof.

I WANT to say to our students that such doctrine in my judgment is entirely wrong. No reasonable person would deny the virtue of individual initiative nor would any one deny to one who strives for it the reward of his labor. In no other way in fact can he achieve it. But, after all, it is in sacrifice of ourselves, in devotion to our work, in great self denial that the secret of achievement lies. Younger students will understand this more fully as later they try and try in vain to find enduring satisfaction in any indulgence or in any accumulation of wealth or power, or in the mere piling up of learning itself. Discouraging as it sometimes appears, the great values are attainable only by devotion to spiritual truths which sometimes appear so abstract as to be untenable but which are as actual and real in their existence and their influence as any material object or force can be. Life often appears a most contradictory enterprise as we find that mere pleasure becomes bitter in the end; that suffering often leads to happiness; that toil is better than rest; that life is begot only through pain; that often poverty is a blessing and riches a curse; that hardship is something we should pray God to give us in abundance, granting only that we have strength to overcome it; that beauty and strength often thrive in the very muck of life; that the beginning of wisdom is knowledge of our ignorance; that the greatest strength is in humility;

THE disposition and habit of refraining from "sins of commission" is, of course, an essential but subordinate aspect of character—a negative morality. When the positive element is assured, negative morality will, in large measure, take care of itself.

This point of view makes evident the fact that character education is not apart from the processes of education as a whole, but is, or should be, a phase of all these processes. Any power whatsoever of the individual, physical or mental, may become an asset or a liability from the standpoint of character. Development of character calls for development in the highest degree of all the powers of the individual as assets of character. Figuratively speaking. These powers in the service of oral ends are in reality constituent elements of character.—Milton Bennion in "School and Society," Aug. 6, 1927.

that the ignorant often confound the wise; that a handicap can more than overcome itself; that time and space have no beginning or end, and yet we cannot conceive of a thing without beginning or end and yet our reason tells us that a beginning or an end is impossible; that he who would have his life will lose it and he who gives his life freely will have life eternal.

AND so the great and terrible universe of which we are a part may either stupefy us by its magnitude or we may somehow put ourselves in harmony with it and then, according to those who have got closest to its secrets, it becomes not terrible but beautiful beyond description; and life becomes a great, never ending romance.

I appreciate that this is the age of indulgence. But there have been similar ages in the history of humanity, Sodom, Gomorrah, Babylon, Ancient Rome,—all these died through indulgence. The world has now reached an alarming stage of debauchery, of surrender to the degenerating influence of mere materialism. I do not believe that youth is going bad. I believe the youth of today compare favorably with any previous generation. If there is any difference it is probably only slightly better or

IT is much more important for youth to know the ethical principles that justify laws restricting the use of private property than it is to know merely that these restrictions exist. It surely is better that youth should stand firmly for world peace with justice to all than that they be scared into an attitude of conciliation by description of the horrors of modern warfare. If it be said in reply that development of the moral judgment is incidental to all experience and, therefore, unnecessary as the primary objective of any course, the answer is that this phase of the social inheritance like other phases does not pass automatically from one generation to the next. Transmission of the most fundamental aspects of the social inheritance is one of the primary purposes of courses of study. There is even less reason for omitting to teach the highest ethical concepts and to train in exercise of the moral judgment than there would be to omit teaching the vernacular. That will certainly be acquired in some degree and in some fashion; indeed, often a bad fashion, but not worse than the types of moral and immoral judgment only too commonly acquired by our haphazard methods of moral education.—Milton Bennion in The "Historical Outlook" for March, 1926.

worse. I believe they are better. But I do believe that the world which they face is under the deadening influence of doctrines so evil that the very existence of civilization is threatened. I believe that it is a sign of intelligence to detest cordially much that makes up modern life. At the same time one cannot go far in any halls of real learning without realizing that riches of mind and spirit, beyond our power to comprehend their magnitude, are within our reach. It is the purpose of any good college to lead all of its students up to these high levels where the riches are, and equally to arouse in them a deep and abiding hatred of the evil which is so abundant everywhere.

when he wanted something, the other sent frequent messages of inquiry and appreciation. The ingrate was relatively unknown among men, the other became eminent.

I stood on a side-walk in Salt Lake City some years ago studying the passing stream of humanity. The first outstanding feature of the come-and-go procession was that of a family group made up of a man, a woman and a child. The head of the family, straight as an arrow strode in front with a gun on his shoulder; he was followed by a yellow dog, then came the wife and mother. She carried in her hand a sack of food and on her back was lashed the Indian cradle in which was the child. I said, "ignorance and ingratitude on the march."

Gratitude a Measure of Intelligence

By DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL

President-Emeritus of Brigham Young University

WHILE out hunting I came upon a lame horse, which had not been able to keep up with the band. I walked up to the animal and saw that it was young and without marks of saddle or harness, the evidence of having been handled. Laying down my gun and taking out my knife I ventured to attempt to find cause of its lameness. The grown-up colt permitted me to open an incision on one side of the hoof and remove a large sliver, which was followed by a gush of pus. I let down the foot and stroked the head of my patient who rubbed its nose on my shoulder, and as I walked away

looked its gratitude, and I said, "a high grade of thorough-bred."

WHILE riding after stock I came upon a young horse entangled in a wire fence; with much difficulty I extracted the creature, which rewarded me by kicking my hat off from my head and scampering away to join its comrades, then I said, "cayuse!"

I KNEW two boys bred and reared by the same parents in the same environment; each in his teens left home, one ran away, and the other went to work, "to help the folks." The first wrote like most prodigals

A LITTLE later came another outstanding feature of the sidewalk stream of life, another family. The man as father pushed a baby carriage with one hand and as husband held with the other hand an umbrella over the woman, while behind trotted a tiny dog. It was a pageant of full grown gratitude.

From these observations and many more I feel safe in saying that while gratitude may not always be an index to superior mentality, the absence of it advertizes either intellectual inferiority or lamentable ignorance.

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

POETRY

One of the greatest gifts life has to offer is the gift of Christmas day, not alone for its tremendous and far-reaching significance, but for the universal spirit of joy and love for one another which attends it. In Mrs. Cherrington's poem we feel the touch of the old and the new, and underlying both is the eternal.

Christmas Heritage

Edith Cherrington

LIKE wild rose petals strewn across the sky,

The clouds were scattered as the sun went down

On Bethlehem. The tramp of many feet

Woke unaccustomed echoes through the town

Long silenced to the stately tread of kings.

The lights flared up in every gay bazaar,

And all the city was so overfilled

That one frail stranger coming from afar

Found shelter in a stable on those hills

Where Ruth once met the dawn with love-lit eyes.

And David sang, to place her holy child
Beneath the star that crowned the eastern skies.

Tonight the winds caress the Christmas hills.

Snowflakes, like cherry-blossom petals fall

In benediction on the city streets

Where children play, and merry voices call.

Pine and holly! Laughter and delight!

Lights that merge into a single flame.

Warm abundance for the strangers share

All given joyously in Jesus' name.

This is the heritage of Christian faith—

Gifts symbolize God's gift supreme to men

As on this night a million voices chant

That same sweet song the shepherds heard, again.

1 1 1

Miss Nuttall is new to our pages, but we hope she has come to stay. There is something in her lines which almost persuades the most contented of us that we are frightfully unhappy, though constant.

To the Wind

Frances Nuttall

OH, wind, with your sobbing, crying sweep,

You do not sob alone,

For, wind, you are whirling, frantic;—
steep

The path I tread alone

Forever, oh, wind, looking backward,
wind.

The night—I am crying—too,
I cannot be going, sobbing, wind,
I cannot whirl backward with you.

But, pray, when you do go whirling,
wind,

Sweep back to that night so long past.
And tell him I love him, love him, wind,
I shall love him, oh wind, to the last.

1 1 1

Since the time of Joan of Arc, voices have been intriguing. Not all of us are told to do such amazing things as the brave little Maid of France, but it is a great comfort to hear them, anyway. That voices are not racial in their favors is proven by the fact that Adelle Skov lives in Canada.

Voices

G. Adelle Skov

I'M listening, for I know they'll call to me,

Softly insistent ere the day is gone,
Beckon and call, and I shall gladly know
It is for me, the summons clear and low;

For it shall come to me on evening song
Wind-borne a 'top the hill and o'er the lea.

And in the twilight hush my way shall be,
Silent and swift o'er dew-besprinkled grass.

While dew-wet flowers shed their sweet perfume

And ere the fading sunlight turns to gloom,
Homeward through glen and meadow

I shall pass,
And day's dreams shall become reality.

1 1 1

Among the least discussed means of transportation is poetry; and who is there to deny the power it has to convey one about the world? After reading "Wanderlust" it would be an unusual person who could say he has never seen the Mediterranean.

Wanderlust

Mary C. Shaw

GAY oleander in your cedar tub
Flaunting red blossoms on the sultry air.

My thoughts take wings and cross the rolling deep

To sapphire shores, and sunny skies so fair.

There, giant oleanders ope their blooms.
To sway and lean where crumpling marbles be.

They view their lovely image in a stream,
While in the distance gleams an azure sea.

In the following poem, as in others by this gifted young writer, simplicity of meter and words clothes a beautiful thought. On a December night, with a new year about to dawn, every one of us could go back into the days just passing into history, and find there strength and faith great enough to bid us carry on.

To the Old Year

Mary Hale Woolsey

OLD Year, Old Year! They've opened wide the door.

The time is drawing near for you to go.
Their gay shouts rend the midnight frosty air.

And bells ring out across the silver snow.

The little, trembling New Year waits close by;

The bells, the shouts, the clamor are for him.

—For you, an unremembered passing in the night,

None caring if your silent path be dim.

A year ago, such wild acclaim was yours!

Oh, do you grieve, this fickleness to see?
Or do you smile, unhurt by any slight?

Now that you stand so near eternity!

And are you calm because you understand
And value properly each joy and pain,

Knowing that time will heal the bitter hurts

And bring some share of happiness again?

This wisdom did you bring to me, Old Year!

And I, who once looked forward fearfully,

Can welcome in the new, with faith made strong

Because you, Old Year, have been kind to me.

1 1 1

Has anyone ever grown too literal to believe that a rainbow is less than a promise? The following lines bring back the glory of all the rainbows of the past.

The Rainbow

Ruth May Fox

HOW dreadfully dismal the valley
As the clouds send down torrents of rain;

Lonely and friendless the city—
Shall we never see blue-sky again?

But lo, from a mountain, far-gleaming
With gold and magnificent stroke

The sun threw a rainbow so perfect
That joy in my soul, thrilling, woke.

To reverent, intense exaltation
For the splendor of color and span

Arching over the vale with a glory
That Deity only could plan.

Out of the Burning

By IVY WILLIAMS STONE

Chapter One

JAMES FLEMING HARRISON, JR.

Attorney-at-Law

IT was a neat sign, done in clear, black type on the Florentine glass. It led into a well-appointed office. It introduced a well-groomed man, not young, not old, eyes a trifle puffy, as if their owner were under-exercised or over-fed; hands a little too white, as if unaccustomed to menial tasks; chin indecisive. James Fleming Harrison, Jr., was an understudy; a lawyer still waiting for his opportunity, unassertive, undecided. In the tones of his voice, the movements of his body, he revealed a studied desire to please others, to avoid criticism. All his life he had been an understudy to an irascible, dominating father—Judge James Fleming Harrison. Judge Harrison had come West when he was merely Jimmie Harrison. He had come seeking quick fortune and adventure; he had stayed to prosecute the cattle-rustler and the claim-jumper. In the establishing of the new state's machinery of government, he had been elected judge of the district court. He had held that office through sheer force of will and iron determination. He had sentenced the first prisoner to enter the state's prison, and had continued to meet out justice for forty years. Then suddenly, in the midst of a hectic pronouncement of sentence, he himself had answered the call of the Greatest of Judges.

THUS young James sat in his office, waiting the arrival of his sister, to open their father's will. He was a trifle dazed at the suddenness of his release. The mind that had been forced to cower before the older brain for so many years did not at once find its moorings. He groped about among chaotic thoughts. He reached for his penknife, thinking to scrape

the *Junior* from the office door. Then he reflected that it would appear unseemly; too eager. The janitor could do that later. He felt sure the Governor would appoint him to fill the unexpired term vacated by his father. Now, at thirty-five, he would come into his own. He would seek election himself. He would establish a platform of strict observance of prohibition. He had always felt his father to be too lenient toward liquor offenders. He, young Jimmy, would punish these offenders as severely as his father had dealt with cattle thieves in by-gone years. It would be good politics.

MISS Eunice Harrison came promptly at eleven. Her hair was gathered into a neat knot at her neck, her skirts were decidedly not too short. She did not wear black, but her clothes revealed their selection for service rather than style. Her mild blue eyes bore a far-away, visionary expression. Her hands, unlike her brother's, were not too white. Miss Eunice, five years older than her brother, had played the role of docile-daughter-housekeeper in her father's old rambling, southern-style home.

"Good morning, Eunice," James waved his sister to a seat. "I am glad to see you prompt."

"Good morning, brother." Miss Eunice sat on the edge of the proffered chair, and glanced half timidly, half deferentially toward her brother. He would inherit the property; she had been led to expect that. She had been reared with proper respect for the sterner, stronger, more intelligent sex. On those rare occasions when her father had praised her, it had been that she realized the limitations of

feminine intelligence and capabilities.

YOUNG James reached into his desk and drew forth a long, legal envelope, heavily sealed. "I brought this down this morning, Eunice. It is the will. Father placed it in my care. I have no real knowledge of its contents, but it is reasonable to suppose I will inherit considerable. Calm yourself, sister. Even if father did leave all his property to me, there will be provision for your life-time support." Miss Eunice's hands trembled in her lap. Anticipation of continued masculine dominance was not pleasant.

The will was ironically brief. A fifty-thousand dollar life insurance policy was equally divided between the two heirs. The home and all its furnishings went to Eunice. The son received, in its stead, title to certain mountain lands located in Crow's Nest, which held promise of coal. This title had been obtained through tax sales; was valid, unquestionably legal. The single sheet of paper with its sparse lines was properly signed, attested and witnessed.

AS he finished reading the brief paper, young James Harrison glanced toward his sister. She was no longer sitting on the edge of her chair. Her hands no longer trembled.

"There is—there must be some mistake," James almost stammered in his chagrin. "I want the home. My position—my family will demand it. You can live with us, Eunice," he added as an afterthought.

"But brother, you received other lands. Where are they?"

"THAT is merely title to some old codger's homestead up in Crow's Nest, that lamentable sub-division of our county. He got stubborn, or couldn't read, or something, and didn't pay his taxes. Father got title through tax sale deeds. Some day it will be a valuable coalfield. But now—" he waved his hands deprecatingly. "If I asserted my ownership and went up there, some old duffer would likely peck me off. They're pretty fussy about their holdings, those old mountaineers. They pay no attention to law. They grow poor corn and make good moonshine. When I'm judge I'll put some of 'em where they belong."

"Perhaps they're too poor to pay their taxes," ventured Miss Eunice, all sympathy. "Perhaps they can't read—"

"I want the home, Eunice," countered James. "It has poise you might say. It carries family history. It is the typical home for a judge. You would be too lonesome there."

"YOU can live with me, James," countered Eunice.

"As you possibly know, Eunice, I—we—that is, I am about to become a father. It is my wish that my son be born in my ancestral home. Echo concurs with me in this wish."

"The child might better be born in a hospital. The roof leaks and there isn't a clothes-closet in the entire house." Eunice Harrison sat erect, her timidity slipping from her like a loosed cloak.

"You have no imagination!" cried her brother, exasperated. "No respect for the home our father copied from one of the finest mansions of the old South. Those walls are two feet thick."

"All those old fireplaces consume a lot of coal," suggested Miss Eunice practically. "It needs endless repairs to make it habitable."

"I CAN repair it. I will be in a position to maintain it properly," persisted James. "You can continue to live with us."

"You and Echo can live with me," smiled Eunice.

"Fortunately, I chose for a wife a lady whose sole ambition is to rule her own home," answered James with dignity. "She has the respect for those ancestral walls

which you seem to lack. She will be grieved if our son cannot be born as we have planned."

"Echo is a dear girl—just the wife for a Harrison," mused Miss Eunice. "She eats when you tell her she is hungry."

"I will buy the home from you, then."

"JAMES," Miss Eunice stood up defiant, self assertive. "I'm forty years old. I was never forgiven for being a girl until you came. Then I was tolerated as a body-guard for you. I was a cowed child—a subdued young woman, a dominated old maid. Just sort of a duenna. In this last gesture, my father has partially atoned for the higher education he denied me—I always wanted to be a nurse. For years I have humored his every whim. Now I am going to remodel that old barn of a house. I'll rip out those fireplaces and put in a furnace and closets and bathrooms. I'll turn it into a home for under-privileged girls. The Harrison Home!"

"Our home!" gasped James Fleming Harrison. "Working girls. You wouldn't dare!"

"Just you watch me!" flashed Miss Eunice Harrison. "Your baby won't worry about not being born there. When it grows up, perhaps it will never give the house a second glance. Be sensible, James and modern. Give Echo a checking account, and let her breath for herself. I shall have perfectly wonderful times, fixing up that old house and making life

easier for deserving girls. My youth is gone—I can never have a daughter. So I shall spend my life and my money, serving daughters of other women."

JAMES FLEMING HARRISON felt the full surge of his newborn seniority. He assumed his most dignified attitude and gave solemn utterance.

"If you desecrate our ancestral home in that manner, I shall never cross its threshold," he threatened.

"And if you rob some old mountaineer of his cabin and corn patch, just because he can't read and doesn't understand the crooks and turns of law, I'll be ashamed to have you come," flashed Miss Eunice. Her voice was not solemn, nor her manner dignified.

"You have no respect for heritage, Eunice."

"You are like the law; no respecter of persons, James."

"I'll buy the home from you."

"I'll buy your mountain coal-field," retorted Eunice.

Brother and sister faced each other defiantly, unwaveringly. Each suddenly knew that the iron will and determination of the old Judge had not perished with his death.

MISS Eunice threw herself whole-heartedly into the work of remodeling her inheritance. For the first time in her memory she could do as she willed. The high mirrored fireplaces were torn ruthlessly out; alcoves and winding staircases gave up the precious space they had monopolized; bay windows became sun parlors. Plumbers and furnace men came marching in; carpenters and interior decorators gave the old walls new beauty; porches and fresh paint transformed the entire appearance. And Miss Eunice lived gloriously free, directing, changing, planning, accomplishing a long-cherished dream. It would not be difficult to fill the house. Factory girls from the country, orphans from the city, would welcome the opportunity. A few venturesome girls from Crow's Nest might be persuaded to come into the city in search of better living conditions and education.

THE word "Junior" disappeared from the law office door. The governor, after a brief

Sandstorm

Clive Lovett Cleaves

SAND-SPIRALS racing
Wind-devils dancing,
Air turning yellow,
Laden with dust.

Wind-music moaning,
Heavy notes throbbing
Like a great organ
Played in the dust.

Wind-furies howling,
Sand-legions swooping,
Sun in the heavens,
Hidden by dust.

period for appearances, duly appointed the son to fill his father's vacancy. Then young James moved into the Judge's Chambers and removed the word "Senior" from that office door. Judge James Fleming Harrison had no senior, had no higher authority to account to. With the same zest that had prompted his father to prosecute cattle thieves in the early days, he threw himself with vengeance into the work of ferreting out liquor offenders. With the purpose of proving himself a worthy candidate for the next election, he was determined to make an example of the first offender to come up for sentence. Unofficially, he sent for the sheriff.

"I WANT you to arrest Silas Hoggan," he admonished. "That old profligate has disgraced this town ever since I was a boy. The passing of the Prohibition Law made no difference to him. I doubt if he has ever missed a Saturday coming into town in a state of complete inebriation. He defies the law."

"No, he don't aim to go agin the law, Judge. He just don't know about laws and rules. He can't read. Most of the old folks up Crow's Nest don't know much 'bout larnin'. Old Silas don't know he shouldn't make whisky. He makes his little bit right along. Got a little corn patch, what the old woman hoes, and a little two-gallon still. Every week he drinks one jug and brings the other to town to trade for snuff and coaloil. A pair of overalls and a shirt does him a whole year. Doubt if his old woman gets that much."

"I intend to make an example of him," continued the Judge with austerity. "You have your orders. He will be given a proper jury trial, found guilty and sentenced according to law. Hereafter, this community will know that a fearless judge holds this dignified office."

"I ain't got no craving to stir up that Crow's Nest," the sheriff was plainly displeased with his task. "Them old fellers stick together like molasses. They're darn good aim. What they lack in book-larnin', they sure make up in target practice."

"YOU have your orders," reiterated the Judge. "He will be made an example. My

platform will be certain conviction. Old Silas will be *certain conviction* with minimum expense. Our town will shortly be free of liquor offenders."

"I guess you know what you're aimin' at," mumbled the sheriff, scratching his head dubiously, "but I got my doubts."

AS "The Harrison Home" progressed under untiring effort, Miss Eunice was assailed with conflicting emotions concerning her brother. She was glad he was judge. Glad he was to have a child. She hoped it would be the desired son, but smiled indulgently at his assurance. Ever she had a growing unrest over his inheritance of mountain property. It had been rather unfair of her father to take advantage of his keen knowledge of law, and buy tax sale deeds. These people were ignorant mountaineers. Perhaps they were too poor to pay; perhaps they didn't know the law; perhaps they couldn't read the notices. Maybe, even, the notices had been lost in the mails. But for ten years they had been living on property to which they held no title. They eked a meagre existence from the unproductive ground which did not belong to them. It was waiting. A game of waiting, until the opportune time when capital could be interested to develop the holdings. Miss Eunice pondered and worried, puzzled and studied how she could persuade her brother to

relinquish his title to another's home. Through the county records she learned her brother held title to the lands of Steve Turner. He had inherited it from his father, who homesteaded in the days of the state's infancy. Steve Turner, she learned, was dead; but his aged widow and her married son lived on in the mountain home, clan-nish, suspicious, superstitious.

"PERHAPS," mused Miss Eunice, "if I went to see them I could tell James their story. He might relent. He might let me buy out his interest. Maybe the Turners could get enough money together to pay James back the taxes Father paid. Maybe they would move into town; maybe they would let me bring their daughters down to 'Harrison Home.' The pent-up desires and emotions of her youth were coming forth in one great flare. With her, to think was to act. She must see the Turner family in their home environment.

Within a week her plans were complete. She divulged her purpose to no one. Leaving "Harrison Home" to catch its breath, she engaged a staid old driver and his car to take her into Crow's Nest, that neglected community which was almost cut off from the accessible world by means of topography, and the great desire of its inhabitants to live their own lives, unmolested.

(To be continued)

Christmas Tree

Arranged by GEORGE B. KIRBY

THE Christmas Tree custom, so far as Christianity is concerned, is German in its origin, and is identified with the labors of St. Maternus, one of the earliest if not the very first of the preachers of the gospel among the Teutons.

Just how that people became latter day sponsors for the Christmas tree is doubtful, though possibly it is traceable to the festival of Saturn which began Dec. 17, and may have been imported into Germany by some of the conquering legions. The Germans have a legend of St. Maternus sleeping beneath a fir tree, and of a miracle that occurred upon that occasion.

There is another theory that the notion of this tree came from Egypt. The palen tree is supposed

to put forth a shoot every month, and a spray of this tree, with twelve shoots on it, was used in Egypt at their winter solstice celebration as being symbolical of the ended year. The Germans attribute the actual institutions of the fir tree as part of the Christmas celebration to Martin Luther, but there is no reliable information on this subject. The Dutch, especially in New Amsterdam, were responsible for the vogue which the tree gained in America. It is now one of our oldest holiday customs. In England it was entirely unknown until the marriage of Queen Victoria to Prince Albert, who introduced into his adopted country the custom known in every German household.



THE PIONEER CZECHO-SLOVAK MISSIONARIES WITH DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE,
PRESIDENT OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION

Sitting, left to right: Alvin G. Carlson, President John A. Widtsoe, Arthur Gaeth, mission president. Standing: Charles Josie, Joseph I. Hart, Willis H. Hayward, Wallace F. Toronto.

Opening the Gospel Doors To the Slavs

THE Czecho-Slovak Mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

was formally opened on July 24, 1929. The meeting of testimony, song and dedication, hours of glorious spiritual feasting, was held in a place of unusual beauty, on a shady hilltop overlooking the famous Karlstein Castle and the picturesque valley of the river Berounka. The Gospel door was thus opened to the Slavonic race of people.

Under the direction of the First Presidency, preparations for beginning the work were made some time ago. Elder Arthur Gaeth, just completing a long and very successful mission in the German-Austrian field, was called, on May 19th, to continue his work in the new mission as the presiding officer, and some weeks later, with the cooperation of Presidents Fred Tadjie

By

DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

and H. W. Valentine, the following brethren, laboring in the German-speaking missions, were called into the new field: Alvin G. Carlson, of Logan, Utah; Joseph I. Hart, of Rigby, Idaho; Willis H. Hayward, of Logan, Utah; Charles Josie, of Provo, Utah, and Wallace F. Toronto, of Salt Lake City, Utah. These brethren, constituting the first pioneer group of elders in the mission, responded heartily to the call, and are now busily at work in the ancient, interesting city of Prague, the capital of the progressive Czecho-Slovak Republic.

A NUMBER of Czechs are faithful members of the Church. Several reside in Czecho-Slovakia,

though most of them are in Austria. Three members of the Church, Sister Franciska Brodil and her daughters Jane and Fanny live in Prague. For ten years they have prayed unceasingly that the Gospel door might be opened to their people in the native tongue, and their cup of joy was full on the day of formal opening.

OUR elders have at various times done missionary work in this country. Elder Thomas Biesinger attempted to preach the Gospel in Prague in 1883, when religious intolerance still was supreme, and he spent 68 days in jail for his pains. In his old age, within the last two years, in fulfillment of prophecy, he came back to Prague, and for a short time preached the Gospel to the people. All our preaching, however, has been done in the German language. The organiza-

tion of the Czecho-Slovak Mission marks the first attempt to proclaim the Gospel in a Slavonic tongue.

THE Slavs, who are little known and much misunderstood in America, first appeared in history about the 6th century after Christ. Their original home seems to have been in the territory northeast of the Carpathian mountains. They advanced westward, and today, numbering several hundred millions, are represented by Russia, Poland, Jugoslavia, Bulgaria and Czecho-Slovakia.

They were of a "single stock, people of the same blood, the same language, the same manner of life." As they spread abroad the language was split into several dialects and other differentiations took place among the groups as we find them today.

FROM the beginning, the Slavs have shown a preference for democratic government. Their original clan organization had no central government. Though time and time again they have lost their independence, as witness Poland, they have in time regained their freedom. The feeling for self-government has always been strong within them. Slav culture has contributed much to our civilization, in science, literature, art and music. The oldest universities in central Europe were founded by the Slavonic peoples. The victory of the allies in the Great War conferred liberty upon the Slavs. The new nations which were then formed upon historical lines, having in mind racial relationships, are now working out some of the most interesting experiments in democratic government and life.

MORE than a thousand years ago, one branch of the Slavs pressed far to the westward and occupied a tongue of land between what is now Germany and Austria, and have maintained their integrity ever since, though often under

changing governments. This is the ancient land of Bohemia, the people of which are called Czechs.

The peace treaties of 1918, and afterwards, created the Czecho-Slovak Republic, including Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, formerly the Kingdom of Bohemia, and Carpathian Russia, containing closely related people. The new state covers 50,400 square miles or about 2/3 the area of the State of Utah. The Republic thus constituted, contains nearly 14,000,000 inhabitants, about 70% of which are of Slavic stock, the Czechs forming the very large majority.

Czecho-Slovakia, the ancient Bohemia, has a noble history. Christianity was accepted about 1,000 years ago. Intelligent rulers governed the country. The wonderful resources of water, land and mountain were developed. The kingdom became an empire, the boundaries of which expanded to the Adriatic Sea. The Czech tongue became the official and polite language in the Western as well as Eastern courts of Europe. Scholars and leaders of thought of all lands came to Prague as the intellectual center of Europe. Then, changing dynasties, international jealousies and a succession of wars, enfeebled the country. At last it came under the tyranny of the Hapsburg rule, was incorporated into the Austro-Hungarian Em-

pire, well-nigh robbed of its very birthright, but finally liberated by the Great War. And through three centuries of oppression its national spirit has remained unbroken. In a decade it has become a safe and steady, wisely governed, forward-looking nation, true to its own ideals, though giving heed to the wisdom of the centuries.

DURING its eventful history, the Czechs fought many notable battles for humanity. Early in the 15th century the corruption of the Church led the people to call for reform. John Huss, priest and university professor, became the leading voice, calling upon the Church to return to the practices of the early Church and to respect freedom of conscience among all men. Huss was a gentle, honest man who loved truth above all else. He was declared an heretic and burnt at the stake in 1415. This outrage led the lovers of truth and freedom into open rebellion against both a Church and State that permitted such acts. The Hussite wars resulted. When the victory was won by the people most of the nation was Protestant, and the whole of Europe had been awakened to the need of a purified religion. Huss was one of the chief predecessors of the Reformation. If Bohemia had done nothing else, it is entitled to the gratitude of the world. Under the evil



IN THE VICINITY OF THIS CASTLE, THE OPENING MEETING OF THE CZECHO-SLOVAK MISSION WAS HELD, JULY 14, 1929



MONUMENT IN PRAGUE TO JOHN HUSS, REFORMER, WHO WAS BURNED AT THE STAKE FOR HERESY, JULY 6, 1415

rule of the Hapsburgs, freedom of thought and action was again fettered, but is now released in this day of liberty.

AMONG the latter followers of Huss was Bishop Comenius, (died 1670) the most notable educator of the middle ages, and perhaps of all time. Though in exile because of his religious beliefs, he was called from country to country to help revise educational systems. His educational theories are those upon which, in the United States and elsewhere, we are building today; and we have not yet been able to utilize all of his wisdom.

One result of the Hussite Wars was the election in 1458 of George Podebrad, a Bohemian noble, to become king of Bohemia. Among the many notable enterprises of this intelligent ruler was the attempt to form a European league of nations for self-protection and for the elimination of war. It was partly successful and settled amicably several disputes, but failed largely through the opposition of the Pope. The idea of such a confederation was, however, let loose, and who can tell how much of the political freedom of the present world is due to the Bohemian peace league plan.

SUCH are three of the contributions of Czecho-Slovakia to human freedom and development.

And, many others might be enumerated.

THE country, itself, is greatly favored. It lies in the heart of Europe. Though inland, it has navigable river communication with the ocean. Its soils are fertile, its forests productive, and its hills contain coal, iron and many valuable minerals. It has more than half of the industries of the former Austro-Hungarian empire. Its climate is healthful, and its land surface of valleys and mountains of exceeding beauty. The people are enlightened (Bohemia has a literacy of 97.5%) and courageous for truth. Agriculture claims 40% of the people; industries 34%, commerce 11%, public

promising lands of Europe; and is of keen interest because of its history, scenery, cities, people and present constructive undertakings.

THIS nation, emancipated again from shackles of tyranny over thought and speech, may hear, if it will but listen, the message of the restoration of the full and unchanged Gospel of Jesus Christ. The truth of the Gospel alone will make lasting success possible whether to individuals or to nations.

To preach the Gospel to all the nations is a duty enjoined upon the Church. The opening of the Czecho-Slovak mission is in obedience to this command. May the Lord prosper the work!

derstanding, yea, it beginneth to be delicious to me.

Now, behold, would not this increase your faith? I say unto you, Yea; nevertheless it hath not grown up to a perfect knowledge.

But behold, as the seed swelleth, and sprouteth, and beginneth to grow, then you must needs say that the seed is good; for behold it swelleth, and sprouteth, and beginneth to grow.—Alma, 32:28, 29, 30.

NOW, if ye give place, that a seed may be planted in your heart, behold, if it be a true seed, or a good seed, if ye do not cast it out by your unbelief, that ye will resist the Spirit of the Lord, behold, it will begin to swell within your breasts; and when you feel these swelling motions, ye will begin to say within yourselves—It must needs be that this is a good seed, or that the word is good, for it beginneth to enlarge my soul; yea, it beginneth to enlighten my un-

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

By MILTON BENNION

Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah

II

The Nature of the Creative Process

IS creation a continuous process?

What are its moving causes? Is reality a unitary being in which all parts are submerged, or is it constituted of a plurality of at least semi-independent parts?

Philosophy attempts to answer these questions by applying reason to the facts of experience. Unless the facts of experience are to be regarded as mere appearances or illusions there can be no doubt that reality is all the time in process of becoming, changing, or developing. Any observer of nature, of a human life, of society, or of his own mental processes, must be convinced of this as an indisputable fact. Creation is all the time going on, and, if we may now assume, without further argument, the conclusions reached in the first article of this series, creation is going on by the spontaneous activity of many living creatures, whose forms, functions, and activities are determined conjointly by their own natures and their relations with nature as a whole. Whether or not this may also be true of inanimate objects such as crystals, planets, or stars, is a matter of speculation.

THE mechanistic view assumes that everything in nature is operated by a force from behind, figuratively speaking; that the form and functions, for instance, of any given creature are determined wholly by the mechanical forces that preceded it, which are conceived as having brought it into being. Its life, therefore, is predetermined by these mechanical forces. Life is thus regarded as a by-product of form and physical functions.

There is, however, another theory that fits the facts as observed just as

well, and at the same time offers a better explanation of these facts. This theory holds that it is the life or life principle itself in the germ plasm or seed that determines the form and the functions of the developing organism; that its development is not, therefore, wholly determined by forces from behind—by mechanical forces—but that the end to be realized determines the course of development.

THIS theory can best be illustrated in the development of human personality. Do not progressive individuals commonly set up goals to be attained, and do not these goals then become powerful factors in determining their course of action and their final attainments? Have not the dreams of youth something to do with the accomplishments of mature life? It is one of the primary functions of education to stimulate youth to create high ideals and to develop ambition to realize these ideals. It is also a function of teachers, social workers, preachers, and statesmen to help create community ideals, and to lead in community organization and activity toward realizing these community ideals. This development of individual and community purposes, purposes that determine courses of action is a most important factor in human progress. If we may speak of causes here as determining the course of development, these are final causes, as contrasted with the efficient or mechanical causes with which physical science deals.

WE are aware of the fact that devotees of natural science methods are much opposed to any consideration of final causes; that is, they have been ruled out by the presuppositions of natural science. No objection is here offered to a study of the facts of nature from the standpoint of efficient causation only, provided that the scientist does not assume, forthwith, that this is the only legitimate way of conceiving nature, and that everything that is, including human life and conduct, must also be conceived after the method of physical science, which would require that however convincing one's experience of the reality of final causes may be, this experience must be set aside as an illusion.

The student in the field of ethics has just as good reason for assuming the reality of final causes in certain aspects of human conduct as has the physicist for assuming efficient causes exclusively in relation to the facts with which he deals.

IT should not be inferred that all possible forms of causation are exhausted in efficient causation and final causation in the form of consciously set up ends to be realized. Experience indicates that many new things appear that can be accounted for solely neither by efficient causes nor by conscious purposes. A certain type of genius, for instance, may compose a poem without having planned to do so; another type of genius may produce a musical composition without conscious plan or purpose. If these facts are disputed it must

be admitted in any case that the plan or purpose itself is not always consciously planned; that is, many new things arise spontaneously in the human mind, and it is in this manner, in large measure, that life develops. The mechanist may claim that these facts

DEAN MILTON BENNION, the author of this series, studied philosophy with John Dewey and James H. Tufts at the University of Chicago in 1898; philosophy with Nicholas Murray Butler, psychology with J. McKeen Cattell, and sociology with Franklin H. Giddings, Columbia University, 1900-01; philosophy with J. E. McGilvary and Frank C. Sharp, University of Wisconsin, 1912-13. He has taught various branches of philosophy in the University of Utah since 1901.

lend support to his theory, that these seeming spontaneous productions are in reality merely the result of brain combustions or other physical forces hidden from ordinary observation but always available to the mechanist as a means of explanation. The answer to this, in the first place, is that this is an unproved assumption on the part of the mechanist; and, in the second place, that it requires a much greater stretch of imagination to believe this than it does to accept the explanation that is more in accord with experience; that is, that persons are themselves as unitary beings, active causes, and, as such, giving direction to their own creative functions. Is physical energy consumed in doing so? Again an affirmative reply does not mean that the direction of the activity or its outcome is wholly determined by the physical energy consumed. It is evidently not so in the expenditure of physical energy in a man-made machine, however necessary the expenditure of such energy may be in running the machine.

CAUSATION may, therefore, be conceived as occurring under three general forms:

- a—Efficient causation, mechanically conceived and taken into account in all physical science and the practical applications of science in industry. In the latter case it should be noted, however, that ends or purposes are injected into the processes of industry and commerce by the ingenuity of man.
- b—Final causation, conceived as ends consciously set up to be realized, which ends determine the course of development or of action. These are operative in more or less degree in the more distinctly human sciences, e. g., ethics, civics, economics.
- c—A third variety which we may call, for want of a better name, vital causation, is illustrated very extensively at least in the higher forms of life, and probably in all living things. In this case it seems probable that the end determines the activity, even though that end is not consciously set up.

IN human life the activities of the poet and the musical composer, under certain conditions, have al-

ready been cited as examples. It is of course true that one may consciously set about to write a poem or to compose music. This, however, is no assurance that the product will be superior to that which comes to genius spontaneously, if not irresistibly. This manner of conceiving certain types of creative activity is at least akin to Henri Bergson's "*élan vital*" (vital impetus) and to Frederick Paulson's conception of World Soul, thought of as primarily volitional and ever striving toward new forms of expression.

In this connection Bergson says:

"Matter is necessity, consciousness is freedom; but though diametrically opposed to one another, life has found the way of reconciling them. This is precisely what life is,—freedom inserting itself within necessity, turning it to its profit. Life would be an impossibility were the determinism of matter so absolute as to admit no relaxation."*

THESE three varieties of causation are noted in explanation of the facts of experience in the very complex world of which man is a part. What are the consequences, in our thinking, of recognition of this variety in causation? It enables us to understand and to appreciate the methods and the results of all sciences, human as well as physical; the world of appreciation, as experienced in the various forms of art; and also the world of values which passes under the names of ethics and religion. It makes conceivable and reasonable our most fundamental notions concerning human life and human relations—moral obligation, moral freedom, and personal and social responsibility. Upon these, subject to such limitations as experience reveals, the social structure of civilization rests. These conceptions are foundational in government and law, in business and commerce, in the family, and in the church. Mistakes have sometimes been made because of failure to recognize the limitations under which some people live. This fact, however, should cause no one to overlook the further fact that much more individual and social failure results from inadequate recognition of moral obligation, moral freedom, and personal and social responsibility.

*Mind-Energy, Lectures and Essays, pp. 17-18, Henry Holt & Co., New York.

WHAT are the consequences of denying the validity of final and vital causes? These consequences are manifest in mechanistic materialism with all that this implies—absolute mechanical pre-determination of everything that is or ever will be, making life, mind, and science itself mere passing by-products of the blind and inexorable forces of nature, from nebulous mass through nature as we know it to a final dissipation of energy, at least, so far as the solar system is concerned, resulting in extinction and final disappearance of all that we know and value. If these are, indeed, the cold facts the philosopher will not seek to escape them. Most philosophers are not, however, convinced that the world is thus constituted; this is also true of many of the most eminent scientists from Sir Isaac Newton to Robert A. Millikan. Furthermore, some very eminent natural scientists are of the opinion that there are many evidences of purpose even in the inorganic world. Lawrence J. Henderson, Professor of Biological Chemistry in Harvard University in his "*The Fitness of the Environment*" and "*The Order of Nature*," calls attention to the many provisions in the inorganic world that have made plant and animal life possible; i. e., the abundance of water, oxygen, and carbonic acid gas, the latent heat and solvent properties of water, and the remarkable fact that cold causes water to expand at the point of its solidification, contrary to the general rule of nature. This makes possible the continuance of rivers in their channels in winter and the preservation of life in these waters. It is easy to imagine what would happen should ice sink as formed. These illustrations are evidences in support of the thought that purpose may have been an important factor in preparing the earth to support life. This, in no sense, discredits the view that efficient causes were also operative. The two points of view supplement each other, as do ends and means generally. In developed human life it seems evident that under some circumstances all three forms of causation are operative at the same time, which fact well illustrates the complexity and the multiple aspects of reality. In this connection it should also be noted that there are also processes of decay, but that

decay is often an important factor in re-construction.

AS to the question, Is the world to be conceived as one or many, philosophers are divided. There are monists and pluralists, each class rigorously contending against the opposite point of view. What do the facts of experience seem to indicate?

The results of scientific inquiry thus far indicate that every part of the material universe is related in some way to every other part. This conclusion is well illustrated in the law of gravitation. This law, as thus far understood, leads to the conclusion that no part of the physical universe is absolutely independent of the whole. Whether or not these parts have some degree of independence will depend in large measure upon whether or not they are conceived as having any degree of self-activity, or whether they are conceived as wholly mechanical in their action. In the latter case they are thought of as absolutely dependent upon the whole, resulting in a monistic theory with reference to the inorganic world. Assuming some degree of self-activity on the part of the individual constituents of inorganic matter, however, one might be led to regard the parts as having some degree of independence.

IN case of the organic world, where observation and the most intimate and certain experience of the individual convinces him of the reality of final and vital causes, the case is different. Here there seems to be little reason to doubt the fact that, in the higher forms of life, at least, there is some measure of independence on the part of individuals. This does not mean that any individual can live and develop out of relation to the rest of the world. Relations among individuals and between them and the physical world are as real as are the individuals themselves, but these relations are variable, and, in case of the more highly developed individuals, relationships may be in some degree a matter of choice. Thus an individual may vary his relationships in such a way as to make a very great difference in his own future development, or lack of development. This fact gives him some degree of independence; that is, from this point of view he is not merely a cog in the machine

(using this figure of speech with reference to the world conceived as absolutely one—called by some monistic philosophers, *The Absolute*).

THE mental power that man has developed, enabling him to transform and to utilize the physical world for his own purposes lends further support to the thought that he has at least some measure of independence of the world as a whole; that his course of development is not rigidly predetermined either by the so-called forces of nature or by the world as a whole. There is, of course, no thought here of asserting the absolute independence of the individual, of denying the limitations his own nature puts upon his activities and his future possibilities. He is also limited by the activities and the interests of his fellow individuals. That is, both nature and human society set limitations over the individual, but so also do both afford him his opportunities. Looked at from the standpoint of his development, it is his opportunities that should be emphasized. The limitations, after all, are often harmless or for his own moral good. Without the creative opportunities which nature affords, and without the associations of his fellows, his moral and religious development would be impossible.

A FURTHER fact of experience relates to the problem of evil in the world, and the seeming irrational elements that often stand in the way of developing the rational. Many monists are inclined to set aside these facts as illusions, from the standpoint of a fully reasoned philosophy, mere appearances; or they regard evil as good in process of becoming and the irrational as the rational in the making. The pluralists, however, generally take a much more realistic view of the world. John Stuart Mill and William James, for instance, accept the fact of evil in the world and of irrational as well as rational elements. They accept the challenge these offer and regard it as the moral duty of individuals and of society to join forces in a real battle for the supremacy of the good and the rationalization of the world.

Does not this seem to be the saner, the more wholesome, and the more invigorating point of view?

Leaders to November 14

Subscriptions to the Improvement Era

State	% of Quota
Teton	242
Union	241
Taylor	190
Fremont	190
Gunnison	185
Moapa	150
Maricopa	149
Shelley	143
Hyrum	142
Pocatello	140
Yellowstone	136
Cache	135
Snowflake	131
Montpelier	131
Cassia	131
Franklin	130
Curdew	130
Parowan	129
Raft River	127
Lethbridge	126
Palmyra	122
Morgan	120
Sevier	119
Wasatch	119
Juab	118
Logan	118
Benson	117
Minidoka	117
Big Horn	116
North Weber	115
Roosevelt	115
Alberta	113
North Davis	113
Lyman	113
Kanab	113
Malad	112
Alpine	112
Oneida	111
San Juan	111
Oquirrh	110
St. Johns	110
Ogden	110
Idaho Falls	110
Millard	108
Lghi	108
Twin Falls	108
South Davis	107
Bear Lake	106
Timpanogos	106
No. Sanpete	106
St. Joseph	106
Portneuf	105
St. George	105
Box Elder	105
Blackfoot	104
Burley	103
Idaho	103
Juarez	103
Kolob	102
So. Sevier	102
Rigby	101
East Jordan	100
Mr. Ogden	100
Bannock	100
Pioneer	100
Tooele	100
Summit	100
Panguitch	100
Young	100
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The First White Man to View the Great Salt Lake

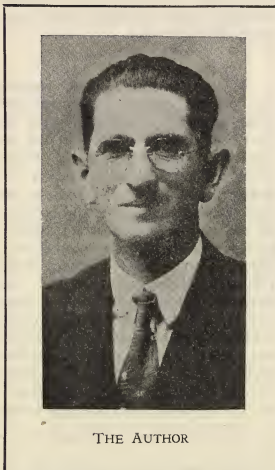
By CARTER E. GRANT

IN our last story we read that Jim Bridger became an orphan at fourteen, then a blacksmith until eighteen; how he enlisted with a hundred men under Major Henry and General William Ashley and proceeded up the Missouri, dragging loaded boats by "cordelle line;" how their horses were lost while on the long journey into Montana, where, in 1822, was established the farthest outpost of American life. Then we read of Ashley's return to St. Louis where he enlisted a second hundred men who were disastrously defeated by the Ree Indians, and of how Jed Smith the "Christian Trapper," accompanied by one rough French-Canadian, Baptiste, perilously made his way through the enemy's country, seeking help at Henry's Post on the Yellowstone, some two hundred miles away. We also learned how Jed and Jim were soon mountain friends on their way with eighty reckless trappers, hurrying down the Missouri to Ashley's assistance.

SO here they go, speeding with the current of the turbulent river, then at its height! The restless group had little to do but eat, sleep, sing and tell yarns, and all these they did faultlessly. Far in the distance, the rising smoke from various groups of lodges spoke of the whereabouts of the Blackfeet, the Sioux; Crows, Snakes, Rees, and Mandans. Little did this white crew realize that crouched about these fires the red men, sour and sullen, in feverish pow-wows counseled war, while near at hand in the medicine lodges, praying priests foretold the annihilation of the trespassing palefaces.

As the darkness of the first night made deep shadows of the shore line, the boats seemed to spring forward, fairly doubling their velocity, wheeling around bends, shooting beneath dangerous bluffs, then gliding past opening hills and rolling plains. Jed prepared to tell

[Note—This is the fifth of a series of frontier narratives written by Carter E. Grant, who majored in Western History while at college and is now Principal of the Jordan Seminary. It gives us additional thrilling experiences of the "Trail-Breakers" into the Great Basin before pioneer days. The former articles were, "In the Death Grip of a Grizzly;" "On the Trail Ahead of the Mormons;" "When Jed met the Comanches;" and "Jim Bridger Encounters the Red Men."—Editors.]



THE AUTHOR

the story of his eventful two hundred mile ride from the Cheyenne to the Yellowstone through the very heart of the savages' country; the eager men drew closer together. Bridger not excepted, that no word should be lost.

TO begin with," the narration went on, "our men under Ashley were defeated a plenty! I never want to see a worse riot. Some of those hired fellows at the first attack ran for the boats like frightened partridges, but not swiftly enough to escape the humming bullets of the Rees. I saw several fall headlong and make no further movement. Those of us on the front line got some real fighting. Every time we pulled down on 'em there was a killing, still we had to do it or lose our

scalps as several of our men had already done. The thing which stirred us most was the realization that the powder and balls wounding or killing our men and horses, was ammunition we had laboriously lugged all the way from St. Louis, letting the Indians have it but the day before in exchange for the very animals they were now plunking almost to a finish.

"After the whole thing was over and we had gathered up our wounded and dead, I stood on the bank of the stream watching the burial. When John Gardner's time came, a young fellow I had promised to help care for, I thought of his mother's last words to me, and stepped out with my Bible, saying, 'I feel it a duty to read a verse and make a prayer. I want to report that he was buried in peace.' As I began reading, every hat came off, even Hugh Glass and the general showing their respect by uncovering.

WELL, when darkness closed on the bloody battle ground, Baptiste and I agreed to ride a couple of horses that had escaped the bullets of the Rees, and search out you folks on the Yellowstone. As we were leaving, Ashley gripped my hand anxiously, 'Fifty miles a night for four nights over a dangerous country is no pleasure trip, I know, but it's our only hope. Sunday night next, we'll be scanning the river for your boats. Once you start back, the Missouri will do the rest!'

AS we rode away, some of the men bid us farewell as if they never expected to see us again. 'As our tough Indian ponies jogged out of the thicket near the

general's camp, we soon got our bearings and proceeded quietly into the wilderness, always on the lookout for enemy campfires. Hour after hour passed. Several times we were startled by some wild animal, seemingly as frightened as we were. Because of our anxiety, the time seemed to drag; the dipper, our only time-piece, appeared stuck in the starry heavens, refusing to revolve as usual about the pole. Then things changed, for when drowsiness pulled hard at our eyes and nodding became the fashion, I noticed the pointers fairly jumping on their course. Wherever the brush allowed it, the Frenchman and I rode knee to knee, bumping as we went, which warded off sound sleeping. At last, sure enough, the night gloom was fading. What a change! I believe I have never noticed it so much before. By the time it was fully light, not daring to proceed farther, we turned aside into the edge of a patch of timber, picketed our horses, and after a scant breakfast threw ourselves on the grass and a moment later, were snoring in great style. The long ride, following the tense experiences of the battle, so fatigued us that we slept through the daylight hours as if they were moments. After reaching safety, one looks back upon such experiences and wonders that the dangers which lurked on every side could be viewed so calmly.

"The sun had swung over us

and was settling behind a western bluff when suddenly, startled by the shrill neighing of our horses, we scrambled to our feet, grasping our rifles. From a bluff a half mile back on our left, a faint whinnying answer reached us. 'Thy've seed us!' the Frenchman stuttered. 'Lucky thing horses still got saddles on.' We could see the Indians hesitate a moment as if uncertain what to do. Then they separated, part dashing toward us down the ravine, while the others scurried over the rim of the ridge for the open prairie, determined to intercept us and get our scalps if we attempted to go that way. I can tell you our hair bristled a bit. Chances for escape seemed pretty slim.

OUR horses, sensing the danger, lunged and jumped before we were mounted, and, as they were fully rested, we just let 'em out, holding in only when thick trees and brush made swift going impossible. We knew we had the advantage, for the savages, more than likely, had been traveling all day and their ponies would soon flag. After several miles of hard riding, we began to feel safer. As darkness closed about us, we were confronted by the river through which we were compelled to swim our horses, wetting ourselves in fine style. Thus we proceeded until about midnight, when suddenly the Frenchman checked his horse

CARTER E. GRANT is a son of the late Joseph H. Grant, president of the Davis stake, and Eva Eldredge Grant. His example should be an inspiration to all who thirst for knowledge but feel that their opportunity for schooling has passed. He finished his high school work and by diligent study and painful economy graduated from college after he had ten children. He is now working for his Master's degree, his thesis for which will be on the Great Basin and pioneer life. Brother Grant is now principal of the Jordan L. D. S. Seminary.

and with one hand uplifted leaned forward sniffing the air and whispered misgivingly, 'Nom de Dieu!' It iss smoke! Rees, maybe! What we do now?"

"Catching a whiff of the smoldering wood and dismounting, I ordered Baptiste to put his hands on the horse's nostrils, preventing their giving us away, and I crawled cautiously forward through a cherry thicket, moving only a few feet at a time until I was peering through a willow screen near a dying fire. The glowing embers gave me a shadowy view of the camp, not two rods away. At first glance there seemed to be only one man—unmistakably a Ree, crouched cross-legged before a heap of red embers. He was evidently very weary, for his chin rested heavily upon his breast. When my breathing got a little easier, I raised to my knees and saw the man was not alone. Two other warriors, likely as sleepy as their guard, sprawled upon the grass with their feet to the fire, their bodies looming in the shadows. Three black hulks—horses by the sound of the nipping and blowing—were barely visible in the deep gloom of the cottonwoods, and, other than this, no life seemed evident.

AS I surveyed them, my mind was made up. I felt sure they belonged to the tribe that had treacherously dealt death to our men only two days before. The village, possibly, was short of meat, and I figured these fellows and the men chasing us were a part of a scouting party looking for buffalo and that by morning they would unite and be on our trail. With jaded horses, we could hardly hope to escape.



Green River, the Home of the first Trapping Rendezvous of the Rocky Mountains. It was west of here that Bridger fell upon the Bear River, running north-west, as he supposed to the Columbia.

"When I had crawled back to the waiting Frenchman, we agreed that there was but one way out. Besides, we needed fresh horses,

cited at participating in a killing, apparently cold-blooded but necessary for the preservation of our own lives. Back I came, urging our

enemy, and then as we hurried off through the darkness, our tired animals, not to be left alone, came floundering through the brush in our rear, but our fresh steeds soon out-distanced them. Now, fellows, you can imagine the outburst of wild cries and excited jabber of those twenty-five disappointed warriors chasing us, when following our tracks they reached their companions' campfire."



Modern traffic near the site where Jim Bridger first set his eyes upon the Great Salt Lake.

and these skulking thieves owed us many. 'We trade, no steal 'em!' laughed Baptiste, and then, gloating over the prospect of revenge, he whispered, 'Scalps, too, eh?' I looked at him in the darkness, hardly understanding his meaning.

WE secured our horses and a moment later, with rifles cocked, we were returning stealthily through the blackness. By crawling on all fours we made sure that no cracking stick or other noise should betray us. Upon peering through the brush again, I saw the camp just as I had left it, only the fire glowed a bit fresher from the little breeze springing up. "Ready," I whispered, and at the roar of my gun, the man who had been sitting, leaped forward with a wild yell, staggered, and fell across the burning embers. Simultaneously the two sleepers scrambled in bewilderment to their feet, and at the sound of Baptiste's rifle, one went down. The other seized his gun, but with a warhoop from the Frenchman we bounded from cover, our pistols popping in the darkness.

"Examine the horses, quickly, Baptiste," I demanded as the brief affair ended, "and choose the two best. I'll fetch ours!" and I was off stumbling through trees, ex-

fagged animals into the clearing by the fire. And then I saw savagery! The Frenchman was wiping three dripping scalps upon the grass. 'Heavens,' I shouted, 'It's bad enough to be forced to kill, but this is heathenish!'

BAPTISTE, whose

experience from a child among the wild tribes had fully developed the savagery latent in most men, turned to me: 'By and by you mountain man, too; then—Wagh!' and he finished with a sweep of his reeking knife about his left wrist, indicating the conqueror's right of 'lifting hair'. With a chuckle of satisfaction, he tucked the hideous souvenirs under his belt and wiped his hands on his buckskin trousers."

Turning to Bridger, Jed exclaimed, "Jim, if I stay in the mountains a life time I can never, never indulge in such barbarism!"

"It took but a moment," continued Smith, "to shift our saddles to the better horses of our fallen

NEIHARDT in continuing the narrative and quoting from "The Ashley-Smith Exploration" by Dale, says when the mountaineers united at the mouth of the Cheyenne river, that the glare of the embers around which they sat shone upon the features of some men soon to be the most outstanding "trail-breakers" of America. We look back upon torches searching the trails and illuminating the dark, mysterious spaces beyond the heretofore impenetrable Rockies; and we see their bones scattered from the mouth of the Cheyenne to the mouth of the Colorado and the far-distant Columbia. Not a few found permanent rest by the "Great Inland Sea." In fact the trails of these men opened the whole western portion of United States, including Nebraska, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Arizona.



It was around this bend that Jim Bridger and his men turned southward through Gentile Valley into Willow Valley (Cache Valley) in the summer of 1824, a few months before the Great Inland Sea was discovered.

Washington, Oregon and California. The famous Jedediah S. Smith became the first white man making his way overland to California, through Utah and Nevada, up the
(Continued on page 172)

The Dance of Life

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

(Reviewed by Elsie Talmaže Brandley)

IN this book Mr. Ellis has presented ideas which not only have caught the public thought, but held it. The first edition, printed in 1923, has been followed by eighteen consecutive impressions, the last this very year, 1929. The book, between introduction and conclusion, contains chapters on the Art of Dancing, of Thinking, of Writing, of Religion and of Morals. Much that is most stimulating and valuable is set forth on each subject, but for purposes of brevity and emphasis only the section on Dancing, together with the introduction will be given here.

He calls life a dance—not merely as a figure of speech, but as a literal comparison, for the dance is the rule of number and rhythm, measure and order, the controlling influence of form and the subordination of parts to the whole—and so is life. The classic spirit of these things permeates not only life, but the universe itself; so not only life, but the whole universal scheme of things is a dance.

IT has always been difficult, Mr. Ellis says, for man to realize that life is an art, even though in his actions he proclaims it artistic. In the beginning the creation of the world was the work of the Supreme Artist; in the book of Genesis we read that the whole cosmos was fashioned in a measurable period of time, by the art of one Jehovah, who proceeded methodically by first forming it in the rough, and gradually working in the details, the finest and most delicate last, just as a sculptor might fashion a statue. In primitive times artists and craftsmen who have made beautiful things for the world have been regarded almost with reverence. Since then, however, man has lost some of this conception of art with the increase of his

scientific knowledge. He has learned the mystery of measurement and of mathematics; he has formulated laws and commandments.

IS Life an art? Many people think that art has to do only with a group of eccentric beings who do incomprehensible things in its name. The conception of art among us has been so narrowed and debased that it seems to us either unintelligible or erratic, or too unfamiliar to be interesting. As a matter of fact, every phase of life is artistic or inartistic, according to the manner of living it, and the intention underlying it. A primitive people, living on the Loyalty Islands, east of New Caledonia, typify in their lives the natural beauty which is true art. Possessing high moral qualities, they are withal a laughter-loving people, and joyous. They can work very hard for days, without rest, if need be, and then, after it is over, relax and sleep to recuperate. Every one of them learns music, dancing and song; they consider rhythm and grace as a part of life, and they cultivate beauty in all their social relationships.

TO a primitive people, living is inevitably concerned with eating; and here no one goes hungry if his neighbor has food, so no great demonstration is made

when gifts are made—it is the natural and the beautiful thing to share. Helping others is one way of helping one's self, for it contributes to the common weal. Their habits governing the matter of food and eating might well be emulated by other nations and people. They eat slowly, and refrain from noticing any dainties placed out of their reach; and no one ever eats in the presence of one who is not eating. One always shares, however small his own portion, and one always accepts, although slowly and with reluctance, what is offered.

THEFT among these people is rare, and punishable by death, but taking an article when the owner is looking is not theft. Lying with intent to deceive is a serious offense, though a harmless lie is excusable. They have no fear of death, and a strong love of cleanliness. "Old age is a term of respect, and everyone is pleased to be considered older than he is, for it is honorable." One always expresses thanks at hearing good news, even though it does not affect him personally. Good news is a gift, for he is able to rejoice with another. According to one who has observed them, they are conspicuous for their honesty, truthfulness, good humor, morality, kindness and politeness—a fine, intelligent people. Their lives are artistic because they are filled with beauty.

"Dancing and building are the two primary and essential arts. The art of dancing stands at the source of all the arts that express themselves first in the human person. The art of building, or architecture, is the beginning of all the arts that lie outside the person; and in the end they unite. Music, acting, poetry, proceed in the one mighty stream; sculpture, painting, all the arts of design, in the other. There is no primary art outside these two arts, for their origin is far earlier than man himself; and dancing came first. * * * If we are

ART is not a sermon, and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indirection. The beautiful refines. The perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct. The harmony in music teaches, without intention, the lesson of proportion in life. The bird in his song has no moral purpose, and yet the influence is humanizing. The beautiful in nature acts through appreciation and sympathy. It does not browbeat, neither does it humiliate. It is beautiful without regard to you.

Roses would be unbearable if in their red and perfumed hearts were mottoes to the effect that bears eat bad boys and that honesty is the best policy.

Art creates an atmosphere in which the propensities, the amenities, and the virtues unconsciously grow. The rain does not lecture the seed. The light does not make rules for the vine and flower. The heart is softened by the pathos of the perfect.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

indifferent to the art of dancing, we have failed to understand, not merely the supreme manifestation of physical life, but also the supreme symbol of spiritual life."

THE appeal of dancing is simply that it has the significance of the great rhythm of the universe. It is a primitive expression of religion and love, of war, of labor, of pleasure, of education, and some regard it, of morals. To primitive people, religion is not possible apart from life; and dancing is an operation which, because it imparts strength and harmony, achieves importance; thus the dance itself was of religious importance. For all solemn occasions—bridals and funerals, seedtime and harvest, war and peace, there were fitting dances. Today we pray for rain, or the restoration of our friends to health, just as our forefathers long ago danced for these blessings.

FOR centuries dancing was common in some Christian rituals. In English cathedrals it went on until the 14th century; in France, until the 17th, and in Spain, where dancing is a deep and tremendous impulse, religious dances flourished long.

Throughout history, dancing has been an essential and fundamental part, not only of religion, but of love as well. In this connection, the relationship is more primitive than man, for among insects and birds, dancing is often associated with courtship, the male dancing to attract the female, and the female joining in a dance of consent. Some of the least intelligent of creatures have developed at this time a beauty and grace enchanting to even human eyes. The dance of love is an effort to display all the force and energy, the skill and endurance, the beauty and grace which are yearning to be poured into the stream of life.

EVERY part of the human body has been brought into play by the dance, with rhythm and measure. In Northern Europe, dancing is an activity of the legs, a twinkling of feet. In Japan and Java and Madagascar it is sometimes exclusively with arms and hands, and in some South Sea Islands, of hands and fingers alone. In other localities it may be a swaying of the head alone, and in others still, of the trunk, the entire body. The complete dance is the one in which these are harmoni-

THERE are two ways of being happy: We may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easiest.

If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means. If you are active and prosperous or young or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants.

But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.—Franklin.

ously interwoven. In Spain, perhaps, has this type of dance attained its noblest and most harmoniously beautiful expression.

From the vital function of dancing in love, and its sacred function in religion, to dancing as an art, a profession and an amusement, may seem at first glance, a sudden leap. It has been, however, a gradual transition. Courtship after all, is a form of art, and dancing expresses the beauty of it. In religion dancing, like the ministry, became a profession. In Hawaii, the hula was a religious dance requiring special education and arduous training, because of which it was danced by paid performers. In India are sacred dancing girls, religious and professional. They dance in church ceremonials, and also in the homes of people rich enough to pay for them.

IN our modern world, dancing is associated with neither religion nor love; and on the western hemisphere it is difficult to trace it back to either source. In Europe there are two trends to be discerned in the development of the art, one classical, of Egyptian origin, the other romantic, of Italian origin. Without question Egypt has been, for thousands of years, a great dancing center, called by one "the mother country of all civilized dancing." Egyptian dancing was and is, simple, personal, passionate—classic. The real beginning of the ballet was in Italy, the home of romantic dancing—expressive, dramatic, picturesque. The fashion of the ballet soon spread throughout all the Italian courts,

and thence into France. Here it became very popular, and kings and queens participated. Other countries adopted the idea, with racial changes, and in the 18th century a high degree of perfection was reached, which a century later had declined. It became almost unrespectable to admire dancing or dancers, a condition which was remedied by the appearance of the Russian ballet, which raised dancing to heights never perhaps previously surpassed as an expressive form of living art.

Classic and romantic dancing have recently been renewed, the first by Isadora Duncan who brought back the free naturalism of the Greek dance, and Ruth St. Denis, who has endeavored to revitalize the secrets of old Indian and Egyptian traditions.

DANCING as an art can never die out, but may decline and revive. As a social custom it is being renewed constantly in the souls of the people; as a social custom it is a form of social discipline, and so ties up with not only love and religion and art, but with morals as well.

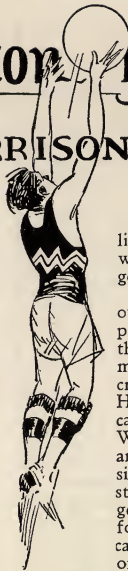
All human activity, under natural conditions, is a sort of dance in that it is essentially rhythmic, and efforts toward it must be harmonized. The singing and dancing of sailors as they hoist topsail yards and work pumps; the swing of the blacksmith's hammer on his anvil; the musical cadence of engines grinding over rails; and all work connected with musical instruments is a kind of dance. Work shows the necessity of harmonious rhythmic cooperation which the dance develops, and which imparts a beneficent impetus to all activities. Participants in a dance exhibit a wonderful union; they are fused into a single being, stirred by a single impulse. The dance has done much to socialize man. In a large sense it possesses peculiar value as a method of national education.

AN ancient Chinese maxim says, "One may judge of a king by the state of dancing during his reign." And Plato declared, "A good education consists in knowing how to sing and dance well." G. Stanley Hall says that the revival of dancing is imperatively needed to give poise to the nerves, school-

(Continued on page 171)

'Heart' Horton Learns Basketball

by
HARRISON R. MERRILL



GEORGE "Heart" Horton, substitute center of the Gunnell University basketball squad, paused with his hand on the knob of Coach John Crowley's office door. He merely wanted a moment in which to screw up his courage before entering the place where he intended to give the coach a thrashing. Heart carried his basketball suit under his arm, for he had quit the squad.

He swung the door open and walked in. Coach Crowley, a compact, well-built man of medium size and thinning hair, sat at his desk where he had been working over a list of names for the squad. He glanced up through his glasses at the young giant who entered, his steel-gray eyes two interrogation points.

"Well?" he said after a moment.

Heart found it a little harder to get started than he had anticipated, in the presence of those calm gray eyes that seemed to bore through him to the door he had locked behind him.

"I've quit the basketball squad," Heart finally managed to say.

The sound of his own voice gave him courage.

"There's the old suit." He flung it contemptuously into a chair. "I'm leavin' school."

THE coach sat back in his chair and looked quizzically over his glasses.

"But before I leave, I'm goin' to give you a lickin'," the boy continued. "I've had to take everything from you; now I'm goin' to g—"

"Hold on, hold on, old kid, before you get all mixed up." The coach rose to his feet. "Now calm down a little and tell me all about it."

"Nothin' to tell," the youngster answered surlily. "You're not goin' to talk me out of any of the things I said—nary a one."

The coach screwed up his eyes. "But I ought to know what the

licking's for, or it won't do me any good."

The player stuck out his jaw as he replied, "It's for being the most unfair, the most discriminating crook in basketball!" Heart exploded. "I came up here from Windsor high school an all-state center—six feet three in my stocking feet—and get set on the bench for my pains so you can play that little pet of yours—Buddy Kinkaid! Now I don't stand for that a tall!"

HEART spread out his big hand in a contemptuous gesture. His hesitancy had left him. He was now a fighter, a calm one. He took his coat off and hung it on a hook.

The coach, old in the ways of young men—boys—looked on calmly, sadly.

"When men play on my teams, they play my style of ball—or they don't play!" he said firmly.

"They crawl around you, you mean! Look at Buddy Kinkaid! Poor little shrimp hasn't got the ball in center twice this whole year! Yet, he's out there, every darned game, and I'm eatin' my heart out on the bench. It won't go, I tell you! I'm goin' to give you a floggin' so you won't treat the next fella that comes along the way you've treated me and then—I'm through!"

He squared up in front of the coach.

"Take your glasses off. I don't want to blind you,—permanently. Down where I come from they fight square."

THE boy might have been warned by those cool gray

eyes, but he rather took the coach's calmness for fear. Why shouldn't the coach fear? Crowley was fully five inches shorter and was not what one would call a particularly robust looking man.

The coach removed his glasses, and laid them on his desk.

"Listen, big boy," he remonstrated. "You don't want to fight your teacher, do you? You'd be sorry of that the rest of your life."

"Would I?" Heart sneered. "You watch me. I've been looking forward to this meeting a week now. If you won't fight, I'll just turn you over my knee and spank you and let it go at that."

Heart was not excited now, merely determined. He had planned this meeting carefully and his own pride and words he had let fall to some of the fellows prevented him from shifting his position regarding the matter.

TO precipitate matters, he seized the watchful coach by the collar and jerked him forward and at the same moment released a short right to the face.

It never landed. Things began to happen with unusual suddenness. Heart wasn't sure what. He found himself lying full length on the floor with a peculiar sensation along his jaws and under his ears.

He sat up dazedly. Coach Crowley stood calmly at his desk. Then Horton remembered. He leaped to his feet. Now he was angry. He saw red. He had been floored, that was what had happened to him!

WITH long arms flailing, he rushed the coach. Again something happened, but this time he remembered everything. A mule had kicked him between the eyes some way and he had thudded to the floor with a jar that shook his ancestors.

But Heart was not a quitter. He merely guessed that the coach must.

know something about boxing and that he had better shift his attack.

He would fool him this time. He would rush him; get hold of the little pigmy and wipe up the office with him. Cautiously, watchfully he rose to his feet. With a lunge, his face protected by his outstretched arms, he was upon the coach. Crowley let the boy seize him by the collar.

That was the last George could remember until he sat up rubbing a lump on his head where he had struck the floor. He struggled to his feet and leaned against the wall dizzy, surprised—disappointed.

COACH Crowley went over to him and put his arm around his shoulders. Heart did not resist. He was no small calibre boy. He knew when it was decent to be subdued. He allowed the arm to remain.

"Sorry, old kid," the little coach said, "awfully sorry. It just couldn't be helped, I guess."

"It's all right—all my doin's," Heart replied evenly. "Down in our country we know when we meet a better man and—take it."

"Not a better man, old kid, just a better trained man. W'y if you had my training, you'd eat me alive."

"I guess that's the difference," Heart answered.

"Yes, that's the difference. You see you're bigger, have longer arms, younger, just as quick—but I've been fooling around gymnasiums for more years than you've lived, lots more. W'y I've been teaching boxing and wrestling for half that long a time."

"I HOPE you—don't think I'm a quitter," the youth said in a low tone, half fearful that he had shown the white feather. "I didn't feel just right—jumpin' on you, any how. Thought it'd be a kind of shame to lick such a little fella"—he grinned humorously as he rubbed his swelling eyes—and then, you are my teacher, after all."

"Quitter!" the wise old coach exclaimed. "I should say not! I never expected you to come back for the second, let alone the third. A professional boxer would have stayed down for the count on that first one. Now let's see what we can do for that face, before it disappears."

"Gosh, I'm glad," the young man exclaimed as he bent over the sink. "Some fellas rather than take it like a man would a grabbed a chair or something. I ain't that kind."

"I knew you were not that kind, old man," the coach answered. "A coach can usually tell."

"Sorry I came in here a tall."

CROWLEY patted him on the back.

"It's always best to get the bitterness out of the heart before it becomes chronic." The coach ceased his work on the bruised face. "Awfully sorry you decided to quit. We need you the worst kind for—substitute."

The big boy looked down into the steel gray eyes.

"What's the matter with me, coach?" he asked. "Why don't you like me for a center?"

"I do, old kid, very much, but you have a lot to learn, and up until the present you haven't been willing to be taught. You came up here thinking you knew all there is to know about basketball. You sneered at my drills; you played your style of ball, not mine; you shot from bad positions; you wouldn't pass; you broke up my team work."

"But I can hit the hoop," Heart responded. "There isn't a center in this conference who can do it better, or get the tip-off over me."

"There you go." The coach grinned. "You've thought you

were a king-pin of a player—that you were much better than the rest of the gang. It takes five men to make a basketball team."

"But look at poor little Buddy. He positively looks pathetic out there in the center against some of the giant centers in this conference. Doc. Bicknell says so, too."

THE coach faced the center.

"Getting it in center isn't everything. It doesn't mean more than eight points at the most, and what are eight points? How come we are winning our games? Suppose you watch that little pathetic Buddy with an idea that you would like to learn to play basketball." The coach patted the boy on the shoulder. "If you ever learn to play as well, no one can keep you out of center."

Coach Crowley held out his hand.

"Well, sorry to have you leave." He jerked his head toward the scene of battle. "And I'm doubly sorry about this."

"I'm not leaving," Heart replied. "That is—unless you make me. I'm going to learn to play your style of basketball, and as for this"—he motioned with his hand toward the place where he had struck the floor—"I have an idea that is my first lesson."

A sheepish grin wreathed his lips as he took the coach's hand and pumped it up and down. Then he put on his coat, picked up his basketball suit and went out closing the door softly behind him.

FROM that day on Heart Horton was a new player. He did his best to forget all he had ever learned about basketball and set himself to master the game all over again the way Coach Crowley wanted it played. His experience in the coach's office had taught him to respect little men—that a little man whose muscles are properly coordinated is better than a big man whose body has not had discipline.

Both in practice and in regular games he watched Buddy Kinkaid with a new interest. To his surprise he discovered that the little center, after all, was a truly great basketball man, that he was the link that connected the fast moving forward line with a steady guard wall. He saw, too, that Buddy



"The ball was tossed up in center and the merry game was on!"

rarely pitched at the basket unless he was in a position that would guarantee the completion of the try or would permit his team mates to recover the ball. He saw, also, that Buddy's arms worked with a precision and accuracy that made the game he played brilliant for its steadiness, not for its spectacular exhibitions.

HEART was eager to push into center. He knew that some big games were coming up at the close of the season when Gunnell would fight for a conference championship. He wanted to play in those games. He knew with his reach and action and accuracy that he would stand a good show of being made all-conference center, as in high school, he had been made all-state center.

Fortune favored him. In the first game Gunnell played with the Hillcrests, champions of the United States, Buddy Kinkaid sprained his ankle. The sprain was not serious, but since these were mere exhibition games, Coach Crowley would not take the chance of allowing his star center to continue.

Heart was sent in to take his place. He was overjoyed. It looked as if he would have the best opportunity he had ever had to show the fans what he could do.

THE second half had been under way four minutes when Horton took Kinkaid's place. The score stood 27 to 24 in favor of the champions.

The ball was tossed up in center and the merry battle was on once more. At first Heart had little difficulty in out jumping his opponent. His recent training was revealed in the smooth manner in which he fitted into the work of his team. Gunnell made two baskets setting the score at 28 to 27 in their favor.

Then the champions strengthened. The Hillcrest's broke through Gunnell's defense and sank three balls through the hoop in much less than that many minutes.

Heart was frantic. His recent weeks of training dropped away and he was once more the lone player, fighting, running, pivoting, dribbling, shooting for the basket from the center of the floor or from the side lines whenever he got possession of the sphere. At last he made a lucky throw and the



ball sank through the basket. The crowd went wild with joy.

A moment later, however, the Hillcrest's, making a brilliant rally, carried the ball down the floor and flipped one through, once more taking the lead.

A BIT tired now, Heart at the next toss-up was surprised to have his opponent take the tip-off. He did it again a moment later when the ball got tied up and the two had to jump. Heart was desperate. The last vestige of Coach Crowley's training dropped away.

Upon the next toss-up he brought into play an old trick he had mastered in high school. His elbow "accidentally" contacted with his opponent holding him ever so slightly, but sufficiently for Heart to get the tip-off. This time he touched it with his long fingers, then seizing it in his hands he tossed it over his shoulder in a high arch. The ball sank through the basket without touching the hoop.

The crowd went mad. Everybody, including Heart, knew that Coach Crowley had made a gross error in judgment keeping that young giant out of the contest as long as he did.

AGAIN as the ball was tossed up in center, Heart fouled his opponent, not seriously but enough to give him the ball. Finding the officials either lax or ignorant or willing to favor a home team against a traveling champion

organization, Heart began employing all the dirty little tricks he had learned during a long basketball career in high school in an outlying district where the officiating had been none too technical.

Gunnell was gradually drawing away from the great Hillcrests.

Coach Crowley, in the midst of the rally, made a substitution. Heart was furious when he sent in a new guard to replace one who had been doing great work. After the first play Heart called time out for a conference. Surely the guard must have an important message for the team.

"Coach says for you to quit that fouling," the substitute announced. "Says for you to get down to team work again."

That was all. Young Horton grinned in derision at the stupidity of the coach. He had found the kind of game that would whip the Hillcrests. Unused to bodily contacts of any kind, they were blowing up under his style of play.

ON the first toss-up, Heart repeated his slight foul and took the ball. A moment later when the ball went out of bounds, the whistle blew for a substitution.

Heart glanced over to the scorers to see who was coming in this time. He could not believe his eyes. It was Red Johnson, second substitute center.

"Horton out!" the scorer shouted.

Heart staggered as he left the floor, head hanging. The crowd yowled and booed the coach. They were all certain that Heart was winning the game, for the score was now 37 to 33 in Gunnell's favor.

Heart took his seat in moody and angry silence. He knew that he had played brilliantly and that he was certainly leading Gunnell to sure victory. The coach did not give him a glance as he took his seat.

WITH but three minutes to go, the great Hillcrests now relieved from the nagging they had undergone and playing against a team with two substitutes, worked like lightning. Ball after ball zigzagged up the floor and rolled over into the hoop. Coach Crowley substituted freely in a vain attempt to stop them. (Continued on page 161)



MAIN STREET, NAUVOO, ILL., 1922. ORIENTAL HOTEL AT LEFT

From the Green Mountains to the Rockies

By JOHN D. GILES

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

II

THE trail between the Green Mountains and the Rockies is marked by many historic shrines. During the journey one is constantly reminded of events connected with the restoration, or organization and development of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and there are still many monuments to the loyalty, faith and sacrificing spirit of the early members and their leaders.

In the first article of this series, the *Improvement Era* for November makes reference to the historic places where the Church had its inception and passed through its early struggles for existence. This installment of the travelogue takes the reader to some points of interest that were prominent in the development of the Church and its migration westward.

A Travelogue describing visits to important places in the history of the Church and giving impressions gained and information secured in connection therewith.

Wherever the Latter-day Saints were located for any length of time, they have left evidences of stability, culture and intelligence. A visit to Kirtland, Ohio, near what is now the great city of Cleveland and in the heart of a choice agricultural community, emphasizes this truth.

Invariably those who have had the responsibility and privilege of selecting sites for our temples have chosen the most appropriate and ideal locations possible. The spot selected for the Kirtland temple is no exception. As one approaches the village, for it is nothing more than that today, the tower of the temple looms up on the hilltop in

an impressive manner. It follows, of course, that from the tower or upper floor one gains an excellent view of the surrounding country in every direction.

COMPARED with the temples erected in the West in later years, the edifice at Kirtland is modest indeed. But compared with structures in that section in the days in which it was built, and judged by the best rules and traditions of architecture, the temple at Kirtland is truly a monument of more than ordinary distinction to the Prophet Joseph Smith and his faithful followers whose zeal and sacrifice and skill made it possible.

BUILT nearly a hundred years ago, it stands today, well preserved, dignified and impressive, and is in regular use. Of unusual

interest, I feel sure, is the comment of a recent visitor to the temple. Under the caption, "Unmatched in American Architecture," the following article was printed early this year in the *Birmingham* (Alabama) *News*:

"The American people as tourists are famous for seeking out the most unique and interesting spots to visit, be those spots in Europe or this country," said Mrs. Thomas J. Bissett, of New York, but formerly of Birmingham. "There is one place which, while visited by thousands of tourists annually, yet is relatively unknown to a vast majority of Americans and that is the old temple of the Latter-day Saints at Kirtland, Ohio, which was built by Joseph Smith and his followers in 1833-36. This temple is unique in architecture and impressive in the extreme. Its dimensions are 59 feet by 79 feet and its walls of three stories, rising 60 feet, are of hewn native stone covered with plaster without and within.

"The tower is 120 feet high. But if the exterior is impressive, the interior is positively delighting. Here the guilloche is of the purest Greek type and most exquisitely carved, while the four pulpits and hand rails are of black walnut and stained black in the front, with the remainder finished in native white wood, painted white. The pews, all white, are boxlike inclosures, so that when worshippers are seated therein only the heads are visible. * * * The structure, capping a lofty hilltop, is declared to be unmatched in American architecture."

THE foregoing does not exaggerate. It hardly does justice. The exquisite handwork on the

pulpits, the substantial foundations, the symmetry of design and the skill, precision and accuracy in every detail are subjects of comment among the many visitors who journey to this old "Mormon" shrine each year in increasing numbers.

The temple is used regularly by its present owners, the "Reorganized" church, and tourists are escorted through the building in groups under a guide-lecturer much the same as tourists are shown through the Tabernacle and Assembly Hall on Temple Square in Salt Lake City. Other interesting places in Kirtland are Hyrum Smith's home, the old cemetery where many of the early martyrs of the Church are buried, including Thankful Halsey, first wife of Parley P. Pratt, who died at the birth of her first child, a son who had been promised to his parents in a prophecy by Heber C. Kimball. The old hotel and other buildings, from the days of the Prophet, are still standing.

LIKE so many other eastern villages, Kirtland has made little progress. Much smaller now than in the days when the Saints were there, it is still a quaint, country village, moving along in "the even tenor of its way," except at intervals when religious gatherings

are held there. Then thousands assemble from the surrounding country for a celebration or "reunion" lasting several days. We happened into Kirtland during one of these occasions. Tents had been pitched on the temple grounds and in adjoining lots, and every home was filled to capacity. Refreshment stands lined the walks, the whole scene being strongly suggestive of circus day. The meetings are held in the temple which is used as a chapel or meeting house and not for temple purposes.

Kirtland is in Lake County, Ohio, not far from the shores of Lake Erie, and certainly every Church member who is in the vicinity of Cleveland at any time should make an effort to visit the temple. If motoring from the west, one travels eastward from Cleveland on Highway 30 (the Lincoln Highway) to the town of Willoughby, about ten miles. Here the course turns south at the sign marked "Kirtland" and, in some three miles or so, reaches the temple. The carline from Cleveland to Willoughby has been abandoned but buses run regularly, making it convenient to reach Willoughby. From this point, however, it is necessary to provide a private conveyance, unless one chooses to walk through the beautiful and interesting country along the road once used by the Saints.

IN the early movement toward the West, two scenes of unusual importance in the history of the Church take their place in the march of events—Nauvoo and Carthage. Both are located in Hancock county, Illinois, Carthage being the county seat. Their history is inseparable from that of the early Church.

The Carthage of today is a thriving, progressive town of prosperous stores, imposing churches and excellent schools. Nauvoo is tragically run-down, dilapidated in the older section, and but a shadow of the city of twenty thousand and more inhabi-



CARTHAGE JAIL, CARTHAGE, MISSOURI,
AS IT APPEARS TODAY

tants in the days of its prosperity. Its principal industry, grape growing, is carried on in the yards of the homes of former Church leaders and prominent members.

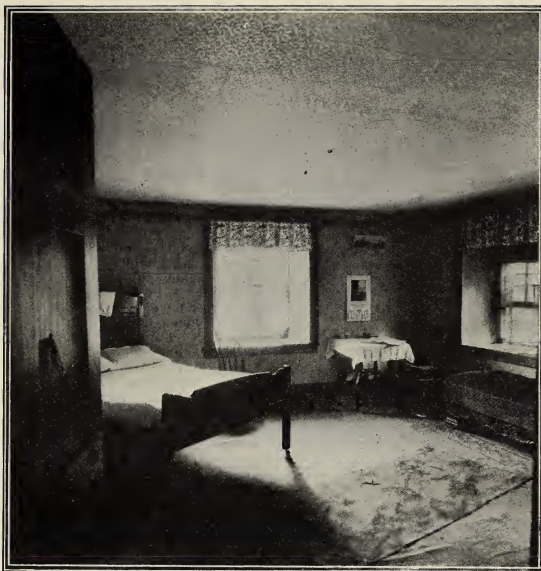
THE center of interest in Carthage, in fact the only point of interest as far as Church history is concerned, is the old jail, of tragic memory, where "the best blood of this generation" was shed in the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch and the wounding of John Taylor, who later became president of the Church.

The main building, its walls, rooms and stairway much the same as they were at the time of the martyrdom, still stands in a well preserved condition. The cells and other indications of jail atmosphere have all been removed; and the building, now owned by the Church, is used as a residence and lodging house. When you visit Carthage, if you so desire, and have the modest price required, you can rent a room for the night and sleep within the walls of this historic building. You may even sleep in the martyrdom room if you choose, provided, of course, no one else has made reservation ahead of you. The old cell room is also used for lodging purposes.

THE martyrdom room, of greatest interest, still carries mute evidence of the terrible tragedy enacted within its walls. The door shows the hole made by the bullet that killed Hyrum Smith, the first of the brother martyrs to the latter-day cause. The story is still told of Hyrum, big and powerful, using his great strength to protect Joseph and his associates from the mob. With his right shoulder against the door, he had successfully foiled the attempts of the mob to enter the room until a bullet, fired through the door, struck him in the cheek, shattering his cheek bone and jaw and causing his immediate death.

A short distance from the door, doubtless either where Hyrum fell to the floor or where John Taylor lay, he having been seriously wounded a moment later, blood stains are still visible in the soft wood of the floor.

The old well against the curb of which the body of Joseph was propped after he had fallen, fatally wounded from the second story window, while the mob fired four additional bullets into his body, has been filled in; but the



MARTYRDOM ROOM, CARTHAGE. HANDKERCHIEF ON DOOR MARKS BULLET HOLE

depression in the ground clearly marks its location. The frame section of the building, shown in the accompanying photograph, has been added in comparatively recent years, as has also the front porch, although the earliest pictures show a small lumber room on the same ground as the later addition. The north wall still shows the location of the jail bars over the windows of the cell room.

CONTRARY to a belief that seems to be quite general, the Prophet and his associates were not confined in cells, but were in an upper room of the jail which was fairly comfortably furnished. Had they been in the cell room it doubtless would have been much more difficult for the mob to reach them and carry out their murderous designs.

From its plating, Carthage might easily have been laid out by the Saints. The streets all run at right angles and the blocks are of uniform size as in our Western "Mormon" cities. In the center of town, with the Hancock county courthouse the only building occupying it, is the town square, planned very much after the order

of the plazas of Mexican cities. The business district is made up almost entirely of stores and other business buildings that face the square on all sides.

UPON one of my visits to Carthage, I met, by accident, the present historian of Carthage township, a pleasant and intelligent woman, who is also business manager of the town newspaper, the *Carthage Republican*. It seems that some years ago the importance of keeping an accurate history of occurrences in that section and of securing information of past history while those who were in a position to supply many of the facts were still living, was recognized and each township in Hancock county appointed a historian for this purpose. The attitude of the Carthage official, even after being told very frankly that she was talking to a member of the "Utah Church," as it is referred to in some parts of the East, was friendly and interested. She seemed as eager to secure information from me as I was from her.

AS historian of the township, she is apparently seeking information from all sources. She told of



KIRTLAND TEMPLE

hearing the story of the martyrdom from several who were eye witnesses. She depicted the conditions in those troublesome days, as she had gleaned the facts from others, as being terrible beyond description. The non-"Mormons" who were not in league with the mobs were as frightened as were the "Mormons" who were being attacked from all sides. The lurid and frightful stories spread by the mob were designed, of course, to stir up animosity and hatred against the Saints in order that their leaders might be killed and the members driven from the state. The result was a reign of terror throughout all of Hancock and several of the adjoining counties.

IN the light of developments of nearly a hundred years, a different feeling exists today. Everywhere an attitude of friendship is encountered and the impression, even though rarely expressed directly, appears to prevail generally that a terrible mistake was made.

Since the old jail came into the possession of our Church it has been carefully preserved and thousands of visitors, "Mormons" and non-"Mormons" register there each year.

Carthage is reached by railroad, most conveniently, from Burlington, Iowa, being on a branch line of the Burlington railroad. It is also reached from St. Louis and the south, by a less direct route over the

Burlington line, branching off at Quincy, Ill., also important in early Church history as the city that befriended the Saints in time of trouble. Carthage is on the paved highway running east from Hamilton, Ill., on the Mississippi, opposite Keokuk, Iowa, the site of the mammoth government dam and power house.

FROM Hamilton, north along the Mississippi, the "river road" leads to "Nauvoo, the beautiful," where "the father of waters" makes a horseshoe bend, creating as ideal and beautiful a setting for a city as can well be imagined. Another route from Carthage to Nauvoo, lies "cross country," part of the road being that built by the Saints at the time of their settlement in Hancock county. A former county surveyor explained to me that when the "Mormons" came to that section one of the first things they did was to make a road in a "bee line" from Nauvoo to Carthage which was then, as now, the county seat. The "road" was made by plowing parallel furrows at each side. The direction was almost exactly southeast to northwest, a distance of approximately twenty miles. Since then the country has been farmed extensively, having being divided along section lines, making the

road follow the section surveys and increasing the distance over two miles. As I walked along this road, in April of last year, taking a full afternoon to cover the twenty-two miles, I contemplated the contrast between conditions then and now. A large part of the population had been transferred to Utah, where conditions have changed more rapidly than they have in Illinois, where the people still live on their farms. The towns are frequently not much more than a store, a postoffice and, in these modern days, a garage. At intervals of approximately five miles, along the road, one sees the little old-fashioned white schoolhouse, a small, frame building with one room, all the grades being taught by one teacher, who from my observation is in many cases not much older than some of the pupils. Our own educational facilities and advantages, out here in the West, are so much superior that it is no wonder leading educators compliment us upon our educational system.

But the country is beautiful, the people are hospitable and altogether a visit through this section is very much worth-while.

IF one enters Nauvoo with the hope of seeing a city of beauty, as it has been described in the past, with prosperous-looking homes, thriving business houses and an air of progressiveness and development, that hope soon gives way to disappointment and sadness.



SITE OF NAUVOO TEMPLE, AS IT LOOKS TODAY. NOT A STONE MARKS THE SPOT

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

L. D. S. Institutes and Why

By DR. JOS. F. MERRILL

Church Commissioner of Education

(Address at dedication of Pocatello L. D. S. Institute, Sunday evening, October 27, 1929.)

THE question, "Why such a building as this?" raises the still broader one—why does the L. D. S. Church maintain what it calls a system of seminaries? This is perhaps a suitable occasion on which may be outlined a brief answer to these questions.

From the beginning of the Church very nearly a century ago the "Mormon" people, particularly their leaders, have been greatly concerned with the education of their young people. That the glory of God is intelligence has always been a self-evident verity to them. He who would please God must therefore grow in a knowledge of him, of his ways and of his works. This kind of growth requires study. And the conditions for study, especially by young people, may be best realized in the environment and under the auspices of the school. Hence the "Mormon" people have always been friends to and patrons of the school. In fact schools and colleges are almost, if not quite, as necessary to their religion as are places of worship—meeting houses, they call them.

HENCE in every community where they settled these people gave early attention to the establishment of schools, elementary and advanced. In these were taught not only various branches of secular learning, but also the truths of religion as they understood them. By this people the study of religion was held as important as the study of arithmetic. Religious activity was an essential part of a satisfactory life. No schooling could be complete that did not include a study of religion.

But as time went on conditions became favorable for an assumption by the public, i. e., the Civil Government, of the responsibility

of providing a training in secular studies. And where the Civil Government was willing to discharge this responsibility, the Church discontinued the maintenance of classes in secular fields of study, as a rule conveying its school buildings to the public school system at nominal prices. This statement is true both as to elementary and high schools—academies, the latter were called.

IT must be understood, however, that these people never lost their interest in the religious training of their youth. Their Sunday Schools have long been recognized by experts as among the best, if not the very best, in the land. They continue today as the pride and admiration of the whole Church. But this is not all. Week-day religious instruction is held to be needful as well as training in Sunday Schools. So whenever an academy was transferred to the public school system a seminary or school of religion was established near the high school. In the seminary the courses in Biblical subjects, formerly given in the academy, were offered. The schools belong to the entire public and no sectarian doctrines should be taught in them. The seminaries belong to the Church and are maintained for students from Latter-day Saint homes attending public schools.

BUT in recent years seminaries have been established in communities where Church academies never existed. After an academy became a public high school this institution was no different from any other high school. So if it was a good thing to have a seminary at one school it was thought to be a good thing to have one at every

other similar school where the conditions were favorable. Thus, beginning at the Granite high school near Salt Lake City where the first seminary was established in 1912, the number of seminaries has steadily grown until now eighty-three public schools are being served by these institutions. And applications are on file for a dozen new ones. High school administrations as well as the Latter-day Saint people are looking upon them with more and more favor because of the good they are doing.

BUT this is not all, as this occasion testifies. Seminaries at high schools are found to be good. Why not have them at the colleges? This question was given much attention three or four years ago and was finally answered affirmatively when the Church authorities received from the President's office of your University at Moscow an invitation to establish in that city some kind of an institution to serve the religious needs of University students coming from Latter-day Saint homes.

The name "Institute" was given to a seminary serving college students. The first one was established in Moscow, the second in Logan to serve Utah Agricultural College students, and this is the third.

So much for an outline history of the beginnings of the seminary system in the Latter-day Saint Church.

WE now come to a more direct answer to the question, "why these institutions?" What is the purpose behind them? I have already indicated the answer,—the Latter-day Saints are sincere be-

lievers in the value to their young people of an educational training. They believe in schools and are ready cheerfully to make sacrifices, if need be, to establish and maintain them. They believe not only in a training in secular subjects, but also in a religious education. However, they are a practical people. They have no money to waste or spend unnecessarily. Hence to them for many reasons the wise and proper thing to do is to give undivided support to the public school system from the kindergarten to the university and then, in addition, provide facilities and opportunities for training and instruction in the field of religion. So, besides Sunday Schools and Sabbath day services, the Church has organized a system for week-day religious instruction that functions for all grades of schools from the kindergarten to the college.

THE support of public schools brings children from Latter-day Saint homes in contact with children from other homes. These young people work together, play together, and largely live together. They become interested in the same things and put over common projects. Thus they learn to know and understand each other. These conditions are favorable to a stable democracy. Troubles are not likely to arise between these youths in future years, nor will prejudices between them exist, for troubles and prejudices are usually born of misunderstandings and of ignorance. These youths grow up as friends and neighbors, deeply imbued with feelings of friendliness and of perfect toleration. And the "Mormon" people are lovers of peace. They want to exhibit goodwill to and receive it from all their neighbors. This outlines briefly one of the reasons why these people are believers in and supporters of the public school system.

NO one who is familiar with the history of the Latter-day Saint Church doubts the sincerity of the great majority of its adherents. Their Church loyalty is one of their outstanding characteristics. So they are deeply interested in their religion. I repeat, to them a religious education is a necessary part of a complete education. So they are ready to go to any feasible lengths to provide opportunities for this education. But in doing

so through the seminary they have no thought or wish to do aught violative of the letter or spirit of the law. They are entirely agreeable to the policy of keeping the public school free from sectarian

I THINK we may assert that in a hundred men there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depend the great differences observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences of long duration. It is with these first impressions as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn by different canals in opposite courses; so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far different from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we choose.—Locke.

teachings. But in the seminary and entirely apart from the public school they seek the privilege of acquainting their young people with the Christian Bible, its lessons and teachings, and with Church history and doctrines. And they do this not so much because they want their children taught the fine points of a theology as that they want them taught the fundamentals of good citizenship and practical religion. They want their young people imbued with the thought that God is the Father of all, that we are all brothers and sisters, all of one flesh and blood, that we are all judged by what we do rather than by what we believe. Hence conduct is the important thing. To live acceptably we must be obedient to law, uphold properly constituted civil authority, do unto others as we would have others do unto us, keep our bodies clean and pure, love the Lord and love our neighbors. They want these principles taught to their young people on week days as well as on Sundays, for they want the influence of these teachings—the influence of practical religion—to bear continuously during the habit- and character-forming periods of their lives. They believe with Dr. Richard C. Cabot, as expressed in his delightful book entitled "What Men Live By" that "the most religious people are not those who talk and write the most about God,

but those who best prove their love in faithful performance of what they believe to be his will."

BUT when students go to college they are faced with new problems, some of them disturbing to their religious faith. They hear, read, and are taught some things that seem in conflict with religious views previously held. What shall they do? Are adjustments possible? The Latter-day Saints are firm believers in the harmony of all truth. To them it is impossible that truths discovered in the realms of science and philosophy shall be in conflict with truths of religion. However, our understanding of what is truth is often faulty. The chaff often conceals the kernel. Dogmatism raises its arrogant hand and smothers clear thinking. College days are times when most young people need the aid of wise counsel and a steady guiding hand, though often they themselves do not know this. Yes, adjustments are possible. Religious faith need not retreat from nor surrender in any of the fields of research or learning. Scholarship can never put God out of existence nor find a substitute for Him. This is the abiding confidence of the Latter-day Saints.

But as a means of helping their young people to a realization of these facts and of continuing the beneficent influence of religion during their college careers, institutions such as this are being established by the Church.

AND while we are grateful, very grateful, for the friendliness shown to these institutes by the University and by the public, we are frank to admit that we have no desire to be alone in the establishment and maintenance of these schools of religion. We think that all students should experience the benefits of religion. We would be gratified to learn that other churches were going to do something similar to what our Church is doing. For the present, at any rate, the classrooms in this building will not be in continuous use by us. Without consulting my Board in the matter, I feel safe in saying that during unused periods these rooms may be rented for nominal sums by other churches that might wish to conduct classes in Bible study. We have made this offer at Moscow and we make it here. We are willing to do every feasible

thing to save the youth of the land from being overwhelmed by the waves of infidelic and materialistic thought that are sweeping over the land. The safety and perpetuity of our Government, the peace and happiness of the people of our beloved country, and the high achievements in civilization possible for us, are dependent, so the Latter-day Saints ever believe,

on this continuing to be a God-fearing nation. And of America we can truly say, slightly changing the words of one of Shakespeare's characters,

We do love
Our country's good with a respect
more tender,
More holy and profound, than our
own lives.

Dedication of the Pocatello L. D. S. Institute

ON Sunday evening, October 27, occurred an event of much interest to the Saints living in Pocatello stake and others who are patrons of the Southern Branch of the University of Idaho. It was the dedication by President Heber J. Grant of the Latter-day Saint Institute at Pocatello. The chapel room was crowded with guests, all of whom had been specially invited. They included state, university, and other public officials, stake presidencies, bishops, and Latter-day Saint students attending the Southern Branch of the University of Idaho.

The dedicatory exercises were beautiful and inspiring. Among others the State of Idaho Commissioner of Education, Dr. W. D. Vincent, gave an address. The feature of the program was the address and dedicatory prayer by President Grant.

THE "institute" is a new institution in the Church Department of Education. The one at Pocatello is the third one to be established. The first was the one dedicated at Moscow in September, 1928. The second was opened for students of the Utah Agricultural College at Logan in January, 1929.

Institutes are seminaries of a college grade—they exist to serve Latter-day Saint students attending college. They are beautiful, well-equipped buildings in which Sunday and week-day classes in religious education are conducted. In each building there is a chapel, recreation hall, reception and class rooms and office. Morning and evening classes and meetings are held in the chapel on Sundays, socials and dances are held weekly in the recreation hall, and classes

are conducted each school day in the class room. These institutions are designed to furnish religious instruction and training to college students coming from Latter-day Saint homes.

COLLEGE students face many new problems and situations trying to their religious faith. Then, if ever, a wise, competent and sympathetic advisor is needed to help these students over their difficulties—to help them make the necessary adjustments and become settled in their religious faith. Each of the Latter-day Saint Institutes is in charge of a man of this type, who gives all his time to this work. Parents who send their young people to a college served by an Insti-

THAT man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in a smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all villainy, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one, and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him.—Huxley.

tute have "a friend at court"—a religious institution of the most helpful kind to their sons and daughters. The service is given gratis to all who will accept of it. Is there any Latter-day Saint home that will neglect the unusual opportunity thus cheerfully provided?

Maturity Speaks to Youth

WHERE are you going, Youth of America? Like any army with banners you trip by us flaunting your youth, ignoring our criticism. You do not tell us your goal, for you do not know it.

Yours is the kingdom to take or throw away. Will you sink beneath the bubbles of trivialities, or will you rise like birds over life's dark waters, and make them bright with the reflection of your wings? Must you be caught by silly vanities and egotism, or will you know that one who loses his life gains it?

You all seem so little, so light in your quest for happiness; yet on your slight shoulders rests the future of the race. Your ways are not our ways. We do not always approve them, as our mother did not approve ours. We do not like your carelessness, freedom, indifference; but we do like your courage, self-confidence, honesty and intelligence. Your faults are more on the surface, but ours were no better for being hidden. We judge you, but perhaps our judgments are at fault.

OF one thing we are sure: what you are is inherently yours; what you appear to be is of our making. The twig of life shoots sturdy from life's tree; it is we who bend it. Perhaps we have not bent you very wisely. Will you ignore what we have done and learn from your own wellspring of life to be true, wise, kind, gracious and strong? Will you do this so as not to shame us, or will you let us see the branch still crooked as the twig was bent?

You do not answer. You do not listen. Your eyes are fixed on the future. You march over the path of man's spend-thrift materialism, above his hypocrisies, his broken hopes.

You march on waving the banner of youth! Whither?
Beatrice Forbes—Robertson Hale.

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.

Suggestions for Guidance

THIS is a continuation of the suggestions which began in the October number of the *Era*, for the guidance of Priesthood quorums, or groups.
Week of January 5, 1930.

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 on individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc., 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: *The Present.*

"Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—Proverbs.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in misery."
—Shakespeare.

"Now is the time to act,
Now is the time to fight,
Now is the time to make myself a better man.

If today you are not ready,
Will you be tomorrow?"
—Thomas A. Kempis in "The Imitation of Christ."

1. Thrift of time.
 - a. More important than thrift of money.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."
—Psalms, 90:12.

"Make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days."—Psalms, 39:4.

"Enjoy the blessings of this day if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to the morrow. He, therefore, that enjoys the present, if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible, and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and infinite."—Jeremy Taylor.

2. Relation of today to eternity.
What we shall do tomorrow will be largely determined by what we think and do today. Our position in the next world will be determined by what we do in this. It is everyone's duty to fit himself for the purest, holiest spheres.

- a. How this may be done.
(Specify.)

Week of January 12

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 on individuals assigned to ward teaching, etc., 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: *Practical Christianity.*

1. True Christianity.
 - a. Love in action.
 - b. Manifestation of unselfish love for one's fellowman.
2. The Church a means of service.
 - a. Church has helped you.
(Specify.)
 - b. You help Church.
 1. By being a worthy representative.
 2. By participating in organized service.
 3. By responding to appointments.
 4. By paying tithes and offerings.

The following story is told of Stonewall Jackson:

"A decisive battle had been fought. The telegraph lines were down and the news was slow in reaching some of those most interested. At length a letter from one of the generals came to his home town. His handwriting was recognized, and there was a general impatience to have the letter opened. The general's pastor, to whom it was addressed, broke the seal, and read the following message: 'I remember that this is the day for the collection for foreign missions. Please find enclosed my check.' Then came the signature of the hero of the battle and that was all."

"Emerson was liberal in religious thought and opinion, but he believed in the necessity of organized Christianity. This was shown when a young woman working in his household, in answer to his inquiry whether she had been to the church, said brusquely, 'No, she didn't trouble the church much.' He said quietly, 'Then you have somewhere a little chapel of your own,' a courteous assumption which perhaps set her thinking."

3. Your church, Christ's church.
 - a. He then, is your ideal.
The perfect man—the noblest character—the finest type of manhood.
Let your own heart answer this

vital question propounded by Hall Caine:

"Is Jesus only a legendary figure in history, a saint to be painted in the stained-glass of church windows, a sort of sacred fairy not to be approached and hardly to be mentioned by name? Or is he still what he was when he was in the flesh, a reality, a man of like passions with ourselves, an elder brother, a guide, a counselor, a comforter, a great voice calling to us out of the past to live nobly, to die bravely, and keep up our courage to the last?"

"Behold the Man."

"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And behold there comes forth the author of all good things, and the one who makes all things work together for good. He walks like a man. He talks like a God. His words are oracles. His acts, miracles. The crown of divinity rests upon his brow. The scepter of universal dominion clings to his hand. Two eternities flash in his eyes. Eternal rectitude is written upon his face. The great tides and undercurrents of divine sympathy are heard in the soul—cadences of his voice. The smile of Jehovah transfigures his countenance. He is the express image of the Father. Children cluster at his knee. Womanhood instinctively places the crown of purity upon his white brow. The enthusiasm of youth forsakes all and follows him. Culture whispers in well-chosen words: 'We know that thou art a teacher come from God.' Empire flings the scepter of its prerogative at his feet and exclaims, 'Speak the word only.' Winds obey. Seething seas passionately fling their dripping arms about him, and hearing his voice saying, 'Peace be still,' impetuously dash a wealth in liquid diamonds into his lap, and, sinking to rest, serenely sleep. One glance from his eye and crystal waters blush to amber wine. The dead forget themselves and live. The lame leap for joy. Ears that never heard thirst for the sound of his voice. Sightless eyes deny their past, and open their drooping lids to the beauty of his presence. Pain palsied at his touch vanishes. Disease, dreading the dictates of eternal health, speedily departs. The human soul, touched, thrilled, and swayed, exclaims, 'Never man spake like this man.'"

"When Mr. Landon (Eli Perkins) was preparing his volume on 'Kings of the Platform and Pulpit,' he wrote to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll for a copy of his most famous lecture. In the letter which accompanied the manuscript Mr. Ingersoll said, 'Whatever you do, don't put anything into the book against Christ. I may have said silly things about him when a boy in Peoria, Ill., but I now regard him as the one perfect man.' Jesus is the one universal man. Moses was a Hebrew, Socrates an Athenian, Buddha a Hindu, Mohammed an Arab, Gladstone an Englishman, Luther a German and Lincoln an American, but Jesus belongs to us all. He is the universal man—the one perfect character."

Week of January 19.

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., 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: *Doing Things Well.*

Significance of "How Do You Do?"

1. An often repeated salutation.

a. Common significance—"I bid you good morning!"—"Good day!"—"Good evening!"—and so on, or more specifically: "How are you?"

b. A deeper significance.

1. How do you do *what* you do?

2. Responsibility of doing something.

a. Idlers displeasing to God.—Doc. and Cov. 68:30.

b. Idlers no place in Church.—Doc. and Cov. 76:29.

"Labor Men and Lazy Men."

"Nothing will 'take place' for the man who is not willing to take pains. He who trusts always to luck trusts only to lose. Hard work is the only cure for hard times. For everything that moves there must be something which moves not. Every stir needs a stay. The throbbing dynamo must rest on a foundation which can not be made to throb. No lightning express unless there be a tightening of the rails which afford a narrow pathway. Every liberty has of a necessity a limitation. For everything seen there must be an adequate unseen; for every fruit a deep fixed root. The thing which you are afraid to do will do the most for you if you move forward and to it. The young man who is looking for a soft spot will find it at that point where his brains ought to be. The street called Aimless leads to the town of Brainless. The street called Vagueness leads to the

city of Vacuity. You may yearn for success, but you can't yawn yourself into success. The man who proposes to live by his wits usually lives by his wickedness. Find the man who goes about with his hands in his pockets and by and by you will find those hands in somebody else's pockets. A bracing atmosphere produces vigorous men. The weak and sickly seek the sunny slope. Those born in the lap of luxury may need the rap of poverty before they do anything which will honor ancestry or enrich posterity."

"Get something done. Make a beginning. Blow the whistle, start your train. Move things! Are you ever going to read that book—begin now. Do you propose to take a course in bookkeeping? Send in your application tonight. Do you expect to master a period in English history—up and at it. Make a beginning. Don't be forever dreaming. Turn your night-dreams into day-dreams and your day-dreams into facts and events. *Reflect and act.* 'My friends, get something done!' Phillips Brooks would say. 'Get something done! Do not go on forever in idle skirmishing with the same foe. Realize, as you sit here, who your chief enemy is, what vice of mind or body, what false or foul habit. Cry out to God for strength. Set your face resolutely to a new life in which that vice shall have no part.'"

3. Value of doing your best.

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

"Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world, the idle man."—Carlyle.

"Labor is life: from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God!"—Ibid.
Application:

How can each improve his quorum work?

How can ward teaching be made more effective?

To what specific labor in the Church has each been assigned? Let self-examination determine whether the labor is done whole-heartedly and well, or slothfully and slovenly.

Week of January 26
Open.

Let thy bowels also be full of charity towards all men, and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly; then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God; and the doctrine of the priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews from heaven. The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion.—Doctrine and Covenants 121:45, 46.

Know Yourself

BY the time this issue of the *Improvement Era* reaches its readers, the holiday season will be upon us bringing with it the spirit of "Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Men." What a wonderful thing it is that through custom the whole world can come together at this time with a common thought, breathing the spirit of good will in the joy of this atmosphere! With the past weighing heavily upon us, we should see visions of the future so stimulating as to call forth a desire to overcome our faults and to labor diligently for our own and the salvation of others, guided by the spirit of love. And so the New Year is ushered in.

For some the road is a difficult one, but goaded on by a soul determined and unafraid, with the spirit of our Redeemer as the guiding star, success attends them on every hand, while those of less determination, those who place their trust in the arm of flesh, find themselves floundering in darkness, the light being shut out by the spirit of selfishness.

AT the beginning of a new year, wise business men take an inventory of their stock in trade, for only by so doing may they determine accurately their growth or losses. A careful study of this record will reveal the strength and weakness of their operations. Based upon this showing, their plans for future operations are made. And so the old year passes out with the spirit of good will, and the new year is ushered in as a time of reck-

oning. If such methods are good for business, why not for the individual. Is it not a good thing for me to take stock and carefully and honestly prepare an inventory, so that during this period of good will and reckoning I, also, may profitably ask myself, "What has my Church membership meant to me? What effect has my example had upon others? How have I magnified my Priesthood? What has been my contribution toward the growth and spiritual development of the community in which I live? How may I improve my spiritual condition? How can I render a greater service to my fellow-man—by example, through attendance at meetings, by helping to enlarge the usefulness of my quorum organization, by going out of my way to visit my brother who is discouraged, careless and neglectful of duty, and in the spirit of brotherly love encourage him, that he may have strength to negotiate the difficult road upon which he is traveling, that he too may safely come upon the road of light and truth and happiness?

IS it not a fitting time for us to give of our time, especially to encouraging young men, for they need encouragement, not only by example, but through personal contact in the spirit of love and helpfulness? Their quorum work for the coming year should not only prove interesting but exceedingly profitable as well. Help them to enter upon the work of the new year, which is the centennial year, with one hundred percent active.

they shall see God." Scientists, who are working to perfect their knowledge of this marvelous discovery, have gone so far as to express the belief that sound never dies. If this be true, it is quite possible that many of us who are living today may hear the utterances of our Master, may be able to listen in fervent exaltation to the tones of his voice, and hear the very words as they fell from his lips. If sound never dies, this is undoubtedly true of thought. We know that Jesus understood far better than we, that every deed, good or bad, has its origin in thought. It is said, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Actions and words have a wonderful effect on the lives of others. How much more potent for good or evil are the possibilities of thought transmission?

Purity of heart means right thinking, and consequently right acting. It means cleanness. It means righteousness. The pure in heart are indeed blessed. They are blessed by the very condition itself, but above and beyond all is the enthralling promise, "*for they shall see God!*" They shall see him because they shall be like him. Only those who are pure are like him, and only those who are like him can come into his presence. Besides the self-benefit of purity of heart is the universal benefit to mankind. One cannot be good without radiating goodness.

We have accepted the knowledge that the air is filled with millions of vocal messages. We may in time be able to discriminate and choose that which we prefer without the aid of a station. If there are thoughts vibrating in the air, good and evil, wise and foolish, influencing us to a greater or less degree according to our different temperaments, is it not possible that in time we may receive them as we now receive sound? If we accept this idea, and who shall doubt it? we are forced to accept the amazing conception of the possible effect of our thoughts on the untold millions of souls who have passed on, who are in existence today, and who are yet to come into the world. Sensing this, we must realize the importance of accepting this heavenly exhortation and its beneficent promise, the greatest promise that was ever made to mankind, "*blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*"

Blessed are the Pure in Heart

By MRS. ROSANNAH C. IRVINE

WHEN the historian of the future records the story of civilization, he will probably designate this century as the Golden Age of Scientific Discovery. The inventions of the last twenty-five years are all startling. The radio is amazing. By turning a dial one is able to take out of the air a voice from London, a symphony from Berlin, a song from New York. One is brought to a forcible realization of the possibilities of

future research. To the spiritually minded it conveys a most awe-inspiring and miraculously solace. They seem suddenly to have been brought into direct contact with their Creator.

Resounding through the ages are the words of our blessed Redeemer. Although we cannot yet hear them with our ears, in the hearts of the righteous they ring as true as when he sat upon the Mount: "Blessed are the pure in heart for



MUTUAL WORK



General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD.

Executive Secretary:

OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,

Executive Department



General Presidency

Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY.

Problems of Administration

WE will greatly appreciate it if our Executive Officers will kindly check on the following items:

1. Have you assigned the work of the M. I. A. program to the Executive Officers in stakes and wards as suggested in our Hand Book Supplement, in which one of the counselors supervises the class work of the different departments, and one counselor supervises the Activity Program of the departments, while the President or Superintendent takes charge of and assumes responsibility for the other executive problems of the association?

2. Are you holding in stakes and wards your monthly Administrative meeting at which all officers, class leaders and committee members are in attendance?

The following plan is recommended for this meeting:

1. Opening exercises; the presidents of the two associations presiding.
2. Separation into two divisions.
 - a. The class leaders of all departments. Two counselors (one Y. M. and one Y. L.) take charge and all matters pertaining to courses of study, the various projects and the reading course are considered. Opportunity is thus provided for each class leader to understand the entire study-project-reading program of the association and thereby work more intelligently

A Joyous Christmas to our Mutual Improvement Workers!

May good will abound.

May the Spirit of him whose birth we commemorate bring peace, courage and faith to all who are carrying forward so valiantly the glorious Cause of Youth!

in his or her own department. At times it may be found profitable for two or more departments to cooperate on certain lessons or projects. It may be entertaining also, occasionally, for two groups to join for a brief period of community singing or for younger groups to present brief exercises before the Adults. Such modifications as these should be discussed at this meeting. Care, however, must be taken to complete each month all outlined work in each department so that it may be checked off on the M. I. A. monthly report.

- b. The activity leaders of all departments and the community activity committee. Two counselors (one Y. M. and one Y. L.) take charge and all of the special recreational activities for the month

both those to be presented on the general program (see Hand Book Supplement, p. 21) and those to be given in the departments during the activity period are considered. It is always well to plan several months ahead so that the special events may be completed and checked off on the M. I. A. Monthly Report.

The project—*Home Recreation*—is to receive attention from this combined group each month.

3. A joint session of both divisions. The presidents preside and all matters pertaining to the general administration of the association are considered. (See list of problems assigned to the presidents, (Hand Book, page 5).)

Chairmen of Finance and Publication Committees may also have valuable material to present at this meeting, particularly as pertaining to the Magazine.

WE feel that these matters should receive serious consideration at once where they haven't been perfected in either a stake or ward capacity. This will make possible an excellent division of our work for supervision at Union Meetings and for check and general supervision when stake officers are visiting wards.

Stake secretaries should be informed at once to check on the new monthly report form and see that our General Office is furnished

with a monthly report. These should reach us by the 5th of each month. If the report cannot be made 100%, please instruct your secretary to forward us as nearly a perfect report as possible. The monthly Administration meeting furnishes the secretary an opportunity for getting the information necessary to prepare the report.

The Y. L. M. I. A. General Fund

THE General Fund is based on the actual membership in the Y. L. M. I. A. for the current year.—To be 100% it should check with the enrollment as given on the Monthly Report for November.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

George H. Brimhall and Emma Goddard, Chairmen
N. G. Morgan Junius F. Wells Hyrum G. Smith
Hugh J. Cannon J. Reuben Clark

February Sunday Evening Joint Meeting

SUGGESTIONS and material for the program of the Monthly Joint Session Sunday evening, February 2, 1930:

1. Singing: "Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded," one of President Lorenzo Snow's favorite hymns. In introducing the hymn read the words to the congregation and see that they have song books that they all may join in the singing.

2. Invocation, preferably by some one who was personally acquainted with President Lorenzo Snow.

3. Music, a solo or quartet, "O My Father," by Eliza R. Snow.

4. Announcements.

Introduction to the Slogan:

"No law can possibly meet the convenience of everyone. We must be satisfied if it be beneficial on the whole and to the majority."

"What is a law, if those who make it become the foremost to break it."—*Livy*.

"He who holds no law in awe
He must perish by the law."

—*Byron*.

"The law—it has honored us,
may we honor it."—*Daniel Webster*.

Lorenzo Snow

I. SOME OF HIS OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTICS

1. Reverential Etiquette

Lorenzo Snow was a frequent visitor in Joseph Smith's home.

One time on entering the Prophet's room Brother Snow found him in prayer—evidently conversing aloud with the Lord. Fearing that his ears might overhear something that did not belong to him Brother Snow quickly and quietly withdrew to a distance beyond hearing.

2. Naturally a Student

This from his journal: "Education, the leading star of my youth, had so entirely engrossed my ambition that, until the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ took possession of my mind, it was the geni before which everything else had to bow." As a boy, when he could not be found, the explanation would always follow, "He is hidden away with his books." He completed his scholastic training in Oberlin College, continued the study of Hebrew under private instruction and was recognized as a scholar throughout his long life.

3. A polished gentleman of intellectual and spiritual strength

In addition to his scholarly attainments Lorenzo Snow possessed all the qualities of a perfect gentleman. He was refined, dignified, courteous and kind. Still, withal, there was no semblance of pride or haughtiness. He bore his princely appearance and manners with the greatest sincerity and humility. Rev. Dr. Prentiss, a noted physiognomist, says:

"When I was introduced to President Lorenzo Snow, for a second I was startled

to see the holiest face but one I had ever been privileged to look upon. His face was a power of peace; his presence a benediction of peace. The tranquil depths of his eyes were not only the 'home of silent prayer,' but the abode of spiritual strength. As he talked of the 'more sure word of prophecy' and the certainty of the hope which was his, and the abiding faith which had conquered the trials and difficulties of tragic life, I watched the play of emotions and studied with fascinated attention the subtle shades of expression which spoke so plainly the workings of his soul; and the strangest feeling stole over me, that I 'stood on holy ground,' that this man did not act from the commonplace motives of policy, interest, or expediency, but he 'acted from a far off center.' I am accustomed to study men's faces, analyze every line and feature, dissect each expression, and note every emotion, but I could not here. What would be the use of my recording the earnestness of the brow, the sweetness of the mouth, and all my commonplace descriptive terms. The man is not reducible to ordinary description. If the Mormon Church can produce such witnesses, it will need but little the pen of the ready writer or the eloquence of the great preacher."

4. Interest in the Social and Recreational Welfare of the People

The Improvement Era of August, 1899, says:

"The most successful organization was the 'Polysophical Society,' under the patronage and in the mansion of President Lorenzo Snow, in the winter of 1852; this was the first nucleus of a varied intellectual character in the Church, and drew the lion's share of the latent talent in Salt Lake City. Its programs included productions in many modern languages. The Presidency and Twelve, honorary members, were generally there. A large orchestra furnished part of the music. Essays, poems, recitations, music, song, anecdote, experience and comment made a veritable feast for the soul. Public interest and enjoyment crowded weekly the spacious hall and adjoining rooms. President Snow, himself a collegian, enjoyed this success. A veritable boom followed, and similar organizations sprang up in the wards until dancing, which had been the leading recreation, became nearly obsolete. This was the basis upon which all the Mutual Improvement Associations have been built, providing recreation for both sexes, and the study of art, literature, science, religion, politics and amusement, refining, purifying, enlarging, under the control of the Priesthood all mental and intellectual forces."

After President Snow was appointed to colonize Boxelder County, in 1853, founding Brigham City, he continued this social and recreational activity, organizing there a dramatic association and a polysophical society and building a theatre and also a social hall.

5. Spirituality

No characteristic in President

Snow's nature was more outstanding than his spirituality. All who knew him were deeply impressed with his unquestionable faith in God, his certainty of a future existence, his clear conception of the glory and happiness of heaven—truly the veil between him and his Father was very thin.

6. Devotion to a Principle

From the time in his youth when God revealed to him this couplet:—"As man now is, God once was; as God now is, man may be"—this great truth was his constant guide on this "pathway of God and man;" it had been that "still small voice," which had ever warned him of sin and evil and whose promptings he always obeyed and followed.

7. Full Reliance Upon God

When President Snow became President of the Church he said: "My administration will not be known as Lorenzo Snow's administration, but as God's administration through Lorenzo Snow." He depended upon his Father for guidance and instruction which always came in vision, revelation, actual visitation or inspiration. The Almighty commanded, Lorenzo Snow obeyed. The plan to get the Church out of debt by the payment of tithing was the Lord's plan, not Lorenzo Snow's.

8. Testimony of Joseph Smith's Divine Mission

President Snow said:

"Perhaps there are very few men now living who were so well acquainted with Joseph Smith the Prophet as I was. I was with him oftentimes. I visited him in his family, sat at his table, associated with him under various circumstances, and had private interviews with him for counsel. I know that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God; I know that he was an honorable man, a moral man, and that he had the respect of those who were acquainted with him. The Lord has shown me most clearly and completely that he was a Prophet of God, and that he held the holy Priesthood and the authority to baptize people for the remission of their sins and to lay hands upon them for the reception of the Holy Ghost, that they might receive a knowledge themselves in relation to these things. I am one who has received from the Lord the strongest revelation concerning the truth of this work. That manifestation was with me powerfully for hours and hours, and whatever circumstances may occur in my life, as long as memory lasts this perfect knowledge will remain with me."

II. SOME OF HIS CONTRIBUTIONS

1. Founded Brigham City, Utah, naming it for President Brigham Young. President Snow lived here for forty years and exercised a great influence for the development, happiness and prosperity of the community.

2. Established perhaps the most successful test of the United Order in the Church. Beginning in 1867 and covering a period of twelve years, the 2,000 people in Brigham City, through this united cooperative movement were becoming independent and self-supporting. Between thirty and forty industries were established, producing and manufacturing their own breadstuffs, meat, vegetables, clothing, boots and shoes, building material such as lumber, shingles, lath, lime, adobes, brick, etc., leather and leather goods, wool and woolen goods, a dairy and all dairy products; fur, wool and straw hats, tinware, pottery, brooms and brushes, molasses, iron ware, turning, planing and moulding mills, a cotton farm in southern Utah, and all cotton goods, etc. All trades were taught and every one was given employment. Edward Bellamy was so impressed with this work that he came to Utah and spent many hours with President Snow learning all he could about the theory and practice of the United Order before publishing his book *Looking Backward*.

3. Gave to the world the couplet:

*As man now is, God once was;
As God now is, man may be.*

This is one of the greatest keys to eternal progress ever given to man.

4. Opened the Italian mission and translated the Book of Mormon into the Italian language.

5. Served in the Utah Legislature for 29 years.

6. For more than 52 years was one of the General Authorities of the Church, during which time he was an Apostle, President of the Council of Twelve and President of the Church. While President, through direct revelation from God, he formulated plans which resulted in relieving the Church of its greatest burden of debt and which led to its later financial prosperity.

III. CHARACTERISTIC SAYINGS OF PRESIDENT LORENZO SNOW

The reward for righteousness is exaltation.

Godliness cannot be conferred, but must be acquired.

We approach godliness as fast as we approach perfection.

Before I die I hope to see the Church cleared of debt and in a commanding position financially.

If we are faithful, we shall at some time do our own work, but now we are doing the work of our Father.

The Lord has shown me most clearly and completely that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God.

Greater work was never done by man since the days of Adam than is being done here in the temple.

We have all the possibilities of God himself, and we should so act that every faculty shall be developed to the utmost.

The glorious opportunity of becoming truly great belongs to every faithful elder in Israel; it is his by right divine.

IV. CHRONOLOGY

April 3, 1814, Born in Mantua, Ohio.
June, 1836, Baptized in Kirtland by Jno. F. Boynton.

July, 1836, First Vision and testimony.
1837, Ordained an Elder, began first mission.

February 14, 1841, First President of London Conference.

1842, Presented Book of Mormon to Queen Victoria.

September 20, 1848, Arrived in Salt Lake Valley.

February 12, 1849, Ordained an Apostle by Heber C. Kimball.

1851, Translated Book of Mormon into Italian.

October 6, 1843, Called to locate in Boxelder county.

March 31, 1864, Miraculous restoration from drowning.

1872 and 1873, Palestine mission.

May 7-9, 1884, Three-day family reunion at Brigham City.

1886 and 1887, In penitentiary for Gospel's sake.

May 21, 1888, Dedicated Manti temple.

April 7, 1889, President of the Twelve Apostles.

May 23, 1893, President of the Salt Lake temple.

September 13, 1898, President of the Church.

December 15, 1898, Issued Church bonds.

May 17, 1899, Received Tithing revelation.

October 6, 1901, Last public address.
October 10, 1901, Died at Beehive House, Salt Lake City.

October 13, 1901, Buried in family cemetery, Brigham City.

References:

Biography of Lorenzo Snow by his sister Eliza R. Snow Smith.

All Church histories.

Jenson's Biographical Encyclopedia.

The Improvement Era: June and Aug., 1899; June, 1919; Sep., Oct., 1929.

FINANCE and PUBLICATIONS

COMMITTEE

Geo. Q. Morris and Rachel Grant Taylor, Chairmen; Hugh J. Cannon, J. D. Giles, S. A. Stevens, L. W. Smith, E. H. Higgs, E. T. Brandley

A NEW departure in the M. I.

A. Organization in stakes and wards was the formation of the committees of Finance and Publications. It was felt that this work was of sufficient importance to justify the organization of committees to supervise the distribution of our new combination magazine, *The Improvement Era*.

This splendid organization, practically completed throughout all the stakes and wards, is largely responsible for the gratifying record made in the *Era* campaign.

The Era in Every Home

FIFTY thousand copies, five million pages, which if put in one stack would be more than twice as high as the highest point of the Temple—that is the story of the first issue of our new combination magazine, *The Improvement Era*.

October 17 thirty-seven stakes were over 100% on the *Era* Drive; November 14 seventy-one are over.

Two stakes have the *Era* in every Latter-day Saint home. Three others are in very close proximity—and the activity has in no way subsided.

"Cassia Second ward has *Era* in every home," wires Stephen H. Paskett of the Cassia stake.

"Our Uintah ward has thirty-four families and sent your thirty-four subscriptions. The Slogan 'The *Era* in every home' was followed 100% here. Our stake is over. We are still working," writes Nellie Hendricks of the Mt. Ogden stake.

Henry Wilson, superintendent of Raft River stake, supplies this information: "The quota of Sublett ward is seven *Eras*, based on the last census. Since then they have lost five families through removal. They have eleven Church families now in the ward, and they have sent in twelve subscriptions."

This comment from Monroe H. Clark, Chairman of Finance and Publications of St. Joseph stake, reflects the real spirit of the *Era* campaign. He writes: "Personally, the contest idea does not interest me much—I mean this *Era* competition. The ideal of 'An *Era* in every home,' (and then to get

the people to read it)—is the greatest motivating thing in my estimation."

"Credit us one hundred per cent. Subscriptions in mail," wires S. R. Wilkinson of Rigby stake.

"The great satisfaction is to see that reaching the 7½% quota does not diminish the enthusiasm—the people realize the big idea behind it all—the value the new *Era* will be to those who have access to it," writes Magdalen Sessions of Pocatello stake.

"Credit Teton stake 144 more subscriptions. Letter follows. *Era* in every Latter-day Saint home," wires William A. Strong.

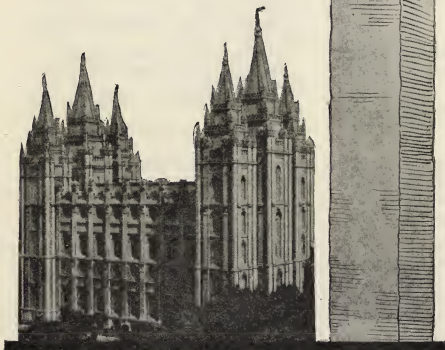
"Our Stake Board members have canvassed the wards after the local officers felt they had secured all they could in their canvass. One Stake Board member has secured fifty subscriptions. We traveled fifty-six miles to get six subscriptions and solicited a saw-mill town thirty-five miles up in the hills and obtained four subscriptions there. We do not intend to stop selling *Eras* when the drive closes, but are planning to still work for an 'Era in every home,' Church member or not," write Walter A. Bean and Annie Black of Union stake.

Superintendent Virgil Smith of Liberty ward, Liberty stake, reported that the people of his ward were eager for the *Era*. Out of sixty calls he secured sixty subscriptions, with no refusals in the entire canvass.

J. M. Hopkins of Pioneer stake tells us that Bishop McPhie of the Twenty-fifth ward took a list of fifty ward prospects, and from that list secured fifty subscriptions.

April 6 will be the Centennial Anniversary of our Church. The aim is to have the *Era* in every Latter-day Saint home by that time. Figures are submitted showing the per cent of subscriptions, based on stake quota, received up to November 14. This work is directed in the stakes by the following chairmen:

ALBERTA	113%
Heber Jenson—Alma Coombs Hansen	
ALPINE	112%
J. Bartle Parker—Mary Abel	
BANNOCK	100%
J. J. Skinner—Mrs. Elmer Smith	
BEAR LAKE	106%
Lynn Hayward—Lizzie H. Welker	
BEAR RIVER	95%
Ralph J. Stayner—Nina Stayner	
BEAVER	59%
John C. Carlyle—Ethel B. Hatchings	
BENSON	117%
Casper W. Merrill—Anna Orchard	



Graphic illustration showing the magnitude of the first issue of the new *Improvement Era*. The Salt Lake Temple is 228 feet high—all the copies of the first edition of the *Era*, if placed one upon the other, would be 521 feet high.

The issue required approximately one car-load of paper. There were 350,000 press impressions, and a total of 5,000,000 pages, also 265 pounds of ink.

BIG HORN	116%	MONTPELIER	131%	TWIN FALLS	108%
Frank Brown—Mrs. Zelpa Tippetts		Charles Lindsay—Blanche Keenz		George Ward—Mrs. Geo. W. Hammond	
BLACKFOOT	104%	MORONI	56%	UINTAH	79%
Jos. E. Williams—Mrs. Maude Robbins		Vernie Jensen—Myrum D. Lund		Jessie A. Hawes—Jean Merkley	
BLAINE	69%	MORGAN	120%	UNION	241%
Robert E. Adamson—Maria Prescott		Glen Dickson—Evelyn Burton		Samuel F. Andrew—Mrs. Annie Black	
BOISE	80%	MT. OGDEN	100%	UTAH	93%
Lorenzo Jensen—Rose Cordon		T. F. Williams—Nellie Hendricks		Elmer A. Jacobs—Fern Cluff	
BOX ELDER	105%	NEBO	81%	WASATCH	119%
James Jensen—Louise Skidmore		Sidney Corey—Elsie Johnson		Paul Kuhni—Annie L. Clyde	
BURLEY	103%	NEVADA	80%	WAYNE	71%
Elmer R. Parish—Angie Simmons		Owen Manning—Mrs. Lucile Horton		Erban Hanks—Mrs. Neta Elliott	
CACHE	135%	NORTH DAVIS	113%	WEBER	32%
Alma Sonne—Bessie T. Pack		N. R. E. Ellison—Katie A. Ellison		Paul J. Bingham—Mae Bramwell	
CARBON	93%	NORTH SANPETE	106%	WEST JORDAN	87%
Bruce Taggart—Mrs. Ida Barnes		Paul Monson—Mrs. A. E. Jones		Conrad S. Dahl—Nona Jensen	
CASSIA	131%	NORTH WEBER	115%	WOODRUFF	96%
Stephen H. Paskett—Mrs. Lena B. Price		Gailord L. Taylor—Mable Thomas		L. B. Johnson—Mrs. Elise Norris	
COTTONWOOD	86%	NORTH SEVIER	82%	YELLOWSTONE	136%
E. C. Tame—Mrs. Ruby P. Nichols		Sidney J. Ottley—Mrs. Ezra S. Thompson		W. R. Humphreys—Rella Birch White	
CURLEW	139%	OGDEN	110%	YOUNG	100%
Geo. R. Burton—Anna Eliason		David R. Forsha—Mrs. Lulu Childs		Icem Braddy—Edith Burnham	
DESERET	74%	ONEIDA	111%		
W. B. Hilton—D. Sanderson, E. Dutton		M. W. Hendricks—Harriet E. Davis			
DUCHESNE	67%	OQUIRRH	110%		
Birch F. Bennion—Mrs. Lovina Murphy		James H. Day—Viola B. Jones			
EAST JORDAN	100%	PALMYRA	122%		
Jos. D. Millerburg—Mrs. Laura Pearson		M. R. Taylor & A. Williams—L. Creer			
EMERY	100%	PANGUITCH	100%		
Jesse S. Tuttle—Mrs. Mazie Moffitt		Clarence I. Foy—Iletta D. Reid			
ENSGIN	91%	PAROWAN	129%		
Albert Merrill—Louise Clawson		Glenwood Floyd—Evelyn P. Webster			
FRANKLIN	130%	PIONEER	100%		
Ezra T. Benson—Mrs. Anna G. Palmer		J. M. Hopkins—Helen Westling			
FREMONT	190%	POCATELLO	140%		
Fred Schwendiman—Mabel P. Warner		C. Christensen—Magdalen Sessions			
GARFIELD	100%	PORTNEUF	105%		
Ward F. Savage—Mrs. Blanche S. Spencer		Heber Olson—Mary Christensen			
GRANITE	69%	RAFT RIVER	127%		
Eugene Whitaker—Miriam Lillywhite		Samuel H. Shaw—Mrs. R. N. Kelsey			
GRANT	47%	RIGBY	101%		
Leo J. Bird—Alice Burton		S. R. Wilkinson—Ella M. Lemus			
GUNNISON	185%	ROOSEVELT	115%		
Sydney J. Felsted—Dorothea C. Anderson		J. E. Lister—Effie Jacobs			
HOLLYWOOD	69%	SALT LAKE	75%		
Basil T. Kerr—Olla Lester		Scott Taggart—Margaret Sorenson			
HYRUM	142%	SAN FRANCISCO	93%		
Oscar J. Hendry—Irene Hutton		D. F. Wright—Helen Ingham			
IDAHO	103%	ST. GEORGE	105%		
Paul T. Lechtenberg—Leslie Stewart		Pratt Smith—Eveadean Crosby			
IDAHO FALLS	110%	ST. JOHNS	110%		
Milton H. Brinton—Edna Brinton		W. S. Hamblin—Louise Udall			
JUAB	118%	ST. JOSEPH	106%		
Harry Beagley—Mabel Sperry		Monroe H. Clark—Geneva Green			
JUAREZ	103%	SAN JUAN	111%		
Velan Call—Ida Turley		Guy R. Hurst—Cornelia A. Perkins			
KANAB	113%	SAN LUIS	83%		
Chas. C. Heaton—Elva Mace		Oscar Ray—Irene McIntyre			
KOLOB	102%	SEVIER	119%		
Geo. A. Simkins—Josie O. H. Alleman		Alfred J. Bird—Ruth S. Peterson			
LETHBRIDGE	126%	SHELLEY	143%		
Horace C. Singer—Elizabeth Wilcox		Benj. B. Stringham—Olafine Nielson			
LEHI	108%	SNOWFLAKE	131%		
Howard C. Evans—Mary F. Smith		Amon Hunt—Jennie M. Butler			
LIBERTY	57%	SOUTH DAVIS	107%		
Charles F. Solomon—Blanche Bowers		Alton S. Cleveland—Lila Smith			
LOGAN	118%	SOUTH SANPETE	82%		
N. D. Salisbury—Esther Olson		L. Roy Peterson—Virginia Lund			
LOST RIVER	89%	SOUTH SEVIER	102%		
Aaron L. Quest—Agnes Noble		H. Roland Tietjen—Mrs. Mary Ahlstrom			
LOS ANGELES	90%	STAR VALLEY	93%		
David J. Smith—Vida E. Savage		Ona A. Harrison—Rachel Burton			
LYMAN	119%	SUMMIT	90%		
Willard Mauritzen—Patty Scott		Henry A. Pace—Eva Smith			
MALAD	112%	TETON	242%		
Leroy Horsley—Blanche Woodland		W. A. Strong—Florence Parkinson			
MARICOPA	149%	TAYLOR	190%		
Geo. N. Goodman—Naomi M. Brimhall		Chas. Rodolph Wing—Velma Meldrum			
MILLARD	108%	TIMPANOGAS	106%		
Edgar Turner—Itha Stevens		A. P. Warmick—Estelle Fenton			
MINIDOKA	117%	TINTIC	68%		
L. G. Poulsen—Mrs. Myrtle Freeman		H. C. Sylvester—Mrs. Florence Higginson			
MOAPA	150%	TOOELE	100%		
Iesse Whipple—Mrs. Norman W. Shurtliff		Richard Palmer—Eva Arbon			

Agnes S. Campbell Released

Seven years as president of the Fourteenth Ward; three years as president in the Twentieth, nearly forty years a member of the General Board—this in brief is the record in years of the work of Agnes S. Campbell in the Y. L. M. I. A. But it can in no sense give a conception of the activity, loyalty, faith, and many kindred virtues displayed during this long period of service. Her sterling traits of character, and deep devotion to the M. I. A. cause were early manifest and she was entrusted from time to time with various duties, chief of which was that of Business Manager of the *Young Woman's Journal*, which position she has held until the uniting of the *Journal* with the *Improvement Era*. Energetic, faithful, entirely dependable and honest in the extreme, she has put her whole life's interest into building up the magazine. Throughout all the years she has enjoyed the unlimited confidence of President Tingey, President Fox and all her associate workers.

On her own request she has now been released from membership on the General Board, but we doubt not that she will still be active in some capacity or other, for inactivity with her would be impossible. As has been said of her: "The beauty of her life lies, like her charity, far below the surface, and her shrinking refusal to allow mention of her good works but signifies the true simplicity of her genuine, loving heart."

Community Activity Department

E. E. Ericksen, Emily C. Adams, Chairmen; H. C. Iverson, J. H. Taylor, W. O. Robinson, D. Wood, J. F. Smith, J. S. Cornwall, Charlotte Stewart, E. T. Brandley, K. C. Jensen, E. T. Beesley, E. S. Anderson

Course of Study

Dancing

For December 3

I. Objectives in dancing.

These are based upon the social and rhythmic urges. Study the material on this subject contained in the M. I. A. Hand Book, pages 241-46; 233; 432; 369.

a. Immediate objectives:

1. To develop grace and refinement in manner.
2. To develop graceful movements and emotional poise.
3. To create sociability and mutual helpfulness.
4. To extend acquaintanceship.
5. To provide wholesome entertainment.

II. Local problems.

- a. Discuss thoroughly the reasons for including dancing in a church recreational program.
- b. Are you prepared to conduct successful dancing parties? Before deciding, consider the following points:
 1. Building facilities:
 - a. Physical conditions (floor, lights, dressing rooms, check rooms, lavatories, outside conditions.)
 - b. Can you do anything to better these in your community?
 2. Has a dance director been appointed? If not, is there a reason for the omission? See duties of dance director (pages 369-376, *Hand Book*.) Discuss.

If you have not already appointed such a person, consider the desirable qualifications and try to find a man who measures up. Present

the names to the executive officers, and be sure the duties and responsibilities of this office are well understood by the man chosen to fill it.

3. Review the dancing parties you held last year, and up to date this year. Which were successful? Why? Which the opposite? Why? In what class would you be placed as a ward if a chart were made according to dancing standards? Are you distinguished for your high class, cultural dancing parties, or do you consider them mediocre, or worse? Are you satisfied with your dances, in every particular? How do you stand regarding quality of dancing, ease, grace, maintenance of good position, conduct of young people in and out of the hall, music, etc.? Are you satisfied to let these matters stand as they now are, or do you prefer to put forth effort to improve them? Only determination and energy are necessary to make dancing a distinctive and outstanding activity in any ward.

4. Are you doing anything toward providing instruction to your members along the line of ballroom etiquette, and social requirements? (On page 609 of the *Journal* for November, 1924, is an article on ballroom etiquette which would be very helpful in this discussion.)

Are you looking around in your community for a competent instructor who would be willing to give some instruction to the young people of the ward in fundamental dance steps, position, etc.? One ward engaged such an instructor for one hour after Mutual every Tuesday night, and by making a charge of ten cents, the instructor's fee was paid. The evenings thus spent were most beneficial and accomplished splendid results.

Would such a policy be desirable in your ward?

5. Do you as a committee know

the following steps which are included in our contest dance this year: Waltz, canter, trot, hesitation (forward and backward)?

Fox-trot, two-step, clog (Flap), pivot, walk, scissors? Practice these steps during the week, and come prepared to explain and demonstrate to your committee next Tuesday.

"All true dancing develops poise, grace, agility, strength, endurance and health. It aids digestion, invigorates circulation, soothes the nerves and brings joy to the participants as well as prolonging youth many years.

"To desire to dance is the most natural of all human desires, but to dance well is left to the higher types of the race, and is the truest index of civilized people. A proper imparting of dancing knowledge and skill builds in the recipient a moral complex which thereafter ever reacts against that which is gross in the bodily movements sometimes labeled 'dancing'.

"Glorify the body and sublimize the mind. Dancing is not a thing which stands alone. It is just as subtle as the air we breathe. Whenever you see the quality of the dancing low, you will see ethics and morals low as well. If you wish to raise the standards, you must educate movements. Without this every other effort at betterment fails, more or less. When one has learned to move gracefully a desire to be gracious in manner will almost assuredly follow.

"There are two outstanding things which bring about a conflict between youth and adults. Youth as a rule, cannot waltz; their elders cannot fox-trot. Each condemns the other. Bring about amiable cooperation by teaching these rhythms and steps, so that each can do them equally well." —L. P. Christensen.

III. Method.

1. Secure a competent dance-director.
2. Maintain proper conditions around the dance hall.
3. Make the hall a place of beauty and refinement.
4. Provide instruction in dancing and in social behavior.
5. Make use of group cohesion in setting standards and loyalties.

Lesson 2

I. Further consideration of problems.

1. Study of orchestra problems.
 - a. Cost.
 - b. Kind of music played. (See *Hand Book*, page 374.)

It is important that the best type of dance-music be used, for the spirit of the music is very effective in producing an atmosphere

of culture or careless rowdysim. The orchestra should know before hand of any mixers or special dances to be danced, that they might have time to prepare the selections and be able to render them satisfactorily.

c. Intermission.

Do you find questionable conduct on the part of boys and girls during intermissions? Have you tried to convert the orchestra to the idea of having one man at a time take a rest? This keeps something going all the time for the dancers, and gives no invitation for joy riding during the course of the dance.

Have you ever featured special attractions, demonstrations and novel stunts during intermission periods? Make a list of possible features of this kind.

d. Conduct of musicians.

As a general rule does the conduct of the musicians add culture and dignity to the evening, or not? What do you think of the idea of members of the orchestra singing as they play?

e. Can you encourage and support a ward orchestra?

f. Have you ever approached orchestra managers on the subject of playing on a percentage basis, rather than a flat amount? When they do this, the orchestra takes a more personal interest, and some wards have found that it has added much to the success of their parties.

II. The Social Situation.

Has any consideration been given in your community to the following points:

1. Escort and chaperonage; taking a girl to the dance as a prerequisite of taking her home.

2. Hosts and hostesses; patrons and reception committee.

Do you consider this just an unnecessary flourish, or do you think it would pay?

3. General mingling of the group through the use of dance-mixers and other means.

III. For a few moments try out the steps of the contest dance as assigned last week.

IV. Consideration of a plan for making a co-operative program for stake and ward dances.

1. Be sure that a ward is not

conflicting with a stake event in their plans.

2. If it is found that one ward is holding successful dances to the detriment of other wards surrounding try to work out some plan of alternating dates for dances, or of uniting several wards in putting on exceptionally fine affairs.

An idea of this kind would of necessity be taken up for consideration at a Union meeting, for one ward alone could not arrange for such a plan.

V. Consider the social groups in your community.

1. Every community is made up of various age groups—married people, young and older, adults (not married) and youth. How can you organize your dance evenings that all age-groups may be brought into interested participation? Would inter-group entertaining help to socialize the cliques?

2. Do you have many wall-flowers? Have you found any methods of eliminating such a condition? Have you tried appointing a large introduction committee among the young people, giving them the responsibility of introducing timid and backward guests to others? If a few of the leaders of a group dance with these neglected ones, others will follow suit, and a spirit of friendliness be developed which will last longer than the mere pleasure of the dance.

3. The young married set in any ward is a distinct asset in any

dancing party, and this group should be drawn into participation as much as possible. What condition exists in your ward in this regard? Are you doing anything to interest these young people, or do you turn your dancing parties over to the exuberant adolescents who perhaps do not need it as much as the others?

VI. Gold and Green Ball.

This event is the most popular of all social events in the M. I. A. Reports sent to the general office have proved the fact that much thoughtful interest has been put into this matter, and much variety and beauty have been introduced. Dignity without restraint; pleasure without rowdysim; success without limit have been the results realized.

If you have not begun to plan for the event in your locality, start now. Go over back issues of the *Journal*, and read what other groups have done. Make the Gold and Green Ball a social event which will embody all the fine and beautiful hopes that the M. I. A. could possibly have for a party; and after it is over, send in a report, and tell the rest of the Church what you have accomplished.

Lesson 3

I. Discuss the review of Have-lock Ellis' *Dance of Life*, page 126, *December Era*.

II. Practice contest dance steps.

In January review objectives, Drama and Dancing.

Adult Department

COMMITTEE

A. L. Beeley; Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen J. F. Merrill F. S. Harris
L. T. Cannon L. L. Daines R. W. Bennett M. C. Kimball A. M. Cannon

Project on Citizenship

1. *What is a project?* Most educational work—including much of our M. I. A. class-work—is, of necessity, passive; requiring the individual merely to follow and participate in a discussion. A project, on the other hand, is an active scheme or plan requiring group thinking and concerted action; it is a device for converting knowledge into action.
2. *Why these particular projects?* Because:
 - a. They are in the nature of a new experiment, calculated to enhance the vitality of M. I. A. work.
 - b. While there are many institutions and influences—other than the home—which are molding the character of youth today, parents are nevertheless being held just

- as accountable for the success and failure of their children as were the parents of an earlier generation when society was simple and the family was the all-inclusive institution of control. Adults will therefore do well to interest themselves in the problems of their community for this reason alone.
- c. A crying need of our time is an intelligent, active citizenry.
 - d. Our slogan this year has to do with law observance—a phase of citizenship.

Details of the Project

Note: (The nature of these projects is fully outlined on page 224 of 1928 *Hand Book*. Board Members will do well to read these instructions carefully.)

a. It is recommended that:

- (1) Every adult group devote the first Tuesday of each month to a consideration of the Project. (This includes all branches of Adult work, including Genealogical Society.)
- b. The Law Observance project should be taken up first; the voting project second.
- c. The logical first step in the Law Observance is a precise determination of the actual nature and extent of law-breaking in the community. Specifically, this involves the collection and tabulation of such statistics as are available in the office of the sheriff (and chief of police), the public prosecutor and the courts (city, county, district, juvenile, etc.) Figures should be secured wherever possible to show:
 - a. The actual number and disposition of:
 - a. Violations reported to the police,
 - b. Cases prosecuted by the police and prosecutor,
 - c. Cases dealt with by the courts,
 - b. The kinds of offenses committed,
 - c. The age, sex, domicile, nationality, etc., of the offenders,
 - d. The increase (or decrease) in delinquency and crime from month to month or from year to year.

d. It will readily be appreciated that accurate data such as the above are fundamental to a consideration of such questions as the following:

- a. How much crime and delinquency is there in our community?
- b. What age-groups, sex, nationality, class, etc., contribute most to law-breaking in this community?
- c. What types of delinquency are on the increase? What, specifically, is the extent of auto-stealing, bootlegging, burglary, etc? And how effective is the treatment following conviction?
- d. What proportion of offenders reported to the police are (1) prosecuted, (2) tried, (3) found guilty, (4) serve a sentence, etc?
- e. In securing the statistics referred to above, it will be well for wards to cooperate with one another wherever possible. At the next Union Meeting, for example, arrangements might be made for two representatives from each ward Adult Department to serve on a committee charged with the task of contacting the appropriate officials and securing the necessary data for later discussion and analy-

sis. In the larger towns it will be desirable for several stakes to work together.

Suggestions

Will these suggestions help you in developing the project?

1. Discussion of the necessary qualifications of Public Officials: (a) Governor; (b) Secretary of State; (c) State Superintendent of Schools; (d) Mayor; (e) City Commissioner; (f) Auditor; (g) Chief of Police; (h) Town Marshall; (i) Constable, etc. Illustrations may be given of men who have been outstanding in such positions, as: Roosevelt, Wilson, Heber M. Wells, etc. Local officials of past years who have made exceptional records.

2. Obligation of voters to check on individual candidates, not being influenced by paid workers as personal friends.

3. Listing and discussion of laws and ordinances on the local statute books.

4. Patriotic stories; incidents from American history.

5. Discussion on voting: how to vote a straight ticket; how to "scratch," etc. Use sample ballots.

6. Cooperation with M Men and Gleaners in working for a better town or city government.

Adult Woman's Department

Recapitulation.—The following lessons have been scheduled up to November 30:

September.—The Home—Building the House: Decorating (August *Young Woman's Journal*). Music—Program Music (September *Young Woman's Journal*).

October.—Notable Mothers of Scripture—Eve: (Sept. *Young Woman's Journal*). Abundant Life for the Adult Woman—The Human Machine (September *Young Woman's Journal*). The Home—Building the House: Furnishings (August *Young Woman's Journal*). Music—Verdi (October *Young Woman's Journal*).

November.—Notable Mothers of Scripture—Sarah: (October *Young Woman's Journal*). Abundant Life for the Adult Woman—Practical Nutrition (October *Young Woman's Journal*). The Home—The Spirit of the

Home (September *Young Woman's Journal*). Society and Personality—Heredity and Environment (Manual—Courses of Study).

Check your program; have you completed the Lessons to date?

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER

December 3.—Notable Mothers of Scripture—Rebekah (Manual).

December 10.—Abundant Life for the Adult Woman—Importance of Food Combinations (Manual).

December 17.—Society and Personality—The "New" Psychology (Manual).

Method of Conducting Lessons

Are you getting free discussion from class members; or are you using the Lecture method? Even if the latter is used, there should be some discussion each evening.

M Men - Gleaners Department

COMMITTEE

Combined M Men and Gleaners Committees

Course of Study—Social Customs in Foreign Lands

Ireland

Scene: The interior of a small county farm house. In the open fireplace is a fire, over which hangs a steaming iron kettle. Around the fireplace are seen coal tongs, a shallow basket filled with coals, and a teakettle. There are some plain straight chairs in the room; a rack built on the wall in which dishes are kept; a long wooden bench; a table and in one corner there is a built-in bed. The ceiling is beamed and the floor is of rock. A picture of a saint is hanging on the wall.

Characters: Farrall Markey—an old man; James Smith—a "Mormon" missionary; Bridget Markey—daughter of Farrall Markey, about twenty-five years of age; Mrs. Patrick Markey—daughter-in-law of Markey; Mary Markey—younger daughter of Farrall Markey, about 18 years of age.

As curtain rises Farrall Markey is seen sitting by the fireplace rubbing his legs as if they are in pain. There is a knock at the door.

Farrall: Come in!

James Smith enters.

Farrall M. shows surprise at the sight of a stranger.

Smith (bowing): I am a traveling elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (Hands old man a tract).

Farrall M. (who cannot read, as is evidenced by his face but pretending to be able to): Oh, and be you an Englishman?

Smith: Yes and no. I am of English descent but my home is in America.

Markey (leaning forward): Did you see my son Michael over there?

Smith: Not that I remember. How long has he been in America?

Markey: Well he left right after the potatoes was dug, a year past. When did you leave the States?

Smith: It's fourteen months since I left home. My home is in

the western part of the United States.

Markey: Be you a traveler?

Smith: Well, yes, I'm a traveling elder—a missionary.

Markey (showing suspicion): A Protestant? (1)

Smith: I'm neither a Protestant nor a Catholic; I belong to the Church of Jesus Christ.

Markey: Oh!

Smith: Do you live here alone?

Markey: No—the others has gone to O'Tooole's; he's dead. I should have gone, but my pains wont let me.

Smith: Have you rheumatism?

Markey: Yes. (Rubbing his legs again as he answered) Yes, O'Tooole is dead. Shure and it don't seem likely; he's been about ever since I can remember; it don't seem likely; why he remembers the famine! I've heard him tell how that blight came over the land and in two weeks the potatoes was nuthin' but rot. Oh the terrors of that winter, and the next. Those was two terrible years '46 and '47. 'Twas then that God deserted the Irish and cursed Ireland! The people lost their spirit; ain't had much since.

Smith (aside): How different! When the Saints at home saw starvation staring them in the face they had faith! They prayed and God sent the gulls. (Turning to Markey). In western America where I came from the people had a sad experience about that time too.

Markey: Oh?

Smith: Yes, it was the year 1848. The people had been in that part of the country just one year, and efforts were made to raise a bounteous harvest—and the crickets came! They came in hordes and the people saw the results of their labors and the hope of the coming winter vanishing, in spite of the fact that they did their utmost to destroy the enemy. But

those people had great faith in the power of God, and so they fasted and prayed that he would come to their aid. Their prayers were answered in a miraculous way, for great flocks of gulls came to the farms in the valley; devoured the crickets and saved the crops. Instead of the scourge destroying their faith, it strengthened it, and to this day the faith of their children is made greater by this story.

Markey: O yes, God loves those people, but the Irish have displeased him. Tis often said in these parts that Ireland is a place that God meant to do somethin' with, but changed his mind.

Smith (smiling): Our Father still means to do something with Ireland. He has plans for the Irish just the same as he has for the rest of his children.

Markey: You can't make us Irish believe that. Why just before O'Tooole died he asked the priest if he thought there would be a place in heaven for an Irishman. But I can't wonder that he'd be in doubts as to himself. (Leaning forward). Don't tell what I'm about to tell you, but the O'Tooles is descended from seals.

Smith (looking startled at first and then laughing heartily): In America there are those that claim that we descended from monkeys, but this is the first time I've ever heard that Irish descended from seals!

Markey: Not all the Irish, just the O'Tooles! You see it was this way: Years and years ago one of the O'Tooles, way back, was standin' on the sea shore and he noticed three beautiful seals come up out of the water. They was so unusual that he thought he would watch them for a few minutes. To his surprise they took off their seal skins and danced on the beach in the form of three beautiful young ladies. The man of O'Tooles watched them for some time, but it did not take him long to recover his wits and decide upon a plan for capturing one of them. He crept down towards where the skins was lying, hiding himself behind a big stone so that he could not be seen. Having reached the shore, he caught up one of the skins and made off with it as fast and as secretly as he could. He knew well that the seal-woman would follow where her skin had been taken so he hid it cunningly in the thatch of his house, where no one

would think of looking for it. When the seals had had their fill of dancing and play on the shore, they went back to look for their skins and their surprise was great to find that one of these was missin'. That night O'Toole was sittin' in his house when, as he expected, a beautiful woman in her bare pelt came to the door and asked him to give her back her coat. He did not let on that he knew anything about it though she cried and moaned and besought him to give it back again. He held out so well, and had hidden the skin so cleverly, that in the end she had to settle down and stay on in his house, for she could not go away without her skin. Well she lived there a good many years and had four children and O'Toole and she were very happy together, when one day during his absence a fire broke out in the house. It soon spread to the thatch, and there was a queer smell of singeing. The woman knew it was her seal's coat burning and climbed up to where it was and when she had found it off with her to the water as fast as she was able. She forgot all about her husband and children and nothin' would do her but she must get into the seal skin again and go out swimmin' into the sea where the other seals were. O'Toole never got her back, but there was a hole in the seal's coat and when the seals come up swimmin' near the land you can tell this one by the burnt patch. You needn't believe the story if you don't want to, but it's queer how mad the O'Tooles get when seals are mentioned in their presence. And it is funny how all the O'Tooles has such short arms.

Smith: Well, don't you think that is a family trait?

Markey: Sure it's a family trait. It's inherited from their seal mother. (Pause).

Smith: How long before the family will be back from the funeral?

Markey: Shure and they ain't gone to a funeral—they're just calling on the O'Tooles, he just died this mornin'. It took just about all the money we had for the altars.

Smith: For the altars, what do you mean?

Markey: Shure and didn't you know that when a man dies all the people in the county call at the

house and take altars for the priest? (2)

Smith: Well how interesting! I often have heard of Irish wakes, but I've never known before about these contributions to the priests. Will they have a wake for O'Toole?

Markey: Shure, but there won't be the drink there used to be. I'm tellin' you there's not much to a wake any more, nearly everybody's sober.

Smith: Well, I'm glad to hear that.

Markey: Oh you're just like the other young ones. Takin' up reforms. Why when I was young, after a wake if a man was sober he'd be ashamed of it. They's been times that I've staggered home, when I couldn't get enough drink (*whispers*) I wouldn't have let the town folks know that I was sober for the world. But now things is changed. There's some drinkin' of course, but it is not like the good old days? Listen, ain't that the procession passin' now?

Smith (going to door and looking out): Why, yes, it looks that way. There's a hearse and then eight men carrying a coffin on their shoulders. They're going to have a church funeral, instead of a wake. The procession following is composed only of men.

Markey: They say in some parts the women follow too, but here we just have the men. The women will soon be here and don't you breathe a word of what I've told you—they say I'm gettin' old and talk too much. Maybe I do.

(*The wailing of women is heard outside. The door is opened and Mrs. Patrick Markey turns to those back of her and says: A stranger!*)

Smith (without waiting): I'm an elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Mrs. P. M.: A Protestant?

Smith: No, I'm not a Protestant, I belong to the true Church of Christ.

Mrs. P. M.: Then you're a Catholic? Welcome.

Bridget: You're an American aren't you? I've been to America.

Smith: Oh!

Bridget: Yes, I went to earn my dowry. And now I'm going to be married.

Smith: I understand that many Irish girls go to America to

earn their dowries but that few of them ever come back.

Bridget: Aye that is true. Many times the folks at home write for money so often that the girl doesn't get a chance to save until she's too old to get a husband and then there's no use spendin' money to come home. You know in Ireland it's different from America. We're taught that it's right for one child to raise another, and the Irish girl, even though she's away from home does her duty by her family. For instance, if I had had a whole tribe of little brothers and sisters, I'd probably been over there yet.

Smith: I see, you are the oldest.

Bridget: No, indeed, my brother Patrick is the first born—this is his wife, (*Mrs. Patrick Markey smiles*) and my sister Kathleen is next. She's married.

Smith: Did she earn her dowry in America too?

Bridget: No, indeed; father gave her her dowry.

Markey: Sure it's a bit of a manager I am. You see it was this way. Kathleen fell in love, terrible, and she wanted to get married, but of course no girl, however likable can get married without a dowry. So I did a bit of figurin'. Now, none of the farms around here produce enough to support the old man and woman and their offspring and the son and his wife and their offspring, anybody knows that, and my Pat knew it, and so he hadn't let women enter his mind but Kathleen, and sure she's a likable girl, really fell terrible in love, and so I says to Pat: "Pat go out and hunt you a wife with a nice fat dowry." You see the old woman was dead in our case and that was one less to feed, and I figured that if Pat could find a girl with a good big dowry we'd make a go of it. So that's what he did, she brought him a nice dowry. An' I just sliced a bit of it off (enough to get Bridget to America) for you see a pretty girl like Kathleen don't need such a big dowry as a ugly one. An' you see how it worked, we brought in one, and got rid of two. And it wasn't long, about five years, and Bridget had saved up enough to send for my boy Michael and John will save up and send for Mary here. 'Twas a smart trick of mine. 'Taint often that the oldest son

gets married until after the old man is dead.

Smith: Well, couldn't he have gone to work to keep his wife?

Markey: O, but the farm is his by birthright, and he always waits for it.

Bridget: Yes, there's John—he's my man that I'm going to marry. He's nearly fifty years old. His old man and woman lived such a long time then he'd probably been married to someone else if they had've died, and where would I have been?

Markey: O you'd got someone with that fat dowry of yours.

(During the last conversation the women have been setting the table and now all sit down to the table that has been spread with a white cloth.)

Markey: We'll bring on a bottle of wine in honor of the visitor.

Smith: Thank you, I never drink it.

Markey: Never drink it? Save the wine for another visitor then. You must have had a Father Matthew in America too. Father Matthew is the one that fought against the drink habit here in the early forties; some crank has been carrying on the idea ever since. You might enjoy this, it's American bacon. We send all our own bacon to America, and then eat American bacon, it's so much better than our own. (3)

Bridget: I don't think it is, father. I tasted Irish bacon when I was in America and I think it's fine.

Markey: I've seen the day that if a family sat down to a meal with a white cloth, and with this much to eat, the rent would be raised. 'Twas terrible, we couldn't do anything to make the place look a bit decent, but some way or other the landlord would hear of it and he'd raise the rent. I remember hearing a priest say that's over forty years or more, "The day will come," says he, "when our hardships under the landlords will be told as stories around the fire, stories to startle the children." Little did I dream that I would live to see that day.

Smith: Yes, I understand that Parliament bought the land and now you farmers can buy your farms on small payments.

Markey: Yes the government has given us sixty years in which to pay. I don't own the farm, and neither will my son Patrick, but

his children will. O, 'twill be like the millennium when there'll be no rent. (4)

Smith: It seems to me that the outlook for Ireland is getting better all the time.

Markey: Aye that it is.

Bridget: And when the Irish learn that they've got to eat better that'll help things too.

Markey: Bridget, how dare you! 'Tis ungrateful you are. Didn't I just say that if we'd sat down to a meal as good as this when I was younger, they'd have raised the rent?

Bridget: Yes, but I know that in America I could work like a horse, cause they fed me good, and here in Ireland I'm a lazy woman.

Markey: You're nothin' of the kind.

Bridget: But, father, I am. An' I've noticed, that the men here can't work like they ought to. You know that during harvest we have to take strong tea out to the fields to them so they can get through the day. They wouldn't need tea if they had the right food I tell you. And the women have got to learn to cook. That's the first thing an Irish girl has to learn when she gets to America, if she wants to keep a job. We're terrible cooks over here.

Markey: That's the only trouble with sendin' girls to America. They come back with a lot of high-falutin' ideas.

Smith: I believe that Bridget is right, Mr. Markey. I've been told that the Scotch would rather have an Irishman work for him than a Scotchman, if the Irishman is well fed.

Bridget: Yes, and we all know how the boys that go to Scotland at harvest time come back and tell what good things they have to eat. Oh, you can't tell me, I know.

Markey: Bridget, hush or you'll offend the fairies! They might be hearin' what you've said and then we couldn't stay on the farm. (5)

Bridget immediately hushes. No one speaks for a minute.

Smith: What are fairies?

Markey (his face filled with intensity of conviction): I will tell you what the fairies are. God moved from his seat and when he turned around Lucifer was in it. Then hell was made in a minute. The Lord moved his hand and swept away thousands of angels.

"O Almighty Father, stop!" said the angel Gabriel, "Heaven will be swept clean out." "I'll stop," said the Almighty: "Them that are in Heaven let them remain in Heaven, them that are in Hell let them remain there, and them that are between Heaven and Hell let them remain in the air. And the angels that remained between Heaven and Hell are the Fairies." (6) (Aside.)

Smith: That has a remnant of truth in it. If the Irishman can be as deeply convinced of the truthfulness of the Gospel as he is of these foolish superstitions, he will be a wonderful convert. (Turning to the family group) I wish to-day that I could make you feel as I do, that God loves Ireland and that whatever trials have been permitted to come to the Irish people were for their good. For instance, the failure in the potato and corn crop in 1879 was the thing that focused the attention of Parliament on the conditions in Ireland, and two years later the Irish farmer received some protection on the rents. You remember that failure in the crops do you not?

Markey: Yes, indade, I do, and there would have been terrible starvation if the Americans hadn't sent ship loads of food over to us. Yes, God loves the Americans, so he gives them more than they need.

Smith: And he loves the Irish. He will give them greater and greater blessings as soon as they are prepared to receive them. I wish I could make you feel that all good comes from Heaven and that you should give Heaven credit for it, not the fairies. You should learn to pray for the things that you need, and have faith that your prayers will be answered. You must prepare yourselves for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand.

(During this last speech the curtain has been slowly dropping and all of the family are intently listening to Elder Smith.)

Notes

1. The Irish are a divided people. The Catholics despise the Protestants and the Protestants the Catholics. If a Protestant finds that he is working by a Catholic he will go to his employer and complain, saying that the man next to him is an R. C. (Roman Catholic) and he doesn't care to work by him. This will give some idea of the dislike that each has for the other.

2. "Altars" is the name used for

collections that are made on the day of a person's death. The Curate and the Parish Priest stand near the table and every one that calls at the house is expected to come up and contribute. This has come to be a source of considerable hardship, especially on the very poor. To provide even a shilling is naturally a strain very often and in point of fact in order to be able to furnish the contributions the villagers and country folk have often to trudge to the towns and sell something or other. No neighbor with any respect for the departed or the friends of the departed, will dream of staying away, and to the collection everybody, fearing the charge of meanness and the public opinion which is terrible and subtle in villages and country places, must be sure to contribute.

3. The Irish people have a complex on their own inferiorities. They will apologize if they need to serve you with home baked bread, and it is said that they export about the same amount of bacon as they import from America. However the Irish are being educated in economics and each year shows a marked improvement towards co-operative buying and selling.

4. The year 1881 marked an advance towards tenant liberation. In that year an act was passed which gave the tenant his land at a 'fair' and not at a competitive rent.

But the land agitation went on. The year 1903 closed the epoch of revolution. The act passed in that year enables the tenant to purchase his holding. The landlord is paid in cash from the Treasury, and the tenants pay back the purchase price in annuities extending over sixty years. Meantime the whole of Ireland is in pawn for the amount involved in the transfer of the land. "One hundred and eighty millions has been debited to Ireland."

5. "Because he was 'afraid of the fairies' an agricultural laborer named Kilduff threw up an acre of land which he had secured under the Laborers' Act and upon which the Athlone District Council proposed to build a cottage for him. * * * Kilduff's objection to the plot was that there was a 'fort' on it which would have to be removed for his cottage and on no account would he interfere with the fairies' home, for one never had any luck after!"

"A 'fort' or a 'rath' is an earthen fortification generally crowned by some old trees. The people say that the Danes built these forts, but I believe that the 'Danes' in the English-speaking parts of the country stand for the Dannans, who are the gods of the Irish Celts. The palaces of the fairies are thought to be under these forts, and in Oliver Goldsmith's country the man who would interfere with a fort was certainly one in a thousand."

6. This description of a fairie is a quotation.

If we were to hear an Irish girl singing, we would be apt to think that she was singing flat. But as a matter of fact the Irish sing in quarter tones and even though Irish songs are sung often without accompaniment, still they sing with almost perfect precision. It is not possible to publish Irish songs as the Irish sing them for our scale only shows half tones.

M Men Department

COMMITTEE

Herbert B. Maw, Chairman
Oscar W. Carlson

John F. Bowman
Alma C. Clayton

Thos. A. Beal
Homer Warner

M Men Notes

Project:

I will contribute each day to the honor and happiness of my home.

WHETHER at home or abroad, at work or at play, in school or social gatherings, in the mission field, or where'er we may be, we contribute to or against the honor and happiness of our home. Let us forget, it will be well to again reflect on the following poem:

A Mother To Her Son

Do you know that your soul is of such a part
That you seem the fibre and core of my heart?
None other can pain me as you, dear, can do,
None other can please me or praise me as you.

Remember, the world will be quick with its blame
If shadow or strain ever darkens your name;
Like mother, like son, is a saying so true
That the world will judge largely of mother by you.

Be this, then, your task, if task it shall be,
To force this proud world to do homage to me!
Be sure it will say, when its verdict you've won:
He reaped as she sowed—lo, this is her son.

Making Good

IN an article entitled "Making Good," Dr. George H. Brimhall has made some observations which are interesting and vital to M Men and their leaders alike. He begins by saying that the three essentials of making good are purpose, enthusiasm and industry.

Aim: "Without an aim, a purpose or an objective, making good becomes a matter of accident. Persons of luck may indulge in an aimless life, but those of pluck will insist upon having a purpose. * * * Psychology tells us that the grade of one's intelligence may be measured by one's power to see and pursue a purpose, and that the greater the distance between the person and

the purpose, the higher the intelligence. * * * The greatest of all leaders had his great objective beyond the clock tricks of mortality.

Enthusiasm: "As well expect to hit the mark with a bullet in a powderless shell as to make good without enthusiasm. Emerson says, 'Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.' To the worker, enthusiasm is interest; to the religionist it is fervency; to everybody, it is enjoyment.

Industry: "This means habitual diligence, with emphasis on the word 'habitual.' There is a kind of diligence which is an aimful, enthusiastic activity which is so spasmodic that it will not fit into the scheme of making good. Drudgery-dodging is a bar to making good. 'Genius will work,' says Dr. William James, the great American philosopher, and work that counts in making good is aimful, enthusiastic, persistent, activity."

Making Good as a Citizen

"To make good as a citizen we must have civic aims as to what the laws shall be and how they shall be administered; we must be enthusiastic in community prosperity and try to make our votes count somewhere at every election. We must pay the price of citizenship by obeying and sustaining the law * * *."

Making Good as a Church Member

"We make good as Church members by advocating its doctrines and recommending the Church by our good conduct * * *."

Making Good as a Leader

"We make good in leadership when we have for our chief aim the

getting of others to do their work willingly and well; by being enthusiastic in leadership and by being habitually diligent in having every subordinate in the line of making good. A general may consistently and nobly share his meals and bed with a private, but to do the private's work puts the officer in a position of humiliation where he must confess a lack of ability to get others to do their share. One is making good in leadership no farther than he keeps in the front with aimful, enthusiastic, diligent followers near him."

The Dawn of 1930

HAVE you ever stopped to think of the advantages of being an M Man? In this day of too many organizations—athletic clubs, social groups, study circles and all the rest, have you appreciated the fact that your M Men's organization provides for all the needs filled by a dozen independent associations? Athletics, dancing, drama, reading, study, music, sociability—all these are elements which in the presence of the warm spirit of fellowship and congeniality amalgamate into fine unity.

These are your privileges, M Men. What are you giving in return? Upon this, the eve of the New Year which ushers in the hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, will you take a few moments to rate your contribution to the Church which has given much to you?

It has promised you certain blessings, predicated upon your observation of the Word of Wisdom. Are you proving your faith in that promise by your fidelity to its conditions? It has given a book of history unique in all the world. Are you showing your pride by becoming familiar enough in the Book of Mormon to discuss it intelligently? There are countless other tests by which you can determine your worthiness; and no better time is there than this, the dawn of a new Church-century, to analyze your obligations and resolve to pay at least the interest on the priceless possessions the Church has put into your keeping.

Gleaner Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Grace C. Neslen

Emily H. Higgs, Chairman
Ray G. Taylor

Martha G. Smith

Gift Suggestions

CHRISTMAS time is here again, with its secrets, its excitement, and the happiness that attends the thinking of others. Gifts and gift suggestions abound, and the thoughts of all are turned toward the great day.

What kinds of gifts are you planning for your friends and relatives? If you have had a general list which you have followed more or less closely year after year, perhaps it might bear renovating. If it has read "Mother—kitchen apron; Dad—house slippers; Marie—silk hose; Tom—books; Aunt Hannah—hot dish holders; Cousin Grace—rose-colored scarf," it might be the nicest thing in the world to rearrange it. Give Mother the silk hose and Marie the kitchen apron. Dad would love the book, and Tom might stay home oftener o'nights if he had a nice pair of comfy house-slippers. Aunt Hannah has held hot dishes long enough, and Grace needs the experience, so trade about and give Auntie the rose-colored scarf. It would put new tone into her old winter outfit, and new warmth into her heart because you thought

enough of her to send a gift like that.

Reading Course Books.

And now for the girl friends. The book "A Lantern in her Hand" is as lovely a Christmas remembrance as you could choose, for in addition to the gift itself, there is the spirit of appreciation for the Pioneers and their sacrifices and struggles which the book engenders, and which is more valuable than all the material gifts in the world.

Gleaner Pin.

There is one gift suggestion which every Gleaner Girl should consider—the Pin. If any one of your friends in the class has not already secured one, it would be the most appropriate and considerate present imaginable, for it is a sign of comradeship and unity in itself. And if after all the names on your list have been checked off you still have a little money left, give yourself a Gleaner Pin. Put it in the toe of your stocking and see how happy you will be to find it there on Christmas morning.

Course of Study

THE evenings spent in discussion of "Latter-day Saint Ideals of Home and Home Life" have doubtless been of inestimable value to the Gleaner Girls. There is tremendous power in formulating ideas and expressing attitudes toward certain principles, and if the discussions have been conducted in a way to draw forth their response, there is no question about the benefit derived from them. But one question presents itself: Have the truths of the lessons been discussed in class and forgotten, or have they been carried out of the room and put into effect at home? Has any girl put a touch of beauty into her room because of what she learned regarding home decoration? Has the discussion of

foods and their place in a balanced diet been put into practice in the preparation of wholesome meals for the family? Every subject treated has in it possibilities of activity, and there is no need for a girl to wait for a home and family of her own before making use of the ideas she is developing. The one way to make sure of success in married life, as a wife, mother and home-maker is to try out her powers in the home of her parents, and learn to be a fine daughter, sister and assistant housekeeper.

Life is stretching out invitingly before every girl in the Church. New experiences, new understanding, new appreciations are to be had, and in order to make the most of the future, she must make the

most of the present. Use every fact that is learned, for as has been said "all knowledge is lost which ends in the knowing, for every truth is a candle given us to work by."

Put into practical application everything learned in the theoretical consideration of Latter-day Saint ideals, and it will all become a part of your character.

A Bride's Prayer

IN answer to many requests the Junior Committee publishes "A Bride's Prayer." It is a lovely thought to introduce to the girls in connection with their lesson on marriage, and will give a background of depth and sincerity to their discussion.

"O Father, my heart is filled with a happiness so wonderful that I am almost afraid. This is my wedding day, and I pray thee that the heartfelt joy of this morning may never grow dim with years of regret for the step I am about to take. Rather, may my memories become more sweet and tender with each passing anniversary.

"Thou hast sent me one who seems all worthy of my deepest regard. Grant unto me the power to keep him ever true and loving as now. May I prove indeed a helpmeet, a sweetheart, a friend, a steadfast guide among all the temptations that beset the impulsive hearts of men. Give me skill to make home the best loved place of all. Help me to make its light shine forth and glow, that naught may dim its radiance. Let me, I pray, meet the little misunderstandings and cares of my new life bravely. Be with me as I start on my mission of womanhood. Stay thou my path from failure all the way. Walk thou with us even to the end of our journey.

"O Father, bless my wedding day; hallow my wedding night; sanctify my motherhood if thou seest fit to grant me that privilege. And when all my youthful charms are faded, and the cares and lessons of life have left their touches, let physical fascination give way to the greater charm of companionship. And so may we walk hand in hand down the highway of life, and into the valley of the final shadow, which we will then be able to lighten with the sunshine of a good and happy life. O Father, this is my prayer."

—Annie A. Clark.

Contributed by Hazel S. Judd.

Junior Girls Department

COMMITTEE

May Booth Talmage, Chairman Laura P. Nicholson
Agnes S. Knowlton Julia S. Baxter Marie C. Thomas

October Radio Broadcast

FAVORABLE comments have been received from various states with requests for a copy of the Junior Girls' radio program that was broadcast on October 13. An outline is presented herewith in the hope that it may also be a source of inspiration to the many who had not the privilege of listening over the radio.

Program

ANNOUNCEMENT

Seven thousand girls 16 and 17 years of age have membership in the Junior department of the M. I. A. throughout the Church. The main course of study for these girls for the current year is "Ideals of Home and Home Life."

The second period of the session is given to the girls to choose officers from among themselves, as a means of self development and to carry through a program of activities. In their work they gather from many sources the ideals, the qualities and the virtues that make for desirable, wholesome characters and for the highest type of womanhood.

The Junior emblem is the rose, and rose is their color.

A plain gold "J" is their pin. Today's program features their activities only.

I—Vocal Duet: *Oh! It's Joy to be a Junior Girl*, accompanied by a string trio which also used the theme of this music throughout the entire program.

II—"The Spirit of the Junior Girl," announced by a Junior Leader.

What is there about a Junior girl? Just youth!

Lovely, live, vibrant, keen, unconscious youth!

Unfolding like a flower because she is a flower;
Singing like a bird, because she is a bird;
And it is part of nature to be beautiful and gay;

And full of thrills, mad fancies, and wild dreams

All happiness, all sweetness, all purity,
Genuine, true and fine.

Oh! it's wonderful to be a Junior girl.
And live and grow.

III—The Spirit of the Project: "We will cultivate the beautiful through the raising of flowers." Many Junior girls have individual gardens; they promote the Project by taking their flowers to the sick, the sorrowing or the home bound and by decorating our places of worship. Also, many otherwise unkept graves are sought out by our Junior girls and cared for.

Peek-a-boo, Sun! In and out through the trees,
You dance on the leaves just about as you please.

You dip in a tulip and drink up its dew;
Peek-a-boo, Sun! I'm as happy as you!

You red-nosed old Falstaff! You flirt with us all.

You peep through the window, you prance through the hall.

The smile on your face sets us all smiling, too.

Peek-a-boo, Sun! I'm as happy as you!

Give me my neat little spade and my hoe,
You set me to work with your face smiling so!

Oh, marigolds gay, and delphiniums blue
Will make the old Earth look as happy as you!

Won't she look charming, and won't she look fair

With your light in her eyes and my rose in her hair?

Ay, all that behold her, the many or few,
Will find their hearts thrill and grow happy as you

IV—The Spirit of the book, "A Lantern in her Hand," by Bess Streeter Aldrich. Short review emphasizing the spirit of the book by a Junior girl. (See August Journal, page 510).

V—The Spirit of the Travelogue. A rendition of the national airs of various countries, concluding with that of our own nation—"The Star Spangled Banner," by a string trio.

VI—The Spirit of the Retold Story. Retold Story—by a Junior girl.

VII—Vocal Trio—Junior Roses, by Junior girls.

During the past summer the following incident was noted in one of the Art Museums in California:

A LANTERN IN HER HAND

A girl in her twenties stood with flushed cheeks and starry eyes gazing at a piece of sculpture which depicted a typical Pioneer man and woman—he, stalwart and brave, with steady gaze and outstretched hand looking into a future of bright hopes and prospects. She, kneeling with hands uplifted and folded looking up seemingly with vision of the future, and an abiding faith and trust in the unseen power that would guide them to their goal.

The piece of art was labeled *The Pioneers*. As two ladies neared the statue

the young woman turned and exclaimed, "Oh! is it not beautiful, and full of inspiration? I never have appreciated the sacrifices, the courage and true spirit of the Pioneers, until recently. I just read a book by Bess Streeter Aldrich entitled *A Lantern in Her Hand*, which thrilled me as I have never been thrilled before by the vivid picture of Pioneer life. I wish you would read it." This to strangers whom the speaker had never met before. She was assured by one—a member of our Junior Committee—that the latter had not only read the book herself but that it had been recommended to our girls throughout the Church.

Vanguards-Scouts Department

COMMITTEE

Geo. R. Hill; Chas. R. Mabey, Chairman
German E. Ellsworth LeRoi C. Snow

Nicholas G. Smith
Ernest P. Horsley

IT is urged that every association make a drive to see that each troop committee and Scout Master and every boy is registered at the National Headquarters on or before January 1, 1930.

This common time for registration by all Latter-day Saint troops makes it possible for our association to give full co-operation in this movement.

REPORTS of Vanguard-Scout activities in one of the small

wards of San Juan stake indicate the fact that development and success are the results of diligent, purposeful leadership. Without many of the advantages to be had in the city, the leader of this group of boys has set about to achieve outstanding results, and his efforts have been most commendable. The accomplishments of this troop are most encouraging and should spur Scout Masters all over the Church to increased activity.

The Aaronic Priesthood and Scouting

THE MESSENGER, San Francisco Stake of Zion, November, 1929, publishes the following:

The Boy Scout movement has been fully endorsed by the Church. This work has been considered of such importance by the General Authorities that it has been made an integral part of the M. I. A. program. Two years ago, to bring closer co-operation between the Aaronic priesthood and Scouting, the Priesthood-M. I. A. plan was adopted. A dove-tailing of these programs is now desired.

To make priesthood training more effective by close work with scouting, these definite suggestions are given:

- 1—Organization of a Scout troop in every ward.
- 2—That Scoutmaster where possible, be also the Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor—the best boys' man in the ward.
- 3—Aaronic Priesthood Committee should also be members of the troop committee.
- 4—That the Bishopric be active in the Scout troop.
- 5—Two-fold supervision from the Stake:
 - a. Stake Lesser Priesthood Committee.
 - b. M. I. A. Scout supervisors.

6—That full advantage be taken of assistance offered by local Boy Scout Councils in technical training.

The San Francisco Stake stands squarely for Scouting. Every effort should be made by Bishoprics to see that troops are so organized that every boy in the ward is fully and efficiently trained for future leadership. Scouting provides the outdoor education and recreational activity so vital in a boy's growth. However, as such it provides no religious training. It expects the sponsoring group behind every Boy Scout troop to give the boy this much needed religious training. This our lesser priesthood does. Advancement in the priesthood should go hand-in-hand with advancement in Scouting. This makes for well balanced development which brings ideal leadership.

We commend this program to presiding officers of wards. We urge the Saints to sustain and encourage the Scout troops—to be interested in their welfare; parents, to see that their boys are enrolled. If this is done, there will be no lack of leadership in our Stake as our boys grow up, and there will come to them an individual development which they would not otherwise obtain. A Boy Scout promises to be—
"Physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

THE STAKE PRESIDENCY.

A Book Christmas

Without too embarrassing an expenditure, you can enjoy the pleasure of giving the "finest" this Christmas. Books make fine gifts and make fine friends.

Every library should contain a copy of the following books and we suggest them as ideal gifts.

THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD PLAYHOUSE

By GEO. D. PYPER

A History of the Old Salt Lake Theatre, Now Only a Memory.

Price \$5.00 Cash Postpaid.

(Note: Price subject to advance after Jan. 1, 1930.)

THE LESSER PRIESTHOOD AND NOTES ON CHURCH GOVERNMENT

By JOS. B. KEELER

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Bee Hive Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Elsie Hogan

Catherine Folsom, Chairman
Sarah R. Cannon

Vida F. Clawson

The Year's Milestones

SO that there may be uniformity in our work and that definite progress may be made from month to month, we shall indicate in each issue of the *Era* some of the "milestones" to be passed in the year's journey.

Check your program to see if you have completed the following phases of the work by November 30:

Builders—

1—Probationary requirements for all girls.

2—Conferring the title "Builders in the Hive" upon all girls (Use this title frequently—discuss the building of the hive by the bees).

3—Guides I-X (*Hand Book*, pages 15-20).

4—The selection of Swarm name and symbol and individual names and symbols.

5—Foundation cells 1-3.

6—Structural cells.—Each girl should have filled at least 9 cells and have been awarded seals for the same.

7—The Unit and A Line formations.

8—A record of work accomplished to date.

Gatherers—

1—A thorough check on previous year's work. (A record of each girl should have been transmitted by the previous Bee-Keeper.)

2—An understanding and use of title "Gatherers of Honey."

"What does a bee do all day long?
Gather the golden honey?"

3—Guides I-X (*Hand Book*, pages 48-51).

4—The giving of attention to the meaning and use of names and symbols, both Swarm and individual.

5—Foundation cells—1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7.

6—Structural cells. Each girl should have filled at least 9 cells

and have been awarded seals for the same.

7—The Unit, A Line and B Line formations.

8—A record kept of work accomplished to date.

Program for December

Builders—

Dec. 3—Guide XI—The Word of Wisdom.

Dec. 10—Guide XII—Planned by Bee-Keeper and girls.

Dec. 17—Guide XIII—Common Accidents.

Note—Guides XII and XIII may be interchanged if desired, so as to provide for a Christmas party in the Swarm meeting.

Gatherers—

Dec. 3—Guide XI—Family Meals.

Dec. 10—Guide XII—Open.

Dec. 17—Guide XIII—Love Truth.

(See note above).

Seal for Reading Course:

Bee-Hive girls may be awarded a seal for reading "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," under Cell No. 287.

Will These Suggestions Help You

1.

Bee-Hive work, in order to succeed, must have a certain amount of precision. Preparedness is one of the main factors in the development of precision—girls like it. If the class activities are listless or helter skelter, sort of left to the desires of the moment, the girls will soon partake of that spirit and the discipline will be anything but desirable. On the other hand if the Bee-Keeper has planned the program for the evening thoroughly, and even has suggestions ready for activities left open for choosing by the girls they will learn to follow her lead and be better prepared themselves.

2.

One Bee-Keeper reports that for her checking she used envelopes, two for each girl. As the roll is called, she receives from the girl evidence of cells filled, and hands to her an envelope with her name on containing seals for the cells reported filled prior to the previous meeting. It is a quick, effective method of handling this part of the work, and if a girl receives no seals it is an incentive to her not to let it happen again. Suppose you try this method. If the formations are used it can be made more dignified.

RETOLED STORIES SUITABLE FOR CONTEST

The Palace Made by Music.....	Alder
The Hunt for the Beautiful.....	Alder
The Perfect Tribute.....	Andrews
He Knew Lincoln.....	Andrews
Fall of the Nebelings.....	Armouri
Story of the Rhinegold.....	Chapman
Christmas Carol.....	Dickens
The Pope's Mule.....	Dauget
The String.....	Maupassant
The Necklace.....	Maupassant
The Gift of the Magi.....	O. Henry
In the Desert of Waiting.....	Anna Fellows Johnston
Dog of Flanders.....	Rome
Extracts from Penrod.....	Booth Tarkington
The Other Wise Man.....	Van Dyke
Blue Flower.....	Van Dyke
Where Love is There God is Also.....	Tolstoi
How Much Land a Man Requires.....	Tolstoi
The Great Stone Face.....	Hawthorne
The Snow Image.....	Hawthorne
The Man Without a Country.....	Hale
Symbol and the Saint.....	Eugene Field
First Christmas Tree.....	Eugene Field
Pierre and His People.....	Parker
Jungle Tales.....	Kipling
The Mansion.....	Van Dyke

Stake Reports

Preston, Idaho.

Oct. 12th, 1929.

President Ruth May Fox, and Members of the General Board Y. L. M. I. A.

Dear Sisters:

On Sept. 21st we had a stake Bee-Hive excursion to the Logan Temple for the purpose of baptizing for the dead and I feel I should write and tell you about it, though I should have done so sooner.

I phoned Pres. Shepherd and asked him if it would be possible for us to bring the girls down on a Saturday. He told us we could come on September 21st providing we baptize for 1,000 names. I told him he could count on us bringing from 75 to 100 girls, so on Saturday morning the 21st, we were on our way at about 6:00 o'clock.

President Shepherd and others of the workers welcomed us and we assembled in the meeting room. We were advised to bring the girls in two groups—at 8:00 and 1:00 o'clock. In the first group I counted sixty-five, including several Bee-Keepers and one or two ward presidents, also President Burgi of the Stake Presidency was with us.

We had most inspirational meetings at both sessions at which the girls sang Bee-Hive songs and a Bee-Hive girl offered the benediction at one of the meetings. I was also given the privilege of speaking as was President Burgi.

We were baptized for over 2,000 names. The girls were baptized for from 20 to 50 names each. It was a red-letter day in the lives of each of the girls. I am sure they each received an added testimony of the work of the Lord, as the spirit of the Lord was there in rich abundance. They will never forget it.

We felt so happy that so many girls were permitted to participate, and hope to make it an annual opportunity for the Bee-Hive girls of our stake.

Very sincerely your sister,

Janet T. Swainston,

Oneida Stake Bee-Keeper.

than strength, for she was a frail, timid little girl.

At the age of 17 her father came and claimed her and because of the German custom of absolute possession by a father, a child being a chattel, she was subject to his wishes, even though he had not seen her or paid any attention to her since she was left with her uncle, at her mother's death. The Baron of Adlerstein had offered him one-fourth of all spoils obtained, if his child cured the Baron's daughter.

Christina went with her father



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FISH

The Dove in the Eagle's' Nest

(Nicknamed, "The Pigeon on the Rock")

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

THIS book is one of the Children's Classics, published by Macmillan at \$1.75—also at \$1.25 and \$2.25. It was written for girls 12 to 15 and is one of the favorite books at the library. The author states that it was inspired after reading Freytag's series of pictures of German life followed by a very vivid dream, no doubt the result of the reading.

This story is laid in Germany, during Maximilian's younger life, at the end of the reign of lawless liberty among the nobles. The

story opens in the home of Master Gottfried Sorel, an honorable Burgher in the city of Ulm, a master carver. His brother Hugh had decided years ago to seek thrills and had joined the robber barons of Adlerstein. His wife, an Italian captive, died from exposure and almost cruel treatment and their little daughter, Christina, was left with Master Gottfried and his good wife. She was educated in the lines of art and literature of the times, and excelled in those things calling for taste and skill rather

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to the Castle of Adlerstein, or the Eagle's nest. She cared for the sick girl, using methods which were unheard of at the castle, and the little girl, Ermentrude, gradually showed improvement and they were happy together. Because of this the father and the brother were much pleased with Christina and the brother tried to show her attention, which she rather resented. However, young Freiherr Eberhard also improved under Christina's influence and she acquired an admiration for him, and because of her loneliness permitted him to visit her occasionally in her tower. Christina was devoutly religious and used to visit the little church nearby, where all was peaceful and quiet. One day Eberhard found her there and after much persuasion, arranged with the priest and they were married. They loved each other very much, but her husband insisted that the marriage must be kept secret until he could take her away. This was because his mother, the baroness, didn't approve of Christina's refined ways and was very hateful with her.

One day Eberhard and his father decided to do and pledge allegiance to the king. A robber band came upon them and only one man escaped. He was given a message by Eberhard to take back to the castle acknowledging Christina as his bride and asking that she be respected and honored. Christina was very sad, but soon twin boys came to her and she was overjoyed with them in spite of her sorrow. She was well equipped because of her education to train these beautiful boys, and they soon became the pride of the castle. She governed her little eagles by love and gentleness and they worshipped her, the dove. The boys were called Ebbo and Friedel. Ebbo was proclaimed the Baron of the castle because of his fearlessness, but Friedel was gentle like his mother.

The love and reverence the two boys had for their mother is very marked throughout the story and due to her influence and kind, sweet Christian spirit, her son the Baron finally established peace among the feudal factions in the country surrounding the castle and the robber bands at the fjord were abandoned.

A bridge was constructed across the fjord and peace and protection offered all who traveled that way. A church was built nearby also,

and in it to this day may be seen the effigies of the two knights in armour and another one of their beautiful mother.

The book when read not only gives you an understanding of ancient customs of that time and a vivid description of the country, castles and life among nobility, but it leaves you with a spirit of peace, with a greater appreciation of mother love and a desire to be guided by its influence.

The Ivy Swarm

In Dudley Port, we have some girls,
Who in reality are exquisite pearls,
They all belong to our Bee-Hive,
And all are very much alive.

Eight belong to the Ivy Swarm,
All have hearts that are true and warm,
Each is working with all her might
To become beautiful in God's sight.

Gossip and slander they all despise,
They hate all envying, cunning and lies,
They refuse to do anything which is mean,
Abhor all that's wicked, impure and unclean.

They ever are striving hard to be good,
Each trying to perfect her own woman-
hood,
All striving to comply with the Plan of
Salvation,
Each trying to fulfill her measure of
creation.

In all clean sports they take delight,
And for the Gospel each can fight,
In their classes they are bright,
Sorrow and gloom they banish quite.

These Bee-Hive girls all cling together,
At all times and in all weather
They cling to the Gospel as the Ivy to
the wall,
They know without it they'd surely fall.

Though none of them have pots of
money,
All are Gatherers of Honey,
Day by day, they always strive,
To live the Spirit of the Hive.

Each Monday night they hold swarm
meetings,
And each gives each a hearty greeting,
Each girl then receives her seals
And tells how in the work she feels.

In our Ivy Swarm, there are no drones,
No idlers or lazy bones,
Here there is no room for shirkers,
All are happy, willing workers.

Our Dudley Port girls are very sweet,
You will find them hard to beat,
When they grow old and grey and hoary
They still will strive for the Celestial
Glory.

Hettie Hilda Harper,
269 Dudley Port,
Tipton Stafford, England.

Sharing Honey

BEEES, going out to dip into the flowers and drink up the nectar, fly back to the hive and deposit the honey, sweet and new, in waxy cells. Before there is any chance for impurity of any kind to get into it, a seal is placed over the top of the cell and the honey is preserved for future use; and not alone for the use of the one who gathered it, but to be shared with all the others in the swarm.

Bee-Hive girls have every opportunity of doing this very thing. Cells are filled every Tuesday evening, and if the ones who have

learned to make flowers, lampshades, bedroom pillows and other lovely things, will teach the rest of the girls to make them too, they will be carrying the spirit of the hive into reality. And when they have filled a cell with knowledge or experience, let the seal be given before there is any chance for the influence of time and forgetfulness to enter into it. A Bee-Keeper who waits for weeks after cells are filled before awarding seals, is making for herself a great deal of unnecessary work, and detracting from the joy and satisfaction of the Bee-Hive girls.

M. I. A. Monthly Report

Y. M. M. I. A.

Note: The figures indicate the percentage of wards in each Stake having completed the requirements designated.

STAKES	SEPTEMBER						OCTOBER									
	Organ-ization	"Era" Cam-paign	Open-Social	Sun-Joint	At-tend-ance 65 2/3 %	M. Men	Week by Week Program								Hallow-Party	Sun-Joint
							Adult	Van-Guards	Scouts	Bar-becue	Y. M. C. A.	Y. W. C. A.	Y. N. C. A.	Y. O. C. A.		
Bear River	28	72	100	61	92	75	58	33	88	67	83					
Caché					50	61	40	40	50	50	50					
Carbon					80	80	60		40	80	60					
Cassia					100	60	40		80	40	100					
Gunnison	57	100	100	72	41	91	41			91	100					
Lehi					100	100	100		33	100	100					
Los Angeles					70	80	70		50	60	80					
Mald					21	21	21		21	21	21					
North Sanpete	60	100	100	100	20	100	100		60	100	100					
Pocatello	40	80	80	80	50	50	50		20	50	60					
Salt Lake	85	100	100	100	77	92	100		31	77	85					
Taylor					34	34	34			34	50					
Tooele		40	60	20	30	40	30			30	50					
Utah					20	80	20			80						
Utah	67	100														
Weber	56	56	67	67												
Woodruff	100	100	100	100	100				100	80	100					
California Mission	82	29	50	82	14	47	23	11	29	29	29					

*General Conference—no meetings held.

Y. L. M. I. A.

STAKES	SEPTEMBER						OCTOBER									
	Organ-ization	"Era" Cam-paign	Open-Social	Sun-Joint	At-tend-ance 65 2/3 %	M. Men	Week by Week Program								Hallow-Party	Sun-Joint
							Adult	Gleaner	Junior	Bar-becue	Y. M. C. A.	Y. W. C. A.	Y. N. C. A.	Y. O. C. A.		
Alberta	70	50	70	20	70	70	55	55	50	70	50					
Alpine	85	100	100	85	100	100	85	100	85	100	100					
Bannock					10	10	10									
Bear Lake	40	60	50	30	55	46	46		18	37	28					
Bear River	65	88	88	72	75	58	50	50	67	58	58					
Benson	71	93	93	93	65	80	73	80	73	80	73					
Beaver	65	100	100	65	33	65	33	33	65	33	65					
Blaine	67	35	67	67	37	37	25		13	37	25					
Boise	40	70	90	80												
Bowdler	100	100	100	95	100	100	100	100	100	92	92					
Burley	56	56	67	56	45	45	45	45	56	67	67					
Caché					98	100	100	100	100	100	75					
Carbon					56	38	45	56	70	20	20					
Cassia	100	80	60	60	60	60	60	60	90	90	90					
Cottonwood	100	100	100	100	90	90	90	90	90	90	90					
Deseret	60	50	75	58	50	65	65	65	65	65	65					
East Jordan	90	100	100	80	100	60	90	90	90	90	100					
Emery	45	45	56	45	30	50	50	50	50	75	60					
Ensign	88	88	100	100	100	100	87	87	100	100	100					
Franklin	100	100	90	100	91	91	73	73	73	73	100					
Fremont	75	95	95	95	71	92	64	78	100	100	100					
Garfield					85	71	60	80	80	80	80					
Granite	70	50	90	80	80	80	80	80	80	80	80					
Grant	75	100	100	100	65	73	78	78	78	78	65					
Gunnison	100	100	100	100	86	100	100	100	100	100	100					
Hollywood	60	65	91	55	73	82	82	87	64	73	91					



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Y. L. M. I. A.

THE NAME

STAKES	SEPTEMBER										OCTOBER									
	Organ- ization	"Big" Cam- paign	Over- seas	Social	Joint	Mtg.	Avg. At- tend- ance	Week	by	Week	Program	Hallow- e'en	Early	Joint	Mtg.	Avg. At- tend- ance	Week	by	Week	Program
Idaho	100	100																		
Idaho Falls	90	100	100	100	100	36	73	77	73	50	33	50	67	100	73	73	73	73	73	73
Jubb	50	80	80			100	80	80	100	80	100	80	60	100	100*					
Kanab	50	100	100	100	100		*85	50	34	17	67	50	100	100	100					
Kolob	85	85	85	85	85	100	100	85	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
Leli	85	85	85	85	100	100	100	85	85	85	100	85	20	100	100					
Liberty	92	92	100	100	100	100	80	80	90	90	90	90	90	100	100					
Logan	100	100	100	100	100															
Los Angeles	80	90	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
Lost River	35	100	100	100	100															
Lyman	50	50	50	50	50	50	50	67	50	34	34	67	50							
Malad	100	100	100	85	35	89	89	89	89	89	89	78	78							
Millard	67	83	83	67	83	83	83	83	83	83	83	83	83							
Minidoka	65	65	100	65	65	65	25	25	25	25	50	65	65							
Moapa	67	88	88	36	67	67	50	50	50	56	67	67	67							
Montpelier	80	50	50	50	63	75	63	40	65	55	63	85	78							
Morgan	50	80	80	73	73	73	25	72	50	72	85	85	75							
Moroni	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
Mt. Ogden	65	40	100	100	100															
Nabo	78	67	88	88	89	89	89	67	78	89	56	89	89							
North Sanpete	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
North Sevier	85	85	85	45	85	85	85	70	70	85	85	85	85							
North Weber	15	65	65	85	78	49	50	50	50	50	50	50	50							
Ogden	92	100	90	90	82	82	82	73	64	90	90	90	90							
Oneida	75	95	95	90	73	91	82	50	82	55	73									
Oquirrh	100	83	100	100	85	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
Palmyra	67	67	67	67	67	67	67	67	67	67	67	67	67							
Panguitch	17	17	17																	
Parowan	65	65	65	28	30	50	30	30	30	30	30	30	30							
Pioneer	60	90	100	100	70	70	70	80	70	80	60	100	100							
Pocahontas	70	70	70	70	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60							
Portneuf	50	60	50																	
St. George					53	53	40	27	33	40	60									
Snowflake	56	65	65	60	78	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
South Davis	88	88	100	100	78	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
South Sanpete	65	60	60	60	85	60	85	75	85	85	85	85	85							
South Sevier	75	100	100	50	38	50	72	50	50	50	78									
Summit	100	56	70	70																
Sharon					43															
St. Johns	57	71	57	43	28	28	28	14	14	56	42									
St. Joseph	100	71	71	71	50	70	50	56	56	56	85	85	85							
Salt Lake	93	93	100	85	67	67	70	100	77	70	100	77	70	100	100					
San Juan	25	25	100	100	75	75	75	75	75	75	25									
Sevier	100	83	83	67	100	100	83	83	100	67	83									
Sonor	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
Teton	43	100	75	85	72	15	30	15	30	15	30									
Timpanogas	75	75	75	100	100	100	75	50	75	50	100									
Tooele	50	50	50	25	50	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40	40					
Twin Falls					20	100	80	40	60	60	60	60	60	60	60					
Uintah	30	50	70	60	50	50	40	30	50	30	70									
Union	100	100	100	100	81	81	81	67	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
Utah	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
Wasatch	88	100	100	100	77	67	67	67	67	67	67	67	67	67	67					
Weber	45	100	67	100	90	90	90	90	90	90	90	90	90							
West Jordan	61	72	72	61	100	88	88	75	68	85	88									
Woodruff	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100					
Yellowstone	100	100	90	90	69	70	50	50	50	56	50									
Young					25	75	75	50	75	75	75									
California Mission	30	45	40	45	25	25	10	15	15	15	25									
Cent. States Mission	20	25	30	40	35	10	5	5	15	40										

*One ward not holding course outlined—Liberty Stake.

*Three wards have not held meetings on account of contagious disease.

MEN I find to be a sort of beings very badly constructed. * * * Without a blush they assemble in great armies at noon-day to destroy, and when they have killed as many as they can, they exaggerate the number to augment the fancied glory.

In what light we are viewed by superior beings may be gathered from a piece of late West Indies news. A young angel of distinction being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courier-spirit assigned him as a guide. They arrived over the seas of Martinico in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of

the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction, the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another, he turned angrily to his guide, and said: "You blundering block-head, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell!" "No, Sir," says the guide, "I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense, and more of what men (vainly) call humanity."—Franklin.

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"Heart" Horton Learns Basketball

(Continued from page 130)

tempt to stem the tide of defeat. He was unsuccessful.

When the gun closed the contest the score stood Hillcrest 44, Gunnell 41.

It was a disappointed crowd that walked out of the old gymnasium, unanimous in their censure of the coach who had made such a stupid blunder as to remove his great center.

An hour later Heart Horton once more stood before the office door behind which he knew Coach Crowley was casting up the various elements which entered into Gunnell's defeat, a defeat which had followed hard upon the heels of what appeared to be a victory, one that would have been heralded all over the United States, for the Hillcrests had been defeated only once before and that in the very early season.



YOUNG Horton walked in and once more faced the coach.

"Why did you pull me?" he demanded bluntly, aggressively, "I'd a turned in a victory for you."

"Some things are dearer than victories—even over the Hillcrests," the coach answered, his steel-gray eyes boring into the blue ones.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean," the coach answered in a level voice.

Horton caught the purport of his words.

"The referee wasn't calling me,"

he muttered doggedly. "We had 'em licked, sure!"

THE coach's eyes searched the frank face. He liked this boy.

"Yeah, when we had 'em licked—that way," he finally said. "But that was like using a chair. We don't use chairs up here."

Heart raised his big wondering eyes from the floor to the coach's face.

"Gosh, coach, I—I—I—" He hesitated, tears of humiliation gleaming in his eyes, for he was only a boy despite his size—"Down where I come from we make the referee catch such things."

"We play basketball up here," Coach Crowley said shortly, but there was tenderness in his voice.

"I'm sorry," the boy said simply, as he turned toward the door. "I guess I'll get your idea about basketball sometime."

"I guess," Coach Crowley said as the door closed once more.

THE following Monday young Horton made his third visit to the coach's office. He found Crowley with the *Daily Globe* propped up on the desk in front of him. Heart knew perfectly well what was in the paper. He had read every word of it. The sport writers not only of the *Globe* but of all the daily papers had censured Coach Crowley severely for the blunder in generalship he had made in removing the brilliant center from the game.

"Sorry about that," Heart began, nodding his head toward the paper.

"Oh, it's all right," the coach answered wearily. "No one but a moron will coach athletic teams, anyway. You're damned if you do and damned if you don't."

"I brought that on and I'm sorry," the center said earnestly, "Even Dad was ravin' about your taking me out; came to me and offered me ten bucks if I'd turn in my suit. Said you were too prejudiced to work for."

"What did you tell him?"

"Told him the truth, sir," Heart replied. "I'll tell the papers, too, if you want me to."

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SALT LAKE CITY

THE coach drew down his mouth and looked over his glasses. There was the light of approval in his eyes.

"Oh, not for the world," he exclaimed. "They'd still censure me. The fans, it seems, will trade anything for victory, but do you know, George, old man, a fella to get through this life right has one particular person to please. He's invisible, but mighty. That person is inside of him."

The coach rose and paced the floor.

"I'll probably lose out if I go on like this, but I've simply got to have that person's approval—simply got to have it."

"I get your idea," Horton said as he rose. "I just thought I'd say, coach, that I'm willing to tell the world why you took me out."

"Thanks, old man, that's fine of you," the coach responded feelingly. "But it wouldn't do any good. I had to do it, though even while I knew it would lose the game for us—that chap inside, you know. I couldn't have us win and have him poking fun at me when the papers announced that Gunnell had defeated the mighty Hillcrests in basketball!"

"I understand, coach, and will remember."

"I wonder if you do and—will," the wise old coach said to himself as he let the youth out.

ON the day of the final basketball games of the conference, Gunnell was in an uproar. The school had gone through the race with only one defeat and was matched with Kenton College in the final struggle. The two teams were to wind up with two contests, one on Friday, the other on Saturday night.

Kenton had a brilliant team of rangy basket shooters who had been defeated but once during the entire season. Her students and fans had followed the team over to see the battles.

Heart Horton went to the gymnasium early on the night of the first contest. He was quite a different young man from the one who had promised the coach a flogging in the early season.

He had made a careful study of the basketball game Coach Crowley was teaching and felt that he had mastered its details. He was no longer a shining star among a

constellation of lesser stars; he was now a star among four of equal magnitude. He knew that from the coach's point of view, this made a great difference.

ALONG with his study of the game, he had made a careful study of Buddy Kinkaid, his hardest rival in the race for the pivot position. He had found the little man to be one of the greatest centers in the game. Too short to take the ball on the tip-off, Buddy made up the deficiency in speed, reliability, and team work. Horton knew that for interceptions, accuracy in passing, and playing his position, Buddy had no superiors.

When, therefore, the wise old coach with the thinning hair passed out his regular little ballots before the game to get the team's reaction as to who should start, Heart without hesitation put down the name of Buddy Kinkaid for center. Had he been more observant he might have noticed that he was the only one using a green pencil for his voting. It probably would have done the heart of the new Heart Horton a world of good had he seen the pleased expression on the coach's face when he saw that green check by Buddy Kinkaid's name.

THE game was a sizzler. The Kenton team was made up of giants—every man over six feet tall and the center fully six feet four. Little Buddy Kinkaid looked like a pigmy in the center ring with him, but Buddy always jumped for the ball, just the same, even though he met with railery from the crowd.

Kenton's advantage was too great, however. The big team, playing its game practically above their opponents' heads, closed the first half out in lead by the score of 31 to 24.

"Pretty tall, aren't they?" Coach Crowley said, humorously as he sat among his men between halves.

"Second cousins to giraffes," Buddy replied. "Stronger than African buffalos, too."

"We'll see what Heart can do with that big center," the coach said, turning to Heart. "Want to tackle him?"

"If you want me to do it," Heart replied, unable to cover his eagerness.

THE steel-gray eyes twinkled and the thin lips of the coach drew down.

"Well, old kid, I want you to," he said heartily. "I want you to go in there and out-jump that fellow—to play him off his feet. You can do it—I know you can."

Heart's hopes soared.

"I'll do my best," he said.

"Your best will be plenty good enough," Crowley exclaimed. Then turning to Buddy: "What do you think?"

"The very thing," he replied. "Heart will do much better."

THE crowd went wild when they saw that the giant of Kenton was matched by the giant of Gunnell. They sensed that the battle was to be waged in that little ring in the center of the floor. There would be no eight points difference when this game closed. The teams were evenly matched.

The whistle blew, the ball went up at center. The long, thin fingers of Heart Horton tipped the sphere to his guard who came in like lightning in answer to the signal. The guard flipped it to a forward, who shot it back to Horton racing up the floor, who in turn sent it to a forward in the corner. A neatly executed arch and the ball swished through the hoop. A score in less than half a minute.

Again the ball went up at center. Again those bony fingers tipped it to a guard. Again by another route, it spiraled up the floor and through the hoop at the end of a relay of perfect passes.

KENTON, bewildered, called time out. The team as well as its supporters were mystified. This new center had already changed the complexion of the game.

After the contest got going again and the ball went up in center, Heart felt an elbow dig his shoulder. Kenton was using the chair. He set his teeth, determined to play the game as it should be played. In the old days that challenge would have been the signal for retaliation, but his disciplining had been effective. If the man persisted, he would complain to the official. That was the way such things should be handled.

The fouling continued, but Heart was surprised to learn that

it upset his opponent more than it did him. He merely ignored it and played with an abandon he had never felt before.

The great crowd was forgotten. Even the cheers became a mere sound background for the game. His one thought was the battle, victory!

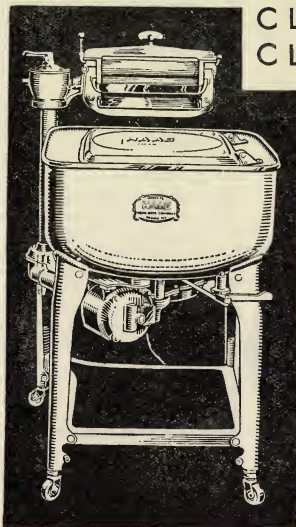
When the pop of the gun closed the contest Gunnell had won by eleven points.

ON the following evening the game started briskly.

Heart Horton, by the unanimous votes of his team mates was at center for Gunnell. Kenton College was eager to turn the tables on her rivals in order to throw the basketball race into a tie. It was a desperate quintet of basket shooters that was prepared to fight Gunnell point for point.

With the beginning of play, Heart Horton once more felt that exhilaration that he had felt on the night previous. The crowd dropped from his consciousness and he forgot everything except the game

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which he had learned to play perfectly. He not only got the tip-off, but he played a magnificent floor game as well. His perfect timing of the ball, his uncanny shooting, and his team work once more made him the marvel of the evening.

By the end of the first half Kenton was trailing 21 to 33, and the Gunnell fans were in a frenzy. Their snake dances between halves almost wrecked the old gymnasium.

"Watch out for a slump this half," Coach Crowley warned his men between halves. "You have this game all sewed up if you can keep up this pace. But if you let down a single instant, you're likely to lose. That team is still scrapping and will scrap 'til the cannon roars."

HEART Horton sat humped over in his chair, too pleased to speak. He felt that it was the greatest night of his life. He knew that he was master of the Kenton center and that nothing but the worst kind of misfortune could rob Gunnell of the victory.

The intermission was almost over when he happened to glance over to Buddy Kinkaid. The little center was pale. His nostrils seemed pinched in at the sides. Had he lost his best friend, Heart thought he could not have looked more forlorn. He wondered—then he remembered that Buddy was a senior. For four years he had played basketball; this was to be his last contest. He was playing it on the bench!

Heart had long anticipated this occasion. He had often thought how joyful he would be when he would be in center and Buddy Kinkaid on the mourner's bench. Now, it didn't seem so joyful. He could not help but place himself in Buddy's shoes.

"After all," Heart told himself as he rose to leave the room with the team, "I'm only a freshman. I'll have three more years to play."

THE joy had gone out of the contest for Heart. As he galloped around the floor in the grand entry, he glanced up at the score board—33 to 21! A twelve point lead. The tip-off is worth not more than eight points, he remembered the coach had said. Then the game started.

Once more Gunnell led with Heart Horton playing spectacular ball. The score slid up to 37-21; 41-23; 47-27—twenty points lead. Then something happened. Heart Horton, the star of the contest, sprawled upon the floor. When he got up he called time out for a sprained ankle.

Dead silence reigned in the hall as teams and fans alike stood aghast at the catastrophe. All knew that Horton's reach, Horton's accuracy, Horton's ability to keep the team going were the factors that accounted for the tremendous lead Gunnell had won.

COACH Crowley sat with two steel-gray eyes glittering question marks. He said nothing; merely motioned for Kinkaid to go in at center. Horton was assisted to his seat where Doc Evers proceeded to bandage the injured limb.

"Don't look bad," he grunted as he put on a piece of tape. "Want to be taken into the dressing room?"

"No," Heart replied. "I want to see the finish of this game."

Coach Crowley glanced at his long center then with his chin in his hand and his eyes boring through his glasses he watched the game get under way.

"We didn't get a pitch on that foul," he growled to Heart.

"Naw, I told 'em I tripped over my own foot," Heart responded.

KENTON with the tip-off was quite a different team from Kenton without it. Now all five of their lengthy players began once more to function. They got the ball in center and shot it to their rangy forwards who suddenly found double eyes for the hoops. The score for Kenton began to creep incredibly fast toward that Gunnell score which now mounted only fitfully. Buddy Kinkaid was playing his well-known game, but he was simply outclassed in height. He was like a dwarf battling with giants.

Coach Crowley took to watching the clock with concern written all over his face. Heart, too, was all faded out inside. But he gritted his teeth until his jaw ached. Gunnell simply could not lose now.

Kenton, playing superb ball, seemed unstoppable. Their mar-

velous passing and shooting seemed more like deeds of magic than basketball. Gunnell, now on the defensive, was playing desperately, but Heart could tell that their team work had been shattered by that shift in center.

THE giant Kenton center now tipped the ball where he would. Once he knocked it entirely across the floor into the hands of one of his forwards under the basket who merely reached up and slipped it through the hoop for a score. With a half a minute to go the score stood 51 to 55 when Buddy in attempting to prevent his long opponent from pitching, fouled.

The big center calmly toed the

mark and caged both pitches. Score 53 to 55.

Heart, forgetting his ankle, forgetting everything, leaped to his feet as the two centers crouched for the next spring.

"Now hold 'em, Gunnell!" he shouted. "Don't let 'em make another!"

HIS voice was drowned in the eruption of noise that rose from the crater of the gymnasium like the explosion from a volcano.

The ball was tossed up. The Kenton center tipped it to a forward. He pivoted and pitched. It was Buddy Kinkaid's hands that took it out of the air just as the gun cracked.

Gunnell had won 55 to 53.

"Gosh, I'm glad that's over!" Heart Horton exclaimed as he sank back for a moment into his seat.

THE crowd had left and the members of the team were all dressed when Doc Evers stuck his head through the door where they were discussing the contest.

"Old man wants to see Heart," he called, jerking his head back towards the coach's office.

Young Horton rose from where he had been sitting on the rub-down table. He was so surprised and perturbed that he forgot to limp as he walked to the office door.

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Coach Crowley swung round facing him as he entered.

"Well?" he questioned, his face set in stern lines. "Why did you pull that one?"

Heart shifted feet. "What one?" he asked meekly.

The coach jerked his head towards Horton's ankle. "That ankle stunt! You didn't think that got by me, did you?"

HEART did not feign the surprise that made his eyes pop open. He thought he had acted well.

"I—I—well, you see," he stammered.

"Out with it," the coach roared. "Come clean!"

An ingratiating smile broke over the center's face.

"Coach, I guess a fella can't put anything over on you," he finally said. "You see, this was Buddy's last game. He graduates in the spring."

"So that was it," the Coach exclaimed. "You'd lose a basketball game to give Buddy a chance to play in his last contest! Why you young imbecile!" Coach Crowley went red in the face. "Do you know that game was for the conference championship?" he roared.

TWO points of fire flickered in the blue of young Horton's eyes.

"Yes, I knew it," he said firmly. "You said, yourself, that the tip-off in center meant no more than eight points at the outside. We were twenty points ahead and the game was three-fourths gone."

Coach Crowley leaped to his feet and faced the younger man.

"Another thing!" he exclaimed. "How was it you voted for Buddy to play this game? You were the only one."

"It was Buddy's last game," the youth repeated firmly, his blue

eyes shining down into the gray ones.

"But last fall, you . . ."

"Yeah, I voted for myself then," the boy answered frankly. "Down where I came from every fella thought he had to vote for himself to make the team."

"But what if we'd lost?"

Again the frank blue eyes smiled down into the steel-gray ones.

"You know, coach, I've found a fella inside, too. He thinks there are some things worth more even than a conference championship."

THEN old Coach Crowley, in spite of his thinning hair and wise gray eyes, did a very remarkable thing. He threw his arms around the surprised young giant and hugged him tight.

"Down where you came from they build great men as well as great athletes," he said in a voice that was none too steady. "And by the wars, we'll make the nation acquainted with that fact next year. You watch our smoke!"

Then the coach hastily shoved the boy out of his office and closed the door.

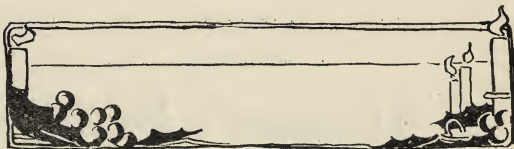
YOUNG Horton was whistling merrily as he stamped up the steps of his father's home. He walked through the hall and into the living room where his anxious parents waited up to assist him with his injured ankle.

"Well!" Father Horton exclaimed. "Ankle must be better."

"Yeah, lots better," Heart replied as he threw off his coat and plumped into a chair.

"I don't understand!" Mother Horton said, putting her arm around his shoulder.

Young Horton grinned. "Nope, I guess there's lots of things that parents can't quite understand," he said. "But coaches and basketball players can. Got a piece of pie?"



How About the Unworthy Son?

By JOSEPH S. PEERY

ON Temple Square, to a company of tourists, the guide was explaining Temple work, as it is taught by the Latter-day Saints. A devout lady listened for awhile and then said, "The Temple work for the dead sounds good, but the great trouble with it is, it is not true. When we die our lot is forever determined by the way we have lived in this life. There is no chance for repentance in the hereafter."

The guide said, "Let us go into this question further and when I finish I feel sure you will agree with me." The lady answered, "I shall listen to your explanation, but you will not be able to change my belief in the matter."

THE guide proceeded: "I was talking to a group of tourists recently about the beauties of the eternal family relationship, that those given me by the authority of the Almighty will belong to me throughout the endless ages. A gentleman interrupted to ask, 'How about the unworthy son?' I answered, 'You or I might have an unworthy son who forgets the teachings of his youth, starts out in the world with a determination to live his own life as he wants to live it. So he takes the bit in his teeth and runs away. He is gone a long time and then returns home saddened through experience. He says, 'Father, I have been disobedient but I have learned through bitter trials that you are right and I am wrong. Now I want to repent and do better. Won't you please take me back and give me another chance?' What would you or I do? Would we give him a kick and slam the door in his face, or would we take him in and treat him kindly?"

"That is merely marking practical application of Christ's beautiful parable of the prodigal son. Is God less forgiving?"

OUR Father in Heaven loves his children much more than we love our children. The Bible says: "God's tender mercies are over all his works." (Psa. 145-9) "God's mercy endureth forever." (Chron. 16:34). "If ye then being evil

know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" (Matt. 7:11)

I say and you will say, God will never turn a deaf ear to a repentant child.

The devout Christian lady answered: "Yes I agree with you when you put it that way." The

guide continued, "Would you like a tract on the subject?" With interest she said, "I surely would." The guide gave her John Morgan's Plan of Salvation, or Where we came from, Why we are here, and Where we go when we die.

President Joseph F. Smith said: "Try to be as broad as the Gospel." The Savior said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." (John 12:32)

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(Continued from page 108)

roof tomorrow. Timothy Waite's a first rate carpenter. Mr. Chessar was here tonight. He said he'd have the lumber up in the morning. He put Timothy Waite in charge of the thing. Told every man to be out with his hammer at eight o'clock."

"Who's Mr. Chessar?"

"Why, the owner, the big gun. I must be going. Len'll be in for his supper soon. He'll be famished. Oh, it's so thankful I am for the work. Len's the best husband and father in the world but he's never himself when he's out of a job."

Clarise prepared her supper on her grille. She was hungry and cooked quite a meal. It would be exhilarating to have a man coming in who was famished. For want of better amusement she studied the question, "Who might the famished man have been?"

Not Jack—he was not even among the eligibles—nor Earl. He was eligible enough, but there was too much Earl. It might have been dear old Glenn. He was sympathetic but she never could have survived his jokes. And Guy was the best friend a girl ever had, but it never could have been more than friendship for them.

ONCE and once only had the tinder of her emotions really struck fire—and then so brief a flash. She wished she could have known him. She sometimes imagined he might have been the man. No, she was just very young and had read too many romantic stories, and was especially susceptible that day. My, she had liked him. But it was since that her imagination had woven romance about him. If she had seen him again or known him undoubtedly he would have "petered out" like the rest.

It was at the Christmas season, their brief meeting—all of fifteen years ago. It was her last year at Normal College. She was going home for the holidays. At the Junction she had to change cars. She had a suitcase in one hand—in the other she clutched a bunch of

holly through a big black muff. The holly was a luxury. She had bought it just before boarding the train. It was the first real holly she had ever had and it was wine to her spirits. Even now when she saw holly it startled in her that reminiscent surge of expectancy.

SHE was so happy she felt she could walk on air. Perhaps that was the reason, as she left the train, that she miscalculated the height of the step from the ground. At any rate she missed it by several inches and would have gone on her head but for a quick hand that caught her. Then just a flash—their eyes together—she groping for speech. She never thought to thank him. "Merry Christmas" were the only words that came but their tone was fervent. He looked startled and she fled the full length of the platform to her waiting train. That was all!

A girl's life must be bare indeed to fasten on a meagre incident like that for romantic food. But it was not so meagre. His eyes—

Why did all her similar musings end just here?

ALL next day the hammers rang. They were sweet as Christmas bells to everyone. There was no longer any doubt about the children's having a real Christmas.

The warehouse roof was finished early Wednesday. Mr. Chessar was there to give the men their checks. They were well paid for over time. Everyone was happy.

School was over and all the children had gone. Clarise sat down to tidy her desk, piled high with Christmas presents.

Reverently she regarded a baby's record book bound in white satin. Maude Flint had been so proud of her offering. "Brother died and Ma says there won't be no more."

Clarise wanted to laugh, but couldn't. What was this desperate loneliness clutching at her throat? Always before there had been mother and home at Christmas time. She wished she hadn't de-

clined Aline's invitation to spend the holidays with her and Bob and the children. If she only had some place to go.

A HEAVY step in the hall. Clarise pinched her shapely nose with her handkerchief. She could not bear to be caught sniveling. Her back was to the door and she did not turn immediately.

The visitor addressed her back: "So you are the young lady I have to thank for all this trouble. What have I done that you should pray the roof off my warehouse?"

"I—why, I didn't pray a bit hard—and you say it came off?" Clarise arose and faced him with a roguish smile.

"Mr. Chessar!" Her eyes met his and she turned much paler than the occasion warranted.

MR. Chessar's face was a study, too. It changed so suddenly from jocosity to deadly earnest. "The Christmas girl," she heard him say. She had no idea how it happened but the next instant her two hands were being held very tight.

"I know it isn't the usual thing, but I'm never going to let you go again. I've been looking for you for years."

It was pleasant but Clarise was not going to be such an easy mark. She drew away from him.

"Is this the form your punishment always takes?" She struggled to make the remark seem casual.

"No, not always."

"Only when the offender is an old maid school-teacher."

"It's no use, my dear—you eyes have told me so. That's a line from a song, but it's none the less true. You do remember me—and you have thought of me maybe twice in these fifteen years. Our paths have crossed again at last. After this I'll take no more chances; my path and yours must coincide. At Christmas time it has always seemed most probable we should meet, for I've always thought of you as the 'Merry Christmas Girl.'"

HE did not get that speech out all in one piece; my no! He was too confused and excited to be eloquent—with words. At any rate he made Clarise understand all that he said and a great deal that he

did not. The silence as they stood hand in hand at the window—that was eloquent.

It was hard getting conversation back to normal, but some way they managed it.

"I came in to get you to help me with a little writing. I just received great news—confirmation on a big order from the East. We'll re-open the mill as soon as possible."

CLARISE gave a happy cry, "Then there will be work

for the men. That is what I really prayed for and I knew the warehouse roof was not the answer."

"I've got some boxes out in the car for each family—nothing much, but since I've got this news I've been thinking I'd like to put a note in each one—something about reporting at the mill for work, January 2nd, 8 a. m. It's too late to get hold of my stenographer, besides I've heard how interested you've been in these people's Christmas. Thought you might like to be in on the secret. What it really was that brought me in here

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was something stronger than myself. But the real question is how I could have gone by day after day without realizing you were inside."

"But have you gone by day after day?"

"No, just two or three times since you've been here, but that's three times too many. I've got to run up to the warehouse to go over a few things with the foreman. Could you see to the notes while I'm gone?"

"Gladly."

"I've brought the paper. By the way, I hear you've been making toys of everything under the sun except paper. I'll have to teach you better co-operation."

THEY both laughed.

"You look just like you did that day at the station, only—"

"Much older."

"No, but much more kind."

"It was so good of you to get the men their checks in time to go to Springtown for their Christmas things."

"I hate these community trees. If possible every man's Santa Claus for his own children—that's the ideal. You see I know. I've two children of my own and no one's going to do me out of my Santa Claus job if I can help it."

"Oh-h-h!" Clarise felt dizzy. "Are you married then?" Involuntarily the question sprang from her. She shuddered to hear it take form in a ridiculously thin veil.

"Their mother died several years ago."

Clarise said nothing. For the life of her she could not. She was relieved when he left immediately.

IT was just dusk when he returned. He insisted that Clarise go with him to distribute the boxes, his excuse being that he needed her to show him where each family lived.

The evening gave promise of a

bitter cold night but the car was cozy. Clarise was not used to such luxury. She accepted it, however, without comment. They said but little. Not a word that might not have passed between strangers since he had spoken of his children and their mother. He seemed to have lost some of his assurance.

BUT all too soon this grand adventure was over and he was walking with her up the path that came too soon to her door. The evening star brightened in the west. Overhead the sky looked deep as eternity.

Clarise had just decided nothing more was going to happen when he spoke:

"I'm coming for you tomorrow at one-thirty. It's a forty mile ride and the housekeeper will have dinner ready about three. You can size us up altogether."

"Wouldn't some other time be better?" stammered Clarise. "Christmas is just for one's family."

"That's why I'm coming for you." His eyes met hers and held them. "You won't say no?"

"No."

"No what?"

"No, I won't say 'no' if—"

"Let's leave the ifs at home and lock the door." He squeezed her hand and turned away laughing, "Til tomorrow, then."

HE had reached the gate when he turned suddenly and came back with a bound. He took her two hands in his and kissed each one tenderly. "My dear," he said as though he were taking a vow.

There was no doubt about the possessiveness of that pronoun, thought Clarise, as she turned out the light, and she took the thought to bed with her as condiment for dreams.



The Dance of Life

(Continued from page 127)

ing to the emotions, strength to the will, and to harmonize the feelings and the intellect with the body which supports them. It cannot be said that these functions of dancing are yet generally realized, for many people have considered it undesirable. If dancing engendered morality, there was a time when morality, grown insolent, sought to crush its parent. Puritanism frowned upon dancing and denounced it as wicked, making no distinction between good and bad, nor asking what would be the substitute when dancing was cast out. Someone has said that the drink-shop conquered the dance, and alcohol replaced the violin.

From the wider viewpoint, such conditions are not permanently destructive, for the art which has so long been at the base of things asserts itself afresh. Dancing is the loftiest, the most moving, the most beautiful of all the arts, because it is life itself; it is the only art of which we ourselves are the stuff. Dancing has always possessed symbolic significance. One said, "I doubt not yet to make a figure in the great Dance of Life that shall amuse the spectators in the sky."

The dance is at the beginning of art, and at the end. The first creators of civilization began the pattern of the dance, and ever since philosophers, with muscles strained to the breaking point, have gone on adding to it, and trying to make out the secret of the pattern.

Recreation

OVER three-quarters of a century ago, a band of people marching across the plains in search of a land in which to worship freely, learned to sing and dance, for their wise leader knew that sociable relaxation would dispel dull care and fatigue.

That leader was Brigham Young, who knew nothing of organized psychology, but whose religion touched the mental and physical, as well as the spiritual lives of its members. The "Mormon" Church regards wholesome leisure-time activities as vital, and provides for its young people a splendid program of cultural recreation.

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JENSEN'S JEWELERS
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The First White Man to View the Great Salt Lake

(Continued from page 125)

coast the entire length of California and Oregon and then returning via the Columbia.

Always next to Jed, sat the young blacksmith, Jim, whose monument now stands in the Mount Washington Cemetery, Kansas City, Missouri, declaring to the world Bridger's fifty years of fearless explorations. As we shall learn, Jim became the first white man to see the Great Salt Lake. Next to Bridger was the dauntless Fitzpatrick, another of Jed's companions. They together found South Pass, "the High-way to the Pacific," and it was through this door-way that Brigham Young and his scouts entered the Rockies twenty-three years later. Here also was Major Andrew Henry, the man "holding the bag," supplying most of the explorers with the means of proceeding. At the head of the group sat William Henry Ashley, a general in the army and later a U. S. congressman from Missouri. He early made himself famous on the upper Colorado river. Now we look at the powerfully-built, gray bearded Hugh Glass, the grizzly bear fighter, of whom Neihardt wrote a complete book, "The Song of Hugh Glass"; next, Etienne Provot, for whom Provo and Provo river are named; then William L. Sublette, the trapper first taking wagons to the Great Basin over the Oregon Trail. There were many others, including Louis Vasquez, Bridger's partner at Fort Bridger and one of the first non-"Mormons" to open a little store in Salt Lake City, carrying supplies to Bridger's Fort for emigrants on the Oregon Trail. Here also was Ed Rose, the outlaw, the pirate of the Mississippi, now fleeing from justice; Jackson and Weber after whom is named Jackson Hole and Weber river; others were there, all eagerly waiting an opportunity for stamping themselves indelibly into the history of the great West.

WE should not forget, however, that while the campfires lighted the shadowy western woods, far in the East remarkable discoveries regarding the ancestors

of these primitive red men, savages of the wilderness, were being made. This eastern, seventeen year old "explorer," later called a "Prophet," was being visited this very year, 1823, by a brother to the ancestors of the Indians. To him was shown some golden records, giving the red man's history in manner never before understood. This eastern trail-breaker was soon to open stranger gates than those admitting Jed and Bridger! This man of the East knew of the West, in vision seeing its valleys and speaking about "Zion flourishing in the tops of the mountains, exalted above the hills." But how could these rough frontiersmen, camped on the Cheyenne in 1823, know the future of the Rockies?

INTERESTING

as were Jim's Indian battles of that second summer, we cannot narrate them here. We shall, nevertheless, let Neihardt give us one night attack: "Scarcely had each sentry waked his mess with the word, 'Injuns', when there broke out of the hush the running crack of rifle fire and the 'whee-oo-punk' of a fight of arrows falling about camp. Some trapper swore in a shrill note of pain. Then the mingled howl of many savage voices swept down the hillside, and with the rumble of galloping hoofs the attack was launched upon the trappers.

"Howgh! Howgh! Howgh! On came the howling riders, shadowy in the starlight and seemingly the more formidable for their vagueness. Scarcely heard above the tumult of the terrified horses, some of which had been struck by arrows, the men behind the baggage were shouting to each other to wait until the foe was close. Only three or four rifles went off prematurely.

"Surely in a moment more the charge would sweep right over the camp!

"The whole breastwork of baggage blazed and roared! The shadowy ponies in front reared screaming. Some collapsed like figures in a dream, and through the spreading smoke of the rifles, the trappers hastily reloading, saw the

scattered war party flying back up the slope. With a yell the white men leaped over the baggage and some of them rushed in among the fallen Indian ponies, 'lifting the hair' of the dead and wounded Rees.

"When the excitement had abated and an examination of camp was made, two trappers, Anderson and Neil, were found dead. Also the old veteran, he of the many tales, coolly announced that he had an arrow in his 'hump-ribs' that would have to be 'butchered out,' as he expressed it—an operation which, after lighting his pipe, he underwent without an outcry. Several of the horses had been wounded and some would be lame. In the morning, while the herd was grazing outside of camp and the cooks were getting breakfast ready, Neil and Anderson were buried, the ceremony consisting of a prayer by Jed Smith, who, according to the consensus of opinion, seemed most likely to be heard. Very little was said about the two for whom a permanent camp had been made there by the Grand. They had been 'out of luck' and were 'rubbed out.' So it was."

AS the trappers moved westward, Old Hugh Glass, having had a terrible encounter with a huge grizzly, was found limp and unconscious by Jim Bridger. As the men approached Henry's Post across the hunting grounds of the Crows, far in the distance a galloping band of warriors decked in paint and feathers sped with alarming boldness toward the trappers who, being warned by the outposts, were preparing for another battle. When all the pack animals were unloaded and a breastwork made of the stacks of baggage, behind it huddled man and beast, waiting half breathless for the savages' wild attack. Shoulder to shoulder crouched Jed and Jim ready for the struggle, but each feeling sure the Crows would wait for darkness before swooping down on what really appeared a formidable enemy. Then to the surprise of everyone, three Crows, stripped of weapons, came fearlessly toward the white men, making signs of peace. Rose, the outlaw, understanding their sign language, hurried forward talking in a pantomime fashion, seemingly fully understood by the red men. After a brief period the chief rode

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out of a thicket on his white horse and together the group met Henry and Ashley. The white man was welcomed into the Crow's hunting ground, for the chief's people had much trading to do and needed many things, especially powder and lead to be sent against the dreaded Rees and Blackfeet, the avowed enemy of both the Crows and the trappers. Neihardt says, "The night was given over to feasting and trade; and, through old Rose as interpreter, the trappers and Indians exchanged tales of prowess, backed up on both sides by an eloquent display of scalps—Blackfoot, Gros Ventre, Rees! Had the white man fought, and did they hate the Blackfeet with a big hate? It was enough. The Crows would be friends forever!" And so they were. The united bands pushed on to Fort Henry.

WHEN the time for the fall hunt arrived, it was decided that Smith, Fitzpatrick and Bridger should strike south with a small party along the eastern border of the friendly Crow country. Up the valley of the Powder river they journeyed until Smith separated, working to the westward. As we read in the first story, it was at this place that Jed met disaster at the hands of a grizzly. Away to the south near the Sweetwater, Fitzpatrick and Bridger were informed by a Crow chief that the "Indian Gate" to the mountains, an easy trail, led to the westward, and that following down the other side one would reach the "Siskadee Agi" (Sage Hen or later Green River), where the beaver were so plentiful that "one could knock over all one wanted with a club." (Article by Solitaire, St. Louis Weekly Reveille, March 1, 1847.)

THE next spring, 1824, Fitzpatrick and Jed leading the way, with Jim and Provot and others in the company, they crossed the Continental Divide as has been narrated in our second article. At the close of the summer rendezvous on the Green River, south-western Wyoming, a band of trappers led by Sublette, having Bridger as an outpost scout, fell upon the Bear River near or somewhat below what is now Evanston, Wyoming. It was not known then that the young scout and blacksmith, Bridger, was on his way to fame

while the rest of the group were soon to be forgotten.

Upon reaching the "medicine springs" (Soda Springs) for the first time, the white men halted, tasted, drank, and bathed, and then spent some time in a "recuperating sojourn." Many were the superstitious tales told by the Indians, who declared that the Great Spirit hovered near the springs and had placed "healing medicine" in the waters, so that old and young alike might gain new life from the effervescing fluids—a regular "Pool of Bethesda." This spot from henceforth was known among the trappers as the "Beer Springs." The men now made their way southward, following the great bend of the Bear River, into Willow Valley, a place soon to be known as "Cache Valley," because of the many fur "Caches" made here, waiting for the rendezvous.

AND now comes Bridger to the front! In the late fall of 1824, before the trapping season was over and Bear River closed for the winter with its usual ice sheet, the men having followed the stream most of the summer around the great bend, starting north and now going south, began making wagers as to where the deceiving river emptied. Some of them were sure it turned off into the Columbia, while others believed it went off by itself to the Pacific. To settle the difficulty, and incidentally to get the wager, the young blacksmith manufactured a bull boat, and with his rifle and other "necessities" pushed off, waving a farewell, possibly for a month, or even a year—maybe, forever!

IN 1859, G. K. Warren, managing the western U. S. Topographical Engineers, published a comprehensive report in reference to the various claims regarding the discovery of the "Inland Sea," concluding as follows: "Being convinced that down to the days of the American trappers, the Great Salt Lake had never been seen by white men, nor definite knowledge about it obtained, I addressed a letter to Robert Campbell, Esq., of St. Louis, a gentleman well known for his acquaintance with the early Rocky Mountain fur trade." It should be noted here, that this Robert Campbell is the same Campbell that came to

the Mountains with Ashley in 1825 and who later was employed by Bridger and knew the general history of the rendezvous. This same Campbell was the leader of a large brigade of trappers who fought the Indians at Farmington, Utah, in 1826. The following is the reply to G. K. Warren's letter:

"St. Louis, Mo., April 4, 1857.
"Dear Mr. Warren:

"Your favor of the 25th ultimo reached me at a very fortunate period to enable me to give you a satisfactory reply to your inquiry as to who was the first discoverer of the Great Salt Lake. It happened that James Bridger and Samuel Tullock, both met at my counting house room after a separation of eighteen years, and were bringing up reminiscences of the past when your letter reached me. I had it read to them and elicited the following facts:

"A party of beaver trappers who had ascended the Missouri with Henry and Ashley found themselves in pursuit of their occupation on Bear River, in Cache (or Willow) Valley, where they wintered in the winter of 1824-25; and in discussing the course which the Bear ran, a bet was made between two of the party, and James Bridger was selected to follow the course of the river and determine the bet. This took him to where the river passed through the mountains, and there he discovered the Great Salt Lake. He went to its margin and tasted the water, and on his return reported his discovery. The fact of the water's being salt induced the belief that it was an arm of the Pacific Ocean; but in the spring of 1826, four men went in skin boats around it to discover if any streams containing beaver were to be found emptying into it. Mr. Tullock corroborates in every respect the statement of James Bridger, and both are men of the strictest integrity and truthfulness. I have known both of them since 1826. *James Bridger was the First Discoverer of Great Salt Lake.*" The change in type was Mr. Campbell's manner of declaring expressively what he thought to be the exact truth in the matter.

THERE is, however, another claimant to be considered, a valiant trapper belonging to the Ashley-Smith group, Etienne Provot. (Not Provost. In the

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Index to Advertisers

COMPANY	PAGE
Beneficial Life Insurance Co.	Back Cover
Boyd Park Jewelers	174
Butter Krust Baking Co.	175
Capitol Gas & Oil Co.	172
City Coal Company	162
College Boot Shop	164
Consolidated Music Co.	168
Consolidated Wagon & Machine Co.	173
Daynes-Beebe Music Co.	98
Deseret Book Co.	155
Deseret Foods Corporation	159
Deseret News Press	170
Electrical Products Corporation of Utah	Inside Front Cover
Fleischmann Yeast Co.	175
Francis M. McKinney, Inc.	173
Gerald E. Bowman, Inc.	Inside Back Cover
Glade Candy Co.	160
Henager's Business College	165
Intermountain Lloyds	Inside Back Cover
J. S. Jensen & Sons, Jewelers	172
Knight Fuel Company	166
Ladies' Upstairs Shop	161
Logan Garment Company	167
Merrill-Keyser Company	171
Mountain States Implement Co.	163
Nordic Distributing Co.	157
O. P. Skaggs	171
Pembroke & Company	158
Pioneer Mattress Factory	160
Quish School of Beauty Culture	170
Regal Cleaning & Dyeing Co.	158
Royal Baking Co.	159
Salt Lake Cabinet & Fixture Co.	162
Salt Lake Costume Co.	156
Salt Lake Hardware Co.	167
Salt Lake Knitting Store	169
Salt Lake Pressed Brick Co.	173
Sego Milk Co.	164
Southern Pacific R. R. Co.	169
Sugar House Lumber Co.	161
Utah Gas & Coke Co.	97
Utah Home Fire Insurance Co.	171
Utah-Idaho School Supply Co.	174
Utah-Idaho Sugar Co.	175
Utah Radio & Television Co.	156

French the "t" being silent, it is pronounced Provo, not Provot, see "Catholic Church in Utah," by Reverend W. R. Harris, D. D., L. L. D.) It is reported that at the time of the Bridger incident, Provot with his band of trappers were gathering beaver on the upper Weber, a stream named for one of his men, but as winter set in, bringing its usual mountain storms, the streams became frozen, making successful trapping impossible. Provot, seeking an open valley for his pack animals and his own winter encampment, followed down the river, passing between precipitous walls (the Devil's Gate in Weber canyon) soon found himself emerging into a large valley. Proceeding west to the present site of Ogden, he saw the shining waters of the Inland Sea to the westward and pronounced it the Pacific or an arm of that ocean. Early the next spring, while he was still in "Winter Quarters" on the lower Weber,

James Bridger and his companions came striding into camp. It was then that a discussion arose about the unexplored waters, but as the "dare-devil Bridger" had already been upon the lake and had pronounced the water "salty", having tasted it, to him was given the credit.

TODAY most of the authentic documentary material gives the discovery of the Great Salt Lake to Bridger, these writers believing that Provot reached the mouth of the Weber canyon a few weeks if not months after Bridger had made his trip to the lake. No member of either party of men in the spring of 1825 fancied that this great stretch of water was an inland lake, having no outlet to the ocean. A year later, however, the waters were circumnavigated by four men of the Bridger group proving conclusively that it had no outlet to the ocean.

Sailor's Superstition Saves Ship

A REMARKABLE incident of good, accruing from a sailor's belief in omens, occurred in the year 1857. Captain Johnson, of the Norwegian Bark "Ellen," who fortunately picked up forty-nine of the passengers and crew of the "Central America," after the steamer had sunk, arrived in New York on the 20th of September and made the following singular statement:

"Just before 6 o'clock on the afternoon of September 12, I was standing on the quarter deck, with two others of the crew at the same time, beside the man at the helm. Suddenly a bird flew around me, first grazing my right shoulder. Afterwards it flew around the vessel; then again it commenced to circle around my head. It soon flew at my face, and I caught hold of it. The bird was unlike any that I had ever seen. The color of its feathers was a dark iron gray; the body was perhaps a foot and a half in length, with wings three and one-half feet from tip to tip. It had a beak fully eight inches long, and teeth like a small hand saw. In capturing the bird it gave me a bite on the thumb; two of the crew who assisted in tying its legs

were also bitten. As it strove to bite everybody, I had its head cut off and its body thrown overboard.

"When the bird flew to the ship we were going a little east of north-east. I regarded the appearance of this winged visitor as an omen and an indication that I must change my course. I accordingly headed to the eastward direct. I should not have deviated from my course I had not the bird visited the ship; and had it not been for this change of course I should not have fallen in with the forty-nine passengers whom I rescued from almost certain death."—From *Folk Lore and Ancient Sciences*.

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