

The Improvement ERA

NOVEMBER, 1930

Vol. 34 No. 1

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Foreign Lecturers

By
DR. EDGAR J. GOODSPEED



Critical Days in Palestine

By
DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS



Horsebackin' Over Mt. Nebo

By
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The Fraud

By
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FORECAST

THE Christmas issue of the *Improvement Era* is to be different from the others of the year. Sparkling, alive, overflowing with the spirit of the season, it will abound in messages of the season expressed in a manner which will reach young and old alike. To best convey the wealth of emotion which comes with the Christmas-tide, inexplicable, immeasurable, almost untranslatable rush of kindliness and love for all humanity, stories and poems seem particularly adapted, and of these there will be many, in addition to other interesting features.

THE BLUE SPRUCE, a delightfully human chronicle of a stubborn old man whose son had no influence with him, but whose hard feelings melted in the warm presence of a winsome, unknown little grandson, will delight every *Era* reader. Written by Ivy Williams Stone, well known and appreciated for her literary work, it is the sort of story you will want to read to the entire family.

BABIES seem especially important at Christmas, somehow—perhaps because one Baby, long ago, ushered Christmas in, under the radiance of a bright star. *The Hand-me-Down Baby*, by Ruth M. Marshall, is a little story of unusual feeling and charm which carries the call of babyhood to the hearts of all who have babies of their own; and to those who have none, the appeal is even stronger. Mrs. Marshall is new to our pages but on the strength of this story she bids fair to become a member of every *Era* family, and any story bearing her signature will be anticipated anxiously in the future.

OSBOURNE MCCONATHY, one of the recognized and admired authorities on music in America, has for December an article in which he declares that music is all about us and asks, "What are We Going to do About It?" Not only musicians, but parents and teachers, and even we ordinary mortals who love music without knowing just why, are wondering what the answer to this question is to be. Mr. McConathy offers a few cheering suggestions in this article which will set us all a-thinking.

The Improvement Era

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

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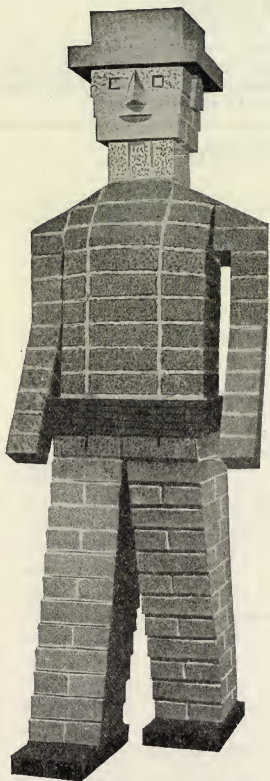
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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103 Act of October, 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

Manuscripts submitted without the statement, "At usual rates," are considered free contributions. Photographs, unless their return is especially requested, will be destroyed.

Published monthly at Salt Lake City by the M. I. A. General Boards; \$2 per annum. Address: Room 406 Church Office Building.

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EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon
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Editor

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The United States of Europe

IN the realm of world politics no subject is receiving more consideration than that indicated in the foregoing title. The possibility of effecting such a union has long been discussed, finding favor in some quarters and meeting violent opposition in others. Desirable as this consummation would be, it seems almost incredible that nations which for centuries have cultivated distrust and even hatred can be made to coalesce merely by the signing of a paper.

The creation of a United States of Europe is the cherished dream of M. Briand, tenacious French foreign minister, and in face of influential antagonists who believed this was merely the fanciful scheme of an idealist, he has succeeded in bringing it before the league assembly at Geneva.

The world is eagerly watching developments. Would such a coalition soothe the restless and dangerous European spirit? Would it enable Italy and France to reach a satisfactory naval limitation agreement? Would it allay the animosity which for generations has existed between France and her Rhineland neighbor, or the commercial jealousy aroused in England by the words "made in Germany?" Few neutral students of the situation care to give a positive answer.

The most threatening danger in Germany seems to be of internal origin. As indicated by the recent election, the Fascist growth, under the leadership of Adolph Hitler, the modern "man without a country," is viewed by many as an immediate peril. Some observers think a revolution is imminent. It might easily be precipitated by an alliance distasteful to the people.

It is interesting to recall the words of Prof. Vogel, of the University of Berlin. After critically analyzing old world conditions he concludes that only in this union is safety to be found. And yet in his book "The New Europe," (Das neue Europa) he says: "And thus much blood will flow, endless trouble and nameless suffering visit the nations before they are ripe for a brotherly union of European peoples—the United States of Europe."

A Well Balanced Plan

REFERENCE was made in a recent issue of the *Era* to the words of the Lord: * * * "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith."

The Church has long taught that men are saved no faster than they gain knowledge. Naturally this

must be real knowledge and not the theories and notions of men which are wholly false or in which the truth is not correctly interpreted. A false philosophy, regardless of the standing of him who advances it, will not save.

Some, unfortunately, depend solely upon their faith for the wisdom and knowledge they desire. It is the easy way of doing—the line of least resistance—and usually becomes the habit of the indolent believer. It is such a simple matter to ask Father for what we want. But the other extreme, that of depending for the acquisition of knowledge and wisdom upon study alone, while perhaps more commendable, is hardly less dangerous.

The well balanced plan announced by the Almighty, through his chosen servant, Joseph Smith, of combining study with faith will appeal to every thoughtful person. Thereby one comes to a knowledge of real truth, which is to know "things as they are, and as they were, and as they are to come."

A Third Party

IN many of the states opposition to the eighteenth amendment is beginning to assume a more definite and active form than has been the case. Steps leading to the formation of a new party, which has as its objective a modification of existing laws, have already been taken in some localities and are under consideration in others. Efforts in this direction are being put forth in Utah.

Some of the participants in this movement are without doubt men of high character who themselves have no desire to drink, but who honestly believe that the dry law has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Others profess to see in it an infringement of their personal rights. They want liquor but do not care to acknowledge themselves as law breakers. Naturally there are also many strong advocates of the new party who are inferior in character to either of these classes, and who would gladly see a return of the saloon, something, however, to which even ardent "wets" professedly are opposed.

The position occupied by the Latter-day Saints is different from that of other people. Their Church teaches them to honor the laws of the land; and it teaches them, too, that the Lord has spoken clearly and positively on the subject of liquor. While they would not, even if they could, prescribe the course which all others must follow, they are not willing to allow liberties to any class the exercise of which violates the rights of others. There can be no question in the minds of anyone as to the position of the Church in this matter.—H. J. C.

Giving Thanks

ONCE each year there is set apart a day on which to give thanks. In November it comes, when the leaves on the hillside have turned from green to gold and then to crimson, when the geese far overhead give their hoarse, unmusical call of farewell, and the frost in the air sets our pulses racing and blood flowing faster. The harvest is in and all is in readiness for winter.

To the sturdy Pilgrims and Puritans who had left homes and native lands for their religion, the end of a fruitful season was indeed cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving. Fearful of the Indians, fearful of cold and hunger, they relied upon their Father in Heaven for protection, and when it was forthcoming, to him they offered thanks. True, their homes were the rudest, their clothing rough and homely, their food simple and none too plentiful; but in their hearts was gratitude for life preserved, for obstacles overcome, for hopes yet unrealized, and so they raised their voices to give thanks. The occasion was not merely a day set apart for this purpose—it was a state of mind, an attitude.

Without the warm understanding and appreciation of blessings received which comes to the thankful-hearted, such a day as Thanksgiving would be a mockery. If relatives gathered to eat turkey together and warm congeniality in front of an open fireplace on this one day of the year constitute the whole of Thanksgiving, the day is lost, except as it might be classed with the rest of the days of the year. If grudges and old hurts and unrest and dissatisfaction are laid aside like a cloak for one day, to be resumed when the time of Thanksgiving shall be over, no thanks are truly given.

To us, as to our Pilgrim Fathers, Thanksgiving must come from within, bubbling forth from the pure joy of living which must dwell within our souls. It must come as the culmination and natural result of many other days of gratitude, not as the impetuous growth of a day.

TWO girls there are in one neighborhood, friends and schoolmates since childhood. Now they are grown, both attractive to look at, both intelligent, both good, but Margaret will appreciate Thanksgiving, while to Florelle the day will be merely another day. Margaret, upon arising in the morning, flings wide the blind and glories in the deep rush of sweet air she draws into her lungs. The barberry bush, turning red in the garden below, fills her with a sort of rapture, and the mountains, high and firm in the distance, impart to her strength and courage. She turns to her business of dressing, glad of the new collar and cuffs, vaguely proud of the perfect darn in the toe of her stocking, and acutely aware of the joy her mother will feel when the three great bronze chrysanthemums arrive from the florist shop.

Florelle arises, cross that she cannot sleep longer. The shade sticks a little, and further irritated, she looks out to see if it looks like rain. It doesn't matter, anyway, for she has nothing to wear but that horrid old suit, and probably never will have on the wretched little salary they pay her at the office. She is glad she spoke up yesterday afternoon and told

them not to expect her to stay after hours, no matter what the need. She will work so long, but no longer, and they can like it or not.

Margaret eats her breakfast with a relish, enjoying her mother's enjoyment of her healthy appetite. She wonders who will be on the street car—there are always new and interesting faces along with the old, familiar ones. Some look so sad that she wishes she might do something to help lighten their load—she whose simple, quiet life is so free from hardship; so full of joy. And tomorrow's Thanksgiving, when she can get in and cook to her heart's content.

Florelle's breakfast is a sketchy affair; she shudders at the crumbs and the cocoa stain on the tablecloth, and determines to leave early enough to drop in downtown for a decent bite. If only she doesn't miss that miserable street car! Almost everyone has an automobile and it is too humiliating to be without one. She envies the owner of every car in town, and would gladly change places with anyone she can think of. Being poor and wearing old clothes and facing a day when the whole house will be smelling of onion dressing is almost too much to bear.

To Margaret Thanksgiving is a day on which there is time to think aloud the thanksgiving which is ever in her heart for the good old world, for the stars and the flowers and the dear home ties. To Florelle thanksgiving can never come, for it is held out by inharmony and resentment.

TO go back into the history of the Pilgrims of the 17th century and our own Pioneers of two hundred years later is to face the realization that in our lives are countless blessings which they did not enjoy. Religious freedom far greater than theirs, educational advantages, physical benefits—all are ours through little or no effort of our own except as we exert ourselves to avail ourselves of them in their fullness. For the simplest conveniences of daily life we owe thanks to those whose faith and study have given them to us: electric appliances to ease the tasks of the day and illumine the darkness of the night; books to glorify an hour of leisure; the hour of leisure itself; new varieties of flowers and shrubs to color and beautify our surroundings; musical instruments which carry to our senses harmonies undreamed of; thousands of things which enrich life through the sheer joy they add. And these are minor in comparison with the spiritual opportunities we have. Welfare work, in which another's load is lightened; leadership, wherein the hearts of boys and girls are opened to us; civic, educational and social contacts by which the influence of our words, ideals and actions can be felt by others—all of these offer unlimited avenues for happiness.

Thanksgiving Day is only a mirroring of what other days have been, and a true day of giving thanks only if every day has been marked by gratitude. To fully live that day, we must fully live the days which have gone before, finding in every hour something of goodness and blessing. To send up constantly throughout the year little prayers of thanks for all earth's loveliness is to find for ourselves the true spirit of Thanksgiving.—E. T. B.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 34-42

NOVEMBER, 1930

No. 1

Foreign Lecturers

WHEN in the course of human events did people first begin to sit in rows and listen to lectures? This is a point, we believe, of extreme moment in the history of human culture, though little noted by modern social philosophers. With it, beyond doubt, a new stage was reached in what may fairly be called the domestication of man. For it is one thing to sit drowsily by the fireside of an evening listening to the family gossip or wrapped in one's own thoughts, and quite another to assemble with scores of others in a spacious hall and sit quietly by while someone amidst perfect silence discourses more or less entertainingly upon some subject in which you may or may not be interested.

From this it is but a step to the final stage in the process, when one passes directly from one lecture to another. Many active women attend two or three lectures in a single day and some times day after day. For short periods and under high pressure, as at Chautauqua, women and even men, surpass this record. To such persons the term thirsters has been aptly applied. They represent the sublimation of the thing.

HOW did it all begin? Did people commence by instinctively gathering together, and then to rationalize their action, pounce upon some one of their number and compel him to address them? Or did some compelling personality with an inward urge toward self expression, herd them together, to satisfy his yearning for public-speaking? Who can say? For be it understood the problem is not that of religious or political meetings, where you are trying to get people to do or believe something, but of those purely cultural gath-

By
DR. EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

erings where no particular course of action is necessarily expected of one's auditors; the thing is done simply for its own sake.

The earliest exponent of the lecturing profession whom I seem to recall was the wily Odysseus. His illustrious biographer also speaks of him as hardy, which was then as now an indispensable element in the make-up of the successful lecturer, if he is to travel far afield without losing his efficiency. And it must be said to his credit that Odysseus did not shrink from long and arduous journeys in his laudable endeavor to fill his numerous speaking engagements and not disappoint his audiences, a thing which all the best exponents of the profession have always abhorred.

AS I remember it, Odysseus generally lectured away from home, so that he is the august pro-

totype not only of lecturers in general, but in particular of the traveling or even the foreign lecturer. Indeed it was no small measure the exotic character of his personality and hence naturally of his remarks, that made him such a success. Think for example of what it means to many a lecturer today to be endowed with a rich Scottish accent! This, or the ancient equivalent of it, Odysseus undoubtedly possessed, and if he was the man we take him for, he made the most of it. Again, like most foreign lecturers today, he had one especially good lecture which never failed to please,—an absolutely sure-fire proposition. Like many of our best modern lectures it was largely autobiographical in character, and as time went on it naturally became so extended that it was necessary to give it as a series, or in two parts with a short intermission. The modern analogies of this method hardly need to be pointed out.

NOW it is at once apparent that in this matter of lecturers, we in this country are peculiarly fortunate. In this respect at least we are certainly in the position of the most favored nation, for not only have we a large native population of lecturers, (the lector Americanus vulgaris of science) but for some occult reason the lecturers of all other continents and even islands, as soon as they are old enough to accept a fee,—the un-failing mark of the adult of the species — make for American shores. As the seals in spring obeying some mysterious inner impulse, seek a common goal, so do the great shoals of lecturers with one accord head in the autumn for the American littoral. Nor do they stop there, but in obedience to some obscure instinct,

DR. EDGAR JOHNSON
GOODSPEED, professor of Biblical Greek at the University of Chicago, is known to the intermountain west, not but by reputation alone. Having been a guest professor at the Brigham Young University during the summer of 1930, he made contacts with the students of that institution which will not soon be forgotten. The author of the American translation of the New Testament, he is also recognized as one of the nation's leading authorities on original Greek manuscripts, and his contributions in this field are many and valuable.

The Era is delighted to publish an article of this type from this scholarly gentleman and hopes that more will follow.

often penetrate far into the interior, lecturing as they go. Indeed there are well-authenticated instances of lecturers who have in this manner actually eaten their way across the continent, finally emerging at the Valley Hunt Club in Pasadena, or the Bohemian in San Francisco.

Nowhere therefore can the lecturer be so broadly and objectively studied as here. Who has not heard, right here at home, Italian, French, Danish, Russian, Austrian, German, Belgian, Swiss, English, Irish, and Scottish—above all Scottish—lecturers? There are also Canadian lecturers and lecturers from South America (Cannon to north of them, cannon to south of them!) Australia or New Zealand now and then uttereth speech, and India, China or Japan sheweth knowledge.

THERE was undoubtedly once a time in our history when we in this country produced our own lecturers and were in this respect as in so many others, self-sufficient. Those were the days of the lyceums, of Artemas Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and Mark Twain. Aliens like Charles Dickens seldom penetrated here. But the extraordinary avidity of our people for lectures, once the taste for them had been formed, soon developed out of all proportion to the home supply. It is true the early American lecturer was in a class by himself. He left nothing to be desired. Think of such names as Josh Billings and Ralph Waldo Emerson! But there were not enough of him, and in accordance with the well known law of supply and demand, lecturers from other lands where there were more lecturers than audiences began to rush into the vacuum.

This was heroic behavior on their part and was effected at no small cost to themselves. Every English novel reveals the black dismay with which the true Englishman contemplates the prospect of living, even for a limited period, outside of London. Exile is too mild a word for it; it really amounts to being engulfed in oblivion. Further than that, one is cut off from true British food, boiled beef, steamed potatoes, ham and veal pie and vegetable marrow.

NOT only are English lecturers cut off from the delicacies of well-ordered British life, but they

are plunged into the perils and difficulties of existence in America. I have seen a seasoned Oxford lecturer stand in positive horror before an American hotel only about as large as all the hotels in Scotland combined, and rail against it. Why? He did not have to live in it; he was staying with me. But some subtle British instinct told him there was not a single wash-hand-stand in the entire building. His whole social background rose up in subconscious protest against it, and all that it implied.

Even this is not all. The foreign lecturer has often to introduce changes and alterations into his lecture before he can give it with full effectiveness all over this country. This may seem a small matter. But Englishmen seldom change. In fact what they call their "burden" is changing the rest of us to match them. A celebrated Oxford don once lecturing in Chicago paid a glowing tribute to a well known California philanthropist, who it seemed was entitled to the credit for having brought him there to lecture. He then tactfully paused for a moment to remark that this statement was really meant for his audience in California, where it appeared he had last delivered the lecture. He went on from us to the east, where I have no doubt he continued to praise his California patron, always with the conscientious foot-note apprising them that the remark had there at least been appropriate. It is, therefore, no reflection upon these heroic men to say that they are reluctant to change.

BUT lest we seem ungracious let us hasten to say how great is the debt American lecturers owe

this thin red line of reinforcement. French, German and Italian lecturers might have done something; in fact they have; but their English is so decidedly continental in character and especially in accent, that American audiences still strongly prefer the English and especially the Scottish kind. A gigantic Teutonic sea-lord standing up before an American audience and loudly insisting with every mark of sincerity that he is just a "kit," perplexes our people. It seems improbable, but what if he is? Why make so much of it? Grimm's law is of course what they need, but they can hardly be expected to know it well enough to work it backwards. No, the British lecturer may be less picturesque, but we can undoubtedly follow him better.

It is therefore to the British expeditionary lecture force that we owe the preservation of the American species of lecturer. But for their timely arrival he would have died of overwork and disappeared like the bison or the dodo. Consider what they still have to do. One, of my acquaintance, whose efficiency is for various reasons highest in June, once delivered three commencement addresses within twenty-four hours. Of course, as I pointed out to him, even he could not have done such a thing except where the population was very dense.

CLEARLY, the American lecturer is not shirking. He is working at his maximum. But if, as the English put it modestly, he is doing his bit, the American audiences are doing still better. The trouble is our numbers are too small. What we need is 10,000 volunteer lecturers to help meet the insistent demand of our fellow citizens for more lectures.

It is perfectly true, and I should be the first to admit it, that some of our foreign reinforcements present features that we cannot match. One very brilliant Russian lecturer began by making a tour of the platform, extreme right, extreme left, extreme right, extreme left, never stopping even at the desk where the chairman had originally deposited him. We supposed, indeed, we rather hoped, that after warming up in this way he would steady down and find the desk again. But not at all. He continued to pace swiftly to and fro without a moment's pause for



DEER

a full hour, when this sentry-go and the lecture came to a simultaneous end. He had walked an even four miles.

A GREAT Swedish explorer is accustomed to relate to his audiences the unspeakably touching story of the death in the desert of his faithful and beloved dragoon. When emotion is at the highest pitch, he throws upon the screen a picture of the funeral of his lamented friend, taken at the very instant of interment,—thus showing how even in his loneliness and grief his sense of responsibility to his lecture audiences did not wholly desert him, and he was able to control himself sufficiently to slip aside from his place as chief-mourner long enough to take the all important picture. It takes a strong man to be a lecturer; one who can even in times of utmost stress remember that the lecture platform is his goal, and that far-off future audience his public.

But strange and exciting as the habits of other nationals may be, none can surpass in sheer idiosyncrasy the familiar, common, everyday British lecturer. I know one who when conversation languishes enlivens the proceedings with a rich guttural grunt,—the *ugh* of the American Indian, uttered in no half-hearted, casual fashion, but with all the satisfaction, the conviction, the *impreusement*,—of Chingachgook, Oshkosh, or Powhatan.

Another Oxonian of my acquaintance in his public utterances would invariably preface anything especially good he had to say with an exhilarating sniff; much as Mr. Taft used to signal to the audience that something unusual was coming with his well-known and infectious snicker. Mr. Taft was so far I know the last among us to practice the snicker. With him, it may as an expression of amusement be said to have perished.

ONE ENGLISH lecturer used to go about among us wearing a half-length academic gown like nothing known in this country. It was his wont to retreat at intervals to the back of the stage, a distance of four or five feet, and then rush at full speed toward his audience, as though he would hurl himself into their midst; to the great alarm of the front seats, which naturally

feared that he might not always check himself in time. But it must be admitted that little devices like this seldom fail to reawaken interest even in the most sodden audiences.

One of the greatest contributions made to the profession by our British confreres is their embodiment of the great ideal of thrift. An especially distinguished one, recently leaving town after an extended stay, complacently remarked that he hadn't paid for a meal while he had been in Chicago; but feelingly added that he supposed they'd all come back on him in London!

ANOTHER denizen of the world's metropolis after some weeks in Chicago went so far as to sell his overcoat and even his heavy underwear to his auditors, pointing out to their inexperience the superiority of these sturdy British articles to anything purchasable here.

It must be admitted that these visiting lecturers probably carry back to civilization (as they understand it) many a quaint anecdote, from our shores. In the days of man's innocence—that is, before the ladies learned to smoke—a distinguished English woman came to Chicago to lecture. After a luncheon given in her honor, she drew out her cigarette case and offered one of my fellow-townsmen a cigarette. He politely but firmly declined, with these now famous words:

"I never smoke in the presence of ladies."



AUTUMN

M. CLEMENCEAU, once visiting Chicago, was duly introduced by General Dawes and deposited behind the amplifier. As the passion of oratory gradually possessed him, the speaker, like the tiger he was, crept around the corner of the table and became inaudible to the balcony. It evinced its disapproval by clapping continuously, until the indomitable chairman picked up the table and set it once more in front of the speaker. All was again serene until the lecturer forgot himself and again outflanked the instrument. Again our future vice president saved the day, and so on until the edge of the platform was reached and the speaker could no further go.

Not all chairmen are so competent. On one occasion at Chicago, when I was acting as a kind of little shadow to the president, Mr. Epstein secured Professor Einstein for a series of lectures at the University. As we approached the hall, I intimated to the dean who was to introduce the speaker that Mr. Epstein would probably be present and some reference to his generosity would be in order. He accordingly addressed the crowded house in these felicitous terms:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Some scientific men who are well known to the public owe this to the intrinsic worth of their researches; others to the notoriety the newspapers have given them. Our lecturer this afternoon is of the latter class. We are indebted to Mr. Einstein—I mean Mr. Epstein—for bringing Professor Epstein—I mean Einstein—to the University to address us today."

ONE OF the most delightful experiences of my secretarial life was concerned with the visit to the University of M. Jusserand, then the French ambassador at Washington. It was my duty to meet him at the train, and as I mounted the platform at Englewood, I beheld the ambassador, gracefully grouped with his wife and a policeman before a newspaper camera. The policeman was especially joyful over this, for as he was heard to explain he had been in this country only a few months, and he now had a picture of himself taken with some distinguished people to send back home. As the train pulled out on its way down town all the porters, cooks and waiters could be seen hanging out of windows and vestibules wav-

ing farewells to the ambassador. Here, thought I, is a man who understands democracy, and practices it.

SUCH was the ambassador's arrival. His departure was no less interesting. It was my duty after his address to offer him the University's very substantial check. He declined it without stopping to look at it. It might have been a fortune! He said he never accepted payment for lectures while he was ambassador. Not a little crestfallen, I informed the President. He shared my gloom. I suggested that we at least purchase his tickets home. He agreed and I got them. All the way to the station, the ambassador kept thrusting upon the President the money for the tickets, which the President good naturedly thrust back upon him. But the ambas-

sador got the last thrust and departed as gaily as he had come.

As the train receded, the President said to me, not without a sense of defeat, "Well, he made me take the money," and handed me eighty-five dollars. "But," said I in dismay, "they only cost eighty." The President laughed despairingly. "Well, what can we do?" "Let's send him the other five dollars," said I. "Very well," said the President, "Do it." I did, and received from the ambassador a most amusing letter, closing with the statement that as he had certainly paid eighty-five dollars for his tickets and drawing room from Washington to Chicago, and I had gotten the same accommodations back for eighty, he could only conclude that it was farther from Washington to Chicago than it was from Chicago to Washington.



The Last Command

By TOM MAHAN

As told to Henry F. Kirkham

THE events of the World's War were filled with many thrilling deeds of heroism. They will, of course, be the theme of song and story so long as the memory of that frightful conflict remains. But there were, also, countless small incidents that, in themselves, were only matters of detail, but, in the aggregate, went to the winning of the war.

One of those forgotten episodes, I now take out of the pigeonholes of the past. It was told to me by a buddy "over there." One who made nothing of it and, yet, as a last event of the colossal struggle, it has dramatic possibilities. It was, in truth, no less than the final orders issued by the high command that brought the war to an end.

"November 11, 1918. The scene is laid in what is humorously termed, 'Sunny France.' Our battery of 155 m. guns, were located in a little valley between two low, rolling hills thickly covered by a wild, bushy growth of vegetation. Dotted here and there, gaunt, naked trees reared their twisted limbs skyward. The day was bright and clear in pleasing contrast to the usual deluge of rain, sleet, snow and mud. Even

my buddies expanded to the cheerful warmth. Besides, there seemed to be something in the very air that whispered of the final drama that was presently to come.

"Everybody in the army was in charge of something or other, and I was no exception to the rule. I was, in fact, in charge of the telephone central on that particular morning. My duties consisted in answering all incoming calls and in transmitting them again to the proper parties. Often the calls were of small importance but, occasionally, they were of utmost consequence. We had always to be alert.

"The dugout we occupied was scooped out of the southern slope of the hillside. Rough boards formed the roof, the front wall, also, being composed of the same flimsy material. Moreover, this front squarely faced the German guns! No very comfortable situation to say the least in view of the incessant roar of the opposing artillery that had marked the retreat of the foe!

"Seven, A. M. A lug dropped on the telephone central in front of me. The buzzer set up a lazy drone. I picked up a plug and

BUT many as are the benefits brought us by these birds of passage, they on their part return to their native shores not a little advantaged. Not only can they add to their lecture repertoire a wholly new one on "America as I saw it," or "Six Weeks Among the Americans," pointing out with unerring eye our faults and foibles, but certain intangible values will inevitably cling to them, almost without their knowledge. Thus when Mr. R. Austin Freeman calls his latest hero Mr. Pottermack and then informs you that this is the name of a certain American river, slightly altered in spelling, you at once realize that he has never enjoyed the ineffable benefits of American travel. And how unmusical he must find that historic watchword of ours, "All quiet along the Pottermack!"

pushed it home. My regular day's work was begun.

"'P. C. Speath,' I called into the transmitter.

"'Mitchel, headquarters,' came a voice over the wire. When I say one, it will be six minutes past seven. Ready! Four-three-two-one.'

"'Yes sir,' I answered, 'Is that all?'

"'Relay this order to your battery commander and all officers. Until eleven o'clock you will fire at will with any objective. At eleven o'clock, sharp, you will cease firing. Repeat!'

"'Until eleven o'clock you will fire at will with any objective. At eleven o'clock, sharp, you will cease firing,' I repeated.

"'Correct,' snapped the voice over the wire. 'And, say, who is this talking?' The voice was a little more human.

"'Operator at post of command, Speath,' I answered promptly, for we were not allowed to use personal names over the phone.

"'Oh well—' the voice drawled. 'It won't be long now, buddy. At eleven the War is Over!'

"'Gee!' That was all I could stammer but there was a world of feeling in that one simple word."

Words of President Lorenzo Snow

WE HAVE a perfect right to understand something of what we may receive in the other life. We have to suffer almost everything in accomplishing the duties that are imposed upon us in moving along in this line that we have chosen. In the past, if we had time we might relate the various sacrifices the Latter-day Saints have been called to make; and if they did not make these sacrifices their own consciences would condemn them, because of the light which they had received and the knowledge they had of what they should do. It has proved very true with the Latter-day Saints what Jesus said on a certain occasion, when he compared the kingdom of God to a man seeking pearls. Having found one of very great value, he went and sold all that he possessed that he might secure that pearl. Then again He compared it unto a man that found a treasure in a field, which, having found, he went and sold everything that he possessed in order that he might come in possession of that treasure. That has been the case with the Latter-day Saints. We have been called to suffer and to sacrifice that which was more dear to ourselves than our lives, and some have been called to sacrifice their mortal existence, having been placed in circumstances that they could not avoid suffering the loss of their lives. We are called upon daily to make sacrifices, the Lord requiring this at our hands, and we as a general thing have complied. It is our privilege to know something in regard to the future—what will be the result of this sacrifice, what will be the result of traveling upon this path. Indeed a Latter-day Saint can hardly sustain himself in the Church of God unless he does get some knowledge of this kind that cannot be unfolded by common wisdom. We are no better than other people if this be not so.

I have read something that is

very peculiar in regard to the promises that are made, and which I know will be fulfilled, if we on our part do our duty. I have not lived in this Church for about sixty-two years without finding out something. I devoted myself to be worthy to receive something that no mortal man can receive except through the spirit and power of the Holy Ghost, and the Lord has shown me things and made me to understand them as clearly as the sun at noon-day in regard to what shall be the outcome of those Latter-day Saints that are faithful to their callings. Jesus says:

"He that receiveth me receiveth my Father.

"And he that receiveth my Father, receiveth my Father's kingdom, therefore all that my Father hath shall be given unto him."

THIS is in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. Now, if it were in the New Testament some people, though they might not understand it, would pass it as being true, because it was in the Bible. Well, I am just as sure of its truth as if it were found in the New Testament. And the New Testament bears us out in this doctrine. Jesus said, as recorded in the Revelation of St. John:

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcome, and am sat down with my Father in his throne."

There are many Scriptures bearing upon this point. I believe in this. I believe that we are the sons and daughters of God, and that He has bestowed upon us the capacity for infinite wisdom and knowledge, because He has given us a portion of Himself. We are told that we were made in His image, and we find that there is a character of immortality in the soul of man. There is a spiritual organism within this tabernacle, and that spiritual organism has a divinity in itself, though perhaps in an infantile state; but it has within itself the capability of im-

proving and advancing, as the infant that receives sustenance from its mother. Though the infant may be very ignorant, yet there are possibilities in it that by passing through the various ordeals of childhood to maturity enable it to rise to a superiority that is perfectly marvelous, compared with its infantile ignorance. Why and how is it that this is accomplished? Because it possesses the susceptibilities and the capabilities of its father. So in regard to ourselves. There is a divinity within ourselves that is immortal and never dies. Thousands and thousands of years hence we will be ourselves, and nobody else, so far as our individuality is concerned.

That never dies from all eternity to all eternity. Immortality never dies, and it is immortal. We are as children growing and increasing in knowledge and wisdom. Some men we read of, like Elijah, Elisha, Samuel, or Moses, great prophets, advanced themselves to that degree of knowledge, and developed their immortal possibilities to an extent that is perfectly astonishing. And you and I will have to advance in this line until we control those things that the world cannot possibly do. * * *

AS TO our receiving these wonderful things about which I have read to you, I am just as sure of it as I am that I am talking to you today. Although it seems marvelous, it is here so stated, and I know the Lord tells that which is true. When he gives comfort to His Saints in His promises, those promises when fulfilled are vastly greater than the words seem to have indicated. * * *

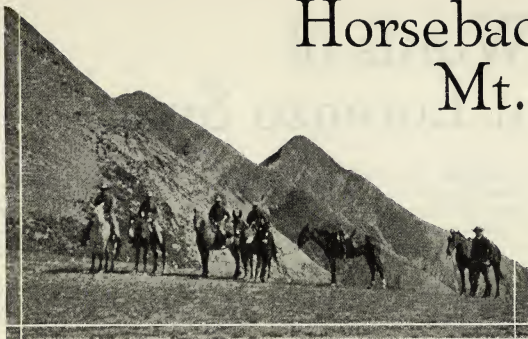
"The time is speedily coming—we do not want to talk very much, though, about going to Jackson County, Missouri, because through our foolishness and weakness we would not care anything about building houses and making ourselves comfortable here. I know when we first started a colony in

(Continued on page 24)

Horsebackin' Over Mt. Nebo

By

HARRISON R. MERRILL



A View of Triple Peaks of Mt. Nebo

I AM built by nature six feet four inches long and three axehandles across the shoulders, yet, not content, I have added upon what I had been given until now about the only thing I can buy ready made is a handkerchief. For that reason I have felt so sorry for my friends, the horses, that what hiking I have done in recent years has been mostly on two legs rather than four.

Two or three years ago, however, I came upon a Forest Ranger built after my pattern, but with reservations in both directions, who gave me to understand that he owned a mule that could carry me to—well, to the summit of Mt. Nebo and back. I doubted his word, though I knew him to be an honest man, but told him I wouldn't mind trying the thing. This summer I turned scientist enough to attempt the experiment.

IN COMPANY with James R., hereafter to be known as Jim, Kennard and Charles J. "Chic" Hart I went up Salt Creek. What now seems generations ago, I used to sing campaign songs about going up Salt Creek, but at that time I had never had that thrill. We left Provo in a car; Chic and I in the front seat, Jim and a pair of white roosters in the rear. The roosters were Chic's idea.

When we arrived at Mt. Nebo Ranger station we found Aaron Christianson, the ranger, hereafter to be known as Chris, and Earl Worthington, his assistant, saddling the horses.

Right there I met with my first

disappointment. That mule which Chris had declared "to be as easy as a Pullman and twice as steady" had developed a limp and, therefore, had been excused from acting as my mount. She was instead to carry a nice light pack of a few hundred pounds and I was to ride a black horse whom I named Sinbad, because he was to act as the center of my thousand and one nights' entertainments.

CHRIS demonstrated the fact that at least some of Uncle Sam's foresters know how to throw on a pack. He had a choice pack outfit. Though I hadn't thrown a Squaw or Diamond hitch for more than a quarter of

a century my hands itched to get at the ropes. His pack-bags were leather covered, had flaps to buckle over the top, and a stick along the side next the saddle to keep them straight. They were quite different from the ones into which I used to chuck our tin dishes and bake ovens. O, by the way, Chris had a bake oven, but it, like the pack bags, was a blue-blooded piece of machinery with long legs and a deep pot.

What to do with the live roosters? That was the question that troubled everybody but Chris. Nothing troubles that gent of the green forests, I discovered.

"We'll put 'em on top," he said briefly as he threw the pasteboard carton containing them on to the top of the gray mare's pack.

With wire and rope he tied the box solidly while the roosters looked on. Occasionally, while he worked, they would crow; why shouldn't they? They were on the top of everything.



We left the Ranger Station



Chris throws the pack on

WE LEFT the Ranger station around 3.30 p. m. and began our ride up the final exclamation point of the Wasatch Mountains. It was a glorious afternoon and even my horse seemed to enjoy the scenery.

Far up the mountain we rode around from that never-ending "hog-back" that has been the despair of many hikers, into some timber. There we saw, set among the trees, a sheep camp. No one was at home, but Chris helped himself to a hind quarter of mutton saying that we'd need it and that he would see the herder as we went along.

Sure enough, like a lonely figure on the rim of a whirling world, he sat far up against the sky as we climbed toward him. Chris told him of the mutton and then suggested significantly that the sheep should be kept below the hanging valleys made by the prehistoric glaciers.

AT DUSK we found ourselves nearly to the summit in a sort of scooped-out valley. Here the Ranger stopped and we unpacked and unsaddled. Sinbad, I think, felt much as his namesake must have done upon one of his returns alive to Bagdad. I liked Sinbad, however; he was a true and conscientious friend.

The roosters were quite subdued. They had been shaken and scared half to death a hundred

times. Once the old pack animal actually tried to scrub them off under some aspen limbs and did succeed in nearly tearing the box to shreds.

A scramble for wood and water began. Such an ambitious group of ramblers I had never ridden with. Each seemed eager to outdo the other. It may have been the effect of the mountain air—we were nearly 11,000 feet up, Earl,

I think, was the most ambitious; he went after his wood on horseback.

BUT what a supper! We were just ready to sit down to that bake-oven full of potatoes, onions, and bacon cooked in the most approved shepherd style when over

ones. Chic and Jim and I made one group; Chris, DeMoisy, and Ralph, another; and Earl curled up in his quilts alone by the fire. Chic slept between Jim and me. Each of us two outside ones took a grim hold on the blankets and held tightly, stretching them over Chic until next morning he declared that it was like sleeping in a tent without covers except the ridge-pole.

There above the smoke and grime of the world we lay faces up to the stars. There was no moon and the constellations whirled in glistening droves across the fields of heaven. The Milky Way was like a never-ending river of foam in which Cygnus, the Swan, was almost engulfed. All night long the animals of the Zodiac, like a heavenly Barnum and Bailey parade, tramped above us, matched dimly by the lights of Fountain Green, Moroni, and Ephraim which we could see like stars in the world below.



Single file along the protruding ribs of the world

the ridge behind us came a horse carrying two fellows. They were Charles DeMoisy and his son, Ralph. Charlie is supervisor of the Uintah National Forest and had told us that he would accompany us if he could.

There around that two-mile-high fire we ate. Mt. Nebo, however, was blowing his head off. Whether he was actually bragging or merely objecting to our presence we never learned, but he certainly did blow.

But mutton!—Cooked in deep fat! My memory of the supper fails at the mutton!

AFTER supper, bear stories—and such tall ones! Then we began looking for hard places to sleep—no one expected to find soft

BUT how the wind did howl. If Mr. Yip-yap attempted any serenade he was completely drowned by the howling of the wolves of the air that barked 'round our pillows. The wind gnawed and tore and scratched at our canvas cover without cessation all night like bands of wild and predatory animals. I used my hat for a night-cap thereby hoping to keep my head away from the flashing teeth of the hungry

(Continued on page 24)



With mountain appetites

POETRY

Across the Years

By G. Adelle Skov

YOU will not know—yet out across the years,
While toiling up life's busy thoroughfare,
When through the mist no ray of hope appears,
And there is need for courage, and a prayer—
Somewhere upon the road I'll also be,
Behind—ahead—perhaps around the bend,
And I shall know that you have need of me,
I shall not fail you then, who are my friend.

And if across the years no cloud should rise
To mar the happiness I wish for you,
Should life and all its beauty in your eyes
Remain in all its iridescent hue—
Somewhere upon the road I'll also be,
Behind—ahead—perhaps around the bend,
And I shall know, for light the heart of me
With answering joy for you, who are my friend.

The Farm

By Edith Cherrington

SOMETHING is so substantial in a farm;
A solid promise of our daily bread—
That every mouth will be completely fed,
And every body sheltered, safe and warm.
Long hours there are, and luxuries are few;
But who can watch the breaking of the day
And smell the fields of fragrant new-mown hay,
Then fail to find life better than he knew.

There is a magic in the broken sod,
Magic in planting seeds to see them rise
And grow and ripen under changing skies
That makes a man feel closer kin to God.

Goodbye to Autumn

By Leone E. McCune

TOO soon your gaudy leaves will fall,
Too soon the scarlet gentians
Lay beneath the snows,
Too soon.
Too soon the purple haze on hills,
Too soon the crimson sunsets
Pass within the murky fog,
Too soon.

NOVEMBER is the month when all things wintry must come in for their share of attention. Frost is here and snow is just around the corner—and all just as we've come to believe that the sweet, hazy days of Autumn are here to stay—that the color on the hillside is captured summer, and that fragrance and blue skies and white clouds would last forever.

The one thing which can be sure in November if it wants to be, is poetry, and so we let fireflies flit through the snow and summer-time thoughts rest side by side with November and Inconsistency and others. If you yearn a little after departed summer read summer poems to bring it back, but if you yearn too much, read other poems to help you forget.

All Summer Through

By Jean Mitchell Laurence

ALL summer through I dream of you.
The perfume of a flower,
The early dew, the mist-veiled view,
Recall some magic hour.
I think of you all summer through.
The brooklet seems more clear,
The skies more blue, the stars more true,
Since I have known you, dear.

All summer through I wait for you,
But long the waiting seems.
How fast time flew when here we two
Shared love's enchanted dreams.
I long for you all summer through.
I watch the days depart.
When woods renew their autumn hue
I'll fold you to my heart.

Fireflies! Fireflies!

By Jean Mitchell Laurence

FIREFLIES! Fireflies!
Dancing through the night.
Have you floated from the skies,
Golden flecks of light?
Fireflies, fireflies,
Why are you so bright?
Are you spirits in disguise—
Fireflies, fireflies?

Fireflies! Fireflies!
Winged gems of light.
Were you wafted from sunrise
Into dusky night?
Fireflies, fireflies,
Tiny sparks in flight!
You are like a thousand eyes,
Fireflies, fireflies.

Continuance

By G. Adelle Skov

ALL day his songs within his heart he sang,
Or in the solitude poured forth his melody,
Or by some gurgling spring new thought began,
To soar o'er ways of mediocrity;
And words were born, and music cradled them—
Brain-children of a pure, a virgin mind,
He dreamed that they were strong with strength of men,
Whose growth leaves youth's small frailties behind.

Then called the One who will not be denied,
And ere the world had heard his voice, he sped
Through labyrinthine ways as yet untried,
And with him song, and his creations fled.
But stay—in yonder tree that marks the rest,
Where mortal bones lie mingling with the dust,
By day sweet notes stir in the robin's breast,
And tell of courage, confidence and trust.
By night, the nightingale in ecstasy
Picks up the echo of his melody.

November

By Leone E. McCune

NOVEMBER skies are gray and cold,
November mountains bleak and old,
Her trees and shrubs, bare, leafless things;
No echo of bird's music rings.
Her meadows uninviting lay,
No laughing children romp and play,
And gardens rich with fragrant bloom,
Are wrapped in dull and wintry gloom,
Bygone gay Indian Summer's cheer,
November days, so lone, so drear.

Inconsistency

By Grace McKinstry

FAITH? No, I have not faith;
If I can't understand
What guides my daily life
And makes it plain, well-planned,
I will not seek a mystic force
That has not reason as its source."
And, speaking thus, he went
(For it was dusk) and found
A button on the wall
And turned it half around;
At once there flashed a dazzling light,
Yet does he understand it—quite?



The First Word of Wisdom Exhibit

By
DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE
*President of
the European Missions*

THE Word of Wisdom—its principles and results—forms one of the most popular exhibits in the International Hygiene Exhibition at Dresden, Germany. Thousands visit the exhibit daily; receive Word of Wisdom information and tracts from the missionary attendants, and the large visitors' book is rapidly filling up with names and addresses of persons who desire further information.

This may be both startling and pleasant news to the Latter-day Saints, who have so long found it difficult to present to the world the precious truths that they possess.

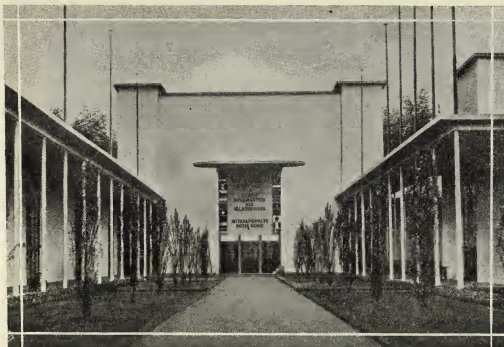
THE exposition itself is unique. It is dedicated to one thing: The preservation and improvement of human health. It is built around the monumental Museum of Hygiene, the finest in the world, in a vast park of shady trees, green lawns and colorful flower beds. In aim as in beauty it is unsur-

passed by any of the several expositions held this year in Europe. The exhibitors from all countries have conformed in spirit to the ideals of the exposition. No European spectacle is more worth seeing.

This is the second exposition of the kind. The first, which was held, also in Dresden, in 1911, was a pioneer in bringing hygienic instruction to the masses of the people. An outgrowth of the exhibition of 1911 was the establishment of the state-supported Museum of Hygiene, a marvel of completeness and impressiveness in teaching the principles of good health. The whole world received inspiration from the original good health exposition.

THE Word of Wisdom found its way naturally into this magnificent display of the world's hygienic knowledge. The Relief Societies of the German-Austrian Mission were studying the Word of Wisdom. Sister Hyrum W. Valentine, the wife of the mission president, in search of suitable material, met Dr. M. Vogel, scientific director of the Museum of Hygiene, and had the opportunity of explaining to him the Word of Wisdom as a guide to health. The man of science became interested to the point of publishing in the Museum popular bulletin a brief account of the Word of Wisdom written by Sister Valentine.

WHEN the 1930 Hygiene Exposition was projected, someone mooted the possibility of a Word of Wisdom display. The idea then took root, but little more. At Thanksgiving time, 1929, the writer and President Edward P. Kimball, President Valentine's successor, talked over the



matter with Hon. A. T. Haeberle, U. S. Consul at Dresden, a friend of the Valentines, and a fine type of broadminded, intelligent public official. Correspondence ensued, and at last in late January, 1930, the Church was formally invited to make the exhibit. Dr. Vogel's knowledge of the Word of Wisdom removed scientific opposition; Consul Haeberle's intervention brought action; and the tolerant attitude of the directors of the exhibition yielded the final invitation. The president of the European Mission was made one of the honorary committee of the Exposition, and the president of the German-Austrian Mission, a Dresden resident, was invited to participate in the notable functions connected with the opening of the Exposition.

A WORD OF WISDOM exhibit had not been made before. This was a pioneer effort. A study was made of existing expositions; Elder Reed W. Farnsworth of the Netherlands Mission was called to Liverpool for consultation, then sent to Dresden, where in collaboration with Rendall N. Mabey, Hellmuth Plath and William I. Palmer, and under the vigilant direction of President Edward P. Kimball, the booth was constructed. At the same time, the writer compiled the necessary vital statistics and wrote the desired tracts, which are published in English and German.

THE exhibit is effectively located at the front entrance of the League of Nations' building, near the rooms devoted to the International Red Cross. Through the open door the illuminated main

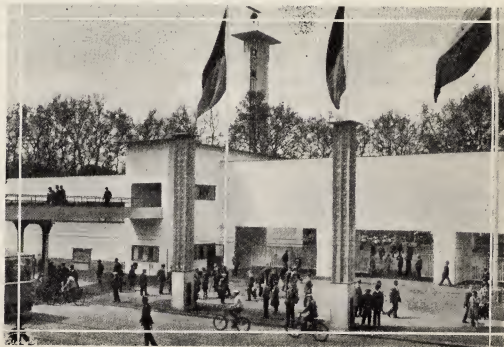
wall is observed. The lighted sun—the Word of Wisdom—is rising from the sea of ignorance, and radiating from it are the rewards of the Word of Wisdom—health, long life, wisdom, etc. The rays are lighted alternately, with fine effect. In the middle of the floor stands a large globe, slowly rotating, and showing in brilliantly lighted spots the points on earth where the Church is teaching the Word of Wisdom. On the left side wall is a moving, endless, lighted ribbon which tells the story of the Word of Wisdom; and on the opposite wall is a large comparative statement of the physical, educational and moral conditions among the Latter-day Saints, showing the results of the Word of Wisdom. Photographs, charts and several posters, drawn by Elder J. Blaine Freestone of the British Mission, cover the open spaces on the walls. The flags of the nations in which the Church is delivering its message form a

fine frieze under the ceiling. The two tables carry tracts and books; and chairs are provided for the weary.

ELDERS Serge F. Glade and Kersey C. Riter of the German-Austrian Mission have been in attendance since the opening of the exposition in the third week in May. Elders Hermann Kluwe and Otto Baer of the Swiss-German Mission have been in attendance since about the first of August, when the increased attendance made the work too heavy for two men. As far as possible the visitors are taken through the exhibit in groups and addressed by the attendants. Great interest is manifested in the exhibit by all. Prominent professional people from all parts of the earth have made favorable comments upon this method of preserving human health. Invitations have been received to give Word of Wisdom information in other lands. As high as 30,000 have passed through the exhibit in one day; the average is near 5,000; about 120,000 tracts were distributed the first two months.

THE principles of the Word of Wisdom correspond to the best findings of science and do not surprise the professional man; though they interest greatly the layman. But the results of the practice of the Word of Wisdom, imperfectly as the Latter-day Saints have practiced it, are astounding to all, particularly as the hygienic system known as the Word of Wisdom has been tested for nearly one hundred years by a group of people now numbering nearly three quarters of a million people. It is the greatest health experiment in history.

(Continued on page 41)



Joseph Smith

A Modern American Prophet

By
JOHN HENRY EVANS

V

NOT a great way from Manchester, where Joseph Smith lives, is a place called Macedon. In order to get to this place from the Smith farm you must pass through Palmyra.

Now, in Macedon there lives a woman, a widow, who wants a well dug. For some reason she wishes the job done by the young man who is so much talked of these days—Joseph Smith. No one else will do. So she sends word to him by a neighbor, a man whose name is Warner. And she says, very particularly, that she *will pay him in cash.*

THIS work comes in the very nick of time. For the young seer needs a box, specially made, in which to keep the ancient record, and the Smiths have no ready money on hand. How Mother Smith ever expected to pay half-cash, as she promised, for that chest, goodness only knows. She had faith, no doubt, that the money would somehow be forthcoming, since it was the Lord's work after all. Joseph therefore jumps at this offer of a job as an opportunity to earn money enough to pay for the chest.

And so we now find him engaged in the humble task of throwing earth out of a well and rocking it up after the manner of the times.

FOR Joseph Smith is not at all afraid of work, no matter how hard or menial it is—so it is honorable. That we shall see as we go on with this story of his life. Already we have seen him at various kinds of manual labor—on his father's farm and the farms of the neighbors; in that old Spanish mine of Josiah Stool's, in Pennsylvania; and most probably in Joseph Knight's mill in Colesville, lifting sacks of wheat and flour. Presently we shall see him

falling trees in his Ohio home. And now we observe him at work digging a well for this woman in Macedon.

Folk who do not believe in Joseph Smith's religious claims, do not take kindly to the idea of a prophet doing manual work like that, and they ridicule him on that account. But they do not tell us just what they think a prophet should do for a living. Nor are they willing to say in what respect such work as he did is dishonorable.

WHILE Joseph is at Mrs. Wells' (that is the name of the woman for whom he is working), his wife Emma rides up to him one day on a horse with a willow withe round its neck. She has something very important on her mind. The ancient record is in grave danger.

It seems that the very next day after Joseph received the plates of the Book of Mormon a neighbor of the Smiths sauntered on to the farm in that casual manner people have when there is something in the back of their heads which they don't want to bring to the front where you can take a good look at it. This man began a conversation with Father Smith.

First he spoke of the weather, then of the prospect for farmers the coming year, together with the prices they might expect. From these topics he went to matters that touched more closely the interests of the Smiths—how the boys were getting along, their probable future, and so on. Finally he came to young Joseph. It

was then that the cat came out of the bag, as we still say. He wanted to know, this man did, just when "Joe expected to make use of the plates he had dug up out of the hill."

NOW, all this very much surprised Father Smith. For, as a matter of fact, not only Joseph himself, but every member of the family, had taken pains not to reveal, except to some very confidential friends—one of whom, by the way, was Martin Harris,—either the whereabouts of the plates or the time when it was expected they would be taken out of their hiding place. How did this man come by his information—if indeed he had any? That is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered to this day.

Thereupon Father Smith decided to do a little detective work on his own account. He meandered round among the farm-houses in the neighborhood, visiting now this one and now that, and talking and gossiping. And none too soon, either, as the event proved. For, at one place where he called, some men—ten or twelve of them in all—were engaged in what appeared to be a very interesting conversation in the back yard. Willard Chase, a Methodist class-leader, was in the group. So also was a man who had the reputation of a conjuror. This man had come sixty miles at somebody's invitation to do something very particular in this vicinity. That was very clear on its face.

WHEN Father Smith approached, the conversation came to an abrupt and awkward pause, and the men's faces took on that queer look we all have seen under similar circumstances. Mr. Smith, of course, noticed this. It could not have been otherwise. And so, after greeting every one, including

the conjuror, he went into the house under the pretext of wanting to see the weekly newspaper. But he took particular pains to sit near the door, where he could pick up snatches of the talk, so as to gather its import.

In the main the conversation was carried on in suppressed tones. But occasionally the voices rose on the air. Especially was this the case with the diviner, who was all wrought up over the matter.

Father Smith gathered that a scheme was being hatched to find the plates.

ONCE during the talk, when it was getting too loud as she seemed to think, the woman of the house stepped out through the back door into the yard and shouted in suppressed tones to her husband, "Sam, Sam! you're cutting your own throat!"

Father Smith heard this, but pretended to be so absorbed in the paper as not to have heard it. So, too, did the conjuror hear it. But he was reckless. And so he shouted at the top of his voice, "I'm not afraid of anybody. We'll get them all plates in spite of Joe Smith and all the devils in hell!"

Pretty soon—as soon, that is, as he could do so gracefully—Father Smith laid aside the paper, saying to the woman that he would come back some other time to finish his reading, and went out at the front door.

He hurried home and told Emma that she had better go to Joseph as soon as possible and tell him what was going on. At the same time he related to her the substance of the conversation he had heard.

EMMA did not seem to be alarmed in the least. She said, "I guess if Joe is to have the record, he'll have it, and no one can stop him."

But Father Smith replied, "He will if he is watchful. Remember that for a small thing Esau lost his birthright and his blessing. It may be so with Joe."

"Well, if I had a horse," said Emma, convinced by that way of putting it, "I would go and see him."

A horse was accordingly procured for her, a stray from the pasture (that was what the withe round its neck meant), and she went off to Macedon.

That was the story she told Joseph, when she reached the place where he was working.

JOSEPH listens to it till it is done. Then he takes out of his pocket that curious instrument which looks like a huge pair of

till they are reassured by his wife.

MEANTIME Joseph goes after the ancient record, which, as we know already, is hidden in the hollow trunk of an old birch log in the woods, about three miles from the Smith home.

Having taken the gold book out of its hiding place, he deems it advisable not to go home by the road, but rather to make his way through the woods. This, he thinks, will be safer. The record is covered by a heavy cloth, is carried under his strong left arm, and is hidden under the cape he wears over his shoulders.

He has not gone very far, however, when, as he is in the act of jumping over a log, a man springs at him from behind a windfall.

This man has a gun in his hands. Before Joseph can realize what is happening he is dealt a blow with the gun. But it does not knock him down. It is not severe enough for that. Nor does it hurt him very much. Quick as lightning, he wheels about and deals his assailant a blow in the face, bowling him over very prettily. For Joseph is a large, powerfully built man, used to wrestling and other athletic sports, as everybody in his neighborhood knows. As soon as he sees the miscreant on the ground, Joseph runs at top speed.

ABOUT half a mile farther on he is assaulted a second time. It is not, of course, by the same man as before, for that fellow could not have recovered sufficiently to outrun Joseph and to plant himself in the way. The young athlete lays out this assailant, too, on the ground, just as he has done the other one, and races on as fast as he can towards the house.

Before reaching home, however, he is assaulted a third time by still another man. And this one he disposes of in a similar manner.

When he arrives at the house, he is out of breath. Also he is very much frightened, as well he might be, and very tired. He has had a narrow escape. So, too, have the plates he carried. Resting a few minutes, he relates what has taken place. Father Smith and two others go out to see if they can find the men, but return from the search without any clues to their identity. It is found that

AND the vision of all is become * * as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I cannot; for it is sealed: And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee: and he saith, I am not learned. Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their heart far from me * * ; Therefore, behold, I will proceed to do a marvellous work among this people, * * for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid—Isaiah 29:11-14.

spectacles and which is called the urim and thummim. He looks into it for some time, after which he says to Emma very positively, "The record is safe."

Nevertheless, when he has obtained the reluctant consent of Mrs. Wells, he rides home with his wife.

On reaching the farm-house, he finds his father pacing the yard in great perturbation of mind. "Father," Joseph says, going up to him, "there is no danger. Everything is all right. There is no cause whatever for alarm." At which the father is relieved, for his son speaks as one who knows what he is talking about.

AFTER taking a bite to eat—it is after dark when he arrives—Joseph sends Carlos, who is now eleven years old, to their brother Hyrum to have him come immediately with the chest, which has been made and is waiting there at the house for its precious treasure. For by now Hyrum is married—has been for nearly a year.

When Carlos reaches Hyrum's, the couple are at tea, with two of the wife's sisters. Just as Hyrum is in the act of lifting the cup to his lips, Carlos enters, touches his brother on the arm, and whispers something into his ear. Whereupon Hyrum sets down the cup, springs up from the table, shoulders the chest, and rushes out of the house without saying a word—much to the bewilderment of the sisters-in-law, who think he has taken leave of his senses,

Joseph, in these encounters, has dislocated his thumb. It is soon put into position, though, by his father.

ONE afternoon, not long after this series of incidents, Joseph puts on his overcoat and leaves the house. He is now working again on the farm with his father and his brothers, so as to be as near as he can be to the sacred treasure which has been committed to his keeping.

When he comes back, he calls to his mother, who is upstairs preparing some oilcloths for painting, to come down, that he has something to show her. And when she does so, he lays before her a breastplate, which he has taken from that stone box in the hill.

This breastplate is concave on one side and convex on the other. It extends downward from the neck to the pit of the stomach of a man of extraordinary size. It has four straps of the same material to hold it on the body—two running back over the shoulders and two running down to the hips. These straps are exactly the width of two of Mrs. Smith's fingers, for she measures them.

The breastplate having been examined, Joseph places it in the chest with the book of gold plates.

SOME time after this Joseph comes rushing to the house, greatly upset. "Mother," he says, "has anyone been here—some men looking for the record?"

"Not that I have seen, Joseph," she answers. "Why do you ask?" "Because," he replies, "if they haven't, they will be here pretty soon—a mob to search for the plates. They must be moved somewhere else."

Accordingly a part of the hearth is dug up and the plates and the breastplate buried under the brick. A man named Brame, an intimate friend of the family, helps with the work. For Joseph has told him of his apprehensions concerning the ancient record. Others of the men folk come into the house about the same time and lend a hand.

No sooner is the task accomplished than a crowd of men, all armed with guns and pistols, come up to the house, determined to search the premises for the "Gold

Bible." On seeing them, however, Joseph rushes out at the door, shouting and beckoning to those behind him, as if he had a great army at his call. The ruse serves its purpose well, for the men take to their heels into the surrounding woods.

WOnto all those that discomfort my people, and drive, and murder, and testify against them, saith the Lord of Hosts; a generation of vipers shall not escape the damnation of hell. Behold, mine eyes see and know all their works, and I have in reserve a swift judgment in the season thereof, for them all; How long can rolling waters remain impure? What power shall stay the heavens? As well might man stretch forth his puny arm to stop the Missouri river in its decreed course, or to turn it upstream, as to hinder the Almighty from pouring down knowledge from heaven upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints.

—Doc. and Cov. 121:23, 24, 33.

BEFORE long Joseph receives another intimation that another attempt is in the making for finding the record. So he digs up the plates and the breastplate from the hearth, takes them in an armful of clothes over to the old cooper's shop across the road, and buries them in a quantity of flax in the loft. Then he tears up the floor downstairs, places the empty chest there, and renails the boards so as not to show that anything has been disturbed.

That very night a gang of men, led by a girl named Chase, a sister of Willard Chase, comes to the place, rummages the old shop, pulls up the floor, and smashes the chest till you cannot recognize it. This Chase girl had found somewhere a "green glass," through which she is able to make "great discoveries," as she claims. But she does not suspect the present whereabouts of the "Gold Bible," although she comes within an ace of doing so.

MORE and more, as time goes on, it gets clearer to Joseph that if he is to have any peace to translate the engravings on the ancient plates, he must go somewhere else for the purpose. His wife's home was Harmony, Pennsylvania. So he decides to move there.

At Joseph's request Mother Smith makes a call on Martin Harris—of whom we shall hear a great deal presently—to ask him to come to see her son on a matter of business. Meanwhile, he sends to his

father-in-law to find out whether one of the boys could not come for him and Emma and take them to Harmony to live there for a time. In response to his letter Alva Hale, Emma's brother, comes to Manchester intending to move the pair to a more secure place.

ONE day, before the removal, Martin Harris meets Joseph, with Alva, in Palmyra. After the usual greetings, Mr. Harris says, "Mr. Smith, here is fifty dollars. I give you this to do the Lord's work with. No; I give it to the Lord for his own work."

"I don't want it as a gift, Mr. Harris," says Joseph; "I will take it as a loan, and give you a note for it. Maybe Mr. Hale here will sign with me."

Mr. Hale says he is willing to do so.

But Martin is insistent. The money is a gift to the Lord, and he calls others who are present to witness that it is a gift. So Joseph takes the money. He is sorely in need of it.

When the time comes to move to Pennsylvania, the gold book and the breastplate are boxed up and put in a barrel of beans, under which the head of the barrel is fastened securely. Thus Alva drives Joseph and Emma, with the sacred things, to his father's home.

AS SOON, however, as it becomes generally known that Joseph has gone, a number of men collect, determined to follow him and get the "Gold Bible." About fifty of them go together to a Dr. McIntyre, and ask him to lead them. But the Doctor has a quite different idea of things.

"You're a pack of fools," he tells them. "Go home and mind your own business. If Joseph Smith has work to attend to, that is his affair, not yours. You ought to have work of your own to do."

This blunt refusal does not dampen their ardor, though, for they immediately set to work trying to choose a leader from among themselves. But in this they cannot agree. Every one wants to be captain of the group. And so they break up in a great row.

And Joseph, with the sacred treasure, goes on his way unmolested. (To be continued)

The Fraud

By
FLORENCE HARTMAN
TOWNSEND

Illustrated by
Anna Lewis Evans



They filled their arms with evergreens and turned homeward.

ALL DAY long in the spacious old mansion there had been the bustle of preparation—at least as much bustle as one small person can make. For days, in fact, the long-unused chambers had been opened and had been undergoing a thorough cleaning and airing. Sheer muslin curtains, tender with age, had been carefully laundered and rebung. Dim-patterned rugs had been sunned and cleaned. The silver, every piece heavy and solid, had been polished by Hallie's own hands and taken to grandmother for her critical examination and approval. The rich but thin-worn linens had been inspected and mended. The great library and the living room had been thrice cleaned and furnished, and the many gleaming stair treads shone resplendent from vigorous polishing. In a word, the whole place had been stirred and shaken as from an age-old slumber, and now stood, in the midst of its unshorn surroundings, like an aristocratic old lady calmly awaiting some mild surprise.

HALLIE herself, slipping into a cool blue cotton frock, sighed heavily, not so much from weariness as from the weight of responsibility. Guests complicated things so, even kinsfolk, as their guests, with one exception, were to be: Hallie's own cousins. Of course they all understood the situation more or less, but the friend whom they were bringing wouldn't, and of course one couldn't explain. It was so hard to make an appearance in keeping with grandmother's delusions. Hallie could never hear her refer

to the plantation without a shiver, for, although grandmother had put her signature to each legal instrument that meant the sale of another block of the once extensive estate, the plantation still remained intact in her mind's eye—an endless stretch of cotton fields as far as one could see. She refused to recognize a decline of fortune, but still reckoned as she had done fifty years ago: rich fields aswarm with numberless blacks from the quarters; house servants at her beck and call; lavishness as to food and clothing, and all the soft luxuries of living. It was not a mental defect from which she suffered, but a gentle stubbornness that neither bent nor broke. She was as uncompromising about the ailment that had kept her for two years confined to her room, or to be more explicit, to the two rooms she had come to call her own—the living room and the small bedroom that Hallie had improvised from her late grandfather's study. Each morning and evening she was painfully transferred from the one to the other. No, it wasn't rheumatism that had so cruelly drawn her limbs, it was neuritis! Why, even negroes had rheumatism, and no matter what

old Dr. Blanchard said, it was neuritis. And so neuritis it was.

AFTER Hallie was assured that her grandmother would not likely ever leave her rooms again, she had made radical changes in the personnel of the plantation. The swarm of lazy darkies were routed from their comfortable quarters and old Sam, honest, hard-working and dependable, was put in charge of the farming. By degrees Lottie was disposed of, and Hallie immediately took the place of Maria in the big kitchen. As time passed grandmother read more and dozed a great deal in her chair and noticed less and less the absence of her former servants. But about certain things she remained unrelenting: her white silk stockings, her soft grey silk gowns, a particular French perfume of exorbitant cost, her fine lace handkerchiefs and real linen for her bed. She dressed as carefully each day as though some especially worthy caller were to be received, and a pretty picture she made in her easy chair, her dainty feet on a hassock, the delicate features and silver hair brought into relief against the dark red damask of her chair.

In the main, Hallie had managed very nicely. It was only when company came that she was plunged in misery. But she invariably humored her grandmother in her whims and seconded her statements to friends about conditions on the plantation. At best the pretense had been unpleasant, for Hallie was by nature simple and frank. Now, at the advent of a stranger-guest, she sighed heavily at the embarrassing prospect before her. Granddear always waxed so eloquent on the moot subject whenever there was a fresh ear to listen, and to have to pretend to a stranger, who could not possibly understand, was bitter.



HALLIE

SHE had thought she had prepared herself for everything. Certainly her preparations for her guests lacked nothing, but the very personality of the stranger was upsetting. He was a friend of her cousin, Lee Hanson, and she learned in an aside from Lucette, the Terry Newman, well-known architect of New York City, designer of the famous Allworth Memorial Building, of whom everybody had heard, even Hallie. Right then she felt all of her trumped-up assurance ooze away. His eyes were searching and keen. How could one play at pretense in his presence? And yet one must—one must.

The boys, Sidney and Lee, carried grandmother bodily to the great dining room, that had not been graced by her presence in nearly two years. What an occasion they made of it! The little lady clapped her frail white hands and laughed happily. Two pink spots glowed in her cheeks and she presided over her table like a gracious lady of royalty. Long they sat over the tiny cups of chocolate while grandmother talked—talked brilliantly and easily—while everybody listened enthralled. She could see that Terry Newman was finding her refreshingly interesting. Hallie felt proud of grandmother—she always was proud of her. If only—

BUT one couldn't expect that. Even now the tide of conversation was turning slowly but surely to—the plantation. Hallie stirred uneasily and signalled for the move to the living room. But the dear soul was not to be

stopped. She ran on and on after they were comfortably settled in the living room. There was the inevitable account of the big estate in early days, and it was an entrancing picture she drew of life in that day, of the stately and beautiful brick house, of the spirited horses she had had to drive and to ride, of the expansive cotton fields dotted with blacks carrying big baskets of the soft fleece on their woolly heads, of night at the quarters. One could almost hear, as the soft, insistent voice persisted, the croon of an ample mammy, the strum of a banjo, the peculiarly sweet melody of negroes singing. One saw, in one's mind's eye, the big house aswarm with servants, the stately balls with their beautifully gowned ladies and courtly men. Oh, it was a grand day that madame told about.

"And, Mr. Newman, we are one of the few families whose mode of living remains practically the same as then. The passing years have not wrought the changes here that they have on many of the old plantations. You must be shown about the place while you are here. Hallie will be delighted to act as your guide, for the place is so extensive you could easily lose yourself, couldn't he, Hallie?"

"Oh, quite," Hallie gasped miserably.

"And you must see the quarters, Mr. Newman. You are from the north, I believe. It will be new to you, possibly, to see our southern negro in his native habitat, as it were."

"I shall be enchanted, Mrs.

Burch. I can think of nothing I would find more enjoyable. You are very good to give me the opportunity. I have been told the southern negro is very picturesque."

THERE was more of that, but Hallie heard none of it. She quietly excused herself and slipped out to the kitchen. Maria and Lottie were just leaving.

"Oh, Maria!" she groaned, leaning against the door frame for support.

"Lawdy, what ole Missy done now? Tell Maria, honey."

"Maria, send Sam around to adjoining farms to gather up the darkies for tomorrow night. He can get some at Turner's and some at Whatley's, and tell him to be certain to have Joe there with his banjo. Maybe some of the darkies from the other farms play a guitar. You see, grandmother wants Mr. Newman to see the quarters as they were long ago—darkies in the doorway, a moon and singing—you know what I mean, Maria. Thank heaven there is a moon."

"Yas'm, yas'm."

"And Maria, tell Sam to say there'll be ice cream and cake afterward. There are to be women and children, too, Maria. You understand?"

"Yas'm, yas'm, I sho' do, honey. You jes' res' easy. I'll hab Sam out a 'raslin' early, come mornin'. I sho' will."

HALLIE did not "res' easy" despite the fact that her plan was almost certain to carry through. It was the uncertainty as to what grandmother would think of next. She could not, for instance, miraculously produce a coach and four, with footmen and coachman all "booted and spurred." There was the remains of an ancient rig of some sort in the rotting carriage house, that might or might not be a coach, but sure she was that one very old and spiritless horse was all that the stables afforded.

It was not until the second day that other bits of information trickled into Hallie's ear. Although it had been two summers since she had seen her cousins, she was quite unprepared to learn what talents they had discovered and cultivated; what lengths they had gone in self-development and im-

provement. Allene had turned artist, and now presented her grandmother with a small canvas that fairly took Hallie's breath for sheer loveliness. Mazelle's voice, that Hallie thought had shown only fair promise two years ago, had improved to such a degree under training, both in New York and abroad, that again Hallie found herself gasping. Sidney was a designer of stage settings, and Lee a short-story writer. Little golden-haired Lucette had, over night, it seemed, turned poet.

IT WAS after the evening meal on the second day that all these significant facts had been forthcoming. Grandmother had clapped her hands over each recital of their accomplishments, very modestly given. They must repair hurriedly to the living room where the piano stood, to hear Mozelle sing, and to have Lee read one of his excellent stories, and to have Lucette give, in a voice as golden as her hair, three lyrics that were, it seemed to Hallie, especially graceful and pulsing. Allene's picture was examined again and Sidney exhibited drawings and descriptions of his more notable settings. And for each of them grandmother had a "bravo" and a kiss.

"How proud I am of you! Such talent! Such accomplishments! You do honor to the name!"

Hallie shrank miserably into the shadows that they might not notice how conspicuously devoid she was of talent and of accomplishments.

"Every one a genius!" grandmother continued proudly.

"No, oh, no!" they chorused. "There's only one genius here and that is Mr. Newman."

Mr. Newman was plainly uncomfortable under the sudden turn of the conversation, so that Hallie came to his rescue with a "sh-sh!"

THROUGH the open window came the hollow strum of a banjo, the sweet cadence of a guitar. The cousins exchanged quick glances, and all rose simultaneously, turning toward the door.

"Granddear must go," Hallie said softly.

"Of course she must! We'll carry her in her chair. Just you sit easy, grandmother; Lee and I will take your chair up and out as easy as anything."

Hallie led the procession, with Terry Newman beside her. She was thankful, as they rounded the house and approached the carriage house, for the softening influence of moonlight. The shingles did not look nearly so curled and black, the sagging planks gave no sign in the semi-light.

LIGHT streamed from the door of Maria's house and formed a diminishing pool of brightness that yellowed the moonlight and glanced on the shining faces grouped about the doorways of a dozen cabins. Higher, more poignant, rose the song, as voice after voice joined in the melody.

"Just here," Hallie whispered, and there they set the old lady's chair down and clustered in a semicircle. Some things do not bear too close contact. Here the illusion was perfect. It was a scene of such homely simplicity that the artistic Sidney and Allene had visions of it transported to canvas. Mozelle's musical ear longed to know the secret of that lush timbre, a certain husky sweetness peculiar to the negro voice.

Hallie moved unobtrusively to her grandmother's side. She found the little lady's hand and patted it. Granddear lifted the girl's hand and pressed it to her face. The cheek was wet! What profound emotion was shaking the dear soul? Tears! Was she seeing the blank and empty cabins, stripped of the false stir and bustle of life, or was it some dream-ghost of a more glorious day? Hallie could not guess, but her heart flamed in a new burst of loyalty. Poor little granddear! So little was left her, she would make that little as expansive and as beautiful as lay within her power.



THE melody died away, and the pink-pink of the banjo with it, only to begin again in a delightful, tinkling tune, quick and bright and into the pool of light shuffled a youth, lank, slouching, loose-jointed. He began to dance on the hard-packed earth, his big shoes plopping rhythmically, while hands clapped in time and voices shouted encouragement. Even the group from the big house found themselves tapping heels and toes, and the black boy bowed, circled, careened, while executing the most ludicrous movements with his feet. They joined, too, in the applause as the dance came to an end and the youth melted into the black blotch of an open doorway.

There was a pause, a feeling of the instruments, as if seeking what lay next in their round throats. Then a voice began, independent of the instruments, which, however, instantly blended and joined.

"Rock-ee my soul in de bosom o' Abraham,

Rock-ee my soul in de bosom o' Abraham,

Rock-ee my soul in de bosom o' Abraham,

Oh, Lawd-a rock-ee my soul."

THEY lingered, loathe to break the enchantment of the scene. But granddear was quivering under her hand. Hallie spoke to Sidney and Lee, and led the way back to the house.

She found Mr. Newman at her side again.

"Miss Burch, that was beyond my feeble words to describe. I could never have imagined it in half its beauty and appeal. It doesn't seem possible, until you've seen and heard with your own eyes and ears, that a group of mere negroes could really touch one's soul. I shall always think of the negro as I have seen him tonight, under a southern sky."

"I am glad if we have been able to give you some new and pleasant thought to carry away with you," Hallie said quietly.

IT was Lucette who spoke to Hallie the next morning—and after Hallie had had such a restful night!

"It's too bad that had to happen last evening."

As Hallie could only stare, speechless, she continued.

"Mr. Newman has such a con-

tempt for anything, or anyone, that is false or deceitful, and of course he is bound to learn that last night's display was all sham. If you had thought a moment you would have remembered that he will be here two weeks, and it is inevitable that he will see the quarters occupied by only Sam, Maria and Lottie, and naturally he will understand, that last night's programme was simply put on as an attempt to convince him that conditions are such as Grandmother described."

"If he is picayunish," Hallie began indignantly.

"He is not that," Lucette declared. "He is as straightforward and honest himself as he requires others to be. I heard him say recently that his 'pet aversion is evasion'—evading the truth, of course. This thing," nodding toward the quarters, "throws grandmother and—all of us—in a very bad light."

HALLIE'S cheeks flamed in a mixture of shame and indignation.

"I can't see that it matters what Mr. Newman thinks. As for the rest of you, I think granddear and I are quite capable of bearing all the blame."

But in her heart Hallie knew that it did matter, it mattered immeasurably what Mr. Newman would think.

"Of course," Lucette persisted, "we might explain to him that it's because grandmother is so old and childish, and not because we are trying to impress him."

"No!" Hallie's indignation flared anew. "Who would dare speak of granddear like that, and make her ridiculous in his eyes! Neither you nor I."

LUCETTE retired in defeat, while Hallie continued shelling peas that were mingled, more or less, with brine. Of course he would see through all their pretense at being people of substance, and of course, she, Hallie, was a fraud, but at that she preferred being a pretender, a fraud, a sham, whatever you will, to being a traitor to her own blood! And to prove that she was laboring under no pricking conscience nor handicap whatever, she was especially gay and talkative all day.

Grandmother did not, after all, demand the coach and four, but

three days before the guests were to depart she had a long talk with Terry Newman. She learned that he would begin shortly on plans to be entered in a competition for the proposed Glendenning Memorial Building to be erected in Atlanta; that he would like a quiet and uninterrupted period for the work; that it would require about three months to complete the plans; that he would, indeed, most graciously accept her invitation to be her guest during the period required!

Hallie gulped indelicately and unbelievably at the news. Three months of pretense would be something of a strain; three months of lavish entertaining would wreck them financially. And yet she swallowed her premonitions of disaster and seconded the invitation. He was to return to New York when the other guests left and be back in two weeks, or about the first of September. Lucette looked at Hallie as if to say, "Remember what I told you," but Hallie only set her lips. Granddear's guest should be as royally entertained as granddear herself could wish! How? Only heaven knew. Even Terry looked across at her with something in his eyes that was puzzling. Perhaps it was a challenge. Very well, she would take up the gauntlet!

THE challenge, if such it were, took more concrete form at five the next morning. Hallie was gathering beans in the weed-grown garden when a cheery "Good morning" was spoken over the sagging fence. She looked up to find Terry Newman smiling upon her. She returned his greeting with coloring cheeks. He opened the creaking gate and joined her.

"I say, I can't imagine why you do things like this when there are so many darkies about to do it for you?"

"Can't you? Then, although

it's supposed to be a shady secret, I'll tell you. I do it to keep my boyish figure."

Her grin was impish. "No indoor calisthenics can equal the stooping and bending that bean-picking requires."

He nodded. "Still, I think it's rather heroic. Most girls are getting their beauty sleep at this hour."

"If there is anything that will make us heroic I suppose it's our vanity."

"That applies to both sexes. Now if you can really vouch for the virtue of this bean-picking act, I shall try it myself. Remember, I'm to enjoy your fine southern hospitality for several months, and unless I take some such measures I'm certain to put on weight."

The "bean-picking act" proved enjoyable, and a much greater quantity was gathered than could possibly be consumed. They repaired to the house in far more leisurely fashion than the waiting preparation of breakfast and the serving of seven dainty trays justified. They carried the basket between them, and his sleeve brushed her bare arm. It had been a beautiful and comradely hour in the freshness of the morning, and both were conscious of its glow.

HALLIE hurried preparations for the late meal, her thoughts in rosy confusion. She liked Terry, and Terry liked her. She felt sure of it. She also felt sure that he had offered her an excellent opportunity for a frank confession of their sham. Perhaps that was the test he was making. If she came clean it might mean—it might mean—Her cheeks warmed at the thought of what it might mean to her. But if she continued a sham and a fraud he would despise her. And she could not be happy if Terry despised her! Her resolve wavered dizzily for a moment. It was so absurd, all this childish make-believe; a make-believe so transparent that actualities showed through. He was sure to find out soon, if he hadn't already, and if she explained now—before it was too late—

For one quivering moment she dallied with temptation, then—a vision of granddear crept in and a wave of shame swept her. To betray granddear by word of

(Continued on page 59)





Photo by F. S. Harris.

The Jordan River at the traditional place of Christ's baptism. It is near here that the children of Israel are supposed to have crossed the Jordan after their many years of wandering in the wilderness.

ANYONE who has a belief in the Bible, or who has any connection with the great religions centering in Palestine, has more than a passing interest in the events that are transpiring in that country.

Ever since the very dawn of history, Palestine has been a land of controversy. It has been a holy land to many peoples, and since these various peoples have not always been unanimous in their beliefs, contention has arisen regarding the occupation of the land.

PALESTINE is so situated that, independent of its being a center from which great truths have emanated, it would have witnessed many important incidents. It is located on the highway between the great nations of the ancient world at one end of what is sometimes called the "fertile crescent." With the desert of Arabia at the south and east and the Mediterranean Sea at the west, Palestine

Critical Days In Palestine

By

DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS

President of Brigham Young University

is in reality a bridge with Egypt on the one side and Mesopotamia and Europe on the other.

Egypt was the granary of the ancient world and the center of one of the oldest civilizations, and as such it was the point of attack of the rulers of the most ancient kingdoms, as well as of such generals as Alexander the Great and Napoleon. With all of these conquests, Palestine has furnished the bridge of entry into Egypt.

the East. Many unhappy days were seen in this land, which had come to be known as the home of Israel, even though most of the Israelites were scattered afar.

Then came Jesus of Nazareth, from whose teachings grew Christianity. Since Christ had his ministry in Palestine and gave his teachings there, it became the holy land of all Christians, who felt that they should have possession of it and should guard its sacred places. This deep-seated feeling was transferred into action during the many crusades, when attempts were made to wrest the Holy Land from the "infidels."

IN ADDITION to being an innocent bystander which has been trampled on by passing armies, Palestine has had some major conflicts of its own. When Abraham first came to the land, all was not smooth sailing; then when the children of Israel came back from Egypt, they had to enter into constant warfare with those who were occupying the land. Finally, under King David, the land became somewhat unified as an Israelitish kingdom, but it was not to retain its unity for any great length of time. Dissensions arose, and Israel was carried captive into

A NUMBER of centuries after the Christian era, Mohammed to the south of Palestine established his cult which also considers that Palestine is a holy land for its people. Mohammedans are believers in Abraham, Jacob, and their successors, and consider themselves to be the true defenders of the places made sacred by those early leaders in Israel.

This means that there are three



Photo by F. S. Harris.

A typical Jew in Jerusalem, which contains many more Arabs than Jews.



Photo by F. S. Harris.
Street scene in Jerusalem just inside the Jaffa gate. There are very few straight streets within the walls.

distinct groups—the adherents of Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, each with its own beliefs but each considering itself to have the responsibility for defending Palestine as a holy land. Out of this conflict arises the present rather delicate and very complex political situation which exists in Palestine.

FOR many centuries while Palestine was under the domination of Turkey, the Mohammedans had undisputed control, although they permitted Jewish and Christian activity there to a limited extent. As a matter of fact, the Mohammedans had frequently to act as referees in bitter disputes between various factions of Christian churches. These dissensions continue even now that the land is in a sense out of Mohammedan control.

Not long ago in Bethlehem I witnessed a very distressing contention between two branches of

the Catholic church at the Church of the Nativity, which covers the spot where Christ is supposed to have been born.

But this type of disagreement is secondary to the great contention which at present is the center of interest for all who are watching events in Palestine. After the capture of Jerusalem by General Allenby during the World War, Lord Balfour issued a proclamation setting Palestine aside as a home for the gathering of the Jews, in line with the Zionist movement which has been important for several decades. This immediately raised the ire of the Arabian people who comprise most of the population of Palestine. They said that the Arabs had occupied Palestine much longer than the Jews and that the land had been theirs for many centuries and they did not propose to give it up.



Photo by F. S. Harris.
Ship of the desert passing through the Jaffa gate, Jerusalem. This gate was very much enlarged a few years ago.



Photo by F. S. Harris.
Field in outskirts of Nazareth. When Jesus was a boy he probably passed this way many times.

UNDER the wise administration of the British protectorate until the summer of 1929, peace has been maintained in spite of the rather tense attitude. Then there was an open breach, and a number of people on both sides were killed.

On the one hand the Jewish people demand that the British government live up to the proclamation of Lord Balfour, and on the other, the Arabs demand their rights in a land they have occupied so many centuries. No one seems to want to take the blame for the recent uprising, which is not wholly settled even at the present time. Each side blames the other for too much aggression. Those who have been the most ardent Zionists

have hoped that Palestine could become an almost exclusively Jewish state and eventually be the home of a large proportion of the Jewish people of the world. Anyone who is familiar with the physical situation there is aware that this can never be achieved and that at most Palestine can become the spiritual center for the people and most of them will have to live some place else. But the Arabs do not want to concede even this much, because they do not want to be dominated politically by the Jews. In the meantime, the vari-

ous Christian groups are looking on in a dazed sort of way, wondering just what will happen.

I BELIEVE that no one at the present time is wise enough to predict just what the result of this conflict will be. All we can say is that in these days the situation in Palestine is critical and that Britain will have to use all her experience in diplomacy to work out the situation without a major controversy arising. Those of us who have a real interest in that land, and in the peoples who are

concerned with maintaining it as a holy land, are anxious to have the problem solved without serious conflict.

After having been pretty thoroughly over Palestine and having watched the events there rather carefully during recent years, I believe that the situation will be adjusted, but certainly no one group will have exclusive control of the land. The other groups are so much wedded to it that they will not completely relinquish their rights without a most sanguinary conflict.

Horsebackin' Over Mt. Nebo

(Continued from page 11)

wind. Before we went to bed I supposed that our tiny valley there on the side of Nebo had been made by a glacier or by melting snow drifts; after that night, I decided it might have been gouged out by the teeth of the wind.

Next morning we had a breakfast of bacon and eggs and a beverage made by some Californian who was seeking a new method of camouflaging his figs. It may be a healthful drink, but on a cold mountainside in the early morning it lacks in aroma and romance. Chris was hungry. He had been chasing horses most of the night barefooted over some bushes to which he applied a scientific name never seen in books of botany. It began with stick-um-i and ended with a word that has nearly lost its meaning and has lost its standing among the boiled shirt descendants of the Pioneers.

AFTER a leisurely breakfast, we mounted and went on up the mountain leaving our pack ani-

mals, with the exception of the mule, to enjoy the day. The mule was fitted out with a pack saddle and rope stirrups for Ralph; I really believe he had the best mount of the cavalcade. The group made an impressive picture as they went single file along the protruding ribs of the world.

Just before making the last short climb to the summit, we paused to enjoy the view while Chris pointed out objects of interest in various directions. We were on a plateau large enough, we decided, to serve as a landing field. In my day I expect to see airplanes, like great white-winged Rocs, bear mountain lovers up to that plateau whence they can make the summit in twelve minutes, and whence they have a splendid view of the triple peaks of Mt. Nebo.

What became of the roosters? After five or six hours on the summits of Nebo enjoying the view and battling the savage wind, despite our robust breakfasts we decided we needed more sustenance.

We returned to camp and there above the luscious valleys where live roosters had never been before, they were sacrificed to the gods of hunger, and those gods, thanks to Chic's excellent cooking, were appeased.

SINBAD had lost a shoe. It was the old story—"For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe—" but why go on? Before we had reached the sheep camp on our return, he was lame; by the time we reached the hog back where we stopped to enjoy a glimpse of a herd of elk, he was sorrowful and down-hearted. Chic, seeing Sinbad's condition, suggested that we exchange horses.

We reached the Ranger Station by 5 o'clock and were soon back in the cars again. Chris, true to his type, declared that his mule could handle me up Nebo and another mountain like it.

The experiment is yet to be worked out.

Words of President Lorenzo Snow

(Continued from page 9)

Brigham City, the people generally thought it was nonsense, perfectly useless, to plant peach trees, apple trees, currant bushes and the like, because we were going to Jackson County so speedily; and it was with the utmost effort that we were enabled to disabuse them of

this idea. We are not going to-morrow, nor next day, this week or next week; but we are going, and there are many—hundreds and hundreds within the sound of my voice that will live to go back to Jackson County and build a holy temple to the Lord our God. Be

prepared for these things that have been taught us during this conference, and make ourselves worthy, and we will receive everything that I have read to you in this section." — General Conference, April 10, 1898.



L. D. S. CHAPEL, INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI

From the Green Mountains to the Rockies

By

JOHN D. GILES

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

OF all the cities in America, the one I had looked forward to visiting with the keenest anticipation was Independence, Jackson County, Missouri. From my earliest childhood I had longed for the time when I might stand on the Temple Lot, of which I had heard and read so much. When the time finally came, and I actually stood on the little plot of ground selected by revelation and dedicated by the Prophet of the Lord, the thrill and sense of satisfaction were all that I had expected. And on subsequent visits—some twelve to fifteen in all—I have felt the same thrill and satisfying influence.

Independence is rich in historic significance to every Latter-day Saint. One of the oldest cities in the vicinity, dating back to the early twenties, and one of the early outposts of Western civilization, this favored commonwealth has witnessed the growth of a nation from a few states principally along the Atlantic seaboard and east of the Mississippi to a gigantic empire completely filling the space between two oceans. It was from Independence and the country surrounding that some of the earliest covered wagon trains started for the west and for many years this was

one of the principal outfitting stations for the Western emigrants.

RECENTLY the city celebrated its Centennial anniversary as an organized community and this year (1930) joined in commemorating the Covered Wagon Centennial by sending Boy Scouts to the celebration at Independence Rock in Wyoming on the old Pioneer trail. From these facts it is evident that the city around which the Latter-day Zion is to be built has a civic as well as a religious historic background.

The center of attraction in Independence is, of course, the Temple Lot. Many years ago, it had a fence around it, but later the fence was removed, giving the impression of a small city park, except for the little church near the east side, and the old baptismal font near the center. The baptismal font is said to have been located near the spot where the lot was

dedicated by the Prophet Joseph Smith, August 3, 1831, nearly a hundred years ago. It has not been used for many years.

ORIGINALLY a beautiful tract of 63 acres, the lot has been divided and sub-divided until what is left of the parcel still called the Temple Lot contains only about two and three-fourths acres. This is not much more actual ground than is covered by the Temple at Salt Lake and the Annex adjoining and somewhat less than the ground enclosed by the iron fence surrounding the Salt Lake Temple.

Of the balance of the original Temple Lot a plot containing 26 acres was purchased by our Church several years ago and the "Reorganized" group owns a substantial part. The large auditorium recently built by that body occupies a portion of the original plot.

What is left of the original piece of ground dedicated in 1831 as the place where the Great Temple is to be built is still the center of interest. Years ago many beautiful trees were planted, which, without much care of recent years, have grown into an almost wild state, giving the impression of a small virgin forest.

THE Temple Lot is the highest ground in Jackson County. From it, in all directions, the ground slopes to lower levels. It is not on a hill, exactly, but by reason of its location on high ground it gives the impression of being on a hill as one approaches it from almost any direction, especially from the Kansas City side where the ground is considerably lower.

The surrounding country is typical of the Missouri and Mississippi valleys—rolling mounds and hills with tiny valleys between. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a hundred acres of level land in one piece anywhere in that section.

The Temple Lot is owned by the sect known as the "Hedrickites" but officially styling themselves the Church of Christ. The nickname, "Hedrickites," comes from the fact that Granville Hedrick was one of the organizers of the group.

THEIR organization dates back to 1856 when some of the "remnants" of the church which had not joined in the move to the west with Brigham Young, but had left the Church and remained behind, were gathered together and organized into a church. Proceeding to Independence to establish themselves, they found that the Temple Lot had been cut into several parcels and that the last piece, on which the dedication had taken place, was being still further subdivided and sold as city lots. Leaders of the group, fearing defeat for their purpose if the nature of their mission should be discovered, conceived a plan to buy the lots, presumably for the building of homes, and later transfer them to the church. This plan was followed successfully. When all the lots in the remaining two and three-fourths acres had been purchased they were deeded to Granville Hedrick as trustee. In this manner title was secured and in spite of litigation and hardship the little group has been able to maintain a clear and legal title to this day.

A few years ago the group numbered but a few hundred souls. In about 1926, I was told it had approximately two hundred members. Later, principally through accessions from other factions, it was said to have increased to more than a thousand. Recently there



LEXINGTON STREET—INDEPENDENCE

has been a split in the ranks and the present membership is unknown.

A year ago an attempt was made by the present owners of the Temple Lot and those who have since either been excommunicated or have withdrawn voluntarily to follow a new leader, to begin building a Temple. An excavation 90 by 180 feet was practically completed when one of a series of purported "revelations" threw the church into confusion and dissension. Now two groups, both calling themselves the Church of Christ, are attempting to formulate plans for building the Temple. (To those who may have been disturbed by reports of Temple building in Jackson County it is suggested that reference be made to the article, entitled "The New Jerusalem and its Temple" by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith in the *Improvement Era* for May, 1930. This article completely answers all questions as to the future of Independence and the building of the Temple.)

ACROSS the street north from the Temple Lot is the stone Church of the Reorganized group, for many years the headquarters or principal church of that faction. Across the street south is their recently constructed Auditorium. The Auditorium is a beautiful

building of enormous size. Built very much in the general style of the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City with its dome roof, it contains two auditoriums, on different floors, all the church offices and in addition many other features of convenience and utility.

The fact that some newspaper articles have erroneously referred to the Auditorium as the "Mormon Temple" in Independence has caused some confusion. The builders of the Auditorium have been very careful to make it clear that it is not the Temple, that it is an auditorium as its name implies and that it is an edifice devoted to "the spoken word." It in no sense resembles a temple but, as stated in the foregoing, is very much after the order of the Salt Lake Tabernacle and is being used for somewhat similar purposes.

A SHORT distance to the east of the church on the Temple Lot is the small church built three or four years ago by a group calling itself the Church of Jesus Christ. This group withdrew from the "Reorganization" after dissension had caused much confusion. With the formation of the second Church of Christ a few months ago there are now four major factions all concentrated around the Temple Lot, in addition to one or two minor groups trying to maintain a following.

Practically all the land around the Temple Lot in all directions is owned by people who profess belief in the mission of Joseph Smith. Our own Church has substantial holdings in Independence, headquarters of the Central States Mission. On Pleasant Street, not far from the Temple Lot, in one of the choicest sections of the city, is the Independence Branch chapel, a beautiful and commodious building which also houses the mission offices, the mission home, for many



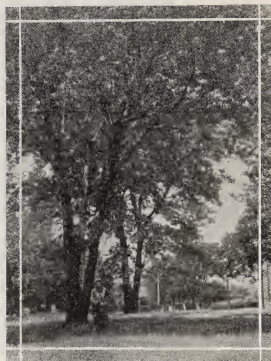
PART OF ORIGINAL TEMPLE LOT—INDEPENDENCE

years past and at present the home of President Samuel O. Bennion, and Zion's Printing and Publishing House, a thoroughly equipped and efficient plant, supplying millions of tracts and other publications annually to our missions, as well as conducting a commercial printing business. The Liahona, the Elders' Journal, is published here and sent to all parts of the world. The Independence Branch of our Church is wide awake and flourishing. Its members give us representation in Independence of which we may justly feel proud.

THE main street of Independence, running east and west, is Lexington street. It is lined, outside the business district, with comfortable homes, well kept and attractive. Soon after entering Lexington Street, arriving from Kansas City, the Temple Lot is seen at the right (south). In fact this street cuts off a part of the lot, making its borders irregular. One has no difficulty in locating the Temple Lot by reason of the presence of the little white frame church of the "Hedrickites" or Church of Christ and in the past year by the large excavation in the center of the plot.

Independence is progressive. In the business section are to be found modern stores of every description. As the county seat and the close neighbor of Kansas City which now has a population of approximately 350,000, Independence is a flourishing and prosperous place. It is not growing rapidly but maintains itself with growth equal to the average Missouri city of similar size.

A stroll through the residence districts, both north and south of



TEMPLE LOT—INDEPENDENCE

Lexington street, is necessary in order fully to appreciate the beauty of its setting. In many ways Independence is a veritable Paradise. Not far from the Missouri river, it crowns the elevation upon which it has been built, and from miles around it appears as a beautiful forest. The only country I have seen that compares with it in beauty of setting and surroundings is that around the Sacred Grove and the Hill Cumorah in Western New York State.

The old wagon factory and blacksmith shop which outfitted many of the early covered wagon trains to the west is still standing, nearly a hundred years old. In the days when it flourished first Kansas City, a small village on the banks of the Missouri was called Westport. Between the two towns from 1830 when the first covered wagon train left St. Louis for the

West, via Independence and Westport, to the late fifties and even the early sixties, keen rivalry existed between the two cities, with Westport, its name changed to Kansas City, finally outstripping its early rival and continuing its growth until today there is no comparison.

WITH Kansas City in the 350,000 class, In-

dependence has a population of around 12,000. That this is all in keeping with the spirit of the revelations regarding Independence is evident. As it stands today it has every indication of being the ideal nucleus of a magnificent city, which every Latter-day Saint hopes and believes the Zion of latter days shall be. When the time comes for the redemption of Zion and the building of Jackson County there will be a foundation worthy of the city which is to be built there.

Nothing that has happened has disturbed my feelings in the least regarding Independence, the establishing of Zion or the building of the Temple. On the contrary all that has happened, especially in the past few years, has strengthened my faith in the revelations and prophecies regarding Independence and I confidently look forward to the time when this Church, under divine guidance, shall proceed to establish Zion and build the Temple of the last days.

IN conclusion, the suggestion is again offered that the article by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, in the *Improvement Era* for May, 1930, be read and reread in connection with what is here written.

(Travelers Note: Independence is 10 miles East of Kansas City. It is reached by interurban car marked "Independence" leaving from near the center of the city, or by paved highway No. 20 leading from the east side of the city.)

THE highest study of all is that which teaches us to develop those principles of purity and perfect virtue which Heaven bestowed upon us at our birth, in order that we may acquire the power of influencing for good those amongst whom we are placed, by our precepts and example; a study without an end—for our labors cease only when we have become perfect—an unattainable goal, but one that we must not the less set before us from the very first. It is true that we shall not be able to reach it, but in our struggle toward it we shall strengthen our characters and give stability to our ideas, so that, whilst ever advancing calmly in the same direction, we shall be rendered capable of applying the faculties with which we have been gifted to the best possible account.

—Confucius.



BAPTISMAL FONT, TEMPLE LOT—INDEPENDENCE

Expatriation

By

HUGH J. CANNON

Chapter Four

Illustrated by

Paul C. Clowes



THE tropical sun had scarcely arisen from its bed in the sea when Nell and her friend started for the cemetery where John Terry and his wife reposed. There was a burial place much nearer the town than this one, but it lacked the beauty and picturesqueness of the spot which, as Hawley remembered the story from his parents, had appealed to Mr. Terry and where he, anticipating an early death, had chosen his final resting place. Though the unceasing roar of the surf and the musical whispering of palm branches would fall on cold ears, he was sure his sleep would be sweeter if these familiar and loved sounds floated over his tomb.

THE visitors drove through one of the greatest coconut plantations in the world, comprising several thousand acres. There were literally millions and



"There's something I want to say to you." Dick's face had taken on a serious air which Nell had never seen there before.

millions of nuts on the ground, and these were being gathered and broken by the natives. Raising and shipping copra is one of the chief industries of the Navigator Islands.

A small corner of this tract had been set apart as a cemetery. It overlooked the ocean and it seemed to Nell the most peaceful nook she had ever seen. It was not easy to repress a feeling of envy for the silent sleepers. Without difficulty the graves were located. The officer walked away and left the girl alone with her thoughts and her dead. The inscription on Mr.

Terry's headstone gave the usual information concerning date and place of birth and of death; that over his wife's grave, besides giving the usual data, informed the reader that she was Nelly Alder, who forfeited her life in a successful effort to save that of her beautiful little daughter.

AFTER a long interval, this daughter found her companion sitting on the spot where he had held her as a tiny child when she was crying from excitement and the discomfort of an

oppressive day. Now she came to him similarly oppressed. He found a cocoanut as he had done on the former occasion, expertly stripped off the tough outer husk, and with a few deft blows from a rock broke off the head of it, leaving a perfect cup filled with cool and refreshing liquid. She took it gladly.

"Be careful," he cautioned, "the shell is still moist from the juice of the husk, and a drop of that stuff on your white dress will leave a stain that will never come off."

"Didn't you say something like that when we sat here before?" she queried.

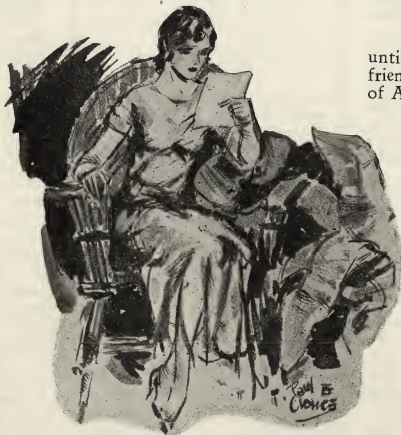
"I have tried to make this as near like the former occasion as I dared."

AFTER some little searching, Dick succeeded in finding a suitable cottage which the American girl was able to rent for an indefinite period. It was sufficiently near the sea to gratify a life-long desire on her part to be awakened in the morning by the music of the waves breaking over the reef and ending on the sandy beach. Sometimes this resembled a celestial symphony more than anything she had ever heard, or she could hear in it the majestic tones of a great pipe organ; while at other times it was like the thundering roar and crash of a combination of all known instruments.

In the garden were many flowers, also a fine patch of taro which on the islands usually takes the place of potatoes. There were also cocoanut, banana and breadfruit trees, much more than to supply her modest needs. An elderly native woman was engaged to assist her in the care of fruit, vegetables and flowers, and indeed, to do anything else that was required of her. The natives usually dislike acting as servants to the whites, but in this instance for some reason all of her neighbors were eager to render assistance. Though she entered upon her housekeeping duties with enthusiasm, the languorous sunshine was so enervating and brought with it such a spirit of indolence that she was willing to

leave much of the work to others.

After a stay of two weeks in and about Apia, Commodore and Mrs. King continued their journey. Earlier even than this, Hawley had unexpectedly and much to his chagrin, received instructions to proceed to other islands on a cruise which promised to consume several months. The pain in Nell's heart at parting with these friends was akin to that endured when she left her own land and dear ones. Then, she had the novelty of the approaching trip to sustain her; now, nothing was in prospect—only a drab and interminable existence, forever expatriated, owning no race and no home. She imagined that the whites if they knew the truth, would not accept her as one of them, and her whole soul rebelled at thought of considering herself as belonging to her mother's detested people. She had not yet learned always to differentiate between the Samoans and the Fijians.



"She reflected on the young fellow's kindness and his too evident interest in her."

THE girl was anxious to honor her father's memory, but was forced to acknowledge a certain weakness of character in him of which she could not be proud. He had run away from home merely because a woman designed to inveigle him in marriage; he had succumbed to temptation and married another woman though

his own soul assuredly revolted at the match, and had intentionally deceived his dearest friend in regard to the matter. This last act was the least excusable of all his delinquencies, deceit being the one weakness which she could not condone.

Her mother, the girl concluded, was a more forceful character. That she had succeeded in winning John Terry in spite of the natural repugnance he must have felt to such a union was certain evidence of a will power not easily discouraged. And in that quality the daughter was determined to follow the mother's example. There were hours when, overcome by homesickness and discouragement, she could not be cheerful; but there was no day that she did not follow the old lady's advice, and had adopted this as a regular morning slogan, "Smile, for it is God's way of letting sunshine and peace into the troubled soul." Sometimes, however, there was a smile on her lips though her eyes were dim with tears.

VERY little time passed until Nell numbered among her friends the entire white population of Apia and the adjoining villages of Peasega and Vailima, as well as a host of natives. Though she could remember no word of the language upon her arrival, it came to her with singular ease. She had confided no part of her history to anyone except Dick, and, without anything to that effect having been said, the idea prevailed that she was studying native habits with the intention of writing a book. They were all acquainted with Robert Louis Stevenson, and this conclusion was a natural one. She was surprised when asked the direct question by an inquisitive friend whether or not this was her purpose, but the query opened

a new line of work of which heretofore there had been no thought.

Her popularity, apparently already established, took on new growth because of this gossip, and she frequently participated in feasts given in her honor, and was always invited when some important visitor was entertained. She learned to sit cross-legged on mats on the ground while eating and listening

to endless speeches. She became acquainted with the appealing music and watched the rhythmical dances in which graceful hands and arms and swaying bodies play a greater part than the feet; she witnessed the elaborate courtliness attending the dignified drinking of *kava*, by which chiefs of surrounding villages welcome noted visitors. Ex-king Malietoa and his queen, who reigned in Samoa before it was taken over by the Germans, lived in a modest cottage not far from hers and had become dear friends.

HER first meeting with these people was at a feast given for Commodore King and his wife. In keeping with his kingly dignity, Malietoa was well dressed for the occasion, having on a shirt and coat in addition to the *lava lava*, but of course the royal feet and legs were bare. As a special guest, Nell was given a place between the king and queen and was amused at the thought of royalty, sitting on the ground bare-legged and cross-legged. Before her was a roast chicken which looked appetizing, but she was at a loss how to carve it. The king solved the difficulty by taking it in his hands and tearing it in half, giving one part to her and retaining the other for himself. The young lady's first thought was that he should have shown his queen more attention, but as she looked at that robust person she was forced to admit that the queen was quite able to take care of herself.

Before the meal was finished, however, Nell came to the conclusion that strangers manifest an inexcusable narrowness of character if they judge these people by American standards. This conclusion was abundantly confirmed in subsequent experiences; and she learned that for genuine dignity, courtesy, generous hospitality and many other desirable characteristics the white race, boasting of a much higher civilization, might profitably come to the natives of the Pacific isles for models.

ON THIS occasion she ventured to ask if anyone remembered John Terry and his wife. All the older people did and were eager to relate, in their limited English, stories of the couple and to describe their tragic end.

"Did you know them?" Malietoa asked, and then added courteously, "But that could not be; you are much too young."

"I often heard my parents speak of them. They knew Mr. Terry

Alone

By Rosannah Cannon

*T*o know that nothing I shall
ever do
Must make you feel how great my
need for you;
To know that I could call and
bring you here,
Yet may not call. Ah, this is hard,
my dear!

*I am a house divided; in me strive
Two alien forces. One would try
to drive
Me down against the reefs of shame
and doubt.
The other to the lonely sea—far
out.*

*If I should steer my boat against
that wall,
There might be tears and pain; but
most of all
You'd share with me this unfamiliar
land.
My load would lift if we went
hand in hand.*

*But I must try to gain the open sea,
Where none shall wait to feel triumph
with me.
My eyes may dim, my burden turn
to stone;
Life grows so hard for one who
walks alone.*

*Yet still I struggle, fate must do the
rest.
For me I know the bitter road is
best.
Dear, if I fail; if all my brave hopes
die.
It will not be because I did not try.*

well before he came to the Islands, but of course never met his wife. She was born in these parts, I understand."

"Yes, in Fiji," answered one of the old white residents. "I wonder what became of their little daughter. Our curiosity was stirred a short time ago by a visit from a chap named Gray who was asking about the family and particularly about Mrs. Terry's parents."

MISTAKING his listener's perturbation for interest, the man continued: "I guess it had something to do with property, for Mrs. Terry's father was pretty

well off and this child was probably the only heir. And now I think of it, Miss Redfield, you have the same name as the gentleman who came with his wife and took the little girl away. Are you related?"

Nell felt justified in deceiving the inquirer, inasmuch as it could be done without falsehood. "No, we are not related; at least if we are it is so far back that relationship has not been traced, but my father took a great interest in the case."

"Did you know Miss Terry?" She must be about your own age."

"At one time we lived in the same town and I knew her rather well, but afterward she moved away. I believe she was engaged to be married."

NELL was physically as well as mentally uncomfortable. She had sat cross-legged so long that the ache in her feet and limbs was unbearable, but it would certainly be discourteous to arise before the others. After some mental debate as to which would be the most graceful—or rather, the least disgraceful—position, to kneel or to sit flat on the ground, she decided on the latter course. Malietoa, guessing the cause of her discomfort, said: "Miss Redfield, we excuse visitors if, when their feet get too tired, they stick them out in front and cover them with a mat."

During the ensuing and comforting change of base, the girl's former interlocutor was disposing of a generous supply of chicken, pork, beef, fish, and almost every imaginable kind of fruit and vegetable, and washing it down with liquid contents of fresh coconuts.

"You say she was engaged, but I'll bet there'll be no marriage," he resumed. "Guess I was wrong in thinking this man Gray's visit was made because of property. Now another idea has come into my head. Would you like to hear what I think?"

"Certainly, if it will relieve you to tell it." The girl's tone was almost waspish and the man, though not highly sensitive, looked at her doubtfully. "Pardon my rude answer," she hastened to say. "I shall be very glad to listen."

"Well, we all remembered afterwards that this chap didn't talk much except to ask questions, but he surely asked plenty of them."

The man looked at Nell quizzically. "Did you every hear anything about Mrs. Terry?"

"I have heard since being here that she was beautiful and accomplished."

"And I can tell you she was, but there's another thing I can say which was not said during John Terry's life out of respect to him—aye, and respect to his wife also; but Mrs. Terry's mother was quarter Fijian which would make Mrs. Terry an eight and her daughter a sixteenth. This man Gray got affidavits on this point from me and some others and took them back to the states, and you may be sure Miss Terry will not have a chance to marry a white man of any consequence."

"If she is a girl of any character she wouldn't want to."

"Oh, I don't know about that; her mother wanted to badly enough and did, and she was the strongest character I ever knew in a woman."

"But what kind of character did the man have who would enter into such a marriage?" The girl put the question hesitantly. She wanted no public criticism of her father, but those immediately around her were busy with their eating and were talking in their own language. Besides, she knew they understood but little English.

"Well, John Terry's character was positive enough. I knew him and Miss Alder, who afterwards became his wife, in Fiji, where everybody gossiped about her determination to win him. But about this time he had a long spell of sickness which I guess broke down his will power as it certainly did his body. Besides, you must remember that mixed marriages are not looked upon here as they are in the United States, and after a man has been on the Islands a number of years a real strong temptation to marry a native, particularly if she's beautiful, will usually get him. It's the loneliness of the thing. He can stand it for a time but not for always."

THE subject was a painful one to the girl, and she was glad the feast came to an end at this juncture. The man looked at her so intently and seemed so determined to tell all he knew about her father and mother, that she was very uncomfortable.

"Miss Redfield," her tormentor proceeded, happily unconscious of her inward feelings, "when you hold your mouth that way, you remind me of Mrs. Terry."

"Do I look like a Fijian?" the girl asked, her tone indicating both fright and anger.

The man hastened to correct his blunder. "Of course you don't. Neither did Mrs. Terry. She was the most beautiful woman I have ever known, and I only intended to pay you a compliment."

IN the ensuing six months Nell became thoroughly acclimated to island life. In that time she had seen no one to whom she could talk confidentially, for Dick Hawley had not touched at Apia since her arrival. Now there was a prospect of his coming, a brief and friendly note having been received, stating that on his return journey to Pago Pago it might be possible to stop over for a day or two.

SITTING on the porch of her trim little cottage with Hawley's letter in her lap, she reflected on the young fellow's kindness and his too evident interest in her. This was not the first time he had written, and experience told her that if he came again it might not be easy, nor even possible, to divert him from making serious love. He was a rough and ready, companionable chap, with a sufficient amount of acquired culture; she liked him heartily and except for this fear would be delighted to see him. Of course there was no place in her heart for any such feeling as he hoped to inspire, and a convulsive pain seized her as she thought of how completely her love was already given. Even if Nate had not existed she would not marry; this was an unalterable determination. She lived in the hope that after awhile enough joy could be extracted from hard work and the fame which must follow to bring at least a partial surcease from the constant agony.

Thinking of pain brought her thoughts back to Hawley. He would come soon and, once he had made up his mind to speak, was not the kind that could easily be restrained.

The secret of her birth she was determined should never be communicated to any who did not

already know it, and that number was now limited to the Everetts, Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Redfield and herself. But it hurt her even to think of causing distress and especially to one like her old friend Dick. The father's abhorrence of trifling with affections apparently had been bequeathed to the daughter, and to permit this man to cultivate feelings which must inevitably result in sorrow was almost equally reprehensible. And yet he could not be told of Nate or of her determination to remain single without her detestable secret being revealed.

ONE afternoon Nell accepted an invitation to visit a native woman at whose home she often called. No longer was the house, merely an illiptical thatched roof supported by uprights, a novelty to her. Neither was it distressing to sit for a reasonable length of time, native fashion, on a mat spread over the loose smooth pebbles composing the floor.

The girl's own home, like those belonging to most of the whites and occasionally to an islander, was a frame cottage not unlike modest homes in other lands. The typical native house, while usually open, is provided with mats which can be rolled up or down, curtain-like, thus shutting out a driving rain or the too inquisitive glances of a chance passer while the ladies of the household are making their toilettes. Nell had noticed with a degree of shame that such offensive curiosity was almost invariably exhibited by visiting whites, seldom or never by natives. Naturally in this equable climate, the Samoan group or Navigator Islands being almost on the equator, no provision is or need be made to keep out the cold.

A SHOCK of black hair, a boyish, good-natured face and a dusky figure clad in the usual scant costume appeared. The little fellow bore news of the arrival of an American ship and said he had accompanied a white naval officer from the waterfront to Miss Redfield's home, and that the man was now waiting for her on the porch.

Nell returned to her cottage deeply thoughtful. Of course the visitor must be Hawley and there was a strange conflict in her breast between pleasure and fear. She

had practically reached the conclusion that the wiser plan—the one most likely to avoid unhappy complications—would be to swallow pride and frankly tell the young fellow her story. She realized that he, knowing her parents, might not be surprised.

Eagerly Hawley ran forward as the girl came into view. Every line of his bronzed face showed pleasure—and something more. And Nell, too, was happy in the meeting, for in spite of the determination to permit no recurrence of their childish relations he was nearer to her than anyone she had seen since her expatriation.

AFTER months of loneliness during which every natural desire to converse about personal matters had been suppressed, it was a pleasure to be able to talk with some degree of freedom of herself and her problems. The person in a strange land who will listen sympathetically and with interest to a wanderer's talk of home and loved ones has laid a foundation upon which a most desirable future can be built. This age-old truth dawned upon Nell as Hawley listened attentively to her talk.

In return he described, at her request, his latest trip. The assignment had been made him because of his intimate knowledge of native life and, indeed, to that fact his presence in this part of the world was due. The account he now gave of his visit to the Solomon Islands, was most fascinating to the girl. There had been an uprising among the natives, and he had arrived barely in time to rescue Missionary Parker, who was scheduled to furnish the chief item on the menu of a feast which was being prepared to celebrate the native victory over the whites.

"Do you mean to say they would have eaten him?" the girl asked horror-stricken.

"That was certainly their intention, and they were as disappointed as an American crowd would be if someone had stolen their Thanksgiving turkey. This missionary seems to bear a charmed life," he continued. "It was the third time he has been killed for this same part in their feasts. Twice before, on the Ellice Islands, he was condemned to be eaten, but the chief cook declared he was too thin to make a good meal."

NELL laughingly avowed that before going to those groups she would diet to the point of emaciation. But almost instantly she was sobered by the thought that her great grandparents, or perhaps even her grandparents, had indulged in such odious feasts.

In Suva, Fiji, some of the marines from Hawley's boat had become involved in a quarrel with the natives and adjustment of this trouble delayed his return considerably.

"Are the Fijians quarrelsome?" the girl asked.

"No; usually they are a good-natured lot, but like most human beings, they'll respond if a fight is forced upon them, and you know that an American sailor on shore-leave, especially if he's had two or three drinks, thinks he owns the earth."

WHEN the proprieties seemed to demand departure, he said, "It will be a glorious moonlight night. Won't you let me come over in the cutter and take you for a spin? There's something I want to say to you." Dick's face had taken on a serious air which Nell had never seen there before.

"That sounds like an invitation for a sleighride back in the States," she laughed.

"So it does. But our motor boat is quite unlike the cutter you have in mind, and there sure is something incongruous in the thought of sleighriding in these tropics, even if it is December." And Dick mopped his perspiring brow. "May I come?"

"I shall be glad of the ride; and I've something to say to you. A woman is said to demand the last word, but in this instance I choose to have the first."

"Won't you say it now?"

"No, it's a long story and can best be told on the water—and in the darkness." The last words were said to herself.

ONE designing to make love might vainly have searched this terrestrial globe for a better setting than that furnished by the Apia harbor in the brilliant tropical moonlight, with the verdant hills in the background. Hills and heavens were reflected and their beauty needlessly exaggerated in the placid water which had just

enough swell to break in rhythmic music upon the coral reef, furnishing a fitting accompaniment for the amatory pleading of a nearby Samoan Romeo who was endeavoring to win some dusky Juliet with a charming song. The crumbling skeleton of the *Adler* alone reminded the onlooker that tragedy still exists in this beautiful world.

Hawley assisted his companion into the boat and started the motor. They shot out through the opening in the submerged reef, passed the anchored gunboat, the girl's American heart beating faster as she saw the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze. Then ensued a period of dreamy reminiscence, exquisitely sweet.

THIS young woman had been loved and petted all her life, and her hungry heart called out imperiously for affection. Could Dick but have understood and not misinterpreted her motives she would have put her arms around his neck and given him what in her opinion was a sisterly kiss. And yet in a vague and contradictory way she realized that brotherly affection was not exactly what she craved. She was beginning to like this young fellow immensely. The romance of the scene was getting into her blood, and it would be so delightful to listen amid these surroundings to tales of love.

"I'm in love with love," she said to herself, "and that's the only lover I can ever have."

There was necessity of diverting her thoughts. "Tell me the story of the great storm and of these wrecks," she commanded.

"But you were to have the first word."

"I claim a woman's right to change her mind. Perhaps I shall not tell tonight the story that was in my mind this afternoon."

HAWLEY opened his mouth to say something. His companion hastened to ask:

"You will tell me about the storm?"

"It has always been a fascinating story to me," proceeded the officer, though somewhat reluctantly. "In addition to the personal

interest I feel, due to having passed through it, no naval disaster, outside of those occurring in battle, equals it as far as I know. Acts of individual heroism were numerous and collectively the sailors, representing three different nations, behaved in a manner which brought glory to our profession.

"You of course have cause to remember the date on which the storm commenced. My father was running a schooner between these Islands and those of the Friendly and Society groups, buying copra and trading with the natives. On many of these expeditions I accompanied him, but often, unless it was possible for her to go also, my mother kept me at home, much against my will, to attend the school she was holding for children, native and white, who cared to come. Dear old mother! She worked herself nearly to death on this island."

"I see every day the fruits of her labors," interposed the girl. "You have reason to be proud of her record. But go on with your story."

"AT the time of which we are speaking there had been frequent disturbances among the Samoans themselves, and these had been fomented, intentionally or otherwise, by the Germans who gave somewhat serious offense to our own country and also to England by their activities. As a result of these feelings, Rear Admiral Kimberly was ordered here by our government with the *Trenton*, his flagship, the *Vandalia* and the *Nipsic*. The Germans had the *Adler*, the *Eber* and the *Olga*; the British had the *Calliope*. These seven warships were anchored about where we are now. My father had a contract to furnish the vessels with fruit, and I was frequently aboard all of them and made many friends among officers and men who were amused at my ability to talk with the natives in their own language.

"Like many tropical storms this one came on with practically no warning. The vessels had but little steam up and the hurricane was upon them before they could move out to sea. Extra anchors were dropped and for a time these held the ships in place, but when the full fury of the storm broke, in spite of anchors and skillful ma-

neuvers by their officers, for every moment their steam pressure was increased, the *Eber* and the *Adler* were driven on the sharp coral reef with such violence that they were completely wrecked. I well recall that after the storm subsided the beach was covered with their broken timbers and furnishings. But the loss of the ships themselves was comparatively insignificant. One hundred brave fellows from these two vessels were drowned or beaten to death on the rocks.

"THROUGH the fiercest night they had ever known, officers and men of the remaining five ships worked like despairing demons to get their vessels away from the threatening reef and into the open ocean. No longer was there lack of steam, but steam was pitted against a mightier power. With propellers racing at full speed, with bows pointed seaward, all anchors down, they could not withstand the gale, but in spite of every possible maneuver were slowly driven toward the rocks and destruction. Occasionally there would be a slight relaxation of the elements when the vessels succeeded, by fighting desperately, in regaining a few rods of water which had been lost; but each passing hour found them inches and often yards nearer the pitiless reef

over which the breakers were roaring and grinding.

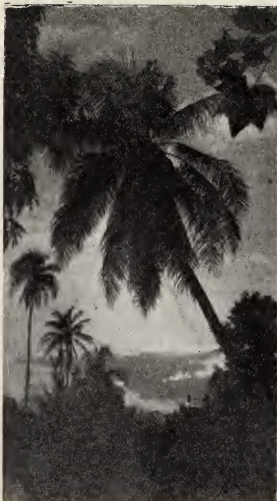
"While this was occurring at sea, the havoc on shore was scarcely less disastrous. Many houses were demolished and nearly all were seriously damaged. Can you imagine those stately cocoanut trees bending to the ground? I remember that for a few moments my fear was submerged because of delight in being able to pick cocoanuts without having to climb the trees. Knowing the natives, you can perhaps imagine their terror; it cannot be described.

"SATURDAY morning came but brought with it no abatement of the storm. The captain of the *Nipsic*, convinced that he could not successfully withstand the gale and hoping the hundreds of natives lining the beach might be able to save at least some of his men, deliberately drew up anchors, succeeded in turning the boat toward shore and with full steam ahead drove her as high on the rocks as possible. It was a courageous act, for the loss of his vessel means almost everything to a naval officer, but human lives were in the balance, and the captain chose the more heroic course. But you are trembling, Miss Nell, we'd better change the subject."

"Here on the very place where all this occurred, it seems so real. And you know that storm changed the course of my life. But I want you to go on."

"All the heroes were not on shipboard. At the risk of their own lives, native volunteers dashed with a life-line into the breakers, only to be beaten into unconsciousness by waves seemingly possessed of demoniacal fury. To reach the stricken ship was declared by many experienced ones a feat impossible of accomplishment, but as fast as one man was dragged back, another took his place, and at last one of them succeeded in reaching the vessel, and most of the crew were saved.

"ABOUT this time or a little prior thereto, the British *Calliope*, the largest and most powerful of the seven vessels, found that with all anchors down and propellers going at the limit of their speed she was holding her own against the hurricane. With waning hopes revived, her stokers redoubled their seemingly super-



human efforts. Gradually it became apparent that she was gaining though only by a hair's breadth; almost imperceptibly her anchor chains slackened; the great 'mud hooks' were hoisted and inch by inch the *Calliope* fought her way to sea and comparative safety. With every officer and man and every engine working at highest tension she crept slowly by the American ships, and as she did so our boys, the pluckiest lads in all the world because trained under dear Old Glory, though everything pointed to a violent end for themselves, paused in their fight with death long enough to cheer sailors of another nation who, through good fortune supplemented by courage and skill, were escaping the fate which was reaching out for them; and as their applause arose above the thundering of the storm, the band, which had been summoned to a protected corner of the deck, amid that chaos of roaring wind and threatening breakers played, 'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves.' Needless to say the Britons responded right lustily to the cheers of our boys. What voice could have failed to give the doomed men an encouraging word?

"INSTEAD of abating, the storm increased in intensity though one would have thought that already all the winds of heaven were concentrated at this particular point. Can you imagine a hurricane so fierce that powerful warships with full steam on and three anchors down cannot face it? It is not easy on these peaceful waters to form a picture of it. These vessels were as invincible as human skill could make them; they were manned by officers and crews trained for just such emergencies; but when actually matched against the power of omnipotence they were as impotent as childish toys.

"The *Vandalia* was the next to meet defeat. In spite of anchors and steam, after a sixteen hour fight she crashed stern first on the reef. With amazing power the monstrous waves would pick her up and drop her again on the rocks until she was completely crushed. As the water washed over her decks hundreds of men were seen clinging to the rigging. Wearing by hours of ceaseless effort, many lost their holds and

were swept overboard; others voluntarily jumped, in the hope that they could swim ashore, but most of these were carried out to sea, though a few escaped with minor injuries. Others were thrown up on the sand but were so beaten that life was extinct before help could be rendered. The onlookers running excitedly to and fro on the beach were as powerless as the stricken vessels."

"And I was in that storm!" The girl shuddered. The terror in her eyes made the officer want to take her in his arms for comfort. "Please go on with your story."

"THE captain of the *Olga* next realized the futility of fighting longer. Hoping to avoid serious loss of life he followed the example of the *Nipsic* and voluntarily ran his ship on the reef. As in the other case this course resulted in saving all his men.

"Rear Admiral Kimberly's flagship *Trenton* alone remained. With the darkness of Saturday evening, nearly thirty hours after the commencement of the hurricane, she was still fighting doggedly for her life. When new orders had to be given, the officers were obliged to out-roar the thunder. At times the vessel made headway, drew up her anchors and was on the verge of making the open sea, but was never quite successful. The elements seemed to be playing with her as a cat does with a mouse. At the moment when emergence from the harbor was all but accomplished, a sea, mountain high, would break over her bows and she would be driven back in spite of the most masterly maneuvering. All afternoon hope and despair alternated in the hearts of the crew and hardly less so in the breasts of watchers on shore. The latter could only see the outlines of the ship. They could not discern the unflinching figure much less the immobile face of the grim old sea lion pacing the bridge, his fighting spirit in no wise subdued by the strain of a thirty-hour conflict. If courage, if indomitable determination, if skilled seamanship would save the vessel, surely the *Trenton* and her crew would escape. But evidently fate had ruled otherwise. In the fading light the watchers could see her drifting toward the reef where her

companion, the *Vandalia*, was impaled. There was a crash which could be heard in all parts of the little town, louder than the thundering waters and howling wind, and all knew that the last of the vessels was wrecked.

"IN THE darkness and storm nothing could be done for the men. If the vessel held together until daylight, there was hope—that was their only chance. Fortunately with the dawn of the Sabbath morning came an abatement of the storm. The crew of the *Trenton* had stuck to their ship and all were saved.

"And it was during this hurricane, Nell, that the great calamity came into your life. I need not relate the details of that accident, for doubtless you have heard them many times, and as a matter of fact most of them are unknown to me. Much of what I have told you has been picked up on subsequent visits, for, though it seems to me I never left the beach, I could, of course, not comprehend all that was going on."

"It is a thrilling story." The girl spoke softly, as though fearful of disturbing the dead over whose grave they were idly drifting. "And told so graphically that I can see the distressed vessels and their heroic men. It recalls to my memory the shrieking wind, the roaring waves and oh, the crash of shattered houses. I can almost feel the weight of my mother's body falling over me," she concluded in a frightened whisper.

FOR a time they drifted in silence. Nell was thinking of her mother, so heroic, so beautiful, and of such shameful birth. At last she roused herself.

"Thanks for the story. I appreciate it, even though you did make it seem so painfully real."

"But that isn't the story I came out to tell you tonight. I—"

"Remember, Mr. Hawley, there was a definite understanding that I should have the first word."

"And you changed your mind."

"Yes, and have changed it again.

The account you have just given reminds me that the noblest thing in life is to meet its storms courageously. If running one's ship upon the rocks is the right thing to do, it is cowardly not to do it."

(To be continued)

What I Did Not See In Utah

Together With Some Things I Did See

By

ROSE MURPHY HILLIS

WHEN in Canada last summer, I read an article in the Cardston News entitled, "What I Saw In Utah." The author had lately returned from a pleasure-bent trip to that state, and seemed very happy to be back again in his native land with its cooling breezes and majestic grain fields.

While some things in Utah were not all honey to him, yet in a most pleasant and optimistic way, he mentioned the valleys in their beauty, the productive fields, beautiful groves of shade trees and Salt Lake sunsets.

He found industry everywhere. To see Utah and not see that would be about as impossible as to find a hive of bees asleep on a June morning. Farmers especially, he says, usually start work at 4 a. m. and quit about 9 p. m. Work is the middle name of every man, and his wife's first and last names.

THE writer speaks graciously of the people and how they live, and enjoy life in this farm-land. Mention is made of their agriculture, dairying, gardening, and many beautiful worth while things, including lovely homes, parks and monuments; and the remarkable transformation of this one-time desert into farms with trees and gardens surrounding most beautiful homes completely modern with automatic force pumps for baths, showers and beautiful flowers.

I was much surprised to read in this article that Utah exports more than fifteen carloads of eggs a day, and does it the year around, maintaining a price of 45c to 50c a dozen.

That which I did not see during my brief sojourn in Utah, and that surprised and pleased me most, was the scarcity of policemen. Salt Lake City is the center of a large tourist travel, with about 600 passing through there

daily. On the main street crossings we saw a great deal of traffic. It was not the intense, hurrying, blustering kind one sees in the city of Los Angeles, where at the main crossings, although the signals are working, stand one and sometimes two policemen, blowing their whistles, tossing their heads, flinging their arms, dangling their hands, all to control the hurrying, scurrying mob. There was an orderliness about the city and its people which we had not seen elsewhere.

THIS speaks very highly of these law-abiding, industrious people whose sense of justice seems to be much in evidence. I wondered if the method of tithing, a custom of their Church, may have something to do with instilling within them this fine sense of high honor. This custom is the giving of one-tenth of their income to the Church. All in good standing do this, I was told. The poorer farmers, with so little money to give, come to the Bishop's house with their one-tenth in eggs, butter, chickens, or perhaps a pig.

The next thing that pleased me most, coming from the land of subdivisions where you can buy property situated in almost any location between the poles, was the absence of billboards and all the paraphernalia that go with subdividers, such as banners, flags, solicitors and dust. No Utah charm of valley or mountain is marred in this way, and what a joy to behold the immense, long stretches of beauty, unobstructed.

WHAT a joy to be in the city and not to have tickets poked into your face by smiling solicitors for free luncheons and bus rides to goodness-only-knows-where or

what. Among the what-nots one sees in some coast cities is a trip to a laundry, and they hand you a quarter when you leave. Another is a visit to a dairy where orange juice and cake are served. However, it is a fine way for tourists to see the western coast, and we could not have sub-divisions without them. But everyone is too busy in Utah to show imposing tourists around free, and I thought they did not care a hang whether you saw Utah or not; they were too busy working and singing.

I did not see anyone sweating or having spasms over landing the dollar. Nor did I see any lazy, idle loafers, although some sometimes seemed idle when working as the work was done in such an easy, restful way, mingling a bit of talking and laughing with it.

WHILE attending the Organ recital in the Tabernacle I did not see any one who did not seem to be all attention and devotion. How could there be any restlessness, whispering or noise, anything except Divine Silence with the organ pealing forth those "Old Melodies" or the beautiful old song, "As The Dew, From Heaven Distilling."

How restful to walk the streets and not to see a parade of these glaring and too often dowdy Deauville scarfs. I did pass an old Indian woman with one tied to her wrist, floating its gay colors to the breeze, and also one around her head.

"Glory be, I have at last found you, Deauville scarf, where you seem just to belong; and that is around this old copper-colored face, with long, straight black hair, and sandals. Here your roguish Gypsy touch blends in so much better than with the French heels and permanent waves."

I loved the Gypsy Indian combination. What cared she if "the corner touched the elbow" as Dame

Fashion has decreed for the latest arrangement.

Nor did I see girls using street corners, cars, loges, cafes, for boudoirs to apply a new make-up. No condemnation to the girls, but it was just a rare and strange thing not to see it.

I DID not notice rudeness or discourtesy. The youth instead of running half-way down the block to be sure of a good seat on the car, take their chances with the rest of the crowd in scrambling aboard.

In looking over the papers, the weeks we were in Utah I noticed not so much space was given to social events, and wondered if the society matrons were a bit negligent in keeping the public informed of the social activities of their fair ones. Or are they too aristocratic?

Why, in the city in which I live, the society page is sometimes my comic sheet. We who read it are likely to have handed out to us quite a discourse on their affairs, especially the weddings. Yes sir, we are told all about them usually weeks before, then on the day before the event, the day after, the following Sunday, and if there is no front society page publicity on the Sunday after, it may come months later. Then after the return of the honeymoon we get it over again. It is up to us to read these interesting (almost as interesting as Webster's dictionary) biographies, because these write-ups seem to involve a great deal of research work in giving all the data concerning these interesting, attractive daughters (always that, even though the accompanying photograph may look like—well, perhaps enough on that subject.) They carry you through the schools attended, sororities made, the lineage on both sides back to the Revolution or to the Mayflower. That poor boat—I wonder what hand of fate kept it afloat. Now I am for the girls; to me, they are the sweetest flower that blooms, and this is not to be taken as criticism.

I DIDN'T see much evidence of shrewd, grasping, cunning intelligence among my "Mormon" friends, but rather a primitive and simple beauty. Although they live close to nature, they seem to have as yet, little understanding of the forces of life whose transforma-

tion into fruits and beauties might be more wonderful than the transforming of their once desert-land into gardens' fruits. What life requires of them seems to be all settled.

I am so glad to have known them. All these things I did not see may be common every-day events, but in my two weeks' stay in Utah I just did not notice any of them and being so accustomed to them, I missed them.

I could not have enjoyed Utah more. I found it an ever-delight. I am so happy to have met and known the "Mormon" people in the intimate way we did, usually as neighbors in pleasure resorts. Although not a highly awakened illuminated people, or keenly grasping and cunning in line with much modern thinking, I shall always remember them as a most courteous, kindly people. I shall always remember them as perhaps a bit too generous in offering favors and service. They always seem to be so busy. The nickname of Utah is certainly most significant of its people, The Bee Hive. Without the buzz—they are almost too busy for that. Indiana, for instance, is the opposite of its name. It is the native state of more noted living writers, besides many other celebrities, than any other state; yet we are called the Hoosiers. And then there is Missouri, with the Pukes, for a nickname, and with all of her illustrious sons.

NOW to all those considerate people who were our neighbors and with whom we tramped—I still am living in your cheer and kindness. Your songs along the trails, down the canyons, across the water, from the mountain tops, around the camp fires, we will not forget. Especially the six young Elders who were our neighbors just for the night, around a campfire on the brink of Bryce Canyon, one of the most beautiful spots on the planet.

I wish the whole world might see Bryce Canyon, Cedar Breaks, Zion National Park. And especially the Great White Throne! I wonder if you dear "Mormon" people will not be a bit disappointed in Paradise.

Were I governor of Utah I should be inclined to compel all my people to see this fairyland of Southern Utah and by some means create a fund for all those

financially unable. The trip is a delightfully easy one by private car or auto bus. The roads are splendid. The railroad and connecting auto busses have made the trip so simple a child would be safe in taking it. And the tourists have responded in huge numbers, in taking advantage of these accommodations in connection with these greatest beauties. I have never seen more careful or courteous bus drivers. We found them without a single exception considerate of the touring autoist, as well as of those whom they were transporting.

SOME day I hope to be able to write of the thrill and everlasting joy I imbibed from this wonderland. I would not write of the scenery, for where that begins, there silence begins and words cease.

When I go back, I may be pinched, sign boards may slap me in the eyes, and I may have a few free bus rides, and hear the buzz of the bee hive.

I hope to meet these kind people on the trails and in the mountains again and to know them better.

A CERTAIN khan of Tartary, traveling with his nobles, was met by a dervish, who cried, with a loud voice, "Whoever will give me a hundred pieces of gold, I will give him a piece of advice." The khan ordered the sum to be given him, upon which the dervish said, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." The courtiers, hearing this plain sentence, smiled, and said, with a sneer, "The dervish is well paid for his maxim." But the khan was so well pleased with the answer that he ordered it to be written in gold letters in several parts of his palace, and engraved on all his plates.

Not long after, the khan's surgeon was bribed to kill him with a poisoned lancet, at the time he bled him. One day, when the khan's arm was bound, and the fatal lancet in the hand of the surgeon, the latter read on the basin, "Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end." He immediately started, and let the lancet fall out of his hand. The khan, observing his confusion, inquired the reason; the surgeon fell prostrate, confessed the whole affair, and was pardoned; but the conspirators were put to death. The khan turning to his courtiers, who had heard the advice with disdain, told them that the counsel which had saved the khan's life could not be valued too highly.

Hearts That See

By FAY DECKER DIX

"Life is to be fortified with many friendships. To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence."—
Sydney Smith.

AGAIN, Mother, Show me again," came a sweet voice from within the rose-trellised music room, and a low tremor of the keys told me that someone was playing the piano.

I stopped outside and listened to the gentle strains.

Clear and even, full of harmony and pathos, they seemed to float in the morning sunlight, out of the open windows and mingle there with the perfume from the roses.

Alone I stood in the spell of the music until, at last, unable to resist a glimpse inside, I stepped on to the grassy embankment and intruded may gaze upon the pretty scene that was there.

SEATED on a low polished bench before the piano was a girl—just a mere child of, perhaps, seventeen. A cloud of golden hair fell loosely about her shoulders lending light to the misty green of the little gown she wore. It was she who was playing the song.

Slowly, tenderly her fingers moved over the ivory keys. The melody, plaintive and perfect, now swelling into joyous ecstasies, now growing faint and almost pitiful in its low wailing, suddenly broke—and died away.

The slender, girlish hands fluttered impatiently and fell away from the keyboard with a sort of nervous gesture. She sighed—

"There, Mother, it's gone. I can't find the rest. Show me, Mother dearest, please! I can't remember now." Her sweet pale face twitched eagerly as again the restless fingers softly groped over the keyboard.

It was then I discovered another person in the room—an elderly woman with a face strikingly like the girl's. Her lips were slightly drooped, almost sad; her hair was greyed at the temples, but her eyes were alight with an inex-

pressible sweetness and wet with unshed tears as she bent over the girl and answered cheerfully in a clear-toned voice,

"Come, dear—we must be patient. You will find those lost notes. Give me your hand."

Why, I wondered, is the mother saddened? Why such regret from the girl over a simple lost melody?

FOR a moment I glanced about me at the tiny terraced lawns and old-fashioned garden; at the great elm trees and the green hedgerows. There was an oriole perched near the columbines bursting his throat with a love song. The fragrance of spring-time, the bees, the flowers, the sunlight and music—Oh, surely no elements foreign to joy could exist in this glad haven!

But my attention was drawn to the window again. The mother with gentle tenderness took the firm young fingers in her hand and placed them on the keys. Patiently they worked together, searching for the forgotten melody. And presently—it came!

Over and over they played it. The girl began hesitatingly as she started to try it alone. A slight fearfulness shook her hands as she passed them over the keys—then the exquisite strains floated out again and died away, this time in the fullness of a perfect song.

"Oh, Mother, Mother! I've found it—I'm sure I know it now, and I shall never forget it again," she cried clapping her hands lightly and flaunting her curls.

She played it over, repeating the strains many times, then finally, she turned a joyous face toward the window, and, arising, came near to where I stood.

JUST then it was that the seeming rudeness of my position at the window dawned on me. I moved back a step while she approached the rose vine. I watched her while she plucked a flower and stood with the blossom held close to her face. Her eyes

were covered by drooping lids fringed with lovely lashes. They were—what was there different about her eyes? Then, like a flash, it came to me. The girl was blind—utterly blind! I stood aghast at the awfulness of the truth. She was speaking, I heard her say:

"Who is here, Mother? Someone is in the garden." Thereupon the woman stepped up beside her daughter and looked in my direction.

Realizing the uselessness of further attempts to conceal my presence I removed my hat, bowed low, and said:

"Madame, I ask you to forgive an old man's intrusion. I was passing when I heard the music and came here only to listen. I trust that nothing has been harmed by my doing so."

The mother smiled a kindly smile, "Why, no, of course not. Florryene and I are always glad to welcome visitors to our cottage. Won't you come in? You must have walked far."

"Thank you," I rejoined, "It will be a pleasure to rest here, though walking in the fields is a pastime of mine."

On crossing the threshold I was impressed with the simple beauty of the furnishings, the air of cool refinement which pervaded the rooms, and the quiet culture of the two women, the younger of whom, after making a polite acknowledgment of our informal introduction, asked to be excused to walk in the garden. I offered my assistance in leading the way but she declined sweetly.

"Oh, no, thank you, sir. It is very easy for me. I know every nook of our garden."

The mother moved gracefully about preparing refreshments for me as their guest, all the while keeping up a pleasing conversation. It came to my recollection that we had met before—many long years before, but the memory of it made our present meeting seem nearer on a friendly basis. We had been classmates together at the old college when both of us were much younger. Strange are the coinci-

dences our youthful years will ever bring upon the golden decline of life's later days.

TEARS were in her calm eyes when she told me of Floryene's blindness. For a moment I wondered if she would lose her remarkable poise, but as quickly my mind was changed.

"It came so suddenly when she was very young,—and she has never seen the sun shine since."

"But," I said "she seems to be very happy."

"Happy? Oh, yes! Happiness comes as naturally to her as one's voice or power to walk. Before her father died we always tried to teach her that being happy was the fullness of human existence, and, somehow, it has grown into her nature. It is a part of her personality to forget the sordid things of life and go ahead loving everything."

Her statement was confirmed, I noted, as I glanced out the window where Floryene was moving easily among the Canterbury bells and ferns smiling as she bent to feel the refreshing glory of the flowers.

"You know," the mother went on, "I often think that is a trouble in the lives of us today. We don't put enough love into the things we do each day. We don't make ourselves interested in each other's work, and no one ever found joy in just thinking of himself. It furnishes poor satisfaction if one would progress," she smiled. "After all, it's love for each other that brings us perfect happiness."

LOVE for each other—love for each other!—Those words kept ringing through my thoughts the remainder of that day. The great Master of men gave to the race that principle. It was being lived in this quiet cot by the fields.

All during the delightsome meal, and the pleasant stroll in the garden, where the little blind girl, with no less grace than the butterflies themselves, flitted from blossom to blossom, I kept hearing her mother's words. How true—with what sweet simplicity had they been spoken, and with what meaning were they interpreted.

So I lingered until the sun was sinking in a haze of mauve and rose. Mrs. Cranton and I were

seated on the low piazza reveling in beauty while Floryene walked along the hedgerow.

The gleaming gold of the sun shed itself over the garden and reflected on the flowers in a thousand colors. The blind girl could not see the picture—the light or the color; but she could feel them and love them the same. She could feel the caress of the red and black butterfly which trembled close to her hair as it fluttered to its night's repose. It, too, must sense the spirit of love that was there.

"Mother, can you see the butterfly? What color is it? All the world is so glad tonight."

I left them in the garden—a charming picture they made standing arm in arm bidding me good-night in the gathering dusk.

IN the years that have passed since then there has scarce been a day that I failed to call at the cottage. Sun or rain, clouds or snow,—always the simple home sends out its cheering welcome to those who come. I have laughed with them and rejoiced in their good fortune, and have sat in silent sorrow over ills that befall the way of us all. At church, at home, in forest and fields, in social gatherings, or while waiting upon a friend who is ill—always the same sweet sincerity remains a part of the charm in the character of mother and daughter.

AND, now, in these years that have passed since my

first meeting with Floryene and her mother, I am only beginning fully to realize the great wealth of truth in the mother's philosophy.

And every day as I see the girl, grown to womanhood now, and still possessing her inexhaustible habit of happiness, I feel exultant with the simple joy of living.

Only yesterday as I was passing under the window I heard the same sweet strains I had heard ten years before for the first time. As before, I stopped and peered inside,—to see the same picture I saw then.

The mother's hair is white and the girl's pinned high—a contrast to the loose curls so buoyant in her girlhood; their faces are a little more gentle, a little more strengthened, and much more beautiful with the years.

AS before I listened to strains so smooth and even. There was no hesitancy now. The notes rippled on without interruption and came to their soft, low finish.

A moment of silence, then Floryene impulsively arose and embraced her mother's frail form, laying her cheek on the silver hair.

"You see I've never forgotten the melody, Mother. I told you I wouldn't. And it's only because you were patient and loved me enough to help me. I am so happy—I shall always be happy."

Ah, little blind girl, what a lesson you and your mother have given me—"To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness."

Crime, Here and There

TO those who believe prohibition has increased crime in the United States it will be illuminating to learn that crime has also increased in England and Wales, where there is no prohibition.

This is explained in a report issued by the British Government entitled "Home Office Criminal Statistics; England-Wales 1928."

The report lists increases in certain crimes since the period just preceding the World War:

	Increase
Housebreaking	72%
Shopbreaking	129%
Attempts to break in	110%

Entering with intent to commit felony	123%
Obtaining money by false pretences	134%
Frauds by agents	177%
Falsifying Accounts	149%
Other frauds	195%

"It cannot be doubted that crime against property with violence have increased most in country districts outside the great towns * * * And that the increase is due to the incoming of the motor age. * * * The motor car enables criminals, in great towns to travel into regions where they are not known and the chances of interference * * * are less."—National W. C. T. U.

A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

By MILTON BENNION

Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah

XII

A Philosophic View of the Church and Its Service

What Are the Fundamental Characteristics of the Church?

How Is It Related to Other Social Institutions?

In What Ways May the Church be Helpful to Its Members?

THE historic church has been almost universally the exponent of theological principles as they relate to faith in God, something of his nature and of the nature of man, and especially of the relationship between God and man as it may affect human destiny. Upon this basis is reared a system of religion which includes man's obligations to God and to his fellow-men, a complete system of practical, everyday living.

The church as a social institution is the sponsor of religion and, as a rule, is the means by which individuals are brought together in groups for worship, for inspiration to better living, and for organization of such religious activities as call for systematic cooperation. Many of the most fundamental purposes of religion can be realized only by cooperation of persons interested in these purposes. This, in turn, calls for organization and systematic work under competent leadership. Thus the religious worker who is affiliated with a church has opportunities for service that are not so readily available to one who has no church or other religious institutional affiliations.

THERE is now a disposition on the part of some churches to drop all theological doctrines and thus to transform the church into a mere ethical culture society. Experience thus far indicates that while this plan makes for greater individual freedom of thought and thus invites to its fold any one who is willing to affiliate, irrespective of religious belief, such an organization, for the masses of

mankind, is nevertheless, generally lacking in coherence and motive force. This coherence and motive force are more likely to be secured in a group that affirms positive faith in a God to whom they may look with confidence for support in their united efforts to promote the good.

ON the other hand, some churches and church leaders go to the opposite extreme by elaborating dogmas and insisting upon their acceptance by all church members, irrespective of either the rationality or the irrationality, the significance or the insignificance of these dogmas. Thus the great concepts of religion, the practical duties growing out of these concepts, and the inspiration to live to the full a truly religious life, become lost in controversies over questions in themselves of no practical consequence, often resulting in driving from the church many intelligent and well disposed people who would otherwise become very efficient workers in the church. That church is likely to succeed best which adheres to the very significant and motivating fundamentals of religious faith, a faith that extends to the unseen and the yet unrealized world of values, faith in God and the moral order of the universe, faith in man and the possibility of his advancement toward perfection in the moral order. Such faith, joined with a system of practical living growing out of and constantly adjusting itself to tested knowledge, will give to any church a basis for intelligent, effective cooperation of its members within the church and with social organizations outside

the church that are working for human betterment. Such an organization need not dissipate its energies and its membership in trying to settle dogmatically the age of the earth, the exact manner of creation, or other questions within the realms of natural science investigations, and the answer to which, in any case, is inconsequential in so far as faith in God and in human destiny are concerned, and with no bearing whatever upon practical, everyday, religious duties. One of the most impressive lessons of ecclesiastical history is that it is well for the church to leave to natural science the things that pertain to natural science, except to utilize results of scientific discoveries that may have practical value for religion; but, as to various conflicting scientific theories, let the scientists fight their own battles.

How, Then, is the Church Related to other Social Institutions?

IT is properly a most helpful ally to all, but without infringing upon the proper duties and responsibilities of any. Most intimately is it connected with the family in a spiritual alliance that contributes much to the sanctity of all family relations. In the first place, under authority of the state, it is properly the business of the church to perform the marriage ceremony. No other ceremony in the natural life of individuals is comparable with this in social significance. It concerns most profoundly the future of humanity, as well as the future of the parties to the contract. The church is best fitted of all social institutions to make these facts impressive, and thus to lead persons entering upon marriage to sense their great social and indi-

vidual responsibilities as well as to anticipate the opportunities and the joys of family life.

This, however, is only the beginning of the relation of the church to the family. With the birth of each child and the ceremonial periods connected with his development there is again opportunity for the church to sanctify these occasions and to inspire members of the family, in ways that are most helpful, toward living on a high religious plane. The influence of the church is, however, by no means confined to these ceremonial occasions. It is a constant influence in religious education that may contribute much toward the success of family life, both in its internal and in its external relations. In the event of death in the family the church, again, is there to comfort and to stimulate renewed faith and courage on the part of the living.

The relation of the church to the state is not so easy to describe nor so free from troublesome complications. The difficulties in this case are generally the outgrowth of the quest for power, so often manifested by individuals and institutions. Historically viewed it is an indisputable fact that the church has both dominated and been dominated by the state. Struggle for domination and efforts to escape such domination have led to many unpleasant relations between church and state. In America, fortunately, there is now very general recognition of the functions and the limitations of both church and state; and, as a consequence, peace between them.

FROM the standpoint of the needs of society as a whole, mere peace between these two major social institutions is by no means adequate to meet social needs. The state does, or ought to, provide conditions of peace and security to the church in the performance of its proper functions. The educational and charitable activities of the state tend to lend strength to the church, and to free its resources for other activities more closely related to the aims of the church. In recognition of the service of the church to the state the latter does commonly exempt from taxation church property used exclusively for religious purposes. What, then, is the nature of these services? It is, evidently, taken for granted

that the religious education of the church, carried on with both its mature and its immature members, is a stabilizing force in the community, that it tends to create respect for law and lawful authority, and, therefore, to diminish crime. From this standpoint alone the church should be of greater economic benefit to the state than

As chairman of the Social Welfare League for ten years the author has had practical experience in attempting to unite all the religious and civic betterment forces of the community in bringing about better law observance and more favorable community conditions for the moral development of youth.

it is an economic loss through failure to pay taxes. This at once suggests a major form of cooperation between church and state. So long as the church is not seeking political power or otherwise interfering with state functions, its support in encouraging citizens to seek the good, to uphold the right, and to respect the constitution and the laws of state and nation, should be highly appreciated by the state. But what may this mean in case civil officers are themselves seriously delinquent in any of these respects? Is the social obligation of the church to the state fulfilled merely by prayers for these delinquents, or should the church do all in its power lawfully to bring about the reforms prayed for, as any earnest worshiper should do? May it not be well to revive the ancient Hebrew custom of placing upon the prophet the responsibility of rebuking the king who lapses into abominable practices? In American politics this function is commonly left to the political party not in power; but the habit of political parties generally is to discredit opponents whenever possible and often unjustly. Adverse criticism from this source, even when deserved, does not, therefore, carry great weight, especially with members of the political party whose representative is thus criticized. Would it not, therefore, be a positive service to the state, and should it not be so recognized by citizens generally, if leaders in the churches, without political party interest and without quest for power, would fearlessly and publicly call attention to prevalent iniquities in the

state, including the delinquencies of public officials? While the particular officers thus criticized and their partisans might offer strenuous objection, and set up the cry of church interference in politics, the mass of citizens should be able to recognize this false alarm, and should demand public investigation of the facts and appropriate public action to remedy evils. Would not such cooperation of church and state become a positive force for moral progress?

The church may be actively interested in the work of all other social institutions, always ready to cooperate with any public agency that is working for the welfare of the community. Thus, the church may lend its support to the public educational and charitable activities of the community, not, of course, to dominate, or otherwise to interfere with these public agencies, but rather to assist the state in realizing its educational and welfare objectives. The church may likewise cooperate with private non-ecclesiastical agencies in promoting life objectives; and, of course, churches should cooperate among themselves in furthering their common moral and social interests.

How May the Church Help Its Individual Members?

WHILE the functions of the church are distinctively spiritual they are not primarily otherworldly. Thoughtful people generally now believe that the highest good in this life will be the best preparation for the future life. Religion is, therefore, now largely concerned with realizing in the highest degree the good life here and now. Nor does religion ignore the importance of the physical conditions of life, and the duty of the church to give necessary assistance to individuals in making the most of their physical and economic resources. The church will, therefore, cooperate with the state in seeing that individuals, and especially children and other dependents are provided with suitable food, clothing, and shelter, with needed medical and dental care, and with whatever other things may be necessary as a basis of successful living. This same end will be furthered by the moral teachings of the church, which will include temperance—self control and self-direction in agree-

ment with ideals of highest physical and mental efficiency, chastity, industry, manifested in socially valuable purposeful activity, good will, faith in humanity, ability to cooperate with others and the habit of so doing in the furtherance of good causes. The church may not only teach these virtues, it may also provide opportunities for training in the corresponding qualities of character. In any case it will realize that religion enters into every human activity and that nothing the individual may do is without interest to the church. The kind of life its members lead every day is a matter of much greater concern to the church than is their presence or their absence from public worship, a chief function of which is to stimulate them to a high plane of daily living. If it does not do this it is not religion but only a sham.

THE love of fellow-men is likewise shallow, or mere pretense, unless it is manifest in doing something for the good of mankind. It is one of the duties of the church toward its members to offer suggestions and, if need be, to provide ways for such service. The economic situation, even in America, is such that individuals are often without employment and without means of support. The church itself may not be able to supply either for any length of

time. It may, however, so impress its members who have capital to use this capital primarily for the public good in producing in greater abundance the necessities of life and at the same time providing employment to those who need it; this instead of lavishing their capital upon themselves in the pursuit of pleasure, in the erection of mansions to satisfy personal pride, or in an attempt to buy their way into political power to satisfy personal ambition. The church is indeed concerned with the poor and their needs; it has, however, an even greater problem with the rich who need conversion to their responsibility to God and to their fellow-men for the use that is made of their possessions. Men who have exceptional ability as creators and directors of industry and business should be led by the church, if not by other agency, to realize that they owe to their fellow-men the use of their abilities and their material resources in furtherance of the common good. This obligation applies to the person with ability in finance no less than to those whose abilities lie in other fields.

THE church should be the greatest social agency for promoting equalization of opportunity, not only among its own members, but among mankind generally. It may not always be ec-

onomically best for the rich man to sell all that he has and give to the poor. Such action might, in the long run, only increase poverty. There can, however, be no doubt of his moral and religious obligation to use his possessions for the best good of his fellows, and also to give of his time and his abilities in this same cause. The command of St. Paul to the Thessalonians "that if any would not work, neither should he eat," is morally binding upon the rich no less than upon the poor.

As the chief exponent of the religious life, the church itself, as an institution, should typify that life. It should, as nearly as it is humanly possible, do no wrong. It should be equally sensitive to any wrong that is done to an individual, to a social group, or to an unpopular race. The church, by its very nature, should stand in defense of the rights of all mankind. It should transcend the boundaries of states and nations and the barriers of race, thereby creating a universal brotherhood, a great human family that can live together in peace, adjust with fairness to all concerned their economic and social relations, and work together for realization of common spiritual ends. Thus may the church be instrumental in making real the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The First Word of Wisdom Exhibit

(Continued from page 14)

The vital statistics gathered by the Presiding Bishops' office for 1927 have been compared with the average results of civilized nations as presented in the latest health yearbook of the League of Nations. It may interest all to read some of the findings presented at the Dresden exhibit.

THE average birth rate of twenty-five of the nations was 22.0 per thousand of population; of the Latter-day Saints, 30 per thousand, or nearly one-third greater, implying sound health. The average death rate of the nations was 14 per thousand; of the Latter-day Saints 7.5 per thousand, or about one-half as great, implying increasing length of life. The net difference between the birth rate and death rate of the nations was

8 per thousand; of the Latter-day Saints 23 per thousand, or nearly three times as great. The effect of the Word of Wisdom is clearly evident.

THE average detailed health statistics of six nations—Germany, France, Netherlands, Sweden, Great Britain, and U. S. A.—may be compared with the corresponding data of the Latter-day Saints.

Deaths per 100,000 from the following diseases (in 1926, 1927):

	Six Nations	L. S.
	D. S.	
Tuberculosis	120	9
Cancer	119	47
Diseases of Nervous System	123	52
Diseases of Circulatory System	196	115
Diseases of Respiratory System	167	105
Diseases of Digestive System	170	56

Kidneys and Kindred Diseases (Nephritis)	44	23
Maternity (per 1000 births)	45	10

The Word of Wisdom has produced a people eminent in health and longevity, and apparently with increased immunity from the diseases that scourge the earth. If the Word of Wisdom were kept more carefully, both from the positive and negative sides, what a people of power and long life might be produced!

THE tracts distributed also call attention to the economic, mental and moral benefits of the Word of Wisdom.

This in brief is the story of the first Word of Wisdom exhibit. Application has been made for participation in expositions planned for 1931.

UNION HEADS the List for Highest Percentage of ERA Subscriptions, 102% to October 1.



Elmo Clegg, Union Stake



Julia Hiatt, Union Stake

FRANKLIN LEADS in Total of Subscriptions, 330 Secured by Oct. 1.



Ezra T. Benson, Franklin Stake



Annie G. Palmer, Franklin Stake

The ERA Again Forges Ahead—

Leading Stakes and Wards make big gains—Union Stake reports 102%—Franklin 330 subscriptions to score 100%—Vern Ward, Montpelier Stake and Logandale Ward, Moapa Stake, reach 200%—Preston First Ward, Franklin Stake had quota of 57 and sent 90—Union Ward, Union Stake sent 31 with quota of 21—Fairview Ward, Franklin Stake had quota of 30 sent 41—Chester Ward, Yellowstone Stake secured 33 with quota of 23—Many wards reach 100%.

ST. THOMAS WARD, MOAPA STAKE, HAS "ERA IN EVERY HOME" AND SIX IN HOMES OF NON-MEMBERS—LEADS ENTIRE CHURCH IN 1930 CAMPAIGN.

No Latter-day Saint Home Should Be Without It

Congratulations again! The second year of the NEW IMPROVEMENT ERA begins with the same splendid enthusiasm reflected from the field as last year. Hundreds of subscriptions have been received direct from subscribers in the "SEND - IN - YOUR - OWN - SUBSCRIPTION" campaign. Other thousands are coming from Stakes and Wards. With the subscriptions come letters of praise for the *Era* and expressions of encouragement.

The FIRST ANNIVERSARY number—the November issue—will be one of the outstanding issues of the year. In it will be contributions by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed, Dr. John A. Widtsoe, Milton Bennion, John Henry Evans, Florence Hartman Townsend, Hugh J. Cannon, Harrison R. Merrill and others. And every issue will be better than the one preceding.

The need for the *Era* in Latter-day Saint homes is greater than it ever has been. Conditions surrounding the people of

today make necessary such a magazine. It is one of the highest types of missionary work to place the *Era* in the homes of the people and to urge them to read it regularly. Frequent references to the *Era* during the recent Conference indicate the importance attached to this splendid home magazine by Church leaders.

Articles in the issues just ahead will be contributed by Judge Oscar W. McConkie, Osborne McConathy of New York, Marian Lee Kurtz, Birger Sandzen, Dr. Anthony F. Blanks, Dr. Creed Haymond, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Dr. Elmer G. Peterson, J. Reuben Clark, the new United States Ambassador to Mexico and other noted people.

The splendid and effective cooperation now being given by M. I. A. workers and Priesthood Authorities in the Stakes, Wards and Missions, will insure continued progress and improvement and give to the Church one of America's finest magazines.

Renew Your Subscriptions NOW!
"The ERA in Every Home"

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ELSIE HOGAN

The M. I. A. Program

THE enthusiastic spirit with which our officers have accepted the new plan of procedure for the year promises well for its success. Six weeks of trial should have cleared up any vagueness which might have existed and should have begun to indicate the results hoped for.

Class Discussion Period

By this time all of the groups are well into the Manual discussions. The members of the presidency (both Y. M. and Y. L.) in charge of this division of the program have an opportunity to promote fine department work. They should see that the class instructors are giving the best possible leadership, so that free, friendly discussions are taking the place of the old-time stereotyped "lessons." Immediately following the opening exercises, groups should adjourn to class rooms, where the Manuals are considered for at least forty-five minutes, this period closing at 8:30 p. m.

Increased Membership

It is the responsibility of these leaders also to build up the membership in each department. Our goal for the year is at least 10 per cent increase in membership and attendance.

The Half-hour Activity Period

Care should be taken that the activity period begins promptly and is carried forward expeditiously. The three periods in October should have demonstrated what can be done by way of organization of groups, study of standards, and, to some degree at least, actual participation in the events. As the work proceeds during the following months, more and more development will be seen. It is understood

that the community activity committee (with members of the presidency directing) have the supervision of the activities of this period. If they do not conduct the various subjects themselves, they have doubtless called into service the best available material in the community to assist. No special time has been designated for the ward community activity committees to meet but it is suggested that they may meet on two evenings a month as a committee group during the first period (from 7:40 to 8:30) and on the other two evenings, with their respective departments. All activity leaders, however, should be in their departments, on the first Tuesday evening as on these nights the group activity programs occur.

In small wards, where the problem of leadership or housing, makes it difficult to separate into groups, or where there may have been lack of interest on the part of members, it may be advisable to hold general assemblies every evening, giving instruction and demonstration to the entire group in Drama, or Story Telling or Music, or Public Speaking, as is suggested for Dancing (Supplement, p. 35, 3rd Tues. for Dec. and p. 36, 3rd Tues. January).

The stake activity committees should begin now to check with the wards as to the numbers who are participating and also as to the events entered in each ward, as recognition is to be given later on for both of these features.

Union Meetings

It is the responsibility of stake committees to assist in educating the ward activity leaders in "A" Standards, generally the best opportunity for this being in the monthly union meeting.

The following order of business is

recommended for union meetings: (For stakes where the M. I. A. holds its union meeting separate from the Priesthood meeting.)

1. Joint opening exercises.
2. All matters of joint consideration, such as Sunday evening joint programs, the slogan, stake social events, problems of general administration, etc.
3. Department Sessions.
 - a. Separate sessions for executives, class leaders (Manual discussion leaders); directors of Era and Publicity.
 - b. A joint session for activity leaders of all groups. These activity leaders, however, may divide the period, meeting part of the time with their departments to consider any activities which concern them particularly and part of the time together, or, if possible in sections of Drama, Dancing, Public Speaking, Retold Story and Music, to consider and to receive training in standards and in the carrying forward of the Tuesday evening half-hour program. The directors of music especially may desire to meet part of the time as a separate department and part of the time with the entire community activity committee.

The Annual Fund

By November 30, the Annual Fund for both Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. should have been collected and forwarded to the General office.

Sunday Evening Joint Session for December

(For December 2)

TO be presented under the direction of the Executives.

This program is suggested as a fitting one to commemorate the one-hundred and twenty-fifth birthday of the Prophet Joseph Smith which occurs on December 23rd.

THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH IN THE LIGHT OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS

The following doctrines and principles which were restored or introduced by the Prophet Joseph Smith may be presented and discussed in the light of theological and scientific thought existing today.

1. His teachings concerning the nature of Deity.

2. His teachings concerning social and community life.

3. His teachings concerning man's physical well being.

Other phases of the Prophet's teachings may appeal to local speakers.

References: the Doctrine and Covenants, Pearl of Great Price, the History of the Church, "Joseph Smith, the Prophet-Teacher," by Roberts and "The Life of Joseph Smith," by George Q. Cannon.

Music—Use well known hymns—"Praise to the Man who Communed with Jehovah," "An Angel from on High" "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet," "The Seer," etc.

Truth Seeking

(To be given in connection with the above program before repeating the slogan)

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is unique in its ideal of truth seeking. This ideal has been held before the Church from the very beginning. Joseph Smith as a boy read the promise in James 5:1, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." He was seeking truth and having faith in this promise, asked for divine guidance and was rewarded. The ideal of truth seeking from divine source has guided the Church throughout its history.

At the time the Church was organized the other religious denominations in the world believed that the heavens were closed and that God had revealed all truth to the world and there was no need for further revelation. Joseph Smith, however, felt that God was the same today as in olden times and would shed light and knowledge if asked.

That first prayer was only the beginning of the great and glorious truths to come forth in these latter days. We have as a witness of truth seeking by our beloved Prophet, *The Doctrine and Covenants, The Pearl of Great*

Price, the Book of Mormon. The Doctrine and Covenants is a volume of truth for the guidance of the children of our Heavenly Father in these latter days; the *Pearl of Great Price* sheds light upon the history of centuries past; the *Book of Mormon* is the only record in the whole world which gives the truth of the origin of the American Indian. It contains precious truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as given to that ancient people and gives further witness of the divinity of Christ. It also sets forth this principle: that by the power of the Holy Ghost men may know the truth of all things.

Thousands of people both in the Church and out of the Church have tested this promise of truth seeking and gained everlasting testimony of the divinity of this great latter-day work. One writer has said that truth is the mind of God. It is the desire of the Latter-day Saint people that they shall live in accordance with the will of our Heavenly Father, and it is for this reason, therefore, that the Church has ever held before its members this truth-seeking ideal. It is the thing upon which the Church was founded; upon which it is guided. The Gospel of Jesus Christ embraces all truth as set forth by the Prophet Joseph Smith in the Articles of Faith, that if "there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good



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business men of the inter-mountain territory, during which time it has built up an enviable reputation for reliability and service. Its students have made records in International Contest work that have not been equalled by any other commercial school in the country.

Visitors are always welcome and inquiries cheerfully answered. New students are enrolling every week. Now is a good time to enroll.

report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

Audience stands and repeats the slogan: "We Stand for Loyal Adherence to Latter-day Saint Ideals."

Contest Plays

THE Plays selected for contest use this year are *In the Making*, by Mary Katherine Reely, *The Bank Account*, by Howard Brock, and *The Song of Solomon*, by M. L. H. Odea.

They should be studied and presented in the order named on the Tuesday evening half-hour Activity Program, as outlined in the Handbook Supplement.

They are available at the offices of the General Boards—47 East South Temple Street or 32 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

In the Making 25c
The Bank Account and *The Song of Solomon* in one volume with three other plays for department use 50c

How is Your Ward?

DELIGHTFUL and gratifying are the reports being received from many localities concerning the success of the half-hour activity program on Tuesday evening. That some problems are arising only adds to the interest, for in solving problems successfully lies triumph.

Are your Junior Girls and Vanguards selecting Drama and Dancing to the exclusion of the Retold Story study? Let them, with your blessing, for the purpose of this half-hour is to offer activity in a preferred line, but try to encourage some of them to get into story-telling on the outside, that their departments may be represented adequately when their turn comes to appear on the program before the general assembly.

Do the Adults feel themselves past the urge of activity? Some seem to be leaving for home as soon as their class discussion is terminated—probably because they have forgotten the joy of participation in Public Speaking, Drama, etc. Carry an activity program to them in their own room for once, and help them to recapture the charm of it. After that, perhaps, they will enter into the spirit of the half-hour and take part with the younger members.

One pleasant problem is that of some persons wanting to take more than one subject. It may be that these people will have to wait until next year to get into the other activity, but that time will be here before they know it. The main objective in the entire program is to be happy. Enjoy what you are doing, and try to pass some of your pleasure on to those who have never learned, or have forgotten, how to play.

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715	Super Quality Rayon	 2.75
720	Non-Run Rayon	 1.95
770	Silk and Wool	 1.95

FOR MEN

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614	Med. Wt. Ex. Quality	 1.75
605	Med. Heavy Cotton	 1.50
663	Med. Heavy Unbleached Cotton	 1.95
664	Med. Heavy Wt. Cotton	 1.95
620	Non-Run Rayon	 2.75
680	Extra Heavy Unbleached	 2.25
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Adult Department

COMMITTEE

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley, and Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen; Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Lewis T. Cannon, Dr. Lyman L. Daines, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Emily H. Higgs, Charlotte Stewart

Special Recreational Activities

THE adult Friday Night (*in the Year Round Program*) can be made a delightful ward affair.

A Father-Daughter Party
and

A Mother-Son Party Combined

If you haven't a son or a daughter, borrow one. Fathers and daughters should be seated at one table or a series of tables and mothers and sons at another. Arrange a simple, well-served menu. Have place cards suggestive of the parent—son and daughter relationship.

Parents will furnish program and sons and daughters will be the guests.

Department Recreational Events

NOVEMBER (On Tuesday night or other designated time).

A LAW ENFORCEMENT PARTY—A Game Evening.

This could be in the nature of a progressive game party, using various table games and stressing throughout "law abiding" by rules of the game. (See—Progressive Party, p. 30—*What Can We Do*—Playground and Recreation Association of America.)

Or the party could take the nature of a general game evening with—

Mixers—emphasizing courtesy and consideration for others.

Pictures or Cartoons—identifying "Traffic Regulations."

A Series of Dramatic Stunts—illustrating "Law Enforcement."

A Number of Relays—with "Rules of the Game" clearly defined and careful check made by "Officers of the Law" (referees) to see if people do really live up to the rules of the game.

JANUARY.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DANCE.

A New Year's Party of Long ago.

Have an old fashioned orchestra—piano, violin, cellos, etc. Wear old fashioned costumes, dance old fashioned dances and serve old fashioned punch and cookies.

Carry it off with stately deportment and courtesy. Have special prize waltz or prize mazurka or square quadrille. Have a waltzing contest between couples over forty and those under forty years.

MARCH.

DRAMA EVENING.

Let members present a one-act play previously prepared, or have two or more groups put on dramatic skits of a few minutes duration, or have a drama party. Mark guests with name of some dramatic character on back and see if they can guess who they are by the conversation resulting.

Then have a dramatic story contest—characters and competitive impromptu dramatics in which all are divided into small groups and each group is given something to act out.

Costume making—give paper (tissue) and pins and have contest in costume making.

APRIL.

HEALTH PARTY.

Plan this party out-of-doors if possible—a Healthful Time (Spring)—a Healthful Place (Out-of-Doors)—Healthful Activities (Games and Stunts) and Healthful Refreshments.

It might be:—

Out-door Picnic—to place of natural or historic interest with a well-balanced and attractively-served picnic lunch.

Out-door Track Meet—using simple stunt and track events—such as—target throws, (using bean bags or feather tipped darts); horseshoe pitching, croquet, discus (paper plate) throw, prints, walking or backward races.

See Mother Nature's Party in *Parties and Stunts Throughout the Year*, by Betzner, Women's Press, 600 Lexington, New York.

These books will be valuable in planning special recreation activities:

Recreational Games and Programs—50c—Playground and Rec. Ass'n, 315 Fourth Ave., New York.

What Can We Do—25c—Playground and Rec. Ass'n, 315 Fourth Ave., New York.

Fun For Everybody—50c—Playground and Rec. Ass'n, 315 Fourth Ave., New York.

Getting Together, by Geister—\$1.35. Doran and Co., New York.

Six Rehearsalless Entertainments—40c—Walter Baker Co., Boston.

Ten Recreational Parties, by Durham—Women's Press, 600 Lexington Ave., New York.

Plays in Miniature—Walter Baker. Publishers, Boston.

M Men Department

COMMITTEE

Herbert B. Maw, Chairman; John F. Bowman, Thomas A. Beal, Oscar W. Carlson, Alma Clayton, Homer C. Warner, Nicholas G. Morgan

School of Supervisors

THE first school for M Men Supervisors was held at Salt Lake City, Utah, on the evenings of September 22, 24, 29 and October 1, 1930. Ward and Stake Supervisors and Directors of M Men groups in the Salt Lake division of stakes were in attendance. The school was conducted under the general direction of the M Men Committee of the General Board, but under the immediate direction and supervision of Stake and Ward M Men Supervisors and Directors.

The purpose for which this M Men Supervisors' school was established was to instruct the ward and stake M Men Supervisors in the detailed work and requirements of this division of the M. I. A.; to train the leaders of M Men work in this district in the fundamentals of directing M Men class work and activities; to inspire greater interest among supervisors; and to provide a forum for the exchange of ideas and plans concerning this important work.

Special recognition was given to those who attended and qualified under a required standard in the school, and a certificate was given in recognition of the same. Among the subjects treated in the school were: Leadership, Achievement Contests, Public Speaking, M Men Slogan and Project, M Men-Gleaner Joint Program, Debating, Athletics, Song Contests, and many other phases of M Men work. The program follows:

First Night

(September 22, 1930)

1. Song (Carry On) and Prayer (time to 8 minutes).
(It is intended to learn one new typical M Men song each night).
2. Brief introduction of the work to be taken up, purposes and general instruction (10 minutes).
Talk on project (8 minutes).
3. Separation into group and group work under school supervisors (10 to 12 minutes).
 - (a) Election of class officers typical of an M Men Class.
 - (b) Selection of a Name.
 - (c) Planning competitive work (Project).
4. Reassembly (1 minute).
5. Talk and discussion (30 minutes).
Objectives—leadership.
100% participation—development of M Men.
6. Achievement Contest (12 minutes).
Ward—School.

7. Basket Pitching (15 minutes).
8. Public Speaking (20 Minutes).
 - (a) Principles of Public Speaking.
 - (b) Putting over the public speaking program. Talk and general discussion.
9. Financing School (5 minutes).
10. Prayer.

Second Night

(September 24, 1930)

1. Community Singing and Prayer (10 minutes).
(New song and old one.)
2. Teaching methods, class work and the outline (50 minutes).
A talk and demonstration on lesson presentation, class discipline, etc.
3. Group work—club meetings (10 minutes).
New assignments: Song and debate.
4. Contest numbers on Slogan or Project (20 minutes).
5. M Men—Gleaner Joint Program Discussion (5 minutes).
6. The Reading Course (5 minutes).
7. Talk—Athletics in M Men Program (20 minutes).
8. Prayer.

Third Night

(Sept. 29, 1930)

1. Community Singing and Prayer (10 minutes).
2. Broader Athletic Program (15 minutes).
(Promoting baseball, tennis, bowling, horseshoes, swimming, etc.).
3. Discussion (15 minutes).
4. Debate. Talk and discussion (15 minutes).
5. Group Work (10 minutes).
New assignment. Stunts for program.
6. Song Contests (20 minutes) (Carry On, That Wonderful Mother of Mine, M Men Song).
7. Talk on music discussion (15 minutes).
8. Financing M Men work (15 minutes).
9. Prayer.
(Informal discussion period—30 minutes).

Fourth Night

(October 1, 1930)

1. Prayer.
2. Talk—general—review of main objectives at school, mission of supervisor, outline of M Men ideals, etc.
3. Windup on community singing. (Utah Trail, The More We Get Together, Review Others).
4. Windup on other school competition.
5. Demonstration on various types of socials.
(Announcement of Achievement Contest Results).
6. Prayer.

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Gleaner Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Emily C. Adams
Grace C. Nealen, Chairman, Rachel G. Taylor, Martha G. Smith, Margaret Newman,

A Word to Teachers

THE real test of your teaching lies in the growth which will follow your work with the girls who constitute your classes. And growth implies change—enlarged vision, more dynamic ideals, finer feelings, more wholesome and more whole-hearted fun, loftier thoughts, completer living—all of these things are in your hands. The keys to your meeting the challenge lie in your own personality, in your own elevating spirit, in your adequate, painstaking preparation, and in the contagion of your enthusiasm.

Gleaner Supplementary Reading

IN your own preparation you will want, of course, to reinforce your position by additional reading and study. The following volumes should prove stimulating:

Beveridge—*The Bible as Good Reading*.
Butler—*The Meaning of Education*.
Eliot—*The Training for an Effective Life*.
Fisher—*Mothers and Children*.
Fulton—*National Ideals and Problems*.
Gordon—*The Enchanted Garden*.
Grueberg—*Guidance of Childhood and Youth*.
King—*The Laws of Friendship*.
Moulton—*Introduction to the Literature of the Bible*.
Neumann—*Drums of Morning*.
Reid—*The Key to the Kingdom*.
Sisson—*The Essentials of Character*.
The Standard Works of the Church (for regular background reading).
The Book of Life—The Master Library.

Through the efforts of Helen S. Williams of the Y. L. M. I. A. Ensign Stake Board, many of the above books recommended by Dr. Adam S. Bennion are available to the Gleaner leaders who have access to the Salt Lake City Public Library. They are to be found on the "Gleaner Shelf" in the reference department on the top floor. These books have been withdrawn from circulation so that they may at all times be at the disposal of the many rather than the few who would be able to secure them on regular library card regulations. A copy of "Bambi," the Gleaner reading-course book for this season will be one of those on the "Gleaner Shelf."

The efforts of stake leaders in all communities in which there is a public

library would result in cooperation which would provide similar service. Libraries are established for the benefit of the reading public, and librarians are always willing and anxious to render service in making most effective library accommodations. This supplementary reading course, while highly desirable, is not obligatory. Do not feel called upon to purchase these books, but do seek in school, public and private libraries for copies which will broaden and strengthen your understanding of Gleaner Girls and their problems.

The Sheaf

In the stakes which are still following the Priesthood-M. I. A. plan, there will be a longer period for Gleaner activities. This will enable the girls to devote more time to their "Treasures of Truth." Some of the incidents, stories, poems, or pages from old journals may be read or related in class, and through such suggestion and comparison all members will be stimulated to gather for their books the most worthwhile material available.

Gleaner Girl officers will enjoy assuming much of the responsibility in carrying forward this project.

Occasionally as space will permit, extracts from Gleaner's "Treasures of Truth," representing different types of material, will be included in the Era "Messages." Such an extract, from the pen of Rachel R. Grant, (Mother of President Heber J. Grant) telling of her experiences in first hearing the Gospel and of her impressions of the Prophet Joseph, follows:

STATEMENT OF RACHEL RIDGWAY GRANT

The first time I saw the Prophet Joseph Smith was in New Jersey, before I joined the Church. He preached there that night, but I was prejudiced at that time. I just went to hear him out of curiosity. My sister joined the Church before I did, and she wanted me to go a great many times, so finally I did go. After that I went several times to hear the "Mormons."

"The Baptist minister and everyone warned me about going to hear them. He said if I did not stop going, I must give up my place in the Baptist Church; and then I went right along. I commenced to read the Voice of Warning and the Book of Mormon. I read nearly all night in the Book of Mormon, and felt that it was true, and then I got the spirit of gathering and went to Nauvoo.

"I was many times at the Prophet's

(Continued on page 54)

Junior Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Laura P. Nicholson, Chairman; Agnes C. Knowlton, Julia S. Baxter, Emma Goddard, Katie C. Jensen

Believing and Doing

HAVE you ever examined a plan for a house made by an architect on a blueprint? If you have, and especially if it has been the plan of your own house, you have been fascinated in studying it—in noting the position of the rooms, the nooks and corners, the stairways—each part convenient to each other part and all constructed for the benefit and happiness of the family who are to live there.

The Gospel plan has been made by the Master Architect. It is formed more perfectly than that devised by any human hand, each part fitting into every other part so beautifully that a lovely, harmonious whole is the result. And the structure built on this plan is open and free for all of us to dwell in, to grow and develop in until we go back to the Architect who formed it.

Are your girls beginning to catch something of this spirit in your discussions thus far of the theme, "Believing and Doing?" You have considered the first five chapters. In chapter I, did you talk lovingly and reverently about the great Creator, who is our Father in Heaven? Instead of giving yourself the evidences of his existence, did you ask the girls to name all the ways by which men may come to believe in God? Did you dwell upon the fact that for many centuries men heard the story of God direct from the mouths of those who had seen him or heard him speak, or from their immediate children? Perhaps you read the paragraph about the evidences of nature and then let the girls give other natural features of like evidence. Did you pause long enough for the girls to dwell again upon the First Vision as the most stupendous revelation of Deity which man has ever received? Even though they have heard this story many times before, it can be made new again. Did you send your girls away from that first evening's discussion with heads lifted a little higher and eyes a little clearer because they sensed that they are "daughters of the King?"

Chapter II should have brought a thoughtful consideration of how vital each day is in determining character. The results of each act are woven into our personalities. If this discussion seems to overlook the fact that repentance brings forgiveness for sin,

remember that another lesson on repentance is to follow.

Chapters III and IV deal with the most important of all questions, the part that Jesus Christ has played in the salvation of man. "The story of his love for us is the 'sweetest story ever told.'" Did your girls converse about this subject reverently and gratefully? Would it not be fitting as a little project connected with Chapter IV to go as a group to a Sacrament meeting and think about some of the things which you have talked about in your class? This would be especially pleasing if, on the same occasion, your girls carried flowers for the beautifying of the chapel?

Review the first chapters frequently.

With Chapter V we begin the study of the foundation principles of the Gospel. These first steps—Faith, Repentance, Baptism, the Gift of the Holy Ghost—include in their broadest sense the entire Gospel plan; hence it is important that your girls get a clear understanding of them. Dwell upon their beauty, upon their power in our lives. Have the stories referred to told and discussed; pause long enough for the questions to be thought out and answered; analyze the problems presented. Above all color it with the spirit of humility and love. Make your girls feel the beauty in the Gospel which they may never have discovered before.

Approach these discussions easily; forget that you are in a class room; try to imagine that you are conversing informally with the girls in your own living room. You are talking together about a kind, wise Father who has planned a delightful journey for you to travel which will make you happy here and bring you finally back to him.

A Junior Home Evening With Song

(For December 2)

THE purpose of this Junior Home evening with song may be two fold. It is necessary that all class and activity leaders get the spirit of it themselves before giving it to girls. Let us make just as much preparation for this period as for any other, as not only the success of the meeting for December 2, but for May 3 as



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City _____
State _____

well depends upon the spirit with which this subject is handled.

Can you vision your group of girls—Junior roses—gathered round the leader pretending they are members of a family? Build an atmosphere with perhaps, a potted flower, a rug, a bright pillow or two, floor lamps; make that sweet homey feeling permeate the air. Invite a person with a ukelele or guitar if no piano is accessible. Make the girls feel the spirit of song on this lovely home evening, explaining to them how empty is the song that has no heart. Follow program in Junior Manual (page 106) adding to it some of your own original ideas, perhaps making a guess-

ing game of songs in Sunday School song book or of popular songs, or dramatizing a song or two after having chosen sides as in charades and giving prizes in the form of jelly beans or peanuts. Let your individuality as Junior leaders speak on this occasion. Make it a real activity by making it active. As a last thought, send home in the heart of each girl the desire to promote some such an evening in her own home as one of the programs for home night, bringing back a report of her success in the next Junior Home evening on May 3. If we could stimulate an interest in this activity in nearly 7,000 homes in which there are Junior girls

what a help we might be to parents, as the promise has been given by one of our presidents that if the Latter-day Saints would hold a home evening, calling their families together once a week, he would promise that they would have power to rear their children in the faith. What a promise, and yet how little seems our part in making such a dream come true. Let us play our part well.

Activity Leaders

THE success of the new plan of activities for the Junior group largely depends upon your efficient leadership.

Already the program is in effect and we feel that if the outline is carefully followed it will insure a great deal of development for our girls.

The Junior activity leader is responsible to see that her Junior girls are interested in the various activities conducted during the half hour period.

Although the Junior activity leader may not always conduct the retold story work, she is responsible to see that it is promoted as the special contest feature for Juniors.

The "A" Standard is outlined in the Hand Book Supplement, pages 27 and 28. The more we develop the "A" Standard the greater will be our achievement.

Remember the group in retold story is made up of all who are interested in the art of telling stories—Juniors, Gleaners and Adults. The leader of this group will strive to make her department interesting. One who has the ability to tell stories well is an artist.

It will take careful supervision during the separation of departments to keep our girls from drifting instead of participating in a definite activity.

Give Thanks!

BEFORE the last Thursday in November, try to find, or make, a free hour in which to take inventory of your particular reasons for celebrating Thanksgiving. Compare your situation with that of the girl of twenty years ago and you will glimpse some of the blessings which are yours. The new knowledge of food requirements and exercise benefits, the unlimited cultural and educational opportunities—all these, yearly increasing, are gifts which call for the deepest gratitude, for they impart to you the abundance of living.

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Vanguards-Scouts Department

COMMITTEE

Dr. George R. Hill, Jr., and Charley R. Mabey, Chairmen; Nicholas G. Smith, German E. Ellsworth, LeRoy C. Snow, Ernest P. Horsley

Project Markers for Historic Spots.

IT is appropriate that the project for the Scouts and Vanguards this year should be the placing of suitable markers on historic spots in the communities of the Church.

This is the centennial year of the organization of the Church; the Oregon Trail Association has already had a celebration at Independence Rock in Wyoming; there isn't a town in the entire intermountain region but that has some place of historic importance. Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, California, Arizona, Nevada, all the states of the Great West, are rich in the deeds of the men and women who founded them. No other states have a better historic background.

While men are yet alive who can definitely fix place and date, the facts should be set down in enduring stone and bronze. The road from fact to legend is very short when we have to depend upon the vagaries of oral tradition. We all know what pranks our individual memories play upon us when we attempt to recall some happening in our own life; how much more difficult is it then to put our fingers upon definite events in the lives of others!

What would we not give were we able to tell the beginnings of Troy, or of Athens, or of London, instead of taking recourse in conjecture or shadowy fiction?

What finer course in good citizenship than to make the boy scout familiar with those deeds of our splendid fathers and mothers? Who is better fitted or more worthy to do this act of loyalty to our forebears? Who could do it with better spirit or make it more enduring?

Naturally the question arises, "What place have we in our community to honor in this way? How shall we go about it? What kind of monument should we put in place? These and many other queries will arise and this department stands ready to co-operate in solving these difficulties.

J. Cecil Alter, chairman of the Historical Committee of the Utah Pioneer Trails Association, has written the committee some very splendid suggestions, which we are taking the liberty to quote in full:

"Here is a list of suggested or poten-

tial places where it may be found appropriate, on investigation, to place one or more historical markers, of one kind or another: In, on, or near every plain, desert, mountain, river, lake, spring, mountain pass, highway, railroad, settlement, town, city, county, old structure or building, school house, court house, theatre, meeting house, chapel, lodge or other place frequented by the people.

"And here is a suggested list of reasons why memorials or markers might be appropriately placed as above: "In honor of: The first person who visited or told about the place; the first explorer, trapper, emigrant, scout, missionary leader, or actual settler. The first child born, the first married couple, the first Mayor, the First Bishop or Pastor, the First school teacher, or other civic leader, the most prominent person in any line, the one who set out the first trees, plowed the first furrow, planted the first grain, or sugar beets, or whatever the community grows best, built the first house, erected the first saw mill, grist mill, molasses factory, sugar factory, tannery, harness shop, boot and shoe shop, or blacksmith shop, started the first newspaper, became the first butcher, doctor, dentist, lawyer, banker, jeweler or whatnot that marked the growth of the place; the oldest person, the mother of the most children; the first storekeeper; the first postmaster; the town's namesake, if any; the one who brought in the first reaping or threshing machine; the woman who wove the first cloth and taught others; the one who introduced fruit, and set out orchards; the first library, and so forth. Some one or more people are outstanding in the history of the community—and deserve a marker. Who started the first irrigation water, or who discovered that the land could be dry farmed—honor him! Who discovered the flowing well, or dug the first one and attached a pump? Who made it possible to stay there over night!

Then there are the routes and stations of the historical Overland Stages, Pony Express, and so forth—all these need marking, and so do the mountain routes into many valleys.

"Take a few specific examples: So far as is known, James Bridger was the first white man to see and tell about Great Salt Lake, entering it in a boat via Bear River near Corinne-Brigham City.

"General Wm. H. Ashley, leader of fur trappers, first descended the canyons of the Green River in northeastern Utah in 1825, came thence up the Duchesne River and met several thousand Indians and trappers in Kamas valley; then met as many more at the mouth of the Henry, near Lincoln, northeastern Utah. Trappers wintered, and held their summer rendezvous near Ogden, and also near Huntsville, in Ogden Hole. A half dozen separate trappers have been in different parts

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of Utah, a hundred years ago—San Juan, Uinta Basin, Bear Lake, and other places.

"Then there were the first navigators of Great Salt Lake, James Clyman and others in 1826, followed twenty years later by John C. Fremont. And there were six or eight other explorers of those early days, or earlier, who touched Utah, and the nearest present day town is the place for their monuments.

"Came then the emigrants, some of them of historic note, such as the Hastings, the Bryant and the Donner parties, all prior to the Mormon Pioneers; and there are numerous others after the Mormons came who were famous. Who now knows, without looking in a book, just where Mark Twain, Horace Greeley, Philip Sheridan and other celebrities slept, ate, and travelled through Utah. These are spots for monuments, of a certain kind.

"Then of course let us not overlook the Indians. They massacred the emigrants, stole horses and food from the Mormons, and were pests of the first order—they did many other things less reprehensible, and deserve a monument here and there, in their favorite valleys, or on their favorite streams or lakes, just in memory of the tribe—and of course a half dozen or more of their chiefs should be remembered. Who knows today where Kanosh, Sowiette, Walkara, Black Hawk, or any other well known chief lies buried? And there were other Indians besides the chiefs who were worth a memorial—including those who massacred at City of Rocks, on the overland mail route, and elsewhere.

Johnston's Army was in Cedar Valley, but it shows up only in the books. Captain Bonneville was pretty close to Utah, and has his name on an ancient Lake, but not elsewhere. Captain Stansbury made the first survey of Great Salt Lake, so the books say—but no monument says so. Major J. W. Powell, Grove Karl Gilbert, Clarence Dutton, and other first discoverers of Cedar Breaks, Zion Park, Bryce Canyon, and surveyed the Grand Canyon north rim country before you and I were born—yet where are their monuments—but in their celebrated books, written by themselves of course.

I do not know of any emigrants' roadside graves which have been marked, in Utah; and yet there are some to be marked.

"Where were the first crossings of the larger streams, where were the first ferries, the first bridges—who has marked the route the San Juan emigrants took through Hole-in-The-Rock in 1879-80? Some one ought to, on the ground, at start or finish, or on the way—as well as in the books.

Now it seems to me the Boy Scouts, especially those of the Mormon organizations, with their close contact with the pioneer families, could ferret out a vast and valuable mass of data, and suggest literally scores of places for monuments, and reasons for erecting them; they can do what even adults could hardly do in many cases. And then some assistance can be given them, and the work finally accomplished.

"Let it be supposed that they could find who introduced alfalfa into the country, and could find a public site not far from that first field of alfalfa—valued so highly today in Utah—then if they so desired, it is my understanding that one committee on this new Utah Pioneer Trails and

Landmarks Association could help them design the marker, another could help them prepare the wording to make it conform with claims made by other communities, and so forth, and still another committee could help them finance the project, if located in Utah.

"Let it also be supposed that the Utah locality having an enterprising scout troop, had also a correct site for some other kind of monument, such as to a trapper, discoverer, explorer, stage station, or what not, but could not locate the facts in the matter. That is where the Historical Committee comes in, of which I am the chairman. In most cases, these scouts can assist this committee, with local facts; but in some cases we can assist them, and will be glad to do so, if called upon."

The December issue of the "Era" in this same department will contain historic data pertaining to individual towns and communities with suggestions. In the meantime we think it a good idea for each troop to be on the job selecting the particular work it wishes to undertake.

Types of monuments and markers will be taken up in another issue. It is interesting to note that the Pioneer Trails Association has already appointed a committee to draw up designs for this work and these will be available at an early date.

One Historic Spot

IN the first issue of the new *Era*, published in November, 1929, is the story of the marking of a spot dear to the hearts of the Pioneers and descendants of Pioneers. The spot was the grave of Rebecca Winters, a mother whose strength was unequal to the rigors of the long journey across the plains, and whose death and burial on the lonely prairie was typical of many others. Unknown and forgotten for many years, the surveying company of a great railroad came across the wagon-tire which marked her resting-place, and out of respect to the brave woman herself, and to all whom she represented, they swerved in their path in order to leave her grave undisturbed. Later the officials of the railroad, together with Daughters of the American Revolution, planned a ceremonial and monument which would preserve to future generations the tragedy of the plains which was so eloquent of the courage of Pioneer spirit, and the hardships which were too severe to withstand. Forever the memory of Pioneer motherhood will be sweeter because of the marked spot which tells the story of their sacrifice.

A TRUE friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. Daniel Webster: Speech on the Centennial Birthday of Washington, Washington D. C., February 22, 1832.

Bee Hive Girls Department

COMMITTEE

Catherine Folsom, Chairman Sarah R. Cannon Vida F. Clawson
Glenn J. Beeley Marie Thomas Elsie T. Brandley

Calendar for November

BUILDERS IN THE HIVE

NOVEMBER 4—Guide No. 7, *Seek Knowledge.*

November 11—Guide No. 8, *Open for Planning by Bee-Keeper and the Girls.*

November 18—Guide No. 9, *Safeguard Health.*

November 25—Guide No. 10, *Safeguard Health.* (Continued).

GATHERERS OF HONEY

November 4—Guide No. 7—*How to Sterilize Gauze; Home Emergency Cabinet.*

November 11—Guide No. 8, *Open for Planning by Bee-Keeper and the Girls.*

November 18—Guide No. 9, *The Life of the Bee.*

November 25—Guide No. 10, *Diet.*

Suggestions on Swarm Discussions

For Builders in the Hive

November 4

THE subject "Seek Knowledge" is one which can be discussed at great length and with immeasurable benefit to girls of Bee-Hive age. They are members of school groups, Church groups and other crowds with girls of their own age, and in the midst of the new emotional life developing within them, they are at a loss to know how to adjust. Friends, pretty clothes, achievement without too much effort and a great deal of praise seem to them the height of desirability, and the idea of seeking knowledge is prosaic and preachy.

Point out to them the characters who have really achieved, and the fact that knowledge in one line or another is the secret of their superiority. To select a life-goal early in life and then direct every possible effort toward it is the way of accomplishment. Nothing worth while was ever achieved without mapping the way ahead, and then seeking the knowledge which makes advancement sure. In every phase of their lives have them analyze the necessity for knowledge.

November 11

You make your own program. Take a Bee-Hive book and spend the time necessary to mark every cell which will make interesting work for the evening. Cells No. 67, 68 or 69 in the Field of Religion will create a delightful atmosphere and give the girls a feeling of love for the Gospel. The main point to keep in mind is the necessity for making the assignments to them early enough that their preparation may be thorough and timely.

November 18

In "Safeguard Health" you have a most delightful subject, and one which includes practically every field of a girl's activity and life. Without health, life is difficult and happiness virtually impossible; with health every day is a day of joy.

What are the temptations to jeopardize health? In habits of eating; of exercise; of dress; of disposition. Let them know that many of the serious nervous diseases of adult life follow the ugly temper, the jealousy, the anger of early years. Sweetness of disposition, natural, acquired or developed through rigid self-discipline is one of the first steps toward mental health, which is a strong factor in physical fitness.

November 25

This outline follows the one of last week, which should have given rise to so many questions that the discussion for tonight is practically mapped out. Be sure to keep track of all the unanswered problems which have arisen, that the subject may be thoroughly understood.

For Gatherers of Honey

November 4

IT seems a small matter to understand the proper method of sterilizing gauze, but it might be the means of saving a life in case of a wound. Germs are everywhere about us, and so long as we are in first class condition we resist most of their effects. Infection cannot enter the body through unbroken skin, but a cut or wound or even a pin prick provides an entrance for the organism which causes blood-poisoning. Only an antiseptic

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treatment of the opening can prevent this happening. A sterile wash, followed by the application of sterilized gauze is essential to safety; and a Bee-Hive girl can take care of it as well as an older person.

November 11

See suggestions for this date under *Builders in the Hive*.

November 18

Maurice Maeterlink's book "The Life of the Bee" is one of the literary gems of all time. For Bee-Hive Girls it may be somewhat deep and difficult to read, but for Bee-Keepers it is

purely delightful. Read it and review it for the Swarm, if possible. If not, send in to the General Board offices, 33 Bishop's Building, and ask for a copy of the prepared outline.

November 25

One of the subjects which attracts the attention of thinking people today is that of diet. Once considered insignificant, it now takes its place as one of vital importance, and the understanding of it unlocks the door to health and joy. Read the article in the September *Era*—"Foods for Health," and also "Feast Days and Fast Days" in this issue.

Gleaner Girls Department

(Continued from page 48)

house, but not so many times when I saw him. We used to have parties there.

"He was not at home very much. His life was so often sought that he had to be hid up. After he had been in hiding and had come out, he was always jolly and happy. He would play with the people, and he was always cheerful and happy whenever he would come out. He was different in that respect from Brother Hyrum, who was more sedate, more serious. I thought at the time Hyrum seemed more like a prophet than Joseph did. You see there was a great deal of sectarianism about me. I thought it was bad to sing or read a newspaper on Sunday. Once when a schoolmate of mine had come down from Trenton and wanted me to go with her to hear the 'Mormons.' I went Saturday, but did not want to go on Sunday at all. But I thought it would be impolite not to do as she wished, so I went. When I came home I went right upstairs and asked the Lord to forgive me for going to hear them on Sunday.

"I guess you have seen the picture where Brother Joseph was preaching to the Indians. I was there at that time. The Indians were all kneeling down on the grass in front of the Mansion, and if you have seen that picture, that just describes the way everything was, though it is a miserable picture of the Prophet. He was a fine, noble looking man, always so neat. There are some of the pictures that do not look a particle like him. When he was preaching you could feel the power and influence.

"The first year I was in Nauvoo was a happy year, but after that it was all confusion. When the press was burned there was such excitement; it was that way all the time. It tried a great many people when the Prophet gave out the word that there was to be no more gathering at Nauvoo, as the people thought that was the place. He first told them to gather there, but later told them the Rocky Mountains would be the gathering place. It was his thought that they would come to the Rocky Mountains.

"I was in Nauvoo when the Prophet went to Carthage, and when his body was brought back. I had come to Nauvoo in 1842, and came home to New Jersey in the fall of 1844.

"After the Prophet's death when Sidney Rigdon came to Nauvoo and spoke, he thought that it was his right and privilege to be President of the Church. President Young jumped right up on the seat and spoke. If you had had your eyes shut, you would have thought it was the Prophet. In fact he looked like him, his very countenance seemed to change, and he spoke like him.

"I know Joseph Smith was a Prophet, and I have lived to see many of his sayings fulfilled."

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Foods For Health



Feast Days and Fast Days

By
ADAH R. NAYLOR

Sunday of each month as a "fast day"—a day of voluntary abstinence from food and of making an offering to the poor. We do well to observe this day, since in addition to the religious thoughts, the curbing of the appetite serves as a means of moral discipline, and is also helpful to our physical well being, in that it gives the body a chance to cleanse itself of an accumulation of food. But fasting as well as feasting should be done in moderation. Total abstinence from food over a period of time might cause a grave condition of the body and a fast of any unusual length should not be undertaken without the guidance of a physician.

Our nation has set apart a day in the Autumn of the year for giving thanks to God for his good gifts, and for public rejoicing. Remembering that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," it is well for us to relax on this day from ordinary labor, and to feast and be merry with our family and friends. Our first Thanksgiving Festival was in 1621 after the first harvest of the New England colonists. It lasted a week, and there was much to do in the way of cooking in the big brick ovens which had been newly built. The Indians joined in the merry making and brought in an abundance of meat—wild turkey, geese and deer. There was the grinding of the corn and making of it into bread, cakes and puddings, the latter being flavored with the dried wild berries of the forest. Dried beans and corn were combined to make succotash and pumpkins were baked, also made into pies. There were clams in abundance along the coast, which had been gathered by the children, and a great quantity of clam broth was made—other fish, cod and herring, were also cooked and served. The week's menu sounds heavy and rather formidable to our ears, but they were a sturdy people used to hard labor and out-door life, and their digestion was not easily impaired.

In addition to the preparation of food, and the feasting, certain hours were set aside each day for worship and thanksgiving, and altogether it

THE custom of feasting and fasting is as old as the race. It is quite probable that this custom began with primitive man when there were periods of enforced fasting through scarcity of food and difficulty in obtaining it. And there were periods of feasting because when the hunt was successful there were so few known ways of preserving and storing food that all ate as much as possible while there was a fresh and abundant supply.

Since partaking of food is a pleasurable sensation, the natural social instincts of man led him to share these sensations with his fellows and there entered into the feasting a feeling of well being, of rejoicing and of giving thanks to the creator of all things.

As man progressed and became a tiller of the soil he was ever dependent on sunshine and rain. Winter and summer, seed-time and harvest, and it was natural that when the grains and fruits were gathered in, there should be days of rejoicing, of feasting and thanksgiving. Fasting, too became voluntary, and took on a religious aspect. From the beginning of time mankind has been, and still is, incurably religious and feasting with worship, fasting with prayer are practically universal in some form, in all religions.

Modern man is now able to produce food in great abundance, and to preserve it and store it, but he has learned that continual feasting is destructive to mind and body and that moderation in eating is necessary to health and happiness.

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was a splendid demonstration of community life. Many of the traditions of this Festival are honored by us—the turkey, though now domesticated, has become the national bird and it adorns most Thanksgiving tables, and other dishes served are typical of colonial days.

Three Thanksgiving Dinner Menus

I

Celery Olives
Turkey Cranberry Ice
Mashed potatoes Giblet gravy
Cauliflower with Hollandaise sauce
Pumpkin Pie

II

Pear salad with cottage cheese
Roast chicken Cranberry sauce
Mashed potatoes Giblet gravy
Celery Corn pudding
Pineapple Sponge Cake

III

Fruit cup Stuffing
Roast leg of veal Celery
Sweet potatoes Gelatin Vegetable Salad
Caramel custard Cakes

COOKING THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

PLANNING ahead is essential to any successful meal, and prepar-

ing a Thanksgiving dinner for family and friends is not difficult if things are made ready the day before. The silver should be cleaned and dishes assembled—and if the dinner is to be early in the day, the table can be arranged the night before and covered over with a sheet. Other things which can be prepared are, the turkey, the cranberries and salad dressing. The lettuce should be cleaned and put in a cloth sack on the ice, so that it will be crisp and cold. The pie crust, and squash filling should be made and put in the ice box, the pies can then be completed early the next morning and baked before time to roast the turkey—and last but not least the food list should be checked, so there will be no last minute marketing.

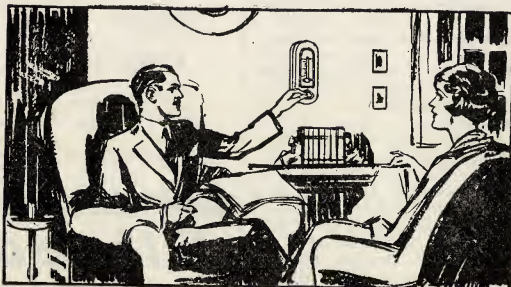
PREPARING THE TURKEY

YOUNG turkeys are best, but the body should be thick and the breast fat. You can determine the age by trying the skin under the leg or wing; if it is easily broken the bird is young. Old turkeys have long hairs and their feet are dry and stiff.

Remove the pin feathers and singe off all hair. Remove oil sac which is just back of the tail. Be sure that the crop and all internals are out, then rinse the inside of the turkey with several waters using a little soda to correct any unpleasant odor. Wash the outside of the turkey with warm water, a little ivory soap or soda, being careful, especially if soap is used, to rinse thoroughly. This process removes all feather oil and prevents an unpleasant flavor the skin might otherwise have. Wipe the turkey dry both inside and outside with a clean cloth. Rub the inside with a little salt, then stuff breast and body and sew up turkey with strong thread. Do not crowd the stuffing too much as allowance should be made for the bread swelling. Tie the legs and wings to the body to prevent them from becoming dry while roasting.

The turkey should now be weighed and the correct time for roasting computed—20 to 25 minutes for each pound—depending somewhat on the age of the bird. Just before placing in the oven rub into the skin of the turkey one tablespoon of flour and one half pound of butter which have been thoroughly mixed together. This gives the skin a beautiful brown color and makes it crisp and good to eat. Use a covered baker, baste and turn frequently and when it is finally done remove from oven and wrap the pan in an old piece of blanket or silence cloth and let stand for 10 or 15 minutes. This holds in the steam and makes the turkey more moist and tender.

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MIDVALE SANDY MORGAN

Stuffing for 12 Pound Turkey

3 heaping quarts of stale bread crumbs (not hard).

1 large onion

2 tablespoons of garden sage

3/4 pound of butter (or less according to richness you may desire).

Salt, pepper and celery salt.

Chop onion fine and fry slowly (without browning) in the butter for 10 minutes, then mix with bread crumbs. Add sage and seasoning to taste. Using only half the onion and adding 1 pint of fresh oysters makes a delicious dressing.

Roast Leg of Veal

Have the butcher remove the bone from the leg of veal, (the small end of the leg is better for this roast) and securely sew up one side, making a large pocket for dressing. Wipe dry and rub into the outside skin flour and butter which have been mixed together. Into the baking pan, (or a large iron frying pan is good for this purpose) put a small piece of suet and when very hot place the veal in the pan and turn quickly from side to side, allowing all sides to become crisp and brown and sealing in the juices. Remove from the pan, fill pocket with stuffing and draw together as nearly as possible with wooden skewers. Put roast back into pan and bake fast in hot oven for 15 minutes. Heat milk—1 cup to every 2 pounds of veal and pour over the roast. Cover and bake very slowly 25 minutes for every pound.

Corn Pudding

1 can corn

1 green pepper

2 eggs

3 tablespoons cream

Remove seeds and parboil green pepper 5 minutes. Chop fine and add to corn. Beat eggs well, add the cream and stir into the corn and pepper mixture. Season, put into baking dish, cover with cracker crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven twenty minutes.

Hollandaise Sauce

1/2 cup butter

2 egg yolks

1 egg white

1/4 teaspoon salt

2 tablespoons lemon juice

3 tablespoons flour

1 cup boiling water

Few grains of cayenne pepper.

Cream butter and blend in the flour beat the eggs very light and add to butter, stirring thoroughly. Add lemon juice and seasoning. Put in double

boiler, stir constantly, adding gradually 1 cup of boiling water, and when thick and creamy remove from fire and then serve. This is delicious with boiled fish or asparagus as well as cauliflower.

II

1/2 lemon

1/4 pound butter

1 egg yolk

Few grains cayenne pepper.

Put egg yolk, lemon and seasoning in double boiler over slow fire. Cut butter in 3 equal parts and add it one piece at a time, stirring constantly. When thick and creamy remove from fire and serve. This is rich but easily made. Will serve 5 or 6 people.

Vegetable Salad in Gelatin

Dissolve a package of gelatin in a little cold water, and add enough boiling water to make one quart. When cool, but before it begins to thicken, add salt, juice of 1/2 lemon, and 1 tablespoon of chopped pimentos. Then add vegetables, either peas, string beans or asparagus tips. Put in moulds and when firm and chilled serve on lettuce with mayonnaise dressing—chopped celery or shredded cabbage may be used in place of the pimentos.

Caramel Custard

1 quart of milk

6 egg yolks

4 tablespoons of sugar

Pinch of salt

Heat milk in double boiler. Caramelize sugar and add to milk. Beat yolks well and add 1 tablespoon of cold water, then stir into the hot milk. Pour into small moulds, place in pan

of hot water and bake in moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes. A slice of banana in each mould adds to the flavor.

Cranberry Ice

1 quart of cranberries

Juice of 2 lemons

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- 2 cups of sugar
- 2 cups of water

Cook cranberries in water for 10 minutes, remove from fire and force through a sieve. Add sugar and lemon juice—put back on fire and allow it to come to a boil. When cold freeze to a mush.

Pineapple Sponge Cake

- 5 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 cup cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Separate eggs—add slowly to the yolks the cup of sugar, then half the water, and beat with dover egg beater for 15 minutes. Add remainder of water and stir in the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Lastly fold in the well beaten whites. Bake in an angel food pan, in slow oven 50 or 60 minutes.

Filling

Dissolve 1 tablespoon plain gelatin and 1 tablespoon of sugar in 3 tablespoons of boiling water. Add the juice of 1/2 lemon and a small can of crushed pineapple. When cold stir in 1 cup whipped cream. Cut cake through center (making two layers) and spread with filling—let stand 5 minutes so that it will soak into the

upper half. Place together again in the shape it was before it was cut. Cover the cake with whipped cream flavored with sugar and 1/2 teaspoon of lemon, 1/2 teaspoon of vanilla. This cake can be decorated with pieces of candied cherries and pineapple, or nuts, and is very attractive when cut and served at the table.

Foods

WITH the problem of serving three meals a day ever present in the program of a housewife, magazine suggestions regarding new ways of preparing foods are most helpful. One mother reports that she has tried out every recipe for soup (in the Foods for Health department of the October *Era*) to the surprise and delight of her family. Cooking is either a burden or a pleasure according to the amount of imagination, as well as the ingredients, put into it or left out. A simple dish can become an artistic triumph through the simple addition of new seasoning and garnish. Since foods must be prepared, the *Era* is anxious to help in every home, and to this end Mrs. Naylor is giving each month to our thousands of housewife-readers the benefit of her knowledge and experience. Don't merely read these recipes. Use them and rejoice!

Is \$8,500,000 in Pay Checks worth keeping?

PROSPERITY is founded upon employment at wages which permit the employee to enjoy the comforts of life and allow the employer a fair return upon his investment.

Food, clothing, coal and metals are products of industry that are essential to life. The efforts to produce these commodities form the basic industries of the country. The payrolls they afford, directly and indirectly, are chiefly responsible for prosperity.

Last year ONE out of every FIFTEEN residents of Utah was chiefly dependent upon the coal industry for a livelihood. Approximately \$8,500,000 in coal payrolls was released to local trade channels.

In 1929 the Utah mines produced in excess of 5,000,000 tons of the highest grade bituminous coal mined in the West and distributed it throughout the Western States. They originated freight revenue of approximately \$15,000,000 besides that which they created through purchases

of supplies and materials. The magnitude of the revenue thus produced for railroads has a very important bearing upon the freight rate structure of the West. If this revenue were eliminated or appreciably decreased it probably would be necessary to advance rates on other commodities to overcome the deficiency.

PAYROLLS AND EMPLOYMENT

Besides its payrolls, the Utah coal industry expended approximately \$2,000,000 last year for supplies and equipment, and paid out another million dollars in taxes and for power.

In addition to the more than 5,000 employees on the coal producers' payrolls the Utah mines are directly responsible for large employment in other lines of effort. The coal produced provided approximately 2,000 trains of freight, and about the same number of trains were required to move the empty cars to the mines, or an average of 12 trains per day

throughout the year. Each train provided employment for a minimum of five trains and engineers on each railroad division. It is estimated that the coal traffic alone supplied 110,000 trainmen working days during the year, and approximately the same working time for other railway employees.

Business depressions such as the country now is experiencing are far-reaching in their effect. They cannot be materially relieved except through increased employment—more payrolls. Every one is affected, directly or indirectly, and the Utah coal industry is an important factor in maintaining the balance in this region. The heavy winter employment provided by the coal industry affords timely payrolls and the money is released to local trade channels.

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UTAH COAL

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The Fraud

(Continued from page 21)

mouth—how could she have harbored such a thought! To be sure, it was a weakness in granddear, no doubt, but it was her only one; her relentless clinging to a departed glory.

Yes, Terry would see through it all and he would despise her, but at least she would not have to despise herself for turning traitor to her own house.

IT WAS a frantic two weeks for Hallie, those two that intervened between his going and his return. There was so much, so very much to be done. First Hallie had gone to the city for a day. It was a disconcerting errand that took her there, for she went to dispose of an heirloom that was dear to her; her mother's moonstone necklace. All of her girlhood had been sprinkled with dreams of wearing, some day, the moonstone necklace with a blue velvet dress. She had sold the dream for silver—a very nice sum of silver—for which to realize a dream for granddear.

After that such a hurry and flurry! The lawn and the shrubs were trimmed, the wood trim of the house refreshed with a new coat of paint. The outbuildings felt the long forgotten touch of a carpenter's hammer.

When the guest finally returned he was met at the door by a very proper maid in the person of Lottie, and he had a glimpse of Maria's broad back through the dining room door.

Hallie had figured carefully, and by pinching in a dozen places she would be able to maintain the household thus for exactly three months—if cotton did not fall too short. By then the drawing would be completed and the guest gone, Maria and Lottie would be dismissed and for the remainder of the winter she would live on bread and water if need be. She could go without fire in her room. Oh, there must be any number of ways one might economize if one put one's mind to it, though Hallie had thought she had discovered or invented them all long since.

GRANDMOTHER had never been so happy, so interested and animated as this eventful fall

found her. She was gently domineering with the servants; she was cheerful and talkative even when Hallie knew her rheumatism was well nigh intolerable.

To Hallie, deprived of her usual round of activities, time was long, and yet, despite recurring moments of depression, she was happy. Dinnertime was an event to look forward to through all the unreal day. Then she and the guest dined in the big candle-lighted diningroom, alone. Breakfast and lunch were sent to him on a tray, but at the evening meal work had been put aside for the day and their evenings were delightfully intimate and informal.

Hallie had reckoned on three months, but at their termination the plans were uncompleted. Moreover, he was no longer working steadily as at first. He was simply dawdling.

There was no hope of being able to keep Maria and Lottie any longer. The money was all gone, and even faithful old southern servants can't be asked to work for love alone. Besides, she could no longer feed the two extra mouths. She had thrashed this all out the evening before he announced that the plans lacked yet a month's work. And granddear had enthusiastically invited, nay, demanded that he stay on to finish them. That he accept was inevitable. And Hallie, frantic in her predicament, read strange things into the look he gave her; a determination to stay on and wear their pretense—and their purse—so thin that it would wring an acknowledgment from her. Her sensitive soul shrank from his smile and grew bitter on a diet of doubt and fear.

WINTER loomed, with the weather a beastly mixture of rain and snow. The firewood melted in the huge fireplaces, and the day after old Sam fell ill of flu, Terry began talking about logs for the fireplace.

Granddear recalled the many gay seasons when the great chimneys had roared with the flames from the noble logs piled high by the servants. She turned to the girl with a little sigh.

'It seems to me, Hallie, that our fires of recent years have been

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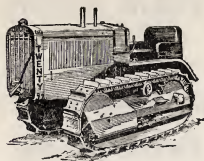
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disappointing. Why can't we have great logs like we used to? Mere kindling wood, this. We must have a fine big heap for Thanksgiving. Tell Sam I said so."

Terry was looking at Hallie soberly, half sadly. She blazed under his eyes. Her head came up. Only this morning as he returned from a tramp across the pasture, she had seen him pause beside the woodpile—a pitiful heap of sticks. He had looked at it a full minute before going in.

"Yes, grandmother, I promise you as fine a log as you ever saw! You shan't be disappointed with your Thanksgiving fire this year." She gave Terry a defiant look.

GRANDDEAR was comfortably settled for her afternoon nap and Hallie hustled into outdoor things. She was going to cut down a tree! The snow still held and the sky was grey with promise of more.

She was slipping very quietly down the stairway when Terry appeared unexpectedly at the foot of it. Seeing the hooded and cloaked figure he looked wistful. Hallie poised on the third step.

"I was just thinking," he smiled, more wistfully still, "that a walk in the snow—together—would be jolly."

Hallie dimpled. Terry could be so nice, and yet—the tree! The log for the fire!

But somehow she softened in spite of herself. "It—would," she agreed.

"Thank you! I'll join you in a moment."

Hallie bit her lip. She thought rapidly. A chuckle gurgled in her white throat. She was growing positively shrewd! When he reappeared she looked triumphant.

"Let's gather evergreen for decorations. Would you like that?" she asked.

"Immensely!"

"Don't be too sure! It calls for cutting down a sizable tree."

"I still stick to my guns."

IT was strange how light and carefree she felt as they swung across the white fields together. It brought them into a feeling of intimacy and comradeship such as Hallie's aloofness had seldom permitted. They paused at the top of a long, unbroken slope.

"It's almost too lovely to mar,

isn't it? Too perfect to break with footprints."

"I think," he replied with intensity, "I should find it more lovely with your footprints there."

Hallie was still for a moment. Panic had a way of welling up within her when Terry was like this.

"Let's run a race to the foot of the hill," she suggested. "If we must make tracks across this smooth beauty, let's at least make them swift, happy ones," she turned her rosy face to him.

"Let's run hand in hand. Shall we?"

She gave him her hand, and they ran like children to the base of the slope. Hallie was all rushing words then.

"Yonder is the woodlot. We can soon find a suitable tree. We want lots and lots of evergreen, don't we?"

"Exactly. But—do you realize we've forgotten the axe?"

"Not at all. Sam keeps it hidden in a hollow tree. I'll show you. It has been here since I was a wee tot. I used to hide there myself."

THE axe was found—and Hallie pointed out a tree for felling. Sizable was the word. But she hardened her heart. Granddear must have her log, and who was so much to blame as Terry himself?

The chopping proceeded rhythmically, and Hallie sat on a stump with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands. It seemed no time at all before the tree crashed to the ground with a whining and sickening shudder.

"There's your tree, madam!"

"Oh, thank you. That was quite a help." Her eyes were measuring the length of the log. Two chimney lengths it would make. How pleased granddear would be! Now, with that hackberry yonder—

They gathered their arms full of greenery and went home. Hallie again warmed perceptibly toward her guest-companion as they tramped through the slush. Relief at the thought of the log lying in readiness—or almost so—played no small part in her light-hearted mood. By the time they reached the house she was laughing merrily at some sally of Terry's. They went in to show granddear their salvage. They found the old lady bright-eyed

over a list she was making on a sheet of fine white paper, her drawn fingers painfully wielding a dainty pen of pearl and gold.

"Hallie, I've decided we'll give a party!" she cried, her voice ringing with happiness. "A really lovely *big* party, like we used to give. We want to show Mr. Newman our true southern hospitality before he leaves us. We have done pitifully little in that line recently. I'm afraid, Mr. Newman, that you've had a very dull time of it. Here, Hallie, is the guest list. See that I've overlooked no one, child. And we'll have the cousins out for a few days, of course."

HALLIE dropped her evergreen, her face white as she stooped to retrieve it. Terry also reached for it. Their fingers met. Terry's closed over hers warmly, eagerly. Could it mean that he understood and sympathized? But he must not understand! He should not! She faced her grandmother squarely, her cheeks flaming, her heart throbbing strangely.

"I think that will be delightful, granddear! How lovely of you to think of it."

"There'll be lots to do," the little lady went on rapturously, "but how I'll love the bustle and stir! It makes me feel all young and fluttery just to think of it. You'll probably be surprised at the kind of party we give, Mr. Newman—quite old-fashioned, you see, with the great dining table groaning with goodies and the huge bowls of eggnog and lemonade. There will be waiters carving big brown turkeys and slicing whole hams and cakes by the dozen. A real feast as only the true, old-time southerner can spread."

Somehow Hallie got out of the room and stumbled upstairs. She could not — dared not — think. The whole universe was shapeless, twisted. Where was coming the courage to face this new situation? An elaborate party, numberless guests, hired help by the score, the cousins for a week—and thirty-five cents in her purse. Grandmother would expect at least four turkeys for the feast. There remained two of their flock, which she had meant to be the nucleus of next year's brood. One poor ham hung in the smoke-house. As for cakes, etc., they all required

sugar and eggs. The sugar barrel was empty, the few hens had quit laying.

AFTER supper, which Hallie cooked and served in a daze, she went to the living room where Terry sat talking to granddear.

"Your grandmother has been telling me the history of that magnificent mantel in the library, Hallie," he said as she entered. "It is rather unique to own a piece like that that was brought from the ancestral home in England so long ago."

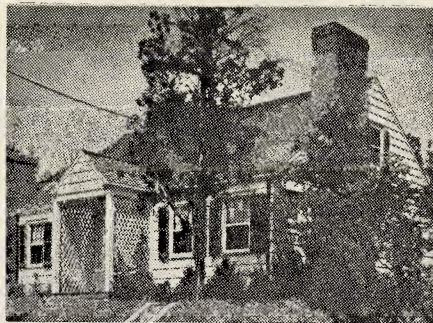
"We are proud of the mantel," Hallie replied simply.

Terry did not tarry long. He must be at his drawings, he said. After he left Hallie seated herself on a hassock at her grandmother's

feet. "Grandmother—about the party—there's so little time to prepare, do you think we'd best have it, after all?"

"Oh, yes, do let's! Somehow —" the thin voice paused, the weak eyes gazed into a distance Hallie could not follow—"somehow, I've a feeling this will be my last year, and I want it to be a full and happy one, with my friends and loved ones here. It will be so wonderful to have them remember me as happy to the end; happy and hospitable. And if one carries memories into the beyond, I shall have such beautiful memories. And Hallie," again the pause, a little battling breath and the looking afar, "when I die, I want to rest my last moments in the old house before the mantel in the library. The mantel is a sym-

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bol of my family's character—though I am little worthy of it—a symbol of beauty and strength and loyalty. It belongs here, Hallie, in this house forever."

Hallie put firm hands over the little wizened ones tenderly.

"Granddear, don't speak of dying! Don't." How transparent the small face, frail and white and unearthly. Oh, it was true, that she was going away, perhaps very soon? Hallie struggled with a catch in her throat. Of course she would have the party, somehow.

Granddear was exhausted now, and Hallie put her to bed. She scarcely made a bulge in the silken counterpane, she was so slight. Hallie tucked her in and kissed the soft cheek.

THE light was out in the library, but a remnant of fire burned on the hearth. Evidently Terry, too, had retired early. The girl crossed slowly to the great mantel whose rich wood glowed like satin woven on a royal loom. Her hand touched it caressingly, slid across the supporting slabs of marble.

There was a slight sound behind her and she turned to find Terry sitting in a great chair watching her.

"Oh! I thought I was alone."

"I hope I have not startled you. I was trying so hard not to frighten you, for I saw you were unaware of my presence. Won't you sit down and talk to me?" There was a note of tender supplication in his voice and she sat down opposite—sat down and noticed immediately that the big brass-bound woodbox was open and empty. The lamp was out. Was it empty of oil? Panic and despair seized her, sirens screamed in her ears, so that she did not hear what Terry was saying—something about the mantel.

"Naturally, you would not want to part with it during your grandmother's lifetime, but after that if you will sell it to me, I will advance you a thousand dollars on it as an evidence of good faith."

SHE sat up sharply. A thousand dollars! The happy solution to everything! Food, firewood, and a party as elaborate as granddear could desire. And a decent frock for herself—blue velvet! There were no moonstones

now to wear with it, but oh, the magic of blue velvet and a touch of lace! Her breath escaped in an ecstatic sigh. And granddear in a new silk gown. Granddear! The color drained slowly from her cheeks. Could she betray granddear? Why, the mantel was not even Hallie's. And she had harbored such a traitorous thought!

She shook her head. "The mantel is not mine."

"But I had supposed that at her death the home would be yours, inasmuch as you have cared for her so faithfully?"

"It has never been discussed. At any rate, the mantel will stay here, always."

She rose. Terry rose also. His arms went out to her, yearningly.

"Oh, Hallie, my dear, my dear!" She surrendered her hands to him. He was drawing her to him. His dear face was bent toward her. Toward her, the deceitful, the pretender, the sham,—oh, everything that Terry hated, she was. She drew away.

"Terry, please—I—you must not."

"And why must I not, my darling?"

"You — would despise me. Please—"

"I despise you? Impossible!"

"There! I hear granddear calling me! What—what can be the matter?"

He released her. He too, had heard the faint call.

HALLIE flew to the chamber back of the living room. The old lady was sitting up in bed. "Oh, granddear, you'll be all chilled! Lie down. What is it? Are you ill?"

There was a faint chuckle. "No. Make a light."

The girl obeyed, shakily.

"I thought of something else. Look in the little box on the table and find a key."

Hallie complied. "Now behind the tapestry there—" Hallie was excited by now. She lifted the faded tapestry. In the panel was a keyhole. The key fitted.

"Now!" The little woman's eyes were dancing, her cheeks pink, her useless hands clasped.

The panel swung open and inside the dark opening the girl saw a little bag.

"Bring the bag." The panel was closed, the tapestry replaced and the girl took the bag to the

bedside. The woman touched it lightly. "It's for you. Spend it all for a dress for the party. I've been saving it a long, long time, thinking perhaps someday we might be poor and need it. Wasn't that silly of me? Now, I'm sure we won't, and you must have a lovely dress. What do you think of blue velvet?"

Hallie was on her knees, the contents of the little bag gripped in her fingers, her face against the frayed silk coverlet.

"Yes, blue velvet!" she echoed. She was shaking with mingled sobs and laughter. Funny little granddear! When they got poor and needed it, indeed! She pressed the icy gold pieces against her hot wet cheek. Twenty double eagles! Riches! A vision swept before her eyes. It consisted largely of sugar and eggs and hams and turkeys, of cakes and candies. The party!

Granddear's hands were on her hair. "You must be very lovely for Terry Newman, darling. He's a fine man and he loves you. That's why I asked him to stay. I wanted him for you. If you love him, Hallie, and go away with him someday, you shall have the mantel to take with you."

GRANDDEAR lay back on her hand-embroidered linen pillow case.

"Yes, dear, and thank you, thank you!"

"You're a true Waincott, Hallie, the finest of the line," she whispered as the girl kissed her again.

Hallie put out the light and slipped into the dark living room. She stuffed the bag into a cubby hole in the secretary and, walking like one but half recalled from a dream, crossed the hall to the library. Terry rose to meet her.

"I hope Mrs. Burch is not ill?"

"Oh, no, she's quite all right, thank you."

She joined him on the hearth. The air was charged with something new. Terry felt it. When he turned to her she did not move away. Quickly she was in his arms, quivering, throbbing, yielding. She lifted her face to his kiss. Her heart sang. She felt strangely light and joyous. She could tell him now, for was it not really true?—they had had the money all along!

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, why have you been so cold, so cruel?"

"Oh, Terry, I'm such a fraud—and you hate such things so. Lucette told me."

TERRY was laughing happily. "Did she tell you at the same time that I admire the kind of loyalty that knows no quarter? That I admire sweetness and modesty and genius?"

"Genius? But I'm not—I'm the only real dunce in the family!"

He nodded emphatically, repeating, "A genius! A genius for loyalty, a genius for affection, a genius for management. Hallie, if I had a wife who could give me such affection, such loyalty, truly the world would be mine."

He waited.

HALLIE lifted her head. The blue eyes were as still and untroubled now as twin mid-

summer lakes. "I cannot imagine a woman who would not be utterly loyal to the man she loves; who would not give him immeasurable devotion."

A burning stick broke in the fireplace and sent a shower of sparks upward, lending a rosy radiance to two already radiant faces, lighting the somber mantel that was the symbol of a race.

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Profanity

By GEORGE D. KIRBY

LET us look on the other side of "durn." Let us look at it from the linguist's view, who, studying the derivation of language laughs at us over our horror and sanctity for certain words. The word "durn" stands for the stronger word, "damn," and that changing back into the olden Greek is the English for "judged or be judged." And wouldn't we come nearer swearing if we said "be judged" than the other? It is the same when we mention the sacred word "God." This word comes from the Saxon "Gott" and

that, going back, means the abstract word "good." To really make the word profane we must get back to the combination of words it was first given in, mustn't we? Well, swearing is an ugly habit, although it isn't at all a late acquisition. Why isn't it a late acquisition? Well, here linguistic science steps in and says that the majority of mankind, if not all, is inclined to use stronger words than our mixture of a Saxon and Latin language provides for us when angry, frightened or struggling with strong feelings, and this is why we break into expletives. Because in

most languages, there is a dearth of words strong enough, man either uses the names that his worship holds as great or he coins words. But I am not excusing swearing. There are oaths that I shudder over, not only that the person has named the Deity but also because of the bitter hatred, the murderous spirit charging black under the words. It is the heart hatred that is black. It is not alone the using the name of Deity that he himself would condemn, but also the evil underlying that combination of letters in any language in which his name may be used.

Tested For a Century

By DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL

AFTER one hundred years the Church stands before the world as an organization effected under the personal direction and inspiration of Him whose name it bears.

It is not an outgrowth of man-made institutions, it is a revelation from God. In its growth it has been attended by Divine interposition for its protection and constant inspiration for its progress. Its leadership has been that of Divine authority and its membership has been reached and held together by the individual testimony of the truth of its doctrines and the efficacy of its ordinances. It has survived persecution, outlived ostracism, pushed prejudice into the background and won a standing of admiration in places where it was once looked upon with contempt. Its advancement in the face of obstacles has arrested the attention of the most thoughtful of the age. The efficacy of its community efforts and the character of its membership have placed it in the foreground for favorable consideration as an institution worthy to be perpetuated under the law of the *survival of the fittest*.

In humility it lays claim to being the stone "cut out without hands," the city "set upon a hill," the mountain of the Lord's house, the Zion of the Latter-days, the custodian and dispensation of the Gospel that is "never to be taken from the earth nor given to another people."

In the fulfilment of its mission—"the salvation of souls"—the

Church seeks the absorption of good from all sources, it welcomes the adoption of its methods by others, but it recognizes that the sharing of its authority is beyond human prerogative.

Reserving to itself that which makes it distinctive among men and officially associated with the Creator, the Church will continue to extend its arm of interest to the dead, the living, and the unborn. The Gospel-conquest by our missionaries will be carried to the ends of the earth. At the call of the honest in heart, the borders of Zion will be enlarged on the invitation of outside progressive peoples, and her institutions will furnish a sought-after leadership for the world in its march toward the Millennium.

In its hundred years of history-making, the Church has given unmistakable evidence of possessing not only the germs of increase but also the power of automatic and authoritative elimination; in it there is no place for the accumulation of iniquity, nor is there any line of leniency to which the unrepentant and evil doer can cling.

Happily there are no prophetic pronouncements of woes against this people as a whole, even human predictions proclaiming their downfall are heard no more. Collectively the Church has been living and will continue to live the laws upon which blessings only are predicated. In it and through it and by it, are conditions leading to immortality and eternal life, the final objective of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

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"Why, Daddy, Why?"

Daddy, if you know we're hungry—
 Know that we are very poor—
 It must break your heart in heaven
 'Cause you never did insure!
 Mamma wonders why you didn't
 Save the dimes you threw away
 But you felt too strong and healthy
 For insurance, people say.

* * *

You were taken without warning,
 Leaving us to fight alone.
 You'd have taken out insurance,
 Daddy, if you'd only known!
 'T wasn't that you didn't love us—
 I recall how dear you were—
 But your little girl must suffer
 'Cause you failed to save for her.

* * *

Mamma just can't make the living,
 She is wearing out, she said.
 I shall have to miss some schooling
 For the sake of daily bread.
 When she's gone I guess they'll take me
 To a place of charity
 To be clothed and fed. But, Daddy,
 It can ne'er be home to me.

* * *

Mary's Daddy left insurance
 And their home will still be theirs.
 They're not hungry. Sometimes Mary
 Gives me cast-off clothes she wears.
 They don't have to take in sewing,
 Mary's Mamma doesn't cry;
 For her Daddy left insurance—
 But you didn't, Daddy. Why?

—Annie Denman.

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