

The Improvement Era



Christmas, 1938

SEE PAGE 706

DECEMBER, 1938

VOLUME 41 NUMBER 12

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



“Golden Shell!” *I scream*
“Go there yourself!” *he splutters*

Mr. Bruggle can't hardly hear it thunder.

But I didn't know that, the first time he drives in. I flash my “welcome” smile and he says, “Check the oil.”

“You're low,” I report, in a minute.

“Then I don't need any,” he answers.

“No, no”—I shout—“It's way down!”

“Who's a clown?” he frowns back at me.

I sail on, louder, while people passing by stop to listen.

“It's not only low, but you need oil that flows *fast*. When you start

your engine, if your oil is sluggish, it don't get up out of the crankcase—”

“I am NOT cranky!” he shouts, mad by now.

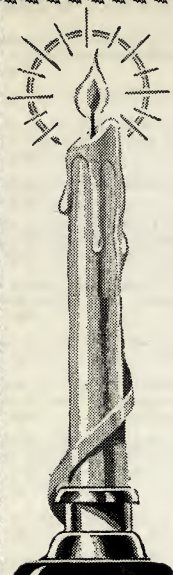
I struggle on: “Look, you only have to pay 25¢ for a quart of Golden Shell Oil—GOLDEN SHELL,” I scream.

“You go there yourself,” he splutters, and drives off.

That's how I got in bad with Mr. Bruggle and had to write him a letter to explain things. I got a chance to tell him how fast Golden Shell flows, too—without him shoutin' back at me. Now we're good friends, and he calls me the *slick* salesman—get it?

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer



Reflections...

AS the flaming light of the humble candle reflects the Yuletide spirit, so your home reflects **you**. Your dwelling is the show window of your personality.

Christmastide is friend-visiting time. See to it that your home portrays to those whose association you cherish, the best that is within you.

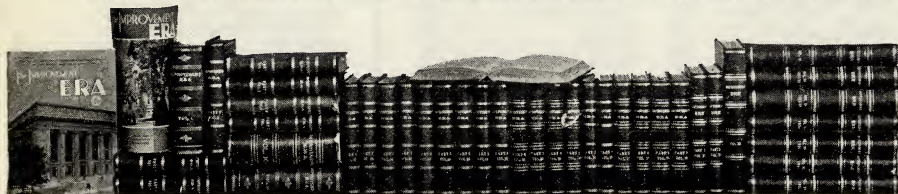
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"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

DECEMBER, 1938

VOLUME 41

NUMBER 12

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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The Cover

THIS Christmas window by H. Armstrong Roberts suggests the warmth and hospitality of Christmas—at which time it is to be hoped there will be none left outside the window, where frost and disappointment chill hearts and spirits as well as the physical man.

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EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES

50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

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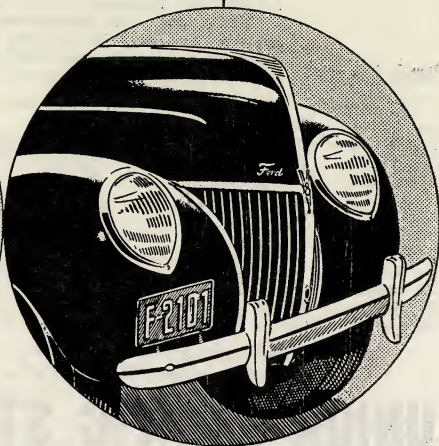
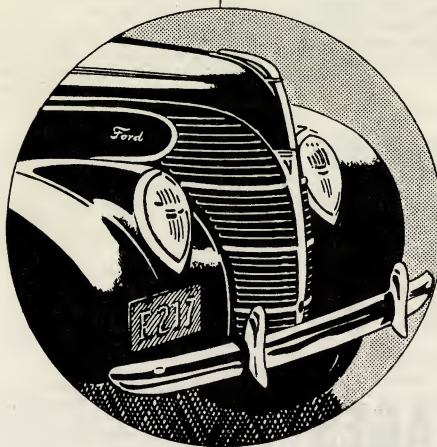
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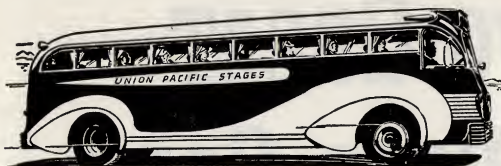
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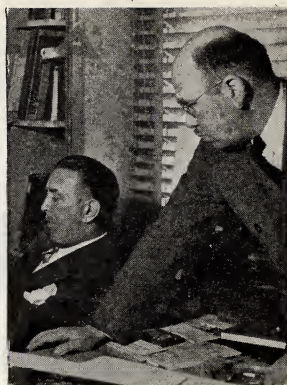
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Lv. Cedar City	12:22 a. m.	8:30 a. m.
Lv. Nephi	4:11 a. m.	12:59 p. m.
Lv. Payson	4:43 a. m.	1:34 p. m.
Lv. Spanish Fork	5:01 a. m.	1:46 p. m.
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UNION PACIFIC STAGES



STEPHEN GOOSSON (LEFT) FORMER HEAD OF COLUMBIA STUDIOS ART DEPARTMENT, AND LIONEL BANKS (RIGHT) PRESENT HEAD OF COLUMBIA ART DEPARTMENT.

INTRODUCING LIONEL BANKS

By Weston N. Nordgren

YOU will like Lionel Banks. Soon you will be chatting with him as with an old and valued friend. He puts you at ease. Lionel Banks is the new art department head at Columbia Studios in Hollywood.

He was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. His grandfather, Oliver C. Bess, came to Utah with Brigham Young in 1847. His Banks grandparents were among the handcart pioneers. Lionel's early education was obtained from the Latter-day Saints' High School and the University of Utah. The family still maintains Banks Court in Salt Lake City. An Elder, Lionel Banks, now 37, and his wife, the former LaVee Peterson of Richfield, maintain membership in Arlington Ward, Hollywood Stake, with their two sons, Neil, 5, and Robin, 4.

In 1920, Lionel Banks came to the coast and studied at the University of Southern California. After obtaining his degree, he returned to Utah, pursuing his profession as an architect.

He began motion picture work at Warner Bros. First National Studios on their first sound picture, starring Al Jolson.

The film, "Moby Dick," was largely his work. Many other films have followed, chief of which is the new motion picture, "You Can't Take It With You." We met him, in fact, through the good offices of Harry McPherson, former Salt Lake newspaper man, now at Columbia, while previewing this film.

He started at Columbia as a sketch artist, taking the job for two weeks. He has been there nine years now; and for the past six years has been Associate to Art Director Stephen Goosson. On July 1, of this year, he succeeded Mr. Goosson as head of Columbia's Art Department.

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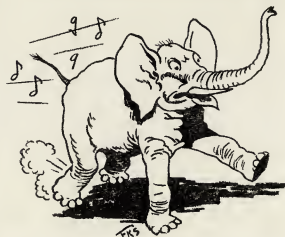
Exploring the Universe

How does sap get from the roots to the leaves in a tree? Usually it is said that the sap is pulled upward by suction from the leaves where evaporation is going on. Some new interesting work on this problem with tomato roots, that had never been attached to a plant, found enough pressure developed in the roots to send sap to the top of a California big tree, or more than 100 pounds per square inch.

Does water have form or structure? Surprising as it may seem, a honeycomb pattern or structure has been found in very cold water which persists as the temperature goes up. Ice, of course, has a definite evident structure, but this pattern persists as the water becomes liquid, with a sort of honeycomb form through which the molecules of water move in and out.

Are other living things right or left-handed? The cricket, the grasshopper and many others draw their bow, which is on the right wing-case over the sounding apparatus on the left wing-case. Nearly all the molluscs, (snails, etc.), that have spiral shells roll their coils from left to right. There are very few of the numerous species which turn from right to left. Zoo tests have found the chances are four to one that a parrot will reach for food with the left claw.

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.



A RHINOCEROS has no ear for music—at least one in the London Zoo tried to charge an orchestra no matter what tune was played. The sea-lions liked everything but jazz. The wolves and jackals responded readily to the music offered. A tune set in a depressing minor key caused them to point their noses to the sky and drown out the orchestra. The cheetah enjoyed a fox-trot but showed alarm at Gounod's "Funeral March." Music never failed to bring all the crocodiles out of the ponds onto the banks, where they showed interest with upraised heads. A like effect was obtained with scorpions and spiders. Birds were in no way attracted and some clearly annoyed.

Dr. T. J. CASE of the University of Chicago has found that the electrical waves given off by the brain can be used to detect scars and tumors in the brain. This may then take the place of the X-ray method where a hole must be drilled into the skull, so that air can take the place of brain fluid, to give shadows on the photographs.

MOSCOW, RUSSIA, has made a test of a pavement made of black and brown rubber. After nine months of severe traffic conditions the experiment was declared successful. Advantages claimed are: noiselessness, neither ice nor snow remains on it, and it is easy to wash.

AN improved whooping cough vaccine is being prepared and tested by the U. S. Public Health Service. Preliminary results are encouraging but careful tests taking another two years will be necessary before the vaccine's effectiveness will be known. Prepared from the Sauer vaccine now used, the new type takes longer to be absorbed by the body, giving a longer time for antibodies to be formed, and in addition needs to be given in only two doses instead of six.

"WE STARTED THROUGH LIFE ON A HEALTHY FOUNDATION"

THE QUINTUPLETS

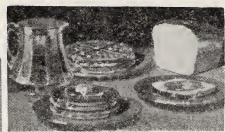


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WE BELIEVE . . . Again, with the arrival of this most joyous time of year, comes a desire from us who strive at Christmas City, to make each season a little happier and a little brighter . . . to reiterate anew those ideals which motivate all our ambitions and endeavors.

WE BELIEVE . . . in the Spirit of Christmas and in the happiness and joy that comes from giving. We believe that the size of the gift is unimportant, but whatever you give, see that quality is there.

WE BELIEVE . . . in quality to the very core, for there is no economy except in quality.

WE BELIEVE . . . in simplicity and thrill to the beauty and joy that comes from simple things . . . and we have filled our Christmas City with thousands of just such lovable items.

WE BELIEVE . . . that a store should be a place where people can select what they want and need from among thousands of items with confidence and ease.

WE BELIEVE . . . in rotund Santas, in holly wreaths and in mistletoe . . . in Christmas carols and happy greetings . . . in what we stand for and what we have.

WE APPRECIATE . . . the 70 years of public trust which we have enjoyed and we stand today more eager than ever before to serve you.

ZCMI



From a panel by Avaré Fairbanks.

CHRISTMAS CYCLE

I

I WAS myself a little child—alone
 Upon a Christmas hearth, its glow grown dim.
 The soft white flakes upon the window blown,
 The tap upon the pane of whitened limb
 Had filled my heart with awe—perhaps with fear.
 The wind sang shrill; the frozen world was dark;
 The candles with no flame had lost their cheer;
 I wondered where had flown the meadow lark.
 And then a slumbering log awoke to flame—
 The tinsel of the tree sprang glad with light;
 And, shadow-soft, I seemed to hear my name
 As now a little Christ Child filled my sight—
 A sparkling Child with halo like the frost,
 And we were friends—with all the shadows lost!

II

IT WAS the time of holly and of chimes
 When bridal lilies breathed of ecstasy.
 There was the jargon, too, of boyish rhymes—
 For never had been seen a bride like me!
 There were the laces and the gleaming gown,
 The laughter—and my mother's hidden tear;
 The winding staircase which I pattered down
 All radiant to meet the coming year.
 But when I stood a moment there alone
 Beside the candles and the log burned low,
 Like echoes from far years, in gentle tone
 I heard again my name; I saw the glow
 Of that same smile. O, little Christ Child dear!
 In my full world of love I felt you near!

III

THERE were no smiles one glazed December day—
 Just hush and pain, no word, no tone could reach;
 Mere chaos, and a heart bowed low. The ray
 Of friendly Christmas candle, thoughts men preach
 Fell like dead leaves on grief-drenched eyes and ears.
 The touch of baby cheek—now marble chill—
 Was not enough to bring the needed tears;
 My mind was impotent to wake the will.
 But when I seemed to see Him in the night
 And—floating to me on the Christmas chime—
 I heard my name, His eyes alight,
 I knew the sleeping babe was ever mine.
 O wonderment to feel that He was near—
 "I am the light—" above a tiny bier!

IV

THE kiss of snow, like velvet on my cheek;
 The moon grown faint, and starlight lost in haze;
 Low chanting from the churches of the meek—
 The old, old tongue that lived in other days.
 Far arcs of town, in holiday array,
 Are gleaming dream-like through a misty lane.
 As echoes of a carol, sweet and gay,
 Proclaim His birth again, and yet again.
 But I, grown old, can hear His whisper low,
 And I, grown wise, can feel the inner light;
 O it is good to walk in falling snow
 And feel the wings of love that lift the night!
 For life is rich in tides which sweep the years
 When man may grow toward majesty through tears!

BLANCHE KENDALL McKEY

The EDITOR'S PAGE

The "Still Small Voice"

By PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

THE "STILL SMALL VOICE" IS GIVEN TO THOSE WHO HEED IT,
EACH FOR HIS OWN COMFORT AND GUIDANCE, ACCORDING
TO HIS FAITHFULNESS AND NEEDS.

I AM reminded of some very faith promoting incidents in my experience. I was out in Tooele at a quarterly stake conference and the Patriarch of the stake, Brother John Rowberry, had told me many years before of having had a dream (as I remember it, thirty years before), in which he was on a great vessel, and every once in a while somebody fell overboard, and he finally fell overboard himself, and when he struggled through the water he came out into the most beautiful country that he had ever seen, and he met Brother Orson Pratt there. He asked Brother Pratt: "Where am I?" and Brother Pratt said: "You are in heaven, Brother Rowberry."

Brother Pratt happened to be out in Tooele at that particular time visiting the various wards in that stake, and Brother Rowberry told him of this dream, praying to the Lord that Brother Pratt would not ask him who the man was that he met in his dream. He did not want to tell him that he, Brother Pratt, had to die first. Brother Pratt said: "I will pray about it and if I get the interpretation I will give it to you."

Just before leaving (he was there several weeks) Brother Pratt said:

"Well, I prayed about your dream, Brother Rowberry, and I got the interpretation. The people on that vessel represented the people of the world. You said that the majority of the people who fell overboard you did not know. If you will write down a list of those you did know in the order in which they fell overboard I promise you that they shall die in that exact order, and I promise you that when you shall go to heaven you shall meet the identical man that you met in your dream, and when you meet him tell him that the dream was from the Lord and the interpretation was also from the Lord through Brother Orson Pratt."

And Brother Rowberry said: "Brother Pratt, I will tell him."

While I was still in Tooele as president of the stake, I received a telegram to the effect that Brother Orson Pratt was in a very serious condition of health and requesting that we hold a prayer meeting in both Grantsville and Tooele for his recovery. We did so, and, as we were going into the prayer circle room in Tooele, Brother Rowberry said to me: "Heber, do you remember my dream?" I told him, "Yes." He said: "Well, it is Brother Pratt's turn next." And indeed, that proved to be Brother Pratt's last illness.

Some years later I was out in Tooele at a stake conference at which Brother Rowberry was one of the speakers. He was in very good health, although he was an aged man at the time. He spoke with a great deal of power and vigor and expressed his gratitude for the Gospel. After the meeting he said: "Brother Grant, do you remember my dream?" I said, "Yes." He said: "The people have died in the exact order in which they fell off the vessel. They are all gone, and it is my turn next and I am the happiest man in all Tooele County. I am anxious to meet Brother Pratt and to meet your father and other men and women I have loved with all my heart. By the way, I will tell your father, Brother Grant, that you are doing very well as an Apostle."

The next time I went to Tooele he had passed on.

AS A baby only six months old my daughter, Lucy, was very, very ill out in Tooele, and I sent for Brother Rowberry to come and administer to her. After he had blessed her he turned to me and said: "Did you get the witness of the spirit that your baby should live?" I said: "No, I did not." He said: "I did, and I know she is going to live. Go to your desk and get a piece of paper and let me give her a Patriarchal blessing."

He gave her a blessing and he made many remarkable promises to her, many of which have been fulfilled to the very letter.

Some time later he met me and he said: "Brother Grant, I want you to come to my office." (He was the Probate Judge out there.) "I have a blessing in my heart for you of a Patriarchal nature." He gave me a most wonderful and marvelous blessing, nearly all of which has been fulfilled to the very letter, and he made the remark: "Brother Grant, I saw something that I dared not put in your blessing." I then had the impression (I was just twenty-four years of age when he made that remark and had not been made an Apostle) that I should live to preside over the Church. I have felt that is what he saw. I never spoke of it in my life until I became the President of the Church, and I tried to persuade myself at that time and through all the following years that it could not be—that I was mistaken. Some of the things Brother Rowberry promised me in that patriarchal blessing I could hardly believe would come true, but they have done so.

I was feeling as blue, financially speaking, as I ever did in my life when my cousin, Anthony W. Ivins, was called to go to Mexico. He had been marvelously successful in running ranches. He and I owned half of a \$50,000 ranch that for years paid a 25 per cent dividend regularly. The panic had come on, and some institutions in which I had money were not paying dividends. The \$12,500 I owned in this ranch was paying the interest at 6 per cent on \$50,000 of my debts. I was sitting in the temple, feeling heart-broken (although I was one of the committee that nominated Brother Ivins to go into Mexico because I felt impressed that he was needed there and that the Lord wanted him to go there), when it came to me as plainly as though a voice had declared it: "You have no need of feeling sad because of your cousin's going to Mexico. He is going right where the Lord wants him to go and you shall have the exquisite joy of welcoming him back into this room of the temple as an Apostle of this last dispensation." I immediately shed some tears of joy and gratitude. And this promise also was fulfilled.

I mention these things simply to strengthen our knowledge and faith. The Lord gives to many of us the still, small voice of revelation. It comes as vividly and strongly as though it were with a great sound. It comes to each man, according to his needs and faithfulness, for guidance in matters that pertain to his own life. And for the Church as a whole it comes to those who have been ordained to speak for the Church as a whole. And this certain knowledge which we have that the guiding influence of the Lord may be felt in all the ways of life, according to our needs and faithfulness, is among the greatest blessings God grants unto men. And with this blessing, comes the responsibility to render obedience to the "still small voice".

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

U

AIDS TO FAITH IN A MODERN DAY

How Old is the Earth?

THIS is an ancient question which has occasioned much controversy. There are at least three prevailing answers among faithful Bible-believing Latter-day Saints. The fact appears to be that no man knows the age of the earth.

The first group believe that the earth was created in six days of twenty-four hours each. That is, the earth was six days old at the coming of Adam. This view is based upon the literal acceptance of the story of creation as given in King James' translation of Genesis. (Gen., Chapter 1; Exodus 20:11.) According to this belief there was a succession of sudden or catastrophic creative events during this short period of time which led to the formation of the earth. The catastrophists contend that the Lord is able through His divine power, if He so desires, to form an earth or many earths in short moments of time. They also quote the words of Moses as revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith, which follow closely the wording of King James' translation. (*Pearl of Great Price*, Moses, 2:1-31.)

The second group hold that each day of creation was really one thousand years, and that the earth therefore was six thousand years old at the coming of Adam. Those who uphold this view quote as their support the statement of the Apostle Peter, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." (2 Peter, 3:8.) In defense of this view the statement made by Abraham is also quoted: "The Lord said unto me, by the Urim and Thummim, that Kolob was after the manner of the Lord, according to its times and seasons in the revolutions thereof; that one revolution was a day unto the Lord, after his manner of reckoning, it being one thousand years according to the time appointed unto that whereon thou standest. This is the reckoning of the Lord's time according to the reckoning of Kolob." (*Pearl of Great Price*, Abraham, 3:4.)

The third group believe that the creation of the earth extended over immensely long periods of time, not yet correctly established by revelation or by man's scientific advance, and that the earth therefore is very old. In support of this view they marshal several arguments:

First. It is admitted that the Lord has power to accomplish His work in His own way and time. "But nature and scripture both teach us that it has pleased the Lord to work gradually. His purpose was to fill the earth with inhabitants, and yet only a single pair was created. . . . It is His will that the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of Himself; but the diffusion of the knowledge has

been left to gradual preaching and human instrumentality. So in nature, trees, animals, and men have small beginnings, and require time to attain to perfection." (A. McCaul, "The Mosaic Record of Creation," p. 213 in *Aids to Faith*.)

Second. The word translated "day" in Genesis really means, in the original, an age or undefined period of time, and is so rendered in several translations of the Bible. Further, the first three "days" could not have been days such as we have, for the sun and the moon had not yet been placed in the firmament. (Genesis, 1:5-19.) Moreover, the word "day" is used frequently throughout the Bible in a general sense, as "the day of the Lord," the day of vengeance, "the night is far spent, the day is at hand."

Third. Scripture revealed in modern days to the Prophet Joseph Smith indicates that the word "day" should be understood to mean periods of time, for in the Abrahamic record of creation, each creative act is followed by the statement "This was the first or the beginning of that which they called night and day," and this was the second time that they called night and day, and so on until "and they numbered the sixth time." (*Pearl of Great Price*, Abraham, Chapter 4.) Then, "And the Gods concluded upon the seventh time." (Ibid, 5:3.)

Fourth. Genesis opens with the phrase "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It is quite agreed by students that the word "beginning" is indefinite in its significance and may mean previous time or even previous eternity, according to subject—as in John's gospel "Before the world was." (John 17:5.) This is placed by the side of Alma's words "All is as one day with God and time only is measured unto men," (Alma, 40:8) as indicating that our measurement of time, with its short days and hours came only with man.

Fifth. The slow processes of nature, as known to man, must long have been in operation to lift the mountains from lake and sea bottoms, and to carve out the valleys. All human experience points to the need of periods of time far beyond six thousand years, to fashion the earth as it appears today, or as it seems to have been throughout recorded history.

Sixth. Recent discoveries in the field of radioactivity have furnished a "time-clock" which compels the belief that the earth is very old, far beyond the former, accepted limits.

Those who upon the above and other views hold that the earth is very old, have attempted to estimate the age of the earth in years. The method is always based on a common principle. The rate at which some process is going on at the present day

(Concluded on page 755)

CHASTITY

By PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

Of the First Presidency

Chastity is fundamental to our life and to our civilization. If the race becomes unchaste, it will perish.

WE MUST APPROACH AND TEACH OUR YOUTH AS CHILDREN OF GOD, WITH SPIRITS THAT ARE TO LIVE THROUGHOUT ETERNITY, AND TELL THEM PLAINLY AND CLEARLY THAT THE LAWS OF GOD AND MAN DEMAND THAT THEY SHALL BE CHASTE. IF WE TEACH ANYTHING LESS THAN THIS WE SHALL DESTROY OUR YOUTH.

a joy unspeakable, an all but divine harmony that no other purely human undertaking can bring. The rightful heritage of such a beginning in life is a life of righteousness that builds upward to eternal life.

To the unchaste who marry there is ahead either a life of distrust, lack of confidence, unhappiness, leading to the divorce court, or a life of promiscuous sexual relationship that ends in misery, disease, and shame. Debauchery never gave birth to good of any kind.

Chastity is fundamental to our life and to our civilization. If the race becomes unchaste, it will perish. Immorality has been basic to the destruction of mighty nations in the past. It will bring to dust the mighty nations of the present.

Every one of us who instructs our youth, in whatever place or position, and in whatever capacity, must teach the young people of today to abstain from unchastity. We must surround our teachings with due and proper reserve and modesty. We must approach and teach the youth as the children of God, with spirits that are to live throughout eternity, and tell them plainly and clearly that the laws of God, and of man also, demand that they live chaste. If we shall teach anything less than this, we will destroy our youth and we will bring ourselves under a condemnation which is too great to be fathomed by the human mind.

IN WHAT I have said I include all of us parents. How can we parents face our Maker if we have failed in one featherweight to meet the duty

which is ours in these matters? And let us not make the mistake—any of us—of assuming that our children are beyond temptation and may not fall. This is a delusion and a snare that will bring us to the very depths. Let every father and every mother, every brother and every sister, stand guard day and night that their loved ones be not seized and carried away by lust.

You young people, may I directly entreat you to be chaste. Please believe me when I say that chastity is worth more than life itself. This is the doctrine my parents taught me; it is truth. Better die chaste than live unchaste. The salvation of your very soul is concerned in this.

I ask you to believe me when I say that whenever a man or woman, young or old, demands as the price of his friendship that you give up the righteous standards of your life, or any of them, that man's friendship is not worth the price he asks. You may not trust that friendship. He will cast it off as he does his worn-out coat. Friendship is not now and never was the offspring of debauchery or unrighteousness.

I ask you young women to believe me further when I say that any young man who demands your chastity as the price of his love, is spiritually unclean, and is offering something that is not worth the purchase price. His love will turn to ashes under your touch; it will lead you to misery and shame; and too often it will curse you with dread disease.



I WANT to say a few words to the parents, to the teachers and to the youth of the Church about a matter that seems to me to be of the most far-reaching importance.

To Moses on Sinai came the law of all time: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." The Master, Jesus Christ, found his most opprobrious term in the phrase, "an adulterous generation." The Lord in his time and in ours, has put adultery and fornication side by side. Both are cardinal sins.

The Church has from the beginning demanded of its youth, male and female, one standard only, absolute continence until proper marriage has legalized and hallowed the sexual relations. To this there is no exception. Man is a biological unit, an animal, but he is more than this, he is the temple of an immortal spirit. That spirit can be defiled by the flesh, and defilement comes when the laws of chastity are violated.

Our very civilization itself is based upon chastity, the sanctity of marriage and the holiness of the home. Destroy these and Christian man becomes a brute.

For Latter-day Saints the family relationship continues through eternity. It is the loftiest and most sacred human relationship we know. To the chaste young man and young woman beginning the building of a home, there is a trust, a confidence,

To you young men I say that any woman who comes to you offering her person outside of legal wedlock, is playing the harlot.

The Lord has said in our day: "For I, the Lord, cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." (D. and C. 1:31.) And to Moses he said that no unclean thing can dwell in the kingdom of God or in his presence. (Moses 6:57.)

Yet there is forgiveness for the sinner who truly repents. God's mercy is just as boundless as his

anxious to forgive, if you shall come with a repentant heart—the repentance of a forsaking of sin, and the living of a righteous life, and a contrite spirit.

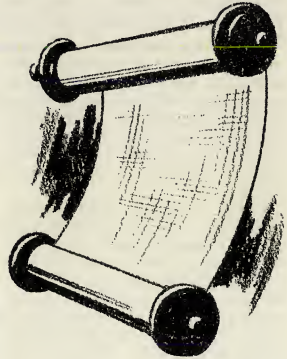
To the unbelieving scoffer who says: "All you say merely shows how old and out of date your religion is,"—or, as one educator said: "how much your religion is of the kindergarten type"—to the scoffers who say that man has outgrown the old God with His rewards and punishments, His standards, and that

I have spoken plainly because plain speech is necessary. I have tried not to speak indelicately; I have not spoken lewdly.

Youth, be not disturbed. Be valiant. God lives. The Gospel is His way of life. Follow the Gospel

Let us not make the mistake—any of us—of assuming that our children are beyond temptation and may not fall.

"FOR I, THE LORD, CANNOT LOOK UPON SIN WITH THE LEAST DEGREE OF ALLOWANCE."—DOC. AND COV. 1:31.



To the scoffers who say we have outgrown chastity, it is sufficient to say that thus has their kind spoken since Cain tried to find a better way than the one God had provided. Thus will they always speak until God shall close their mouths.

justice. To the woman taken in adultery, condemned to death by the Mosaic law, Jesus said: "Go, and sin no more." But the heart must be ripened in repentance before forgiveness can come, and sorrow alone is not repentance. A new and righteous life must be led.

Church members, young and old, the Lord demands that you be chaste. The Church requires chastity from you under penalty of disfellowship and excommunication. If any of you have already sinned, your brethren and sisters stand ready and

man must now create for himself a new God—and this last is at the root of much of the so-called modern philosophy, which considers man as creating his God, not God as creating His children—to these scoffers it is sufficient to say that thus has their kind spoken since Cain tried to find a better way than the one God had provided. Thus will they always speak until God shall close their mouths.

path to eternal life, "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." (John 17:3.)

May the Lord give us His spirit, bringing home to our hearts the necessity of chastity for every man and every woman, for every boy and every girl, I ask, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.—*From an address delivered at the 109th Semi-Annual Conference.*

LET EVERY FATHER AND EVERY MOTHER, EVERY BROTHER AND EVERY SISTER, STAND GUARD DAY AND NIGHT THAT THEIR LOVED ONES BE NOT SEIZED AND CARRIED AWAY IN UNCHASTITY.



PORTRAIT *of a* YOUNG MAN

PART TWO

THE YOUNG FAMILY MAN

REALLY to know a man one should also know his wife. Father you have met. Let me introduce you to my mother. For only a few years we were privileged to have her with us, yet so strong and clear-cut was the impression of her vivid, inspiring, dynamic personality that it was, is and always will be a vital part of my innermost being.

Mother's father, Briant Stringham, came west with the first company of Mormon pioneers; her mother came later with my grandfather Jedediah M. Grant's company. At the time of the Gold Rush Grandfather Stringham had decided to go to California when he met Brigham Young, who said: "Briant, what are you doing?"

"I'm preparing to go to California. I've sold my shop."

"Well, we'll find something for you right here. You can take care of the Church stock from Arizona to Idaho."

Headquarters for the Church stock was on Antelope Island. Mother used to tell us of the happy summers spent on what was then called "Church Island." There were an adobe house, an orchard, springs of fresh water, hills to climb, horses to ride and a beach of fine sand where they went into the lake to bathe. What more could a child desire—especially when she had a father who said his idea of heaven was "a ten-acre lot filled with children."

When mother was thirteen those happy, carefree days ended, for her father died, leaving a large family to make their own way in life. Although so young, mother felt keenly the responsibility of holding the family together, and giving them every possible educational advantage. Aunt Louisa A. Badger, who was reared in grandfather Stringham's home, recently wrote of her:

In her girlhood days she had a struggle against poverty, but she went to school determined to make something of herself, and she prepared to be a teacher.

Your grandmother was not a strong woman and had little in a financial way—just a home. She had a knitting machine with which she knit stockings for the stores.

I see Lou now in the kitchen getting breakfast. We all helped, but Lou was the

Heber J. Grant, the President of the Church, is a well-known figure—but here we introduce you to the Heber J. Grant of more than half a century ago—whose life's ambitions were as yet unrealized.

By RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR



THE GRANT BROTHERS, LEFT TO RIGHT, FRONT ROW: JEDEDIAH MORGAN GRANT, JOSEPH HYRUM GRANT, GEORGE SMITH GRANT; BACK ROW: BRIGHAM F. GRANT, HEBER J. GRANT, JOSHUA F. GRANT.

who shared with my father the experiences which we here call "The Portrait of a Young Man."

It was not until April, 1881, that Father bought a house in Tooele. He writes:

I gave Brother H. S. Gowans \$800.00 to pay Brother John Larsen in full for his residence, \$900.00 being the price agreed upon. I had paid Brother Larsen \$100.00 while he was in Salt Lake attending conference.

The journal tells of a Brother Elder working on the house, and from the record it appears that Father helped him at every opportunity.

While the pages of Father's journal relating to his Church, business and other matters were interesting, the part describing the time our family moved to Tooele disclosed a phase of his life that was entirely new.

Mother was not very well, and so Father had the responsibility of moving. On Wednesday, May 4th, he writes:

Spent the day at the office and purchasing goods to ship to Tooele. Thursday and Friday, same.

The book in which the journal is written has many pages devoted to matters other than journal. There are lists of insurance risks, and diagrams of buildings to be insured. On some of the pages I found a list of the things he had purchased to set up housekeeping in the new home.

The first item was knives and forks, \$14.00, crossed out. Evidently that had been considered too expensive, and some costing \$4.75 were chosen. The item of "a bolt of lonsdale," immediately brought with it a picture of a wholesale sup-

leader. She worked in the morning, sewing, washing, getting things done before school time.

She adored your father, and has told me that to her there was nothing lacking in him, that he just met her requirements. She cultivated your father's friends for his sake, and it was not long until they all liked to come to her home. She loved beautiful things, took joy in literature and the drama.

She could see the right plainly. Her eyes would flash at an untruth and she would say, "That is not so." She could not tolerate anything "put on."

She had a keen brain and executive ability. Her perceptions and desires were all for the fine and good.

When I think of Lou, I see her truthfulness, love of honesty in word and act. Her religion was life to her.

Such a woman was my mother.

MY MOTHER'S VALIANT EYES

By Rachel Grant Taylor

MOTHER dear, my heart goes back
Along the trail of yesteryears.
I see again your valiant eyes
Although my own are dim with tears.

You could not stay with love to light
My way when shadows should arise—
But you could leave a gift divine—
The memory of your valiant eyes.

When death shall come with beckon-
ing hand
And free my soul from earthly ties,
One boon I crave from out the dusk,
Love's greeting from your valiant
eyes.

Reprinted by Courtesy of the
Relief Society Magazine.

ply of children's dresses, little and big, full-ruffled petticoats, and tucked, long sleeve nightgowns.

I was amused that the things Father bought for repairing the house and for garden tools had no price.

Another item that seems to have been eliminated was bed springs, \$10.00. I wondered what they substituted; still, with 40 yards of ticking, a hair mattress, and 10 pounds of feathers, perhaps the springs could be omitted.

The list follows:

Grater	.10	Ticking 40 yards at	
Mustard Spoon ..		20	
Egg Beater	.35	1 sack sugar	
Wringer	7.00	Shoes Ray	1.25
Teaspoons	.50	Shoes wife	
Tablespoons	1.00	Hat	4.50
Tin cup	.20	12 box Matches ..	.50
Tin Plates	.50	Stove Blacking ..	.25
3 Tin cups	.35	3 boxes Shoe	
Bread Plate	1.75	Blacking	.25
Bread Plate	2.00	Shoe Brush	.50
Dust pan	.50	Butter Bowl	.50
Dust Brush	.75	Box Blueing	.25
4 lbs. Raisins	1.00	Cat Coaloil	2.75
1 lbs. Currants	.50	Lamp Racks	4.00
6 cans Field		Lamp	.75
Oysters	1.50	Lamp	.65
8 lbs. Rice	1.00	1 doz. Plates	1.25
Taploca, Pearl ..	.40	Caster	1.00
6 lb. box Starch ..	.85	2 Veg. Dishea ..	.40
Olive Oil	.50	2 Veg. Bakers ..	1.20
Cheese	1.00	2 Veg. Bakers ..	.60
3 1/2 lbs. Soap	1.25	From Tinwooder's	
Sieve	.35	Cupboard	\$28.00
Coaloil Can	.40	Safe	9.00
6 Milk Pans	1.50	Table	14.00
Sauce Pan	1.00	Chairs 6	12.00
Water Pail	1.50	Rocking Chair ..	4.50
Water Pitcher ..	.75	Bedstead	8.50
1 doz. Glasses ..	1.60	3 Wooden Chairs ..	3.00
Churn	1.20	Bedstead	12.00
1 doz. Sauce		Hair Mattress	12.00
dishes	.80	10 lbs. Feathers ..	7.50
Flat Iron	2.75	2 Hat	2.00
Tack Hammer ..	.40	Looking Glass ..	
Soap	1.00	Bracket	2.75
Clothes Basket ..	1.50	Clothes Basket ..	2.50
3 oz. Nutmegs ..	.25	Axe and Handle ..	
2 pkg. Corn Starch	.30	Hatchet	
Yeast Powder ..	.50	Shovel	
Rolling Pin	.25	Spade	
Tubs	4.25	Hoe	
Wash Board	.35	Bark	
Clothes Basket ..	1.50	Pick	
7 doz. C. Pins ..	.50	Scythe	
2 Brooms	.80	Wheelbarrow	
Sponge	.25	250 shingles, 5 boards	
Oil Cloth	.65	9 inches by 14 feet	
Table Cloth	1.05	14 brackets for posts,	
Cush	1.00	290 feet ceiling lumber,	
Sheeting C. W.		90 feet moulding.	
Lonsdale 1 bolt ..			

Saturday, April 30. Took the 7 a. m.

train for Tooele. Went to my house and assisted Brother Elder in working on the same. In the evening went to the Court House and wrote to Tony Ivins.

The week from May 7th to May 14th was occupied principally in moving. Of this Father writes:

Saturday, May 7, 1881. Took morning train for Tooele. Met by Andrew Gowans with wagon. He and I loaded a wagon full of household effects and took them to my home in Tooele. Thos. W. Lee and I drove to the depot and helped Andrew to load again. (Went to meeting in Grantsville.) Returned to Tooele in the evening and helped Brother Elder working on my house.

Monday. Did some little work in unpacking my household effects—balance of day assisted Brother Carl J. Elder in repairing my house.

Wednesday, 11, and Thursday, May 12, spent at office and in purchasing household furniture and in packing and moving my effects to the depot to ship to Tooele.

Friday, May 13th. Train for Tooele. Met at depot by Andrew Gowans and wagon. Loaded wagon with household goods. Going to my house we met Brother Peter Gillespie going for a load of my effects. I returned with him. Before we got loaded, Andrew Gowans returned and his load finished all of the goods.

Saturday, May 14th, 1881. Worked until train time in house and then went to the depot and met my wife and two children. Hired Betsy Gowans to work for us. Paid Andrew \$4.00 for the hauling of four loads of furniture from the depot. Busy all day putting down carpets.

Next came the days of getting settled and working around the lot.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, May 16-20. The above days I was busy hanging pictures, window curtains, working around the house and on my lot. Did my first plowing.

Saturday, May 21. Worked around the house in the morning. In the afternoon my wife and I and also the children drove to Grantsville to get a cow—one of Brother Samuelson's for \$22.50, delivered in Tooele.

Monday. Worked planting garden until train time. Went to the depot and met my wife's sister Susie Jacobs and her baby. Afternoon spent in gardening.

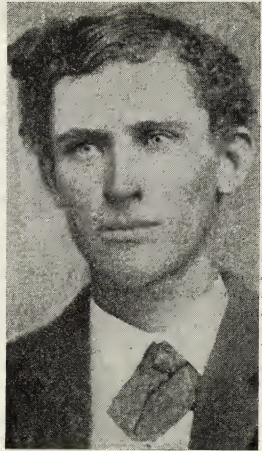
Tuesday, May 23. Took the morning train for Tooele. Mother, Susie Jacobs and two children went with me. Met at the depot by Ephraim Gowans and Richard Lyman. Had a good buggy load. At dinner had all the strawberries we could eat picked from our own lot.

Sunday, May 29. The writing in this journal has all been done today from the third line from the bottom of page 45. I have made memos, in pencil, etc., and should have written the journal daily, but while moving and arranging at Tooele my fountain pen gave out and I had no ink at my residence.

Saturday, June 4. Took train for Tooele. Spent day at home cutting lucern and other work. In evening attending meeting for Co-educational Association. After meeting cut lucern for about an hour.

Monday, June 6. Took train for Salt Lake. Before going cut some lucern. It rained quite hard. I raked up the lucern during the rain and got wet through.

Monday to Saturday, June 13 to 18. All the above days I was busy working on



ANTHONY W. IVINS AS A YOUNG MAN

wire doors, screens for windows, cutting lucern and putting same in barn.

Monday, June 20. Got up at four o'clock and worked until 12 o'clock putting lucern in barn.

I HAVE written of Father's busy week-ends doing Church work. A record of such a time shows mother accompanying him on one of his trips, even though it entailed getting up at 3 a. m.:

Thursday, July 14. Morning at home, in the evening drove to Lake Point, met mother and we drove to Bishop Edwin Hunter's at Grantsville. Found his wife sick. Bishop and I administered to Sister Hunter. I got a riding horse of the Bishop and rode to John Riches and Alma Hale and John Rowberry's. Asked Alma whether his father understood that we would start for Quincy at 4 a. m. tomorrow. Said yes.

Saturday, July 16. Got up at 3 a. m., fed the team, greased the buggy, and at 4:20 started for Quincy. Wife and children in the buggy with me. Mother, Sister Hale, and one of Brother Hale's sons followed us. We reached Quincy at 9:20. After dinner at Quincy we drove to the Indian Farm twelve miles south of Quincy. Met Brother Wm. Lee. Had a meeting and then returned to Quincy.

Sunday, July 17. Attended Sunday School and afternoon meeting. After meeting drove to Grantsville. . . . When within four miles of Grantsville I commenced to walk my team. I wished to wait for the team with mother and Sister Hale. Had to walk about forty-five minutes before they came up. When I found they were all right I drove very rapidly towards Bishop Hunter's. I had only left the folks a few minutes when it commenced to rain and blow and became so dark it was impossible for me to see the road. I had to trust to my team. I could occasionally see the road when it would lightning. It was so dark that I could not see even a dim outline of my horses.

When within a few rods of Wm. R. Judd's my team stopped. I got out and

(Continued on page 764)

"THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF"

AMONG the choice gifts from God to mankind is this, that each person born on earth is an individuality, the like of which has never before come to grace this earth and the like of which will never again be born.

Yet there is a unanimity of purpose within the souls of the untold millions who have been born; the purpose of liberty, growth, and an opportunity to work. One who does not feel the thrill of the opportunity of life, of the privilege of growth and development and the blessed boon of labor is ill indeed, both mentally and physically.

During the last several years, certain of us have found ourselves unable to do the things we formerly did, and now lack opportunities to continue on profitably to ourselves and to our families in the channels wherein we were wont to labor.

The Church, ever alert to the welfare of its members, and having practiced from its inception in 1830 to the present time, the principle that all men should be profitably and continuously employed at some occupation which would bring the necessities of life and the joy of expansion and development, has again through its channels offered to all an opportunity to be independent—to maintain their self-respect, and to thank God for the privilege of being able to produce and earn their shelter, food, clothing, cultural advantages, and spiritual development. In the organization of the Church there is a provision for every exigency; so, today the quorums of the Priesthood are functioning in a splendid manner for the relief and comfort of those who may be temporarily in unfortunate circumstances.

The members of the 187th Quorum of Seventy, domiciled in six ecclesiastical wards in the Bear River Stake, met together and decided they would aid all those who needed assistance by giving to the individual members of their quorum, projects which became sources of pride and accomplishment to the respective members and the quorum.

In the assignment of these projects each man was asked to continue to do the thing he was already

And in looking towards this ideal, Bear River's 187th Quorum of Seventy points the way in letting each man do what he does best in his choice of welfare projects.

By RUFUS K. HARDY

Of the First Council of the Seventy



TOP: A YOUNG SEVENTY TOPS BEETS FOR THE QUORUM.
CENTER: THIS SEVENTY TAKES CARE OF A QUARTER-ACRE OF BEETS FOR THE QUORUM.
BOTTOM: "WE MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO GATHER THESE APPLES FROM THE GROUND."

engaged in doing. For instance, five hundred bushels of apples were set as the goal for the apple growers of the quorum. Those who raised hogs should raise an additional number, as their individual project. Each cattle raiser would furnish a calf and raise it until it was in prime

condition for fall and winter use. The drovers furnished sheep. Those who grew grain put in a few acres additional, this additional grain to go for the assistance of those who shall need it. The beet growers put in an extra half acre or acre of beets in some neglected corner or weedy place where they had not grown beets before.

In the past, quorum obligations were met by only about 50 per cent of the members. Others felt that they were unable to pay what was asked of them. Now, under this plan of letting each man contribute in the line of his own activity, 96 per cent responded, and have not only furnished enough for all the needs of the quorum, but in addition have supplied means to maintain missionaries in foreign fields, and, moreover, have an abundance which can be used for the blessing of others outside the quorum who may need it.

In the towns in this stake, for those who do not farm, flower gardens were planted, lawns were improved, vegetable gardens were tended by those who had only their labor to donate. A contractor in this stake suggested that he had several basements to dig and would turn one or more over to the quorum as work projects. Others of the quorum had trucks or teams, while some had only their hands and a willingness to labor. It has been a revelation, not only to the presidents of this quorum, but also to every member of the quorum who has so far responded in this joyous endeavor. It is the suggestion of the presidency of this quorum that for those who wish to do work for their individual projects and cannot find work for themselves, it is the duty of the presidency to plan a project for them and find the necessary work.

This quorum would like in the future, with the aid of a fruit drier or a canning center, to take care of all of the products now going to waste in their territory. These

(Concluded on page 743)



NEW VICTORIA THEATRE, BRADFORD, ENGLAND, WHERE THE MORMON MILLENNIAL CHORUS SANG FOR ONE WEEK.

Photo by R. P. Evans.



MORMON STREET MEETING ON THE CUSTOM HOUSE STEPS, BELFAST, IRELAND.

Photo by R. P. Evans.

BRITAIN LOOKS AT *The* MORMONS

"THE FAITH OF THE MORMONS, WHICH BEGAN IN RIDICULE NOW STANDS IN DIGNITY AND RESPECT. THEY HAVE CREATED A WORTHY AND USEFUL INSTITUTION WHOSE MEMBERS DO GOOD BY TEACHING AND BY THE EXAMPLE OF THEIR UPRIGHT LIVES."—FROM THE LONDON "DAILY EXPRESS," AUGUST 25, 1938.

By RICHARD L. EVANS

Of the First Council of Seventy

CAPTAIN GEORGE E. T. EYSTON was driving his *Thunderbolt* over Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats for a new official world record, breaking his own mark of the previous year and the records of all his illustrious predecessors. The writer was at the center of the measured mile, describing speed and more speed for KSL-CBS and an international radio network. Glen Shaw and "Wally" Sandack were covering the end positions at points each six and one-half miles from the center. Great Britain listened through the facilities of the British Broadcasting Company and had an intimate close-up from Utah as her favorite son of speed, the "fastest man on earth," garnered more laurels for his native land.

Captain Eyston told me that Mrs. Eyston, in her British home, heard the entire proceedings, including the roar of the *Thunderbolt's* motors as it went through the measured mile, and felt very near the scene, as though a continent and an ocean had been eliminated, which, indeed, they had been, insofar as sound may substitute for sight. Her message came to him by telephone from London to Wendover, Utah, an hour or so after

the international broadcast had been signed off.

Three days previous, the Captain had made another run, a run conceded to be faster than the one that was officially counted; but after putting everything into it—and besides steel and rubber and gasoline and engineering brains, no one will ever know how much of the man himself goes into those runs—failure of a timing device disqualified the second lap. I interviewed the Captain on the microphone that day, and fully expected that there would emit from him what would have been a thoroughly justifiable rebuke and tirade against fate, chance, stupidity, negligence, the sun, the salt, the weather,

THE CAMERAMAN CATCHES CAPTAIN EYSTON'S "THUNDERBOLT" AS IT SPEEDS THROUGH THE MEASURED MILE ON THE BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS IN UTAH.

and all other possible contributory causes. The intense bitterness of his disappointment is not to be denied. But, notwithstanding, he smiled affably, and pleasantly greeted the radio audience with a jest and with an apology for having kept them waiting so long and for having disappointed them.

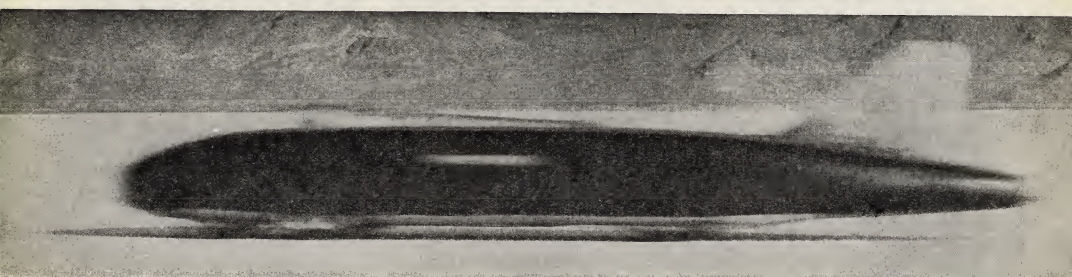
That was "cricket" you know! With the better part of three years spent in Great Britain, my estimate of British fair play had already mounted high, but this display of supreme self-control, sportsmanship, and generous conduct topped anything I had ever seen.

The day after this brilliant but disqualified run during which Captain Eyston ran north at 347.155 m.p.h. (he later officially established records of 345.49 m.p.h. and 357.5 m.p.h.) a column devoted to editorial comment in the London *Daily Express*, one of the world's great metropolitan newspapers, had this to say under date of August 25, 1938:

FASTER AND FASTER

Captain Eyston drives a car at 347 miles an hour across the salt flats of Utah, so fast that the photographers' planes are left behind in his wake. Driving at that speed in-

(Concluded on page 758)





The Return of SOLOMON CROSLY

THE STORY OF A MAN WHOSE BETTER SELF HAD GONE AFAR
—AND SUDDENLY CAME BACK ONE CHRISTMAS.

By OLIVE
MAIBEN NICHOLAS



SOLOMON CROSLY set the two shining milk pails on the table with one hand as he drew a handful of small change and a receipted bill from his pocket with the other.

"Well, there's yer Christmas," he grumbled, slapping the bill and the money down beside the pails.

Mother Molly Crosley wiped her hands on the corner of her brown denim apron and took the blue slip of paper to the kitchen window.

"A new separator?" she asked, in pleased surprise. "We've needed one for months and months."

"Fifteen down and the balance at ten a month. Fur as the egg-money would take it," he snapped.

She gasped, caught at the table for support, her eyes searching his scowling face for some reassurance that her fears were false.

"But the list—the presents for the children?" she pleaded.

"You've been a-grumblin' at leaky buckets and a rattlin' separator long 'nough. Time ye was takin' some of yer egg-money fer somethin' usef' 'stead of blowin' it on gee-gaws fer Christmas."

"Shoes and sweaters and caps are usef'ul," she argued, with trembling lips. "There were only a few trifles for Buddy and June."

She could speak no further, but gathered the money into her hand piece by piece, counting it with

painstaking care. He stood looking at her, the blood slowly mounting to his forehead. She looked tired and thin and faded—not much left of her girlish beauty. Only her hair, still like spun silk, rippled over her ears—one tiny, golden crescent curled over her cheek. He longed to kiss it, to take her in his arms, to look with hope into her brimming eyes. Why had he done this thing? Why didn't she throw the silver in his face; kick the milk pails out of the door; tear the receipt into bits and stamp them under her feet? His anger mounted like a flame within him as he turned on his heel and stumbled into the yard.

Molly watched him go—something akin to love battling against the tumult in her heart. Oh, how long would it be before the miracle would happen! How could he! How could he! The hens were hers; she had cared for them through the stormy spring—through the long, hot days of summer. She had saved every egg, denying herself even one for breakfast, until the two new cases were filled with the precious load. Then, she had made out her list. They would bring her ten dollars apiece at the market—twenty dollars for clothes for her children, and a tiny bit of Christmas cheer. If she had only gone herself, but that had been impossible. Solomon had to pay the taxes and one trip must suffice for many errands.

She straightened herself with an effort and looked across the room where her daughter, Martha, stood cleaning chickens at the kitchen sink. Molly could not see her face but the vigorous jerks of the round, young arms gave evidence enough of the anger and indignation within her. It was getting more difficult each day to stand as a "buffer" between Martha and her father. She

looked wearily at the straight, unyielding back before she could trust herself to speak.

"There's two-fifty left, and with today's eggs I believe we could manage something for June and Buddy. The boys'll have to wait. They did so want their caps and sweaters for the Festival tomorrow night. Do you think you could ride into town on the bay? He wouldn't spare the boys."

Marty whirled about like a wild thing. "Mal! How could you let him get by with a thing like that? He just gets worse and worse. Why it's—yes, it's four years since he spoke a decent word to anyone."

"Yes," her Mother answered, "It is four years, come March."

Meanwhile, Solomon had entered the stables. Two boys, one fifteen the other thirteen years, were noisily cleaning the stalls, jostling each other with their elbows, scuffling and giggling over each pitchfork-load of compost.

"Well, what kind o' party do ya call this?" he demanded, sternly.

"Teachin' Jim the fox trot, Pa. He's purty slow learnin' the steps," laughed the eldest boy, upsetting the younger brother with the fork handle.

Solomon stepped quickly to his son's side and struck him a stinging blow across the mouth. The boy staggered against the stall, staring at his father with incredulous amazement.

Solomon stared back, his heart sick within him, then turned and made his way dizzily to the granary. His hands trembled so he could scarcely carry the grain to the horses. When he did finally reach the stable, he leaned heavily against old Major's glossy flanks, racked with fear.

"Whatever made me do that?" he gasped. "I could've spoke and he'd o' listened. Dave's a good boy. It'll be the horses next. I must be goin' crazy."

Molly was busy with the dinner,

AND SO IT WAS THAT AN HOUR LATER, THE LOAFERS, BASKING IN THE WARMTH OF THE AIR-TIGHT STOVE, WERE STARTLED ALMOST OUT OF THEIR WITS, WHEN HE WALKED UNSTEADILY INTO PEDERSON'S EMPORIUM. NOT ONCE IN FOUR YEARS HAD HE CROSSED THAT THRESHOLD. NOW HE STOOD THERE, WHITE AND HAGGARD.



"Better go after another load; be stormin' in a day or so," he muttered. "Do me good to get out in the hills, too."

A few minutes later as he drove the team through the great gates at the end of the lane. Buddy spied him from the sand pile. He ran toward the wagon as quickly as his four-year-old legs could carry him, brushing the sand from the chubby little fingers against the patched and faded seat of his little blue overalls.

"Take me, Pa, take me," he begged, coming close to the wagon wheel and holding up his arms to be lifted.

"Pa can't take you this time, Buddy. I'm goin' a long way."

Then, seeing the crestfallen little figure, he whispered, "I'll get a little Christmas tree. Ya know, ya must not see yer Christmas things. Ya can shut the gate fer Pa, too."

Buddy backed obediently away, his face wreathed in smiles. Solomon halted his team long enough to see the bar glide into place and the little boy resume his play. He turned in the wagon seat and looked behind him at the richness and vastness of his possessions. The two, great, red barns filled to the ridgepoles with the finest hay in

Marty setting the table when he entered the kitchen. He pulled up a chair with an impatient gesture. The mother hastened to set the food before him, but the girl walked leisurely back and forth, laying the covers with exasperating slowness. The boys came in. Marty looked at Dave in horrified surprise, caught her father's eyes upon her, and turned away with disgust.

THE meal progressed swiftly, each one anxious to be through and away from the impending storm. It broke at last, for Marty, rising, turned on her father with reckless fury.

"You can't break me, Pa, as you're doing the rest. I'm of age next week and I'm going away. I'll come back and get Ma, too, some day—a good woman has no right to live in the same house with you."

He was too horrified to speak. He got to his feet with an effort and passed out into the afternoon sunshine. Everything seemed vague, unreal. He stopped at the woodpile and began stacking the cut lengths with minutest detail.

the countryside, the huge silo and rambling sheep-sheds, the numerous granaries, bursting with tons of corn and wheat, barley and oats.

A Jersey bull, in his well-built pen, grumbled ominously. A dozen sleek cows lay on the sunny slopes of the pasture beyond. A hundred well-bred sheep cropped leisurely at the dry grass. Only the coops, decayed and tumbling to pieces, broke the pastoral harmony of the scene.

He took his bank book from his pocket and glanced at the latest balance. Not so bad, with the twenty new acres all paid for. Hansen had been loath to sell at such a low figure, but the Doctor had warned him that every day's delay meant years from his life. If Turner would sell for three thousand, he would still have a thousand left—enough for the lambing pens and a new pump. Turner was a fool. His land was growing more worthless year by year.

He glanced up from his book, startled to find the object of his soliloquy before him. He had not meant to take this road, but the horses had turned in at the lower lane while he was busy with his figures. He looked across the fields at John Turner's home, huddled under the sweeping boughs of the ancient elms. Two dilapidated sheds leaned wearily against the gaunt sides of the huge, unpainted barn, almost empty of either straw or hay. A lone cow cropped hungrily at the lank, dry weeds along the tumble-down fence. Beyond the house lay the impoverished fields, rimmed by the rocky ledge from which gushed the clear waters of the spring. Just beyond the cruel, barbed fence gushed life-giving water—along its course the grass and cress grew freshly green.

(Continued on page 759)



On the Street "CALLED STRAIGHT" in Damascus

By JOSEPH JACOBS
*President of the Palestine-Syrian
Mission*



THE "STREET CALLED STRAIGHT"
IN DAMASCUS.

RECENTLY I went to Damascus, the oldest city in the world, to visit the members of our Church there. There, on the "street called Straight," one becomes vividly aware of the difference among customs and people, particularly if one desires to purchase anything: a bar of perfumed soap in this instance—oriental perfume, if you please. It is not the artificial perfume, such as manufactured from drugs or other chemicals, and sold in Paris, but natural perfume, prepared from flowers and leaves.

This is the same street to which Apostle Paul was directed by the Lord, to go to the house of one Ananias to have his eyes healed. The street has a high arch or vault of about fifty feet. The street is dimly lighted from small openings or cracks in the arch. There is no sidewalk proper, so we walk right through the street wherever we find an opening. The street is anything but straight. Every fifty feet or so there is a small turn.

A little way down on the right side, there are the stores which handle the soap. We glance at it sidewise. Instantly the proprietor is by us, like the spider that has caught a fly in its web. He pleads with us to take the article because of ancient friendship or for the sake of future friendship which we shall have with him. We ask him the price.

"Oh, the price. Well, now, isn't that a humiliating question? Who said anything about the price? Can such a thing as price be asked of a brother? Why, for shame! Just

take as many bars as your heart desires. Why, aren't we brothers? Just help yourself and put them in your brief case."



OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE FAMOUS WINDOW
THROUGH WHICH THE APOSTLE PAUL WAS
LET DOWN IN A BASKET. SCAFFOLDING IS
USED TO SUPPORT THIS ANCIENT RUIN.

Well now, that is something we never thought of. But we insist on knowing the value of the soap to give him something in return.

"Oh, well, if you insist, you may give anything you please."

"Anything?"

No, he will not mention any amount. Just give him what you please and whatever you give will be satisfactory.

"Well, if that is the case we will not take the proffered bar," and we walk on.

"Just a minute, where are you going? Here, this bar of soap is the very special bar which I have been saving for my very select customers, and of course you are one of them. And since you are my very best friend, and insist on giving me something, I will let you have it

AND THE LORD SAID UNTO HIM, ARISE, AND GO INTO THE STREET WHICH IS CALLED STRAIGHT, AND ENQUIRE IN THE HOUSE OF JUDAS FOR ONE CALLED SAUL, OF TARSUS. . . . ACTS 9:11.

for six units, *piasters*, the cost price." (One U. S. cent is worth 1.75 piasters.)

That is a little high, so we offer him three. Maybe three is too high at that.

"Three units, impossible! Why, friend, the original cost of it is six. And what is more—"

Here the merchant will launch upon a long story. He starts from Father Abraham down through all the prophets in the Bible, or Mohammed and his successors, then through the New Testament, and swears by every saint mentioned therein to the effect that he will lose money if he lets us have it for even five and one-half units, but for our friendship he will let us have it for that.

We hesitate a little and start to walk off. This time he calls on the souls of his departed ancestors and all the saints that are on the calendar to witness the loss he is suffering by letting us have it for that amount. We are not con-

(Concluded on page 756)

THE CITY GATE THROUGH WHICH THE APOSTLE PAUL WAS LED, WHILE BLIND, TO THE HOUSE OF ANANIAS.



The NATIVE BLOOD

By ALBERT R. LYMAN

ANOTHER GRIPPING STORY COMES FROM OUT OF THE SOUTHWEST BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN."

THE STORY THUS FAR: Down in the land of the Navajos, where the great, weird shapes of Monument Valley punctuate the skyline of the Southwest, Yoinsnez and his son and his daughter, Elteeesie, live in a hogan neighboring Husteele and his little son Peejo. But despite their neighborliness in all other things there is a bitter rivalry between the two for the capture of a phantom horse—Beleeh thlizhen (blackhorse)—a stallion of Arabian type that appeared full-grown on Huskining Mesa on the Utah-Arizona line, and which defied all efforts for his capture, whether of trickery, stealth, or force. As the occupants of each hogan would attempt his capture, the occupants of the other would lie in wait to see if they were successful. Suddenly, however, the dread influenza struck the hogan of Yoinsnez and crushed the life from his son and prostrated all others. While they were so stricken, Husteele and Peejo sought again to capture Blackhorse—but without success. Then the devastating plague visited the hogan of Husteele. Ten days later, after Yoinsnez had finally gained strength enough to visit his neighbor, only eleven-year old Peejo was still alive.

CHAPTER II

SOFTENED towards his rival by this ghastly scene of death in his rival's hogan, Yoinsnez took Peejo to his own roof and nursed him with tender care. His *nołoki* divided her time between her convalescent Elteeesie and the neighbor's son, developing for him somewhat of the kind of love expressed by her devoted service.

With the cherished hope of banishing the invisible monster from their neighborhood, Yoinsnez burned Husteele's home with all its dreadful images curled or sprawling around its gray ashes. From his sheepskin by the fire Peejo could see through the doorway the hateful black smoke, and beyond it the mighty hand raised solemnly against the sky-line.

craving for new items of information about Blackhorse; he talked about him; he dreamed about him; he wanted the mesa king for his own more than he wanted any other value in the world of his narrow acquaintance. Naturally enough, he wanted Peejo to tell what he and his father had seen in their last ride on the mesa, but the boy declared they had seen nothing, and he closed his square, childish jaw in unmistakable resolution to say no more about it.

Yoinsnez would have been quite ready to believe they had seen nothing if something in Pejo's words or in his looks had not given the old man's imagination a strangely curious twist. If something very unusual had not happened on the mesa, then all his intuitions of the years had all gone suddenly wrong. He and his *nołoki* were nursing their rival's son as they would nurse their own, yet that ungrateful son, still jealous of the prize for which his father had so tenaciously contended, was withholding important facts which they, as his benefactors, deserved to know.

It angered the old man—the furrows deepened in displeasure across his retreating forehead, and his long teeth became visible between his parted lips. He couldn't tell just why, even when his trusting *nołoki* asked for his reason, but somehow Peejo's story didn't ring true.

The emergency he had to meet was quite enough without this vexing phase of it, for after losing his own son and having no help even from the little girl to tend his own horses and sheep, he had to care for his neighbor's son as well as for his neighbor's sheep and horses. So he put all the horses together and



BOTH HORSE AND MAN ARE STURDY SURVIVORS OF THE DESERT AND ITS DESOLATION.

Photo used by courtesy of Harry Goulding, who runs a trading post in Monument Valley.

all the sheep together as if they were his own. That seemed like the only sensible thing to do, and no one had time or vitality to agitate the question of ownership.

As soon as Peejo was able to get up from his sheepskin and stagger away from the warmth of the fire, he answered the call of pressing necessity by helping Elteeesie, the ten-year-old shepherdess, with the restless sheep. His wonted strength had not returned, and he had not exactly been driven to work, but some burning urge of resolution or wounded pride impelled him to shove past old Yoinsnez without a word and to express his independence by free service and no complaints. His youthful soul was bursting with emotions which must have some form of expression, and he acted out before the old man's frown what he scorned to say in words.

In the cold days of that early spring the hungry flock, the long-legged goats in particular, raced over the hills in frantic resolution to find every green twig or blade within their wide territory. The two children, bare-footed or with ragged moccasins, followed them pantingly yet determinedly mile after mile. This was to them no matter for wonderment or protest; it was but the regular school from which all fit Navajos had to graduate, the hard grill to which their fathers and mothers had subscribed as the necessary proof they were fit to live.

(Continued on page 764)

The PROTESTORS OF CHRISTENDOM

ix. *The Great Schism—John Huss*

CONTINUED

By JAMES L. BARKER

Head of the Department of Modern Languages at the University of Utah, and a member of the General Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union



THE HUSS MONUMENT, PRAGUE, ERECTED IN 1915 IN HONOR OF JOHN HUSS, THE CZECH REFORMER, WHO WAS BURNED AT THE STAKE IN 1415.

THE purpose of the council of Pisa was to effect the unification of the church, to bring about certain reforms that had been long desired and which many, both orthodox and unorthodox, had sought to find a means of accomplishing, and to stamp out heresy. John XXIII hoped the council would recognize him as pope and thus bring about unity. In this he was disappointed; the council deposed him and elected another. Reforms were not accomplished. The new pope dissolved the council before any serious reforms were undertaken, though the sessions of the council lasted from 1414 to 1418. In the attempt to stamp out heresy, John Huss and Jerome of Prague were burned. Both of them gave their lives to affirm the right of the

individual to follow the dictates of his own conscience.

The emperor Sigismund was desirous of stamping out heresy in Bohemia and sent two knights to invite Huss to appear before the council. He urged his brother, King Wenceslaus of Bohemia, to send Huss to Constance; he promised to furnish Huss with a safe-conduct, and "He caused Huss to be informed . . . that he would make sufficient provision for his being heard before the council, and that if he did not submit to the decision of the council, he would send him back unharmed to Bohemia."¹⁴

Neander quotes the instrument relating to Huss's journey to and from Constance: "Ut ei transire, stare, morari, redire libere permittatis"¹⁵ (That there to go, stay, re-

¹⁴Neander-Torrey, *Church History*, vol. IX, II, p. 458.

¹⁵Neander-Torrey, *Church History*, vol. IX, II, p. 458.

main, and return freely thou be permitted.") and says, "Huss was taken unconditionally under the protection of the emperor and the empire, as it speaks not only of his journey to Constance but also of his return home unharmed from Constance."¹⁶ The best case for the emperor and the council is presented by Funk; however it is doubtful if the case is any better for the defense: "The safe-conduct granted to Huss by Sigismund promised protection for the journey, for the return journey only on the assumption that it took place. The emperor also, by word of mouth, promised Huss a free hearing, probably even in the case of Huss's refusing to submit to the ruling of the council. This promise was, however, not valid according to canon [church] law. The council claimed a right to deal with Huss [it did so expressly September 25, 1415], in spite of the formal escort provided by the sovereign; on the other hand it dismissed as untenable the view that promises made to heretics generally are not binding, and the emperor could not gainsay it without endangering the continuance of the assembly. Hence the impossibility in which the emperor found himself of fulfilling his verbal promise must absolve him from the imputation of unfaithfulness."¹⁷

Huss could have remained in Bohemia, concealed, if not openly, as he and the knight of Chlum maintained at his hearing, but he considered it to be his duty to defend himself against the charge of heresy. Setting out before receiving the emperor's safe-conduct, Huss arrived in Constance, November 3, and his friends announced his arrival to John XXIII, who had arrived three days before.

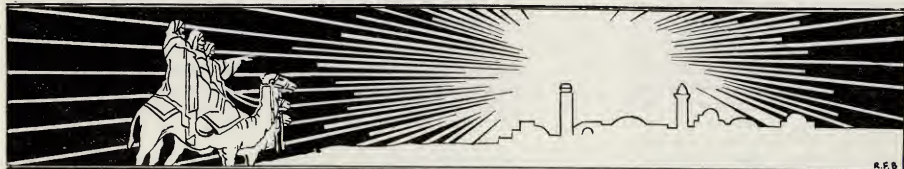
Huss took quarters in the home of a poor widow by the city wall and was surprised to see the pomp of prelates and princes as they arrived in Constance. Immediately Huss's enemies sought to influence the council against him; among the most active was Wenzel Tiem whom Huss had opposed in the sale of indulgences.

Huss stood for the rights of the individual conscience, and the council, representing the church, for authority. Chancellor Gerson and others desired the reformation of the church and were willing to place the council above the pope to secure reform, but they were not willing that private judgment should assert

(Continued on page 757)

¹⁶Funk in Funk, *A Manual of Church History*, vol. II, p. 37.

THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS



THE AUTHOR

THE life of John Henry Newman, the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," is full of gentleness, doubt, courage, and faith. He was born in London, February 21, 1801. His father was a banker and his mother a descendant of the Huguenots. As a child he was timid and like many other boys had a superstitious fear of being left alone in the dark. At the early age of seven he entered a private school; at eight he read Scott's stories in bed at early dawn; at eleven he wrote a drama, and at fourteen a burlesque opera. Music was a part of the Newman family life. He played the violin-cello and "could follow the melody of a complicated symphony." At an early age the spirit of disputation was displayed in the publication of papers called *The Spy* and the *Anti-Spy*, each written against the other.

He was converted to the English Church at fifteen, and later wrote "I am still more certain of it than that I have hands and feet." He entered Trinity College, at Oxford, December 14, 1816, and is said to have been "shy, quiet, unattractive, with a timid face in which two eyes blinked behind silver rimmed spectacles."

At twenty-eight Newman became vicar of St. Mary's, the University Church at Oxford, and preached for fifteen years. Students flocked to hear him, among whom were Gladstone and Froude. Gladstone afterwards said: "His sermons were always read and his eyes were always bent on the book. But take the man as a whole there was a stamp and seal upon him; there was a solemn sweetness and music in his tone; there was a completeness in the figure, taken together with the tone and manner, which made even his delivery singularly attractive." Froude likened him to Julius Caesar,

By GEORGE D. PYPER

General Superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union and First Assistant Chairman of the Church Music Committee

XXXV.

Lead, Kindly Light

Words by

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

Music by

JOHN B. DYKES

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

By Rev. John H. Newman

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path;
but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not
past years!

So long Thy power hath blest me,
sure it still will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and
lost awhile!

and Disraeli classed him "the most remarkable religious teacher to have appeared in England for several centuries."

In 1828 began what was termed the Oxford movement into which John Henry Newman was plunged and soon became its central figure. He finally insisted upon a "recognition of an unbroken connection between the primitive church and the church of England." It was during this controversy that he, in December, 1832, took a vacation to Southern Europe. Along the beautiful Mediterranean coast he became spiritually disquieted. The Liberal movement fretted him. He longed to get back to England to battle against religious indifference. He fell ill of a fever and when partly recovered took passage from Palermo, Sicily, for Marseilles. The ship was becalmed a whole week in the straits of Bonifacio between Sardinia and Corsica, and there at sea, on June 16, 1833, he wrote "Lead, Kindly Light."

Upon his return to England, Newman, resuming his activity in the Liberal fight, gradually argued himself out of the Church of England, and became a Catholic. He left Oxford in 1845, and journeyed to Rome, where he was ordained a priest with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1854 he was appointed Rector of the Catholic University at Dublin, Ireland.

In 1879, at the age of 76, he was created a Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. He died in Birmingham, England, August 11, 1890.

THE HYMN

IT is extremely interesting to read of the unrest, spiritually, among the people of England and America during the first half of the nineteenth century. In England, the Oxford movement stirred the souls of men. In America the cry of "lo here and lo there" caused much excitement and disquiet among the people. And in the midst of the great unrest a new prophet appeared on the religious

(Concluded on page 754)

LOOKING TOWARD

By ROSE W. BENNETT

*Of the Church Beautification
Committee*

1947

WHILE I crossed the Great American Desert by automobile, at fifty miles an hour, my mind reverted to the Pioneers, walking fifteen miles a day in heat and dust—tomorrow and tomorrow the desert—their final destination still the desert—in their minds the vivid picture of the comfortable homes, fruitful fields, and smiling gardens of Nauvoo "The Beautiful." Awaiting them was the almost impossible task of making the barren and forbidden desert blossom like a rose.

Their wise leaders brought seeds of trees, vegetables, and grains. Some of the women brought a few seeds of dearly loved flowers from their forsaken gardens. When the tiny log cabin or adobe house was built, they eagerly planted some of the precious seeds, and more eagerly watched for the tender shoots and opening leaves, seeing in imagination the longed-for blossoms. When they came literally into bloom, their joy was too deep for words, but brought tears of thanksgiving and love for the soil that responded to the longing for beauty in their weary, hungry, beauty-loving hearts.

My mother came from England, a land of forests, beautiful parks, and gardens. From earliest childhood, I remember her garden. How joyfully she dug, planted, and nurtured it. She loved the soil, and it responded gladly to her care. Common or rare, everything grew. Her small corner of the desert blossomed beautifully and gladdened all who looked on it.

Her story is the story of all the Pioneers. As a result, today our desert is clothed in beauty.

Time, the relentless, has told off the years until almost a century has slipped into the past since the coming of our ancestors into the wilderness—a hundred years of subduing, cultivating, redeeming, beautifying, sowing and reaping, growing, and spreading out over the barren wastes. But there are still waste places to be redeemed and established, communities to be renovated, improved, and made more beautiful. Our borders have extended; new communities have arisen; much pioneer labor must still be done.

1847-1947. Soon comes 1939. Less than nine years remain in which to

NEARLY A CENTURY OF SUBDUING, CULTIVATING, REDEEMING, BEAUTIFYING, SOWING AND REAPING, AND SPREADING OUT OVER THE BARREN WASTES—AND EVEN SO, THERE ARE STILL WASTE PLACES TO BE REDEEMED AND UNSIGHTLY PLACES TO BE BEAUTIFIED, AS WE LOOK TOWARD THE CENTURY MARK.



DESERT LANDSCAPE
From a painting by J. B. Fairbanks.

labor with our might to redeem and beautify our homes, our churches, and other public buildings, our communities, stakes, wards, our highways, roads, streets, bridges, ditch banks, recreation centers, parks—whatever needs our care, before the hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Pioneers. Shall we meet the challenge? Shall all the desert blossom and be glad? Our answer is yes!

The next question is, how shall we begin? The first step is organization. This step has already been taken by the Church in the Church Welfare Program. The committees appointed by the presidents of stakes and bishops of wards are the machinery by which these programs are to be actively promoted in the Church.

The State of Utah has effected a similar organization for the beautification of our communities in commemoration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Pioneers; so there are many agencies at our disposal for the forwarding of our program. Just to mention a few:

The state will furnish us with its program, and a list of agencies working on the project.

We have our own comprehensive program, furnished by the Church to stake and ward committees.

The U. S. A. C. of Logan, the

University of Utah, the B. Y. U. of Provo, our state and federal agencies for roads, forests, etc.

The Forestry Department can help with trees, shrubs, evergreens, etc., that may be available for use in beautification of our local surroundings.

There are many fine articles in our daily newspapers. (See M. I. A. Adult Department Manual 1938-39 for its beautification project.)

Our next step is to make a thorough survey of our own local set-up, conditions and surroundings, county, city, stake or ward.

We must list carefully the good and bad, the beautiful and the ugly, the necessary and the useless, the desirable and the undesirable; things to be repaired, things to be destroyed. We must catalog all our local natural resources—where and how they are to be obtained and also our human resources: our leaders—civic, religious, recreational, professional; people in every line of endeavor necessary to put over our project. We may organize committees of men and women under the established Church Welfare Committee, and set to work. If we begin with the things that most need improving and beautifying, we shall more quickly show the improvement in our community.

Now for action!

From the survey made and tabulated, let us make a comprehensive community program, to include public buildings, churches, homes, factories, farms, recreational centers, parks, highways, and set committees or organizations to work on the particular work assigned to them.

In the planting of flowers, shrubs, and trees, we should find out what was planted by the Pioneers who first came into our section of the country, and plant some of them again in our gardens, and thus keep alive the spirit and beauty representative of our Pioneers.

EVERY Pioneer garden had its herb patch near the house where mint, sage, savory, catnip, and many other savory and sweet-scented herbs grew. Often also lavender, lemon plant, sweet-scented geranium, old man, and a broad-leaved sweet-scented plant we called "old woman." Then among the flowers one would find sweet rocket, flags, stocks, lady slippers, moss roses, the vivid yellow rose with its sharp, rather bitter perfume. The first settlers must also have used the flowers and shrubs and trees that grew about them.

Thrift and beauty are good companions. Nature puts on a new dress each spring. If you can't paint up, whitewash up.

Hedges of currant and other fruit-bearing shrubs could mark the boundaries around the farm, and the division fences between fields, along irrigation ditches, around the home vegetable garden, around the farm buildings, and along the road-side fence. Shrubs, trees, and flowers

that are natural in your vicinity could also be planted in this way, and these natural hedges would add the beauty to our fields that makes the European landscape so lovely; and would also provide fruit, as in the Pioneer days. Also, along these hedges we could drop seeds of wild asters—purple and yellow, golden-rod, sunflowers, poppies, larkspur, bachelor's buttons, cosmos and many other flowers you can think of that seed themselves after the first planting. Year after year, they give beauty to the landscape, and afford heaps of cut flowers for home and church decoration.

If you have many rocks about, make a rock garden, or use them for borders about your garden. Stack them in a corner and fill the crevices with soil, and plant them with low growing flowers or creeping plants, ivy, etc. If you have many, and they are large rocks, make your division fences of them; or, if rocks are put in front of fence plantings, they will keep the plants within bounds. Flat rocks make ideal dry paths under clothes lines, and if there is lawn to set them in, beauty is also added.

One shrub much recommended for planting in home grounds, church and public grounds, parks, etc.; in fact, any place where a shrub is desirable, is the lilac. It is disease-proof, beautiful in blossom, or as a leafy shrub, will grow anywhere, and is not hard to care for. There are many varieties to choose from, and many shades of color—from white, through light purple to almost red. The Persian variety is the most satisfactory of all. There are many other desirable flowering shrubs. Along the ditches that run beside so many of our country roads, let us gather the seeds of the native water



GARDEN PATH BORDERED BY FLOWERS AND SHRUBS, AT THE HOME OF THE AUTHOR, ROSE W. BENNETT.

plants, and systematically plant them at intervals sufficiently close to assure a continual stretch of color. Buttercups, monkey flowers—many others you will find there, and, at intervals, the lordly cattail, bullrush, kept within bounds, also the lovely Iris (flags) love a ditch bank—and a clear space here and there for health-giving watercress. Beyond the ditch, near the fence, trees, native shrubs, sunflowers, bee flowers (Cleome), goldenrod, wild asters, chicory—the lovely blue flower seen in some localities (blue flowers are rare, and should be cultivated), hollyhocks, cosmos, and castor beans. There should be no ugly vacant spots about a home.

LET us use all available local resources before sending elsewhere for materials. Remember, we are pioneers in our own locality; we are on our metal; resolved to make our community peculiar to itself, and famous for the things of value it has and does—perhaps certain flowers or fruits, livestock, farm products, handicrafts, or other cultural things—homes built of local materials and planted with native trees and shrubs, as far as possible.

As home owners we should first improve and beautify our own homes, and surroundings, and then help our neighbor, if he needs help. We should find a use, through our committees or clubs, for all surplus plants, seeds, and shrubs. Home-grown seeds are fresh and full of life. In saving seeds, it is wise to allow only the first few seed pods to ripen—they are usually the best. Then we should cut off all other

(Concluded on page 744)

FOUNTAIN AND ROCK GARDEN AT THE HOME OF THE AUTHOR, ROSE W. BENNETT.



THE CHURCH IN



NEW YORK BAY BETWEEN MANHATTAN AND GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, ABOUT AS IT APPEARED IN PARLEY P. PRATT'S TIME.

FOR a century the Church has met the spiritual and social needs of its people in the rural West. What has it to offer the urban East? Such was the challenge four years ago, when, after one hundred and four years, the Church organized a stake in the state of its birth. And such continues to be the challenge today, because never before or since has a stake been organized in such a populous or congested area—and here the world will look for an answer to this question.

The New York Stake occupies a strip of land and water one hundred miles long by forty wide. It includes all of the city of Greater New York, Metropolitan New Jersey, Westchester County, the whole of Long Island, and draws from the north as far as Stamford, Connecticut. More than four hundred miles of coast line embroider its meandering eastern boundaries. In spite of its geographic extensiveness, however, the great majority of its members reside within an area twenty miles square, situated in the heart of the metropolitan district.

In this area is concentrated a population of eleven million people. From daybreak till 10 a. m., its three million breadwinners converge on the city's laboring centers by boat, train, trolley, automobile, taxi, elevated lines, buses, and subways. From 4 p. m. to 6 p. m., the homeward journey radiates its human waves in a fan-like pattern back to the city's dwelling places. By 7:30 p. m., the bright lights of Broadway,

By WILLIAM L. WOOLF
Of the New York Stake Presidency

FOR NEARLY A CENTURY THE CHURCH HAS MET THE SPIRITUAL AND SOCIAL NEEDS OF ITS PEOPLE IN THE RURAL WEST. WHAT HAS IT TO OFFER THE URBAN EAST? WHAT CAN IT DO IN THE STATE OF ITS BIRTH—IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST METROPOLIS? THE WORLD WILL LOOK FOR AN ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION.



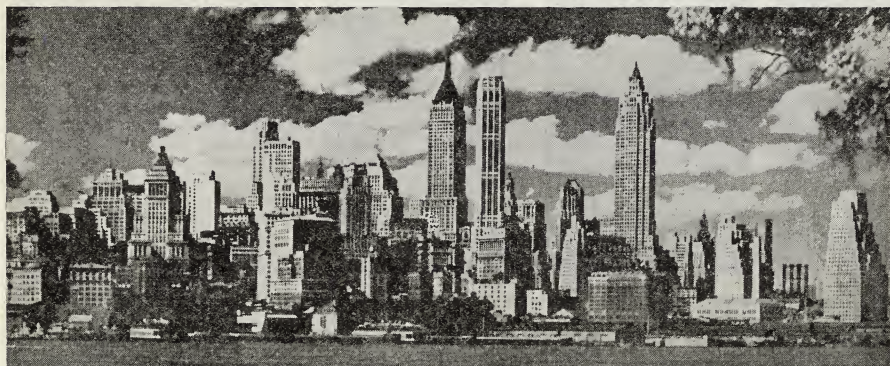
EXTERIOR, MANHATTAN CHAPEL

like the pulling force of the moon, reverse the human tide, this time to reconverge on the city's amusement places. By 11 p. m., the outbound current is strong again, but before the last lingering outbound revelers

have reached their homes in the morning hours, the sober-headed early workers have started to repeat the inward rush of another day. From dawn to dawn, this rushing to and fro has netted the transportation companies ten million fares, a figure well-designed to maintain strap hanging in top place among New York City's "indoor sports."

But the day has netted more than fares. One hundred thousand visitors will have registered in six hundred hotels with one hundred fifty thousand rooms. One and a quarter million school children will have dodged to school, exposed themselves to modern education, and ventured home again. The stock exchange will have done a business of \$10,000,000. Seventeen million dollars worth of goods will have been manufactured in the city's many factories; and retail stores employing four hundred thousand people will have sold two million dollars worth of goods. Ten million dollars in merchandise, silver, or gold will have been imported or exported through the Lower Bay, and Uncle Sam will have collected on

NEW YORK CITY



LOWER NEW YORK TODAY AS SEEN FROM THE BAY

imported goods a half million dollars in duties. One murder will have been committed, forty felonies, and two thousand lesser crimes. Three people will have committed suicide; ten to fifteen will have died of alcoholism, and ten times as many from other causes. Two hundred couples will have been married. Three hundred babies will have been born in two hundred hospitals. One hundred fires will have broken out; the city governments will have borrowed, or otherwise acquired, three million dollars, and twenty thousand policemen will have had a very busy day.

Among the actors in this pageant of the masses are men and women of every human race. In fact, a foreign accent is a visitor's first im-

pression of the play. Two and a quarter million descendants of Judah walk the boards, and three hundred thousand who bear the mark of Ham. Of the foreign born, a half million Russians share a bow with half a million men of Italy, and a quarter million sons of Erin balance the stage against a quarter million Poles. In diminishing numbers are Germany's pro- and anti-Nazis, Great Britain's English, Scotch, and Welsh; men from Austria; Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, and representatives of every country on the globe.

Among these teeming millions, not unlike the proverbial needle in a haystack, are two thousand men and women who term themselves Latter-

day Saints. Of the total population, one in every six thousand is a Mormon. If this same ratio prevailed in Utah, Salt Lake City would have twenty, Ogden five, and Logan two.

WHO are these two thousand who, living in the world, knowing what it has to offer, are by choice followers of Jesus and believers in a modern prophet? As you may have surmised, their backgrounds are as diverse as those of the people among whom they live, their differences being limited only by their numbers. Among them are to be found descendants of the early Church stalwarts; grandsons or great grandsons of Hyrum Smith, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Jedediah M. Grant, Bishop Edward Partridge, George Q. Cannon, Erastus Snow, Amasa M. Lyman,

SECOND PRESIDENCY OF NEW YORK STAKE
(LEFT TO RIGHT): WILLIAM L. WOOLF, FIRST
COUNSELOR; DR. HARVEY FLETCHER, PRESI-
DENT; IVOR SHARP, SECOND COUNSELOR.



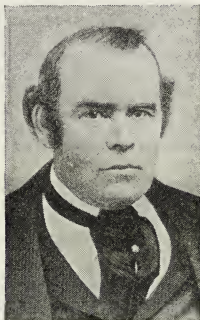


FIRST NEW YORK STAKE PRESIDENCY (LEFT TO RIGHT): HOWARD S. BENNION, FIRST COUNSELOR; FRED G. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT; HAKON HAGLUND, SECOND COUNSELOR.

the Pratt Brothers, General Wells, and many others. These people, like some thirty per cent. of the New York Stake population, are western born and reared, but New Yorkers by adoption. There are also many converts, comprising the American-born or local Saints, and converts from overseas, including Scandinavians, Swiss, Germans, Dutch, Czechs, and others.

Their occupations are as diverse as their backgrounds. Among them are scientists, teachers, engineers, lawyers, doctors, artists, architects, builders, manufacturers, accountants, stenographers, insurance men, furriers, tailors, restaurateurs, seamen, superintendents, decorators, promoters, brokers, real estate men, salesmen, inventors, investment advisers, bankers, statisticians, economists, buyers, musicians, dancers, actors, taxidermists, authors, clerks, and scores of others. During the week, they ply their trades to earn a living among the city's millions. But on Sunday, they are glad to meet together in an atmosphere entirely different, where the law of the brother's keeper supersedes the law of competition, and the law of gain gives way to the golden rule. The meetinghouse is an oasis where the Priesthood takes control, shutting out the contentious "isms" of the times—a place, where one's spirit gains new strength feeding on the Word of God, and one quaffs again at the fountain of Him who said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." The New York Stake is a fine example of divergent peoples made one in spirit, in purpose, and in love through the mellowing influence of the Gospel.

Here also are located the headquarters of the Eastern States Mission. A valiant band of crusaders have borne the Gospel standard in New York City, a partial list including Parley P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Samuel Brannan, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, William H. Miles, John Pingree, Samuel W. Richards, Alonzo P. Kesler, William H. Smart, E. H. Snow, John G. McQuarrie,



PARLEY P. PRATT, WHO INTRODUCED THE RESTORED GOSPEL TO NEW YORK CITY

Ben E. Rich, Walter P. Monson, George W. McCune, B. H. Roberts, Henry H. Rolapp, James H. Moyle, Don B. Colton, and Frank Evans. The Mission Home is situated at 155 Riverside Drive, overlooking the famous Hudson River, the inland route to a great continent, and for three centuries the prize of kings. Through this harbor, for a hundred years have passed more Saints immigrating to America or going to Europe on missions than perhaps all other harbors combined. It was the landing place in Brigham's day of the *Nevada*, the *Arizona*, the *Wisconsin*, the *Manhattan*, and other famous ships, which brought boatload after boatload of our con-

verted ancestors to American shores. Overlooking its broad expanse, President Frank Evans and Mrs. Evans and an efficient office force are comfortably housed, as they labor to keep the Mission efficient in every respect.

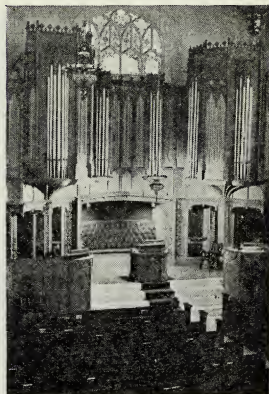
The New York Stake, with which the Mission has no official connection, is divided into four wards, two independent and two dependent branches: Queens, Brooklyn, East Orange, and Manhattan wards, Bay Ridge, Westchester, North Jersey, and Ocean Side branches.

The fourth largest ward is Manhattan, which shares with the stake a beautiful and spacious chapel in a Broadway hotel at 76th Street. The chapel and church office are rented on a full-time basis, providing greatly appreciated facilities for union meetings, quarterly conferences, stake president's office, bishop's offices, stake employment office, and all ward functions. Its gymnasium is in constant use, its being the only gymnasium in the stake at all times available to stake membership. It is convenient to Columbia University, where several members of the Church are usually enrolled. Manhattan Ward is about evenly divided between unmarried students and young people from the West and converts of German descent. It is fully organized and led the Church last year in fast offerings per capita. It entertains many visitors and investigators and spares no effort to conduct programs with appeal to all classes in the great metropolis.

THESE thriving wards and branches have not been built in a day.

(Continued on page 754)

INTERIOR MANHATTAN WARD CHAPEL



COMMONPLACE THINGS

A SHORT
SHORT
STORY

By ROBERTA PLATT



"I WOULD be a cinch," I often told myself. "If I only had something to stimulate my ambition and ability!" I could not, for financial reasons, pack my grip and tour the world until I found the desired spot, circumstance, and condition which would ignite the spark of my ability and hand me over to the world a flaming young novice, to become, in a few years, someone's favorite, well-known author. So I curled up in an old-fashioned armchair, before a big open fireplace, and there, while a drizzling fall rain beat a march time measure on the window-pane, I watched the dying embers slowly cool and crumble to ashes. I'd just have to go on being another commonplace young woman, because I was tied to a commonplace environment. I pulled the robe snugly around my legs and mourned my plight—the flame of my ambition killed by commonplace things.

My thoughts were just leading me into a very disagreeable mood, when they were interrupted by the sound of footsteps on the porch, followed by a quick knock.

Who could it be? I lifted the latch and opened the door. Peering out into the darkness, I could make out what appeared to be a drenched young lady.

"Are you Babs?" she asked, pushing back a soaked felt hat.

"Why, yes, I am."

"I'm Thressa McDonald. Carrie Mace told me to stop with you. Carrie's one of my best friends."

"I'm always glad to know a friend of Carrie's. Carrie is one of my best friends, too," I told her, as I helped her off with her luxurious fur coat. "You'd better slip out of those shoes. How did you get so wet?"

"My car stopped down by the bend. It wouldn't budge; so I just bailed out and footed it." She laughed, "I'm always doing something like this."

I soon had her warm and comfortable. She was a very pretty girl, blonde and with laughing gray eyes. I learned that her father was a big banker in New York, and she the only child. She had met Carrie there and the two had been great friends ever since Carrie had escaped from this "hole" and its commonplace surroundings and had gone to New

York to live with her wealthy aunt.

"Carrie told me you were one of America's minor authors." She spoke from the depths of the armchair.

"You mean she mentioned my whim to write," I corrected.

"Is it just a whim?"

"Well, that's about all it has amounted to."

"But—why?"

"Just this," I waved my hand around the room, "and that out there. There isn't anything to become poetic or literary about. What I need is something inspiring, if you see what I mean."

"I do, and I know." At last someone understood.

It was with this introduction that the conversation came to center on me and my career. The wind had gone down, the rain had ceased and the clock above the fireplace had doled out the hour of two, before we called our conversation to a close.

"I nearly forgot," Thressa McDonald said as she arose. "Carrie

sent you a letter by me. Here it is."

I showed my guest to her room, but I was too excited to go to bed. Tomorrow was nearly here. Tomorrow! The day I had always dreamed about. From now on it would be New York for me! New York, bright lights, dressing for dinners, nights at the opera, and Thressa McDonald, the daughter of New York's wealthiest banker. She understood and liked me. She believed in me. I danced up and down the length of the room. I would write, write, write! The things I would see and do would be my inspiration and I would write. What would Carrie think about Thressa's most generous offer? Then I remembered Carrie's letter. Hastily I tore open the envelope. It began:

Dearest Babs,

I'm homesick tonight, so if I get sentimental just toss me overboard. I don't know what ails me. Aunt Marg says I'm queer. So queer I am—if Aunt Marg says so.

I'm just sick to come home again. I've often wondered if things have changed much. Do the kids still play ball in the vacant lot, and does the old woman still scrape her frying pan?

FUNNY, Carrie would remember that. I smiled as I thought of the queer little rock image in the cliff across the fields west of the house. When we were kids we had pictured it as an old lady standing in the doorway scraping out scraps from her frying pan to a busy little dog on the steps. I read on:

Gee, Babs, but wouldn't I like a dollar for every time we've waded the creek, pushed the steep old cliff, only to find that the old lady had gone back in her rock house and closed the door behind her. I'll never forget the time when your disappointment was so great that you dropped that tousled red head of yours in my lap and cried for at least twenty minutes.

Yes, Aunt Marg says I'm queer. She said any twenty-year-old girl who would talk of riding nine miles over a canyon road on a hayrack is a queer person. I wouldn't argue with her. She wouldn't understand about the memories this holds for me.

Do you remember, Babs? It was cool in the evenings after the sun had dropped behind the mountains. I shall never forget the times when your dad lifted us on the wagon. He always fixed us a place with a little hay and a quilt. It was as comfortable as an upholstered car seat, wasn't it? Remember how we would swing our feet over the edge of the rack, singing as we moved

(Concluded on page 756)

"WINE IS A MOCKER" and "Strong Drink is Raging"

By EVA WILLES WANGSGARD

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." Proverbs XX:1.

EVER since the beginnings of history the prophets and teachers of the people have been searching for an effective way of combating the evil of beverage alcohol, for its use has always been admittedly an evil. The early method and the most usual has been for the leaders to warn the people against its ill effects and to preach concerning their slackening morals. The Greeks varied this by using the example of an intoxicated slave at a banquet which the young men attended with their elders.

During all this time, alcohol was generally considered by doctors and laymen alike to be a stimulant. This assumption was based chiefly on observation. The person under the influence of alcohol is characterized by a flushed skin and a rapid pulse. These are two symptoms commonly linked with the effects of a stimulant.

Recent investigations, however, have disclosed the fact that these symptoms are produced by the relaxing of the nerve control, which effect is the reverse of stimulation. In this, as in other ways, "wine is a mocker."

Before we proceed further let us stop to define the words *stimulant* and *narcotic*. Obviously, we can neither condemn nor condone a substance intelligently or convincingly until we can prove its nature and its effects on the human system. A *stimulant* is a drug which will rouse the recipient to activity or which will quicken his action. A *narcotic* is a depressant, causing relaxation, sleep, and, in sufficient quantities, death. To simplify, we might say that a stimulant renders a person more sensitive and a narcotic makes him less sensitive.

The investigations and experiments which this article discusses were conducted in the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, D. C., in Boston, Massachusetts, May 28th, 1915. They were the work of Doctor Raymond Dodge and Doctor Francis G. Benedict. Their processes and



results were published in their book, *Psychological Effects of Alcohol, An Experimental Investigation of the Effects of Moderate Doses of Alcohol on a Related Group of Neuro-Muscular Processes in Man*. This book is now out of print, but may be read at the libraries of the University of Utah and the Utah State Agricultural College and in many other school and public libraries throughout the nation.

These scientists felt that there had been a great deal of desultory experimental attention given to alcohol but no exhaustive study as there had been of proteins, carbohydrates, and fats. They laid out a plan of procedure two years before they were able to begin their experiments and distributed that plan widely among the scientists of the world. It met with such widespread approval that they knew they had planned to fill a long-felt need. Many eminent scientists, whom they list in their preface, wrote encouraging letters and sent in helpful suggestions.

Of course, they met a great many technical and practical difficulties, but they chose their subjects with great care, eliminated such complications as could be eliminated, and in every way secured as reliable data as is possible to obtain from human subjects in the time they had to devote to the work. They devoted a year to this particular study.

They desired to try their experiments on all classes of subjects, i. e., total abstainers, occasional users, moderate drinkers, habitual drinkers who took less than thirty cubic

centimeters per day, and excessive drinkers. Of these, the first and last were the most difficult to secure. With the first group the difficulty lay in getting the abstainer to take a drink, even for experimental purposes. With the last group, the difficulty lay in getting the subjects to leave alcohol alone long enough to get a normal reaction. The subjects were required to be of legal age and to be college graduates. The greater number of them were medical students and young doctors.

Next, it was necessary that the subject be kept in ignorance concerning whether or not he had imbibed alcohol. You can readily see that personal opinion would have influenced the results had the subject been aware. Therefore, the dosage of alcohol was masked in a bitter drink. On all the experimental days this drink was given, but only on specific days was the alcohol present.

As a standard dose they used thirty cubic centimeters of alcohol. In some experiments this was increased. For instance, in a twelve-hour experiment the subject took twelve cubic centimeters every hour for eight hours. In another, the dosage was forty-five cubic centimeters and in a third and fourth the dosage was one hundred fifty cubic centimeters and two hundred twenty-five, respectively.

All the experiments were conducted in a specially constructed laboratory room with uniform lighting and scientific ventilation.

THE first experiment consisted in testing the knee-jerk. The stimulus was a sudden blow on the patellar tendon. It was done with a uniform percussion hammer, striking at a uniform place, with the limb in a uniform position. Both the swing of the leg and the time of the response were measured by a scientific apparatus. While individuals differed widely in this test and the same individual differed at different times, all these variations were considered and the results were obtained with full understanding of them. The conclusions are that even with the dosage as low as thirty cubic centimeters, the response was slower

(Continued on page 743)

Poetry

TO HARRISON R. MERRILL

IN MEMORIAM

By Claire Stewart Boyer

You were the West! Your royal wel-
coming
To peak and gorge and waterfall and vale
Was picturesque and ardent as the tale
Of pioneer and redman; you could bring
New freedom to the mind whose question-
ing
Had wearied it, new courage to the frail
Heart that had wandered on the downward
trail,
New hope to him whose spirit willed to sing!

You are the West! A symbol of its might!
A cornerstone of granite that will keep
Tradition as an everlasting light
Within our lives! You do not lie asleep!
You live and walk as always in our sight,
Building the West more sure, more true,
more deep!

TO "H. R. M."

By Catherine Maughan, one of his students

HE shook you by the hand and searched
your soul
And found whatever good it had
And was your friend.
You felt his joy and sense and poetry,
Resolved to know him better
And were glad.

"A genial figure from our school
Is missing. Hope to see him soon again,"
The paper says.

And then,
"He's dead," they say.
"He's gone . . ."

But by-and-by our grief will pass,
And leave us thoughtfulness, and thank-
fulness
For knowing him.
We'll wonder if perchance he sees us yet,—
And try for worthwhile things.

His life has added something to our halls.
His memory can never pass away.

LUXEMBOURG GARDENS, CHRISTMAS DAY

(From a book to be published in December.
"Paris Cycle.")

By Ruth Harwood

A FEELING of utter peace pervades the
gardens today. The sun has come
forth to give a golden benediction, and the
birds are joining with their own Christmas
carols.

The bare trees are a delicate network
against the sky. The blue mist, so typical
of Paris, blends the tinnest twigs into a
phantom winter foliage of its own.

This is a season of silence and searching;
a time when roots are pushing deep into
the primal earth, and empty twigs are
sentient with their prophecy of leaves.

Thoughts of perfume and of opened
petals are but dim dreams along the misty
vistas of tomorrow.

WINGS

By Maud Merritt

IF I could grow a pair of wings
I'd fly up to the stars.
Stop in for tea with Venus,
And play croquet with Mars.

I'd beg a ring from Saturn
And from Jupiter a moon
And search the music of the spheres
To copy off a tune.

I'd snatch a bit of Heaven's blue
To tie around my waist
While seeing if the Milky Way
Was seasoned to my taste.

I'd steal a bit of star-dust
To use in making wishes
And cut a lining from a cloud . . .
To help me wash the dishes.

And yet . . . I wonder if those wings
Would tangle up my apron-strings?

A PRAYER SONNET

By Olive C. Wehr

DEAR God, O let me not one hour forget
How very soon my little candle's light
May flicker out within the waiting night.
And leave the pattern all unfinished yet!
There is no time to falter, nor to fret,
Nor waste the precious hours in vain
delight,
Nor yet in thoughtless word of pride or
spite,
With life's one challenge evaded or half met!

But, remembering the utter preciousness
Of every hour, O may I grow serene
And big, apart from every pettiness!
May I, with hands and thoughts both strong
and clean,
But weave into my tiny life's design
That immortal pattern of the plan divine.



Photo by Lionel Green.

CHRISTMAS PLEA

By Christie Lund Coles

A GAIN tonight I hear the Christmas bells;
I see the snow like jewels on the earth;
I watch the quiet stars; emotion wells
Within me at remembrance of His birth.
Remembrance of the message that He
brought
Of peace and love, of brotherhood's good
will;
The simple, ageless truths His mercy taught
That in the soul of man re-echo still.

And yet, we plan our wars, we contemplate
Their inhumanities, their lust, their greed,
Their awful deadly ministry of hate,
Forgetful of man's pitiable need.

Oh, Men of Nations, let His memory still
Make brotherhood a dream we must fulfill.

MOTHER OF A MISSIONARY (A SONNET)

By Linda S. Fletcher

I TOO, would sing, as Hannah sang of old
Unto the Lord of Hosts, the Mighty One,
When sacrificing she brought her son
Unto the Temple's scarlet, purple, gold;
And sing as Mary, when to her unrolled
The precious knowledge of what God had
done.

And joy of matchless motherhood she'd won,
Though sword would pierce and anguish
her enfold!

For as these two, with dedicating heart,
Unto Thy Temple, I my son have brought,
To yield him to Thy service with this
prayer:

May Samuel's hearing ear of him be part,
To be like Mary's Son, his ev'ry thought,
Then songs of praise my heart will humbly
share!

YOUTH SPEAKS

By Della Adams Leitner

A DVENTURING with Jesus,
A challenge to my soul
To pioneer the places
Where sin seems to control.
The vast domains where evil
Entrenched forbids the light,
Forboding, threatening, harming
All efforts for the right.

But oh, the call insistent
Brings fortitude to dare
To take the Gospel message
And prove the power of prayer.
Christ leads and I will follow,
Nor fear the hosts of sin:
I go forth in His courage
New victories to win.

FRAUDS

By Alda Fugal Gardner

METHINKS Dame Nature's quite like man,
She loves to play a joke
And cover up unseemly things
Beneath a lovely cloak.
Last night my yard was quite a sight,
It wouldn't bear inspection,
But with the dawn it glistened bright
In snowy white deception.

The Church Moves On



Photo Courtesy Deseret News.
THIS INFORMAL STUDY OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE TAKEN AT THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE SHOWS THE QUORUM ON ONE OF THOSE INFREQUENT OCCASIONS WHEN ALL ARE PRESENT

Front row, left to right: Joseph Fielding Smith, George Albert Smith, Rudger Clawson, Reed Smoot, George F. Richards, Stephen L. Richards. Back row, left to right: Richard R. Lyman, Melvin J. Ballard, John A. Widtsoe, Joseph F. Merrill, Charles A. Callis, Albert E. Bowen, and extreme right: Sylvester Q. Cannon, associate.



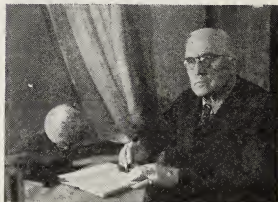
Photo Courtesy Deseret News.
MISSION PRESIDENTS AT THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE

Left to right, front row: Orlando C. Williams, Spanish American; L. Eugene Neff, Palmyra Bureau of Information; Frank Evans, Eastern States; Elias S. Woodruff, Central States; A. Lorenzo Anderson, Mexican; Merrill D. Clayton, Southern States.

Second row: William W. Seemiller, Western States; ElRay L. Christensen, Texas; W. Aird Macdonald, California; David A. Smith, Canadian; William T. Tew, Jr., East Central States.

Third row: Carl F. Eyring, New England; David A. Broadbent, North Central States; Preston Nibley, Northwestern States; Harold W. Pratt, former president Mexican Mission; B. S. Hincley, Northern States.

known as the "scribbler," Brother Dean has written numerous poems, and spent two-and-a-half years in Hawaii setting them to native music for an eventual song collection. The father of 22 children, 67 grandchildren, and 23 great-grandchildren, Brother Dean has kept a diary, now numbering 60 volumes, since he was nineteen. His motto is "Promptness is a virtue."



JOSEPH H. DEAN

DR. WIDTSOE IN HAWAII

DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE of the Council of the Twelve was assigned to attend the Oahu Stake Conference held in Honolulu, Hawaii, October 29 and 30, 1938, and appointed to investigate and report on educational facilities and other Church business. Dr. Widtsoe, accompanied by Mrs. Widtsoe, sailed from Los Angeles aboard the S. S. *Matsonia*, October 20, 1938.

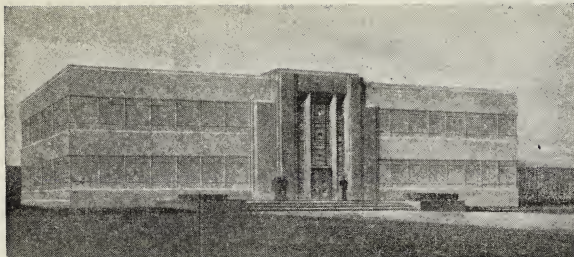
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING RISING ON CENTRAL STOREHOUSE BUILDING PROJECT

THE newest addition to the cluster of buildings rising on the eight-acre tract at 7th West and 7th South streets in Salt Lake City and known as the Central Storehouse Building Project of the Church Welfare Plan, is the Administration Building, now under construction. The structure, which will house the offices and the distributing facilities for the Salt Lake Region and at the same time provide storage space for surplus commodities from other regions to be handled by the General Committee, will be ready for occupation sometime in February or March of 1939. Employing from fifty to seventy workers daily, the structure is the fourth unit to be built in connection with this project: a root cellar with a 30-carload storage capacity is already in use; a completely equipped cannery will be occupied early in December depending on the completion of the heating plant. The accompanying sketch by Fetzer and Fetzer, architects, indicates that beauty has not been sacrificed to utility, and when completed, the building should attract many more than the hundreds who from far and near have already visited the project.

SHELLEY STAKE HONORS FOUNDER OF SAMOAN MISSION

A TRIBUTE to his life-long service in the Church was paid Joseph H. Dean, 83-year-old founder of the Samoan Mission, when on Sunday, October 30, members of the Shelley Stake

M. I. A. honored him with a pageant in which were re-enacted scenes from his own life. Born in Taunton, England, Brother Dean emigrated to Morgan, Utah in 1860, via sailing vessel and ox team. He served a first mission to Hawaii in 1877 and in 1887 opened up the work in Samoa. Affectionately



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE CENTRAL STOREHOUSE BUILDING PROJECT

TWO NEW PRIMARY GENERAL BOARD OFFICERS CHOSEN

MRS. MARGARET H. STROMNESS, formerly superintendent of the Granite Stake Primary, and Mrs. Ruth Wood Higginbotham, formerly a member of the Ensign Stake Board, were chosen by Superintendent May Anderson to the Primary General Board on November 1, 1938.

Both of these women come well qualified to their posts, for each of them has had long service in the Primary work.

BUSINESS ASSOCIATES ARRANGE DINNER FOR PRESIDENT GRANT

SIX-HUNDRED-FIFTY invitations have been issued for a dinner, and program honoring President Heber J. Grant, arranged by his business associates, for Wednesday evening, November 23rd, in the Hotel Utah, Salt Lake City. The list of invited guests includes leaders of business, industry, and the professions, from throughout the inland west and the nation. Members of the General Committee in charge of arrangements are: John F. Fitzpatrick, Chairman; Gus P. Backman, Orval W. Adams, David D. Mofatt, E. O. Howard, Harold H. Bennett, Richard L. Evans, George Gadsby, J. J. Kelly, Wendell Smoot, Elias A. Smith, Nelson W. Aldrich, Guy R. Toombes, Julian M. Bamberger and Robert L. Judd.

Further details of this occasion, given as the President begins his 83rd year, will be noted in next month's *Era*.

JOSEPH F. SMITH FAMILY ASSOCIATION HONORS FOUNDER

COMMORATING the one-hundredth anniversary since the birth of their illustrious forefather, Joseph Fielding Smith, sixth president of the Church, who was born on November 13, 1838 and died November 19, 1918, members of the Joseph F. Smith Family Association gathered at the Lion House Saturday evening, November 12, for a turkey dinner followed by a memorial program.

MISSIONARIES RETURN TO ORIGINAL FIELDS

THE missionaries who left Germany and Czechoslovakia during the critical period of the Czech-German settlements have returned to their various fields of labor according to word that has been received in the First Presidency's office from the mission presidents in both countries.

DON CARLOS YOUNG PASSES

JOSEPH DON CARLOS YOUNG, 83 years of age, last surviving son of President Brigham Young, answered the call of death October 19th.

For 50 years and up to two or three years ago, Brother Young served as the official architect of the Church. The Bishop's Building and the Church Office Building are monumental structures of his designing.

Brother Young had given much time in service to the Church both in the mission field and at home. He was a member of the original High Council of Salt Lake Stake.

MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR THE FIELD FROM THE SALT LAKE MISSIONARY HOME
ARRIVED OCTOBER 24, 1938—DEPARTED NOVEMBER 3, 1938

Left to right, first row: Newel C. McMillan, E. Raymond Horsley, Margaret E. Hardy, Kay Cheney, Mildred Hansen, Doris Porter, Dorothy Hurst, J. Le Grande Shupe, Sherman Turner.
Second row: Pres. Don B. Colton, Morris Rowley, Dean G. Huntsman, Edith Ball, Mrs. Beulah J. Farnsworth, Gladys Heileson, Sue Carmen Jennings, Milton J. Rasmussen, Andrew B. Shumway, Instructor William E. Barrett.

Third row: Melvin J. Hodge, Dennis Farnsworth, Jr., Warren S. Otley, Glen L. Rudd, Emily Anderson, Sister Don B. Colton, Norma Anne Haymore, Merrill Biddulph, Grant F. Taylor, Deloy Leavitt, Vern H. Jensen.

Fourth row: Daniel Latham, William F. Bundy, Karl D. Reader, Ray J. Kirkland, John A. Hopkin, Grant W. Cooley, J. Marcell Pitcher, Joel R. Huff, Dellis Johnson, George F. Swenson.

Fifth row: Howard L. Lund, Edwin H. Smart, Philip J. Dixon, Stephen R. Davis, Morris L. Mickelson, Gerald W. Smith, Royel D. Anderson, Clyde W. Fowler, C. Veroy Gay.

Sixth row: Douglas N. Thompson, Charles S. Anderson, Don F. Robertson, Eric I. Bundy, Clark O. Thompson, Donald B. Garrick, Theo. H. Richards, Max W. Simkins, A. William Lake, Delmar Braggner.

Seventh row: Sherman Douglas Park, J. Ray Bryan, Delila A. Erickson, Niels J. Anderson, Wendell K. Young, Earl M. Fitzgerald, Harold W. Tadjie, G. Watson Estowh, Joseph E. Bateman,

Eighth row: Junior D. Carson, Howard L. Randall, Glen M. Acomb, Martell Bodell, Homer Kirkham, Marion J. Evertson, Phil C. Dana, Dwight Dana, H. John Madsen, F. Alan Spencer.

Ninth row: Junior Thomas Lindgren, Clyde Hard, William E. Toome.

Sunday, October 2, 1938.

President Heber J. Grant dedicated the Logan Institute, which is adjacent to the U. S. A. C. at Logan, Utah.

Sunday, October 16, 1938.

President Heber J. Grant was the principal speaker at a meeting held in the Eighteenth Ward, Ensign Stake, commemorating the thirty-two years of service performed by Bishop Thomas A. Clawson and his counselors, John A. Evans, L. T. Whitney, and Ezra T. Stevenson, and the ward clerk, Ernest D. Schettler.

Monday, October 17, 1938.

Special exercises at the Brigham Young University marked the sixty-third anniversary of the founding of this institution.

Sunday, October 23, 1938.

George A. Christensen was sustained as the Bishop of the 27th Ward, Ensign Stake, succeeding Joel Richards.

Elder Charles A. Callis dedicated the new chapel in the Reynolds Branch, Malad Stake.

Monday, October 24, 1938.

Nicholas Roosevelt, in his book entitled *A New Birth of Freedom*, lauds the Mormon Pioneers and states that the country in order to save its freedom must return to the same courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice as possessed by the Mormon Pioneers.

Sunday, October 30, 1938.

Floyd L. Weed was sustained as Bishop of the 26th Ward, Pioneer Stake, succeeding Leonard C. Rueckert.

The Sugar House Ward, Highland Stake, was reorganized with Ernest A. Nelson as Bishop, succeeding George W. Burbridge.

Editorial

Gift to Youth—1938

AGAIN we approach that heart-warming, soul-cheering time of year at which we commemorate anew the birth of the Savior of mankind. But with the coming of the Christmas season we find ourselves still facing the realities of life as we always have in the past, and as we shall continue to do as long as life shall last.

The seasoned traveler has learned to accept these realities—even to welcome them—for the glory of conquest and the thrill of overcoming, for he knows that without hills to climb and broken country to traverse, dull, deteriorating monotony sets in.

But with youth it may be different. The all-engrossing business of education and preparation has in most cases kept his attention from the actual battle of life, wherein a man does what he does and becomes what he becomes by his own effort.

Then comes youth's awakening, and, as with all awakenings, the fading of many dreams. There comes a day when we realize that we can no longer conscientiously accept the support of others, and winning our own support is more difficult than it appeared to be from the sidelines. No longer can we be content with merely being the son of someone. We must establish our own identity and rear our own families, and the responsibilities which seemed so natural to our parents take on new magnitude. No longer can we afford to be students only. We must become teachers. No longer may we devote ourselves wholly to the theoretical. We must venture into the practical. No longer is the world waiting for us to prepare for life. It is waiting for us to live it, to face its realities, to solve its problems, to improve its conditions, and to do for the next generation that which has been done for us, with such improvements as would be expected because of time and cumulative experience.

And so comes the awakening that brings us face to face with reality. The job is not easy. Who but a weakling would wish that it were? The problems have not all been solved. Who but a dullard would want them to be? The future is unpredictable. Read your history!—when wasn't it? The world is so greatly changing. Be thankful for that—so long as our principles and ideals and ultimate destination do not change with it; progress is change. Livelihood is not secure. It's up to us to make it secure.

So run the objections and the answers to those objections, which became articulate in the mind of the writer while acting on a committee of President Grant's business associates. They were preparing to honor him at a banquet as he begins the 83rd year of his life, and it became necessary to prepare a program statement that would typify the life of this great leader. From due process of thought there came these obvious conclusions:

To look at this man now one might be lead to suppose that the obstacles of his life had faded away before him. It would be possible to believe that the rough places had been easily traversed by his determined stride, that success had come with moderate effort, that Providence had spared him much of life's travail. The flawless performance of a master

musician looks easy, too, and in our enjoyment of his art, we sometimes close our thoughts to the toil and heartbreak, the faith and vision, that mark the upward course. This man is great, not because he has been spared the hardships of life, but because he has overcome them. Providence gave him strength, not ease; courage, not protection; faith, not a favored lot; integrity, not freedom from temptation.

It is well remembered that a look back through the years of Heber J. Grant now, presents a much different picture from the view he had when he was at the other end looking this way. We know now what life was destined to become, but he knew then only that life must be lived honorably and industriously, in order that a widowed mother might be cared for, that a family might be reared, and that the Lord, his Maker, might, at that day when all shall stand before Him, say "Well done."

And from these thoughts we offer our gift to youth for Christmas 1938—and for all the years and generations to come: If life is not what it ought to be, it is yours to make it what it should be. Change whatever you wish to change, within the limits of truth, noble ideals, and fundamental principles, and your own generation, and generations yet unborn, will rise to call you blessed.

—R. L. E.

A Christmas Thought

FLYING snow and holly berries, clearer sight and keener minds—all are indications of the Christmas season. The exuberance of spring has ebbed; the languor of summer has vanished; the haze of autumn has cleared; and the vigor of winter sends new blood coursing through our veins.

Clearer sight and keener minds should stimulate clearer and keener insight into the fundamentals of living. Those who live and work with young people should turn their eyes critically inward, particularly at this season, and let the mind register truly what the eye sees. Crying needs in the world today demand our best thinking and clear vision in directing these young folk. They must be shown the only way of life. They are now embarking on their journey. Their vessel may be ever so seaworthy, but there are those external forces which will assail them unless we keep the lighthouse of our love burning brightly. Fogs of despair will arise around them, but the beam of our light can penetrate the mists; cross-currents of worldly beliefs will sweep over them from every direction and make them lose their way, unless we have given them the true course to follow; waves of disbelief will buffet them from the charted way, unless we have provided them with the compass of faith; reefs of ignorance will offer hazards unless we have given them the sure knowledge of true principles; the tides of indolence may sweep their frail barks into a backwash and stagnation unless we keep the lighthouse of our and their faith replenished from the Giver of Eternal Light and Life.

At this season when our thoughts are turned naturally to Him in whose name we call upon the Father of us all, let us resolve that we will chart our own and others' courses more clearly, that we may follow in the way He showed and reach the harbor where He awaits those who sail the true course.—M. C. J.

HELPING OTHERS To HELP THEMSELVES

By WILLIAM MULDER

FROM the numerous fronts throughout the Church where ward, stake, and regional groups are pushing forward in a major offensive against material need and spiritual depression comes the heartening report that operations floating the banner of the Church Welfare Plan are realizing with no small success the three-fold objective of caring for the immediate wants of the needy, finding the jobless permanent employment, and progressively improving existing conditions.

Placing confidence in the program at large and enthusiasm in the particular project in hand, Priesthood quorums, Relief Societies, specially organized groups, and individuals have in a total of 1,065 projects during 1938 produced 794,000 cans of vegetables, 230,000 cans of fruit, 23,000 lbs. dried fruits, 990,000 lbs. of root and leaf vegetables, 18,000 sacks of potatoes, 18,660 sacks of flour, 325 sacks of dry beans, the equivalent of 1,552 sacks of sugar in sugar beets, 2,000 gallons of sorghum, 100 cases of canned meat, and 27,000 lbs. of fresh meat. There have been produced several carloads of coal and several of wood, and the number of articles of clothing made at the sewing centers runs into many thousands. Some 3,943 individuals have been assisted to find employment in regular channels of trade, while another 2677 have been employed on Church Welfare projects.

In every quarter steps have been taken toward the permanent rehabilitation of the lives of men and women through the establishment of their economic independence. Several leading projects illustrate the productive nature of the program.

DESERET INDUSTRIES

Most unique is the recently founded Deseret Industries, a salvage and manufacturing enterprise patterned after the nationally known "Goodwill Industries." This project is designed to help others help themselves by putting to work those who would have difficulty finding employment in private industry. Local response to the institution's appeal for merchandise which could be re-conditioned and sold again has been so overwhelming that the two story warehouse and basement at 342 West Second South in Salt Lake is filled with furniture and stoves, clothing and rags, books and papers, toys, shoes, antiques, and a hundred and one other items. These materials were gathered in a systematic canvassing of the stakes under the motto, "Waste nothing, save everything." To-



FULL-SIZED BURLAP BAGS SUCH AS THIS ARE AVAILABLE FOR EVERY HOME THAT DESIRES TO COOPERATE. WHEN THEY ARE FILLED WITH DISCARDED ARTICLES, DESERET INDUSTRIES WILL CALL FOR THEM.

day three trim trucks are kept busy making daily pick-ups of voluntary donations. Homes are supplied with a bag and an attached postal card which is filled out with proper directions for calling, and mailed to the Industries when the bag, as a depository for discarded but usable articles, is filled.

At the Deseret Industries plant itself a staff of workers that has grown from five to forty-five is engaged in processing the materials: clothes are sorted according to 24 classifications and are washed or dry-cleaned, mended, and pressed; stoves are rebuilt; furniture re-finished; mattresses recovered; shoes repaired; tons of paper and rags baled and shipped. Everything is salvaged, from kindling wood to antiques, and finally finds its way at a moderate evaluation to one of the three stores now being operated at 342 West Second South, 432 South State, and 60 Richards Street, all in Salt Lake City. Clean, well-stocked, and open for business to the general public, these stores are being visited by rich and poor alike, and a carefully kept daily progress chart indicates the amount of merchandise sold, though less than the amount of donated goods, is steadily increasing. Deseret Industries is rapidly moving toward a self-supporting basis.

DESERET CLOTHING FACTORY

Manufacturing L. D. S. garments under the "Authorized Pattern" label is the Security Knitting Mills at 36 South Main Street, also in Salt Lake City. Employing a varied number of workers, the factory has been operating under

the Salt Lake Region, the garments being distributed in the main through the regional storehouse. But in the future this project will come under the joint supervision of the General Committee and the Salt Lake Regional Council, to be known as the Deseret Clothing Factory.

CENTRAL STOREHOUSE BUILDING PROJECT

Within a few months the offices and bishop's storehouse of the Salt Lake Region will be housed in the new center now under construction at 749 West 7th South known as the Central Storehouse Building Project. It is so-called because not only will it be the storing, processing, and distributing headquarters for the stakes of the Salt Lake Region, but there will be located one of the General Committee storage centers and from there shipment of surplus commodities to other regions will be made. (See detailed description, page 734.)

WORK IN OTHER REGIONS

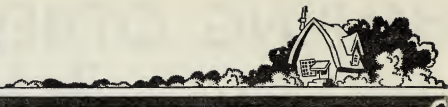
While these projects have created considerable public interest and may be considered as representative of the scope and purpose of Welfare work in its major proportions, other regions have been promoting worthwhile projects.

In Juab Stake there has been the Dog Valley Farm Project; in southern Utah the Virgin River Temple Cottage project to build seven modern cottages near the St. George Temple for aged temple workers; in Juab, Nebo, and Woodruff stakes, sawmill projects to supply materials for homes for those engaged on the project and also for Church buildings; in Idaho, the proposed Eastern Idaho Regional Storehouse to be built by Welfare labor chiefly from native materials; in Salt Lake the digging, preparing, and shipping of celery, and in Sharon the Sharon-Utah cannery which kept from ten to forty workers employed most of the summer.

It is not necessary to multiply statistics, however revealing they may be in themselves. A monthly reading of the column "Quorum Projects" (see page 742) will indicate to just what extent the Welfare Plan is giving a practical demonstration of benefits that result when mouths are fed and souls nourished in a productive plan of having the worker produce that which he uses.



Homing



WHAT BOOKS SHALL I GIVE THE CHILDREN FOR CHRISTMAS?

FOR THE VERY YOUNG:

LITTLE PANCHO

(Told and drawn by Leo Politi, Viking Press, New York, 1938. \$5.00.)

LITTLE PANCHO, like many little boys when told not to do a thing, immediately set out to do it. He went into the jungle where he lost his hat and his way and generally mixed himself in all kinds of trouble. The pictures are unusual since they deal with a Mexican mother and her child.

THE BLACK PUP

(Anne Brooks, illustrated, Viking Press, New York, 1938. 63 pages. \$1.50.)

THE book with its clever illustrations will offer many an hour's entertainment, especially when the pup, who especially disliked kittens, defended them against an airdale.

GLOOMY THE CAMEL

(Story and pictures by Grace Paull, Viking Press, New York, 1938. \$1.50.)

ALTHOUGH Grace Paull is well-known for her illustrations, this is her first appearance as an author. The conclusion that Gloomy found happiness only after he had learned usefulness is a welcome message to old and young today.

LITTLE TOAD

(Frances Margaret Fox, illustrated, Viking Press, New York. 79 pages. \$1.00.)

TRACING the life story of a toad from the egg to the tadpole, toadlet, and finally a full-grown toad is interestingly and truthfully told, for the author is a teacher who had the material verified by authorities. This book can profitably be read to any age group.

THREE TALES FROM GRIMM

(Illustrated by Brunhild Schlotter, Macmillan Company, New York, 1938. \$1.75.)

THIS exquisite book including the three stories: The Sleeping Beauty, The Frog Prince, and Mother Hulda, was printed in Germany. Grimm is always interesting for children and in this newly dressed version with its truly lovely illustrations, it will be more than a welcome addition to the children's bookshelf.

BOBBIE AND JOCK AND THE MAILMAN

(Charles J. Finger, illustrated, Henry Holt and Company, New York. 156 pages. \$2.00.)

FOR children from 6 to 10, this book with its clever illustrations and its story of a little girl's vacation on the farm will prove of interest. Her experience of getting lost and found again and learning that "the longest way round is the shortest way home" makes interesting reading.

By MARBA C. JOSEPHSON

BUTTONS

(Tom Robinson, illustrated by Beggy Bacon, Viking Press, New York. \$2.00.)

WHO wouldn't be interested in a ragged, moth-eaten kitten who proved to an unfriendly world that he could make his way without asking for too many favors? Buttons is an adorable cat to introduce into any home, both for the story, which by the way is given twice, and for the illustrations, which a child will be delighted to linger over. Naturally, we hate to turn moralist, but in this story introduced into our present world, there is something of Aesop.

QUITO EXPRESS

(Ludwig Bemelmans, illustrated, Viking Press, New York, 1938. 47 pages. \$1.00.)

A NEW way for even the youngest to study geography is given in *Quito Express*, a story about Pedro of Ecuador, who climbed on a train and was lost for a day or two, but had a good time because the conductor liked little boys.

FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED YOUNGSTER:

CHILD OF THE DEEP

(John E. Williamson and Frances Jenkins Olcott, illustrated with photographs, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1938. 116 pages. \$2.25.)

NEXT best to going underseas is reading from experienced underseas people who took a little girl with them constantly when they went on their expeditions. Many pictures are reproduced, several in full color. The natural history included in this book will be welcomed by many adults who have always been curious themselves about how the sea and its people look.



FOREST NEIGHBORS

(Edith M. Patch and Carol L. Fenton, illustrated, Macmillan, New York, 1938. 192 pages. \$1.50.)

ANY child will find in this book a wealth of material to satisfy his natural curiosity concerning nature. The moose, the red fox, the snowshoe hare, the lynx, the white-tailed deer are among the animals treated; the redbird, the chickadee, the waxwing among the birds discussed. The book will serve to renew old acquaintances and to introduce many new ones.

YINKA-TU THE YAK

(Alice A. Lide, illustrated by Kurt Wiese, Viking Press, 1938. 63 pages. \$2.00.)

THE adventures of Tibetan Sifan with his Yinka-Tu on the broad planes of China make interesting reading. Add to the story, the illustrations of Kurt Wiese and you have a book that any parent will be proud to give the children and that any child will adore to own. The customs and some of the history of Tibet are woven into the story.

ONE WINTER

(Martin Gale, illustrated, Viking Press, New York, 1938. 204 pages. \$1.75.)

JINNIE BRADFORD's experiences in a boarding school with her friend Migs and their ponies will fascinate young readers. The clever line drawings of Margaret Van Doren will also attract favorable attention, while of course the maple syrup story will satisfy the sweet tooth of all young people.

FOR THE ADOLESCENT:

HONEY OF THE NILE

(Erick Berry, illustrated, Oxford University Press, New York, 1938. 224 pages. \$2.00.)

WHEN Egypt "was the center of the world, and the Nile, a green ribbon through the golden sands, the artery of Egypt" is the setting for this book. Both the material and the illustrations have been carefully checked by Egyptologists for their accuracy. The story deals with the young king Tutankh Amun; his wife, Ankhes; Kem, a young priest of Amun Re and keeper of the bees; and Hanofre, faithful handmaid Ankhes; and unfolds many dramatic incidents in the lives of the young king and queen who are historical characters.

PENN

(Elizabeth Janet Gray, illustrated, Viking Press, New York, 1938. 260 pages. \$2.50.)

COMpletely engrossing and of great value is this biography of one of the founders of early America, written by one who has proved her worth in other notable biographies. From Penn's parentage and early life, we get an insight into English history which is so prominent in shaping the destiny of America. The story is that of a courageous fighter who dared stand by his beliefs in spite of many imprisonments and great family pressure.

SEVENTEEN CHIMNEYS

(Theodore A. Harper, Viking Press, New York, 1938. 270 pages. \$2.00.)

ROBERT CORNISH after his father's failure was left to make his way the best he could. For one year he worked in the lonely bush country of New Zealand where he learned the valuable lesson of patience. "Seventeen Chimneys" was the symbol of his lost heritage. There are some mysteries which will intensify the interest for adolescent boys and girls.

THE LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL

(Marjorie H. Alea, illustrated, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1938. 237 pages. \$2.00.)

THE three-fold duty of Sarah Ann Reid, who was unexpectedly given the opportunity of going to Paris as "house-daughter" at the Quaker International Center, was to learn French as a living language, to get acquainted with all kinds of people, and to grow up. Her experiences on shipboard and after she arrived in Paris make every page seem too short.

BLOCKING BACK

(B. J. Chute, Macmillan Company, New York, 1938. 266 pages. \$1.75.)

WHAT boy wouldn't get a thrill from attending a boys' school and being intimately associated with football? Well, Jerry Le Van didn't—at first, because he had been sent much against his will to Washburn instead of Harmer which he had desired to attend. But when he had his lesson forced down his throat, his eyes opened to many new things and he found that teamwork is the basis of both life and football.

FIRE IN THE ICE

(A. D. Divine, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1938. 254 pages. \$2.00.)

EVER since Melville told the story of Moby Dick, much interest has centered in whales and the whaling industry. When Alan Pierce sailed on a modern whaling expedition with Aslaksen, an experienced sailing man, he made a friend and learned many things that a year on land would not have taught him. A full-blooded adventure story, *Fire in the Ice* will help while away a few winter evenings.

JOSE AND JOE

(Ruth G. Plowhead, illustrated, Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1938. 262 pages. \$2.50.)

IDENTICAL twins in everything except that one was a girl and the other a boy, Josie and Joe Dawne had many a gay time together, for Josie could do things that a boy did as well or even better than Joe. She was as eager a student of the Cub manual as Joe. But much as Joe liked his sister, he still felt that there were some things that girls should not do. This left Josie quite disconsolate until she learned that there are things that girls can do which are as interesting and difficult to do as those boys choose. Her experiences in the Top Notch Club which taught her how to sew and can fruit and the other exploits of this hoydenish girl will make good reading during the Christmas holidays.

(Concluded on page 740)

Don't Serve SKIMPY Breakfasts !



DO you start your husband off to work and your children off to school with a real energy breakfast—a breakfast that will provide lots of nourishment—lots of pep and energy? In other words—a Globe PANCAKE breakfast? Working people and school children often skimp on lunches—don't skimp their breakfasts too! Serve your family satisfying pancakes for breakfast. Make them the quick, easy, THRIFTY way—with Globe "A1" Pancake and Waffle Flour. This special pancake flour contains lots of buttermilk for extra richness and flavor. How good these "A1" pancakes taste on cold mornings, with syrup or honey trickling down the sides. Globe "A1" Pancake and Waffle Flour is the choice of thousands of smart women because it's so quick and easy to use and it is always the same! You can make three "A1" pancakes for a penny! Buy Globe "A1" tomorrow—serve nourishing pancake breakfasts. See what a hit they make with your family!

GLOBE "A1"

PANCAKE & WAFFLE FLOUR

BAREFOOT AND THE FRIENDLY ROAD (Jack Tinker, illustrated by the author, Viking Press, New York. \$1.00.)

THE poetry of this little book will serve to make young and old alike revel in it, for the friendly road is a symbol of the wandering that all of us have the urge to do.

GRAY WOLF (Rutherford Montgomery, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1938. 186 pages. \$2.25.)

DRAMATICALLY told from the wolf's point of view, this book will serve to give information concerning the habits and life of the gray wolves who brought so much worry to the cattlemen in the early days of the west. The story deals particularly with Speed, the wisest of these gray wolves, who long escaped man but finally met his match in Treon, an Indian hunter.

SHADOW PLAYS AND HOW TO PRODUCE THEM (Winifred H. Mills and Louise M. Dunn, Doubleday Doran and Company, New York. 188 pages. \$2.00.)

ALTHOUGH children in the home usually want to have shadow plays, this reviewer's guess is that the older members of the family will find much of enjoyment and growth if they too will read this book. The actual dramatizations of several plays is given and the illustrations to go with them. Part Two is shadow plays with music—and good music also, while Part Three deals with human shadow plays.

The book is a really careful study of this form of entertainment and should offer a solution to the eternal question both of adults and children, "What shall we do?"

JUNGLE RIVER (Howard Pease, illustrated, Doubleday Doran and Company, New York, 1938. 295 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS book for high school age boys and girls will answer their constant search for the unusual and the exciting.

In this, his latest book, he deals with the adventures of Don Carter in New Guinea when he set out to find his father, reported lost, believed dead, following an airplane crash.

THE SCARLET OAK (Cornelia Meigs, illustrated, Macmillan Company, New York, 1938. 198 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS book for children of ten to fourteen by a recognized author deals with America in 1817 when Joseph Bonaparte found refuge here after fleeing from Italy. The mystery that is woven about his living in this country will make delightful reading.

THE BOOK OF ORIGINAL PLAYS AND HOW TO GIVE THEM (Horace J. Gardner and Bonneville Arnaud, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1938. 414 pages. \$2.50.)

THIS book contains ten plays and a pageant which have been planned and written for groups of all ages to use in school or church organizations. Equally important, however, is the information given on the preparation for the presenta-

tion of a drama. The first chapter, called "Off-stage Activities," deals with the organization for the successful staging a play. The second chapter, "On-stage Activities," gives instructions to the director; "Back-stage Activities" instructs those who handle the show. It also includes some helpful information on make-up. Part V is on the Pageant.

RIFLES FOR WASHINGTON (Elsie Singmaster, illustrated, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1938. 321 pages. \$2.25.)

THE story of a young man who refused to be left out of the War of Independence, told from the common soldier's point of view, is unusual. Miss Singmaster has done a masterful job in putting on to paper the intimate details which make this book valuable historically.

THE FAR-DISTANT OXUS (Katherine Hull and Pamela Whitlock, Macmillan Company, New York, 1938. 320 pages. \$2.00.)

THIS book "by children, about children, and for children" (actual quotation from the authors' letter) will make any adult understand that this is no ordinary child's book to be relegated to children alone. The girls, 15 and 16, who began the book a year ago, reveal many things that leaders of girls would do well to discover. In the first place, they are not sentimental about nature; they accept it and love it; in the second place, they like action and adventure and introduce plenty of both; in the third place, they have a fine disregard for money; and they have a good time with a very little of it.

The story deals with the activities of three children who go for a vacation to the West Country moors of England and there learn many things.

KNOWING YOURSELF AND OTHERS (Donald McLean, Henry Holt and Co., New York, 1938. 267 pages.)

THIS text dealing with mental hygiene, which young people between ten and eighteen will enjoy reading, will be welcomed by many parents and teachers. The author has had wide experience as clinical psychologist consultant of the Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles. He bases his work on the three drives analyzed by William I. Thomas in his book, *The Unadjusted Girl*; the three drives being: the security, the response, and the recognition drives. Each person wants to make his life certain, hence, the security drive; each wants to be loved, therefore the response drive; moreover, one wants to be important to other beings and have their respect, hence, the recognition drive.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF THE DUTCH NAVIGATORS (Hendrick Willem Van Loon, D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. 333 pages. \$2.50.)

VAN LOON (pronounced like lone) has brought much to the young, yes, and the old, people of America, through his intensely vitalized books. In this book, a revised reprint from 1916, he does much to impart to history the breath of romance. He has made historical figures walk into the lives of present-day young boys and girls. With a gusto born from his love of freedom which is inherent from his Dutch ancestry, he arouses a similar love for good government based on freedom of choice.

Here's How—

For the holidays what could be nicer than a Spicy Spice Cake—unless it's two of them. Globe Mills tells us how it is done, and it's so easy, and the results are so effective that I'm sure we shall all be spicing up the Christmas season.

Here it is:
 2½ c. Globe "A1" Cake Flour
 1 t. soda
 ¼ t. salt
 2 t. cinnamon
 ½ t. each of cloves, nutmeg, all-spice.

¾ c. butter or substitute
 1½ c. sugar
 2 eggs
 1 c. buttermilk
 1 t. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, salt, and spices, and sift three times. Cream butter, add 1 c. of sugar gradually and cream thoroughly. Beat eggs slightly and add the rest of the sugar to them; mix well. Add to butter and sugar mixture. Add small amount of flour mixture, mix well, then add a little milk. Continue in this manner until flour and milk are used, beating batter hard after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in a loaf pan in a moderate oven (350 degrees) 50 to 60 minutes. Pour Chocolate Icing over the top and decorate with halves of walnuts.

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On the Book Rack

"LIFE OF JOSEPH F. SMITH"

Sixth President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith

WHILE we have not yet had an opportunity to review this book, we wish to invite attention to it here, because it is hoped that it will be off the press for the Christmas trade, and many undoubtedly will wish to give it consideration in their selection of Christmas gifts. This is the life story of the remarkable man who was left fatherless at the age of six, in scenes of tribulation and dark persecution, by the martyrdom of his father, Hyrum Smith, and who later became the sixth President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The book is compiled and edited by his son, Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, who writes in his introduction:

"This volume is prepared primarily for the benefit of the descendants of President Joseph F. Smith, and then, for the benefit of all those who are interested in his life's labors and who have joined with him in assisting to bring to pass and to establish in the earth, the 'cause of Zion.'"

More will be said of this volume later.—R. L. E.

UTAH PIONEERING, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Andrew M. Isaacs, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, 1938. 328 pages. \$3.50.)

THIS is the self-told story of a man who was born in Norway, 350 miles north of the Arctic Circle, and who came to Utah with his parents, at the age of seven, for the Gospel. The account, arranged for publication by the author's son, Dr. O. W. Isaacs, of the Utah State Agricultural College, was written after the author was seventy years of age. The book, like its author, has stirring color and rugged individuality. It shows with unforgettable force the type of men and women who came out of northern Europe in response to the missionary activities of the Church, the type of men and women who have pioneered the West, who have earned their own way and helped others, who have been the backbone of the Church and the stalwarts of the nation. *Utah Pioneering* is not the history of anything in particular, but it breathes the spirit of those material and spiritual fundamentals without which we are a lost people. To quote the book's editor: "The author is a man of faith and also a man of action. His is the faith that enables men to live abundantly in spite of the most adverse circumstances—the faith which would enrich the lives of millions today by banishing fear and sustaining courage."—R. L. E.

WITH TONGUE IN CHEEK

(Kathryn Kay, Circle Publishing Co., Hollywood, 1938. 85 pages. \$2.00.)

TO MANY of her friends in the West, Kathryn Kay, formerly of Salt Lake

City and now of Los Angeles, may better be known as Kathryn Worsley. Her book, *With Tongue in Cheek*, is a collection of original verse, humorously illustrated, attractively presented, and easily read. The mood varies from light-hearted common sense, to barbed flippancy, to poignant sentiment, to biting satire. One gets the impression that the author has stepped aside to look at life with amused and half-closed eyes, thereby to write of things and people in general with part jest and part dead-seriousness. Entertainment, with a dash or two of sterner stuff, is how we see it.—R. L. E.

... AND TELL OF TIME

(Laura Krey, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 712 pages. \$2.75.)

TITLED from *The Bacchae* by Euripides, this book uses time as its protagonist, thereby creating an extremely readable and wholesome novel, centered in Texas of the Reconstruction period.

The ideals implanted into the lives of the Darcy family: ideals of helpfulness, industry, and integrity, are made attractive and worthy of emulation. The story is based on a well-seasoned, rounded conception of life.

The story, although as in life it must consider parents and grandparents, deals with the romance of Cavin and Lucina Darcy in meeting the changed situation which the Civil War had caused in the attitude towards the negroes, the carpet-baggers, and in the rewinning of the land to cultivation. In the lives of this couple and their children, their nieces, nephews, and

their friends, is depicted the strong sense of heritage and parentage that is conducive of consistent and stable growth.—M. C. J.

YUKON VOYAGE

Unofficial Log of the Steamer *Yukoner* (Walter R. Curtin; Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1938. 299 pages. \$3.50.)

RECREATING the romantic Alaska of the bonanza days of 1897, the author from the pages of his log has spun a good yarn which makes the blood course faster through the reader's veins. The book offers a new note in that we see a different picture of some of those who sought adventure and wealth in the far north. The author and two women met together each night to read aloud from good books, and they began with *Paradise Lost*!

The pictures, authentic ones of the period, revivify the history of the times and intensify the interest of the narrative.—M. C. J.

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CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—
JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, CHAIRMAN; MELVIN J. BALLARD, JOHN A. WIDTSOE, AND JOSEPH F. MERRILL

PRIESTHOOD AND CHURCH WELFARE

AGAIN we invite attention to the new 1939 course of study for all Melchizedek Priesthood groups. This course, to be considered throughout the Church, is designed to promote the spiritual and material welfare of the Church as a whole. It is timely; it is vital; it is informative and stimulating. Much good will result from its con-

sideration by the Priesthood quorums of the Church.

Again this year it is urgently desired that a copy of the course of study be in the hands of every member of the Melchizedek Priesthood. Copies may be ordered individually or in quantities through the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City.

ANTI-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

REMINDERS

LETTERS and reports from the field indicate various stages of progress of the Anti-liquor-tobacco campaign. Probably every stake will have its committees fully organized and actively at work before this number of the *Era* reaches the field. But due to the changes in chairmanship and membership of some of the committees it may be well to remind all committee members again that information and suggestions relative to the campaign have been given in this column from month to month during several months past. We advise all new members (and old ones are not forbidden to review them) to read these, beginning with the February, 1938, issue of the *Era*.

SYSTEM NEEDED

In order to reach the objectives of the campaign, systematic work will be needed. All who hold the Priesthood—Melchizedek and Aaronic—may read the campaign literature with profit and are expected to do so. The same may be said of all other members of the Church old enough to read with understanding. Hence at least one copy of *Alcohol Talks to Youth*, *Nicotine on the Air*, and *The Word of Wisdom in Practical Terms* should be in every home. That this may be the case many more copies of each booklet will yet have to be sent out. Hence the committees should distribute this literature systematically—keep a record of those receiving it, of those who have read it, and their reaction to it. This will require much careful work by the committees, for it means one or more personal contacts with every one expected to read the literature. Hence, every one working in the campaign should operate according to a plan and keep a record of what he does. This will be necessary in order to know when all have been reached and that accuracy may characterize the required reports to the stake and general committees.

Will all committee chairmen give prompt attention to these matters? (See also "Wine Is A Mockery," page 732.)

QUORUM PROJECTS

WHAT THE PRIESTHOOD IS DOING THROUGHOUT THE CHURCH

Ogden Stake

21st Quorum of Seventy

THE death in November, 1936, of Frank A. Purrington of the 13th Ward left his family with a small sum of money and the serious issue of how to establish their economic independence. The immediate problem was how to invest the small inheritance to give greatest future security. It would not last long if simply spent for living expenses.

Collaboration of the fatherless family with the Priesthood quorum of which Bro. Purrington had been a member resulted in a plan to convert the Purrington homestead into three apartments, with the quorum, under the direction of the Bishopric and the immediate supervision of Senior President Norman D. Moffett, an experienced builder, voluntarily assuming the labor of the remodeling.

A pooling of talents ranging from legal services in administering the property to skilled and unskilled labor in the actual building, found the project under way one month after Bro. Purrington's decease. The basement was excavated to provide room for a heating plant and fruit cellar, and within eight weeks a four-room apartment was created out of the rear screen porch, kitchen, and bedroom, providing quarters for the Purrington family. In due time two other apartments were completed, and to date have been continuously rented out, one for \$35.00 and the other for \$32.50 monthly. The project when completed represented a total of 1922 hours of donated labor and \$42.75 in cash contributions. With other quorums and outside groups aiding the project, an estimated construction cost of \$2,846.19 was reduced to an actual expenditure of \$1,874.80.

Services such as obtaining material at cost, hauling gravel, borrowing a cement-mixer, laying linoleum, painting,

brick-laying, and the planning and supervision of the work indicate the variety of ways in which the quorum by willing and intelligent cooperation completed a project that is a first quality job in every way and that established the permanent economic independence of a widow and her family.

San Juan Stake

Gives Account of Activities.

Blanding Ward High Priests—The quorum harvested 190 bushels of wheat on twelve acres, and about 130 lbs. per acre from fourteen acres of beans. They have planted fourteen acres of fall wheat and are working with the Elders on four barrels of cider for vinegar from drop apples.

125th Quorum of Seventy—We have stored 600 bushels of barley and have paid all the expenses incidental to raising and harvesting the crop.

265th Quorum of Seventy—This quorum of only seventeen members has four acres of potatoes that are doing well.

1st Quorum of Elders—We harvested 4,000 lbs. of beans from our crop. Out of this amount we gave 1,000 lbs. for the rental of the farm. We also have twenty acres of fall wheat that is up in good condition, and eighteen acres for summer planting. In addition to this we have furnished labor on the Church project and are working with the High Priests of Blanding Ward on the vinegar project.

2nd Quorum of Elders—All the Priesthood groups of the Monticello ward worked together on projects: We have two acres of potatoes that have not been harvested yet; two brethren turned in 45 bushels of wheat each; two brethren are raising one pig each; one brother is supervising the raising of some turkeys and one brother contributed cash for his share of the project.

Moab—The Elders held a dance to raise funds to complete a home building project. They took in \$73 and the expenses amounted to less than \$25, leaving a profit of over \$50 for the fund.

Bear River Stake Mission

From a report by President Warren E. Hansen the following items of historical and faith-promoting interest are noted:

"Each one of our active missionaries has been doing some special and effective work during the summer. Most outstanding was the work done by all missionaries of District No. 2 in establishing the Branch at Promontory. Other accomplishments are as follows: Six members have quit bad habits and have been ordained Elders, with two more working for that now. There

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE L. D. S. STAKE MISSIONS

Made by The First Council of the Seventy to The Council of the Twelve Apostles
For the Month of September, 1938

MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES

	Sept. 1938	Sept. 1937
1. Evenings or part days spent in missionary work.....	6,373	4,498
2. Hours spent in missionary work.....	14,594	10,127
3. Number of calls made.....	11,382	8,849
4. Number of first invitations in.....	4,277	3,386
5. Number of revisits.....	4,791	2,556
6. Number of Gospel conversations.....	11,482	8,788
7. Number of standard Church works distributed (Does not include Books of Mormon reported under Item No. 10).....	260	275
8. Number of other books distributed.....	728	356
9. Number of tracts and pamphlets distributed.....	15,248	12,844
10. Copies of Book of Mormon actually sold.....	131	96
11. Number of hall meetings held by missionaries.....	247	186
12. Number of cottage meetings held by missionaries.....	418	418
13. Number of missionaries who attended cottage and hall meetings.....	1,617	1,820
14. Number of investigators present at cottage and hall meetings.....	2,259	1,750
15. Number of baptisms as a result of missionary work.....	145	110
(1) Of people over 15 years of age.....	63	
(2) Of people under 15 years of age:		
a. Both of whose parents are members.....	36	
b. Others under 15 years of age.....	33	
Classification not designated.....	13	
16. Number of inactive members of Church brought into activity through stake missionary service during the month.....	229	247

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

Number of stakes in Church.....	124	118
Number of stake missions organized.....	119	113

MISSIONARIES ACTIVELY ENGAGED

Number of stakes reporting.....	97	90
Number of districts.....	362	299
Elders.....	238	229
Seventies.....	274	923
High Priests.....	236	226
Women.....	344	239
Total.....	2,092	1,617

have been five temple marriages and fifty people have been brought into activity who were doing nothing in the Church. Another missionary and his wife turned their bridge club into a temple club. The women made temple clothes for all and they have gone to the temple at least once a month, having a supper after.

"One missionary headed a committee to get inactive folks to Sunday School. They report having people out that had not been inside a church in twenty years.

"Another stake missionary had his teeth extracted and did not like to meet people. So he started a correspondence with distant relatives. He reports that two of them have read several tracts and are now nearly through with the Book of Mormon."

Woodruff Stake 4th Quorum of Elders.

The officers have during the past summer and spring sponsored the digging of five graves in the Evanston Second Ward, three of which were for the members of the quorum or their families, and two of which were for those who held no Priesthood. The quorum does not solicit this work, except in cases where they know that the members are not in a position to pay for this service by the sexton.

The quorum also repaired the house of the widow of one of its deceased members and the results of this project are helping members to see what the Church is trying to do in getting quorum members to help one another.

4th Quorum of Elders, Emmett Ward, Boise Stake:

This quorum has been very successful with the canning project they undertook. They have several hundred cans of cherries and several hundred cans of apricots. In place of an agricultural project each member of the quorum has been assessed \$2.00.

Thy Neighbor As Thyself

(Concluded from page 718)

products would not go into competition with our commercial factories but would be used as a means of enriching the lives of the less fortunate.

THE Presidency of the 187th Quorum—H. Dean Hall, Willard L. Wood, Warren E. Hansen, Glenn M. Severson, Chester Boss, Mervin L. Nielson, and Glen W. Busenbark—suggest emphatically that no one should be eligible for any help if he does nothing to help himself and the group. They know from their past experience that, through the individual projects which

each member has undertaken and faithfully matured, their eyes are more open to greater opportunities around them and that they are far better able to take care of themselves because they have proved that one cannot bless a brother without receiving an even greater blessing for himself. With this plan adopted, the responsibility is placed squarely upon the shoulders of the individual. It gives each one a chance to think for himself and the opportunity to do original things and develop the great gift which came from God and with which he was born—individuality.

Those who are working under this plan are not looking for someone to hand them gratuitously what they require, but with honor, dignity, and pride they receive when need arises, because they have produced. The channels of the Priesthood are the sources through which spiritual and temporal blessings have been given and will continue to be bestowed upon the children of men.

If every quorum of the Church had a project similar to the one in Bear River Stake, the difficult times with which we are beset would be behind us and nothing but joy and thanksgiving would abide in the hearts of all.

Wine Is A Mocker

(Continued from page 732)

and the swing arc was less on the days when alcohol was given than on normal days. As far then as the reflex action of the petellar is concerned alcohol acts as a narcotic.

The second experiment was on the reflex action of the eyelid. A delicate apparatus measured both the time and movement as in the petellar reflex. Again, the conclusion is that alcohol acts as a narcotic or reflex action. (Simplest Neural Arcs).

"(1) Eye-reaction to a suddenly appearing peripheral stimulus is a thoroughly practiced part of an individual's response to his spatial environment. It samples his spatial adjustments.

"(2) Speech-reaction to visual word stimuli is a thoroughly practiced part of the individual's response to his social environment. It samples the elaborate mental complex of the speech associations, in one of its primitive and most firmly established phases."

Therefore they conducted especially arranged experiments in these two fields. At the conclusion of the two, Doctor Benedict wrote: "In general one must conclude that a dose of forty-five cubic centimeters of alcohol clearly increases the latency of the eye-reactions." Concerning the word-reaction experiment: "The average change of latency due to the ingestion of alcohol

(Concluded on page 744)

Wine Is A Mocker

(Concluded from page 743)

hol is about three per cent. In view of all our precautions and the reliability of our technique, this must be regarded as evidence for a real though slight tendency of moderate doses of alcohol to increase the latency of word-reaction.

If, then, both eye- and word-reactions are slowed down by the ingestion of alcohol, again we have evidence that it is a narcotic.

An interesting experiment in motor co-ordinations was tried. It involved the movement of the finger and the response of the eye. The subject was seated in a steamer chair, near the recording-camera of a string galvanometer. A stand with an adjustable arm rest was so placed that the subject's right arm was comfortably supported with the hand near the edge of the recording-camera table, but slightly above the level of its top. The palm of the hand rested against the verticle wedge-shaped support, against which it was held by the flexible but regular pressure of a broad elastic band. The sharp edge of this wedge rested against the palm of the subject's hand, leaving the digits entirely free to move in a horizontal plane. In a relaxed position, the upper phalanx of the middle finger should be perpendicular to the face of the recording-camera, so that when it was attached to the recording levers there would be as little lateral movement of the levers as possible. The operator was careful that there should be no unnatural or forced position of the hand or fingers and that the arm was comfortable.

WHILE the subject sat in a half-reclining position in the steamer chair, with electrodes in position, and connected, for recording his electro-cardiogram as in word-reaction movements, a normal pulse movement was taken without finger movements. Immediately after this record, a combined pulse- and finger-movement record was taken as follows: When the record started, the operator said "go," in time with a Jaquet clock beating seconds. After eight seconds the operator gave the signal "stop." After a sixty second rest, but without disturbing the position of the subject's arm or finger, a second finger-movement record was taken like the first.

The standard instructions, given before each experiment, were as follows: At a given signal "go," move

the middle finger back and forth as fast as you can until you receive the signal "stop."

The eye-movements were measured from photographic records.

The net result of this phase of the experimentation is that the velocity of the eye-movements and the speed of the reciprocal innervation of the finger are both regularly decreased by the ingestion of alcohol. As far as these processes are an indication of the adequacy of motor-coordination, the effect of alcohol on motor-coordination is depressive. The experiments indicate a widespread impairment of motor-coordination as a result of moderate doses of alcohol.

In an experiment undertaken to find out if the acceleration of the pulse which accompanies the ingestion of alcohol was, as is generally supposed, an indication of stimulation, the experimenters came to the conclusion that the effect was caused by a partial paralysis of the cardio-inhibitory mechanism, or more simply, the partial paralysis of the heart muscles which control the flow of blood.

Another experiment which was undertaken to determine the subject's sensitivity to an electric current, provided the following conclusion: "The average sensitivity to electrical stimulation is decreased by moderate doses of alcohol."

Of all the experiments, the one concerning eye-movements was considered by Doctors Dodge and Benedict to be of the greatest importance since the eye-movement is the one most removed from the subject's will.

In conclusion we may say that the results of all the experiments undertaken prove that the effect of alcohol on the neuro-muscular process in man is narcotic. It immediately renders futile the general practice of trying to stimulate a person by the administration of alcohol. During all these centuries we have been mocked by wine. Are we content to be deceived forever?

What can be done about it? That is a problem for the whole people to decide. First, we must arouse public interest and educate the public. When all the people are of one mind on a subject, great and far-reaching are the results. For instance, not all babies are born liking mush for breakfast in America and soup for supper in France. These phenomena are simply national customs. A similar attitude toward total abstinence would work wonders in any country.

Looking Toward 1947

(Concluded from page 727)

seed pods or withered flowers, and insure a much longer season of bloom in our gardens. We should gather the seeds as soon as ripe, and name and put them away until planting time.

Fall is the time to prepare the garden for winter rest and spring blooming. Dig, plow, fertilize. Make changes in the garden borders or flower beds, paths, etc. If you have new plans, put some of them into operation now—the more work we do in the garden in the fall, the less we shall disturb it in the spring, when all it wants to do is bloom and be beautiful. Now is the time to mend fences, remove dead plants, shrubs, trees, to clear away all rubbish, especially from corners and out-of-the-way places, to clean and put away all tools.

We should plant bulbs, transplant trees and shrubs, divide plants. We must plant hardy seeds, such as larkspurs, bachelor's buttons, California poppies, Shirley poppies, cosmos, for early spring blooming now. We could prepare the compost pits—two, at least—for the stowing away of grass cuttings, leaves, and all garden trimmings, vegetable leaves, etc., so that you may have the precious soil they resolve themselves into. Never waste anything that will make soil. Soil—good soil—is very difficult to get these days, and every home garden should make as much as it can for itself. We need two compost pits or bins, because it takes a year or more for Old Mother Nature to turn garden refuse into usable soil. One pit should be used for ripening and one for fresh leaves. When the contents of one pit are ready for use, they can be used, and the pit is ready for the next year's leaves, etc., while pit number two is ripening—a continuous rotation of flower food.

Plan for the winter house or window garden—the cheery, faithful geranium, begonias, bulbs, etc., ferns and foliage plants that give such cheer and delight to you as well as to the passerby.

Surely, we whose heritage is that of the beauty-loving Pioneers can do no less than try to live to the standards they set. By organizing under the Church Welfare Committee and cooperating with agencies in our communities, we can carry forward the work which they so ably began and bring beauty and comfort into our surroundings in the community, our homes, and our churches.



Ward Teaching



CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOP—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

Ward Teacher's Message, January, 1939

AS we face a new year in a troubled world, Latter-day Saints face another year of opportunity for service in the Church, for devotion to the principles of the Gospel and for demonstrations of appreciation for the blessings we have received.

We have been greatly favored in the year that has just ended. The horrors of war have been averted. Economic conditions could have been very much worse. As a rule, our members have enjoyed more than an average degree of health and prosperity.

The Church has made substantial progress. New stakes and wards have been created; our membership has shown consistent growth; activity has increased in most wards and stakes; the Welfare Program has been advanced to an encouraging extent, and in general the Church has prospered and made splendid advancement.

We should all be grateful to our Father in Heaven for His many blessings and manifestations of kindness and mercy.

Now, another year opens before us. What experiences and developments it will bring we do not know. One thing, however, is certain: the New Year brings us opportunities for service and devotion to the Lord's work, for cooperation with our brethren and sisters of the Church and friends and neighbors of other churches, for overcoming our weaknesses and shortcomings, and showing our appreciation for the blessings we have received in the past by making every possible effort to live as true Latter-day Saints.

The New Year offers a new opportunity to make our lives square with the teachings of the Church, to improve wherein we have been remiss, to comply with the commandments of the Lord through regular attendance at Sacrament meetings, payment of tithing, respect for the Sabbath, observance of the Word of Wisdom, discharging our responsibilities in the Priesthood and in other organizations, observing family and individual prayer, living in harmony with our neighbors, dealing fairly in business affairs and in every way possible living as true Latter-day Saints.

It is suggested that Teachers encourage all members to examine their own activities of the past year and where improvement is desirable to begin with the New Year, making every effort to order their lives in conformity with the principles of the Gospel and the teachings of the Church.

If the family is not at home, leave a card advising of visit and inviting them to meeting.

Seek the welfare of every family not only during visits but at all times.

Make visits so interesting that the families will be glad to have return call.

Keep careful record of visits made and information to be reported to bishopric.

(c) ORGANIZING OF WARD TEACHERS:

In some wards one member of the bishopric has general supervision of ward teaching. In others, the bishopric as a whole has general supervision. In either case the teaching corps should be organized with division presiding Teachers in charge of several district or block Teachers.

Division presiding Teacher, under the direction of the bishopric, assigns a pair of teachers to each district or block in his division. If, for any reason, one or more Teachers in his division cannot perform their work temporarily, he assigns others to this work or assists himself. He should visit with one or another pair of teachers to learn how they do their work and to advise with them as to methods of improvement. He should be a man of initiative and of resourcefulness.

If possible, sufficient ward teachers should be available so that each pair of teachers will have fewer than eight families to visit each month. In covering their district, however, each pair of teachers should endeavor to visit every home, whether members or non-members. If non-members are found that are willing to be visited, they should be reported to the bishopric or special missionaries for further visits. Careful account should be kept and report made to the bishopric (preferably weekly) of people moving in or out of the ward.

(d) CHECKING UP ON WARD TEACHERS:

At least once each week (preferably at ward Priesthood meetings) progress reports on ward teaching should be obtained either directly from each pair of Teachers, or from the division presiding Teachers, and such encouragement given by the bishopric as may be desirable, looking to the carrying on of the work diligently.

In some wards roll is called in weekly Priesthood meeting of each pair of Teachers, and in answering one of each pair gives the number of families visited thus far. In others, the division presiding Teachers submit slips showing the progress made each week. In either case the bishopric is in touch with the progress of this important work. This procedure need not require more than five or six minutes' time in weekly Priesthood meetings.

(Concluded on page 747)

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT OF WARD TEACHING IN 1939

THE basis of successful ward teaching is the love which the teacher has for his fellow members, and his desire for their welfare. Successful results in this, as in every other branch of Church work, can be most effectively obtained by placing responsibility upon men, and then requiring at suitable intervals an accounting of the work done.

The suggestions here made have to do mainly with the getting of results. They are subdivided into six headings, as indicated hereunder:

(a) SELECTING WARD TEACHERS:

The bishopric in their meeting should discuss qualifications of men to be selected. Qualities desired are: Love of the Gospel, knowledge of the principles, kindness, tact, charity, persistence. Though these qualities may be lacking they can be developed. The bishopric should personally and in a heart-to-heart way consult each

teacher to be appointed and get his promise to undertake the work.

(b) INSTRUCTING WARD TEACHERS:

The bishopric should instruct them at the time of their appointment relative to desirable qualities to be cultivated, as follows:

Be clean—morally and physically.

Live the Gospel.

Seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Pray together as companions before making visits.

Be prepared on special message to be delivered to members.

Gain a thorough knowledge of the Gospel principles and instructions of the authorities.

Make the time of visit convenient to family.

Study each family and each individual.

Develop friendship for everyone visited.

Endeavor to meet each member of the family.

Make visits profitable to everyone.

Encourage discussion by the family on the matters presented.

Leave a blessing in every home.

Make stay only long enough to gain necessary information, give necessary instruction and have such conversation on the subject as may be advisable.

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

THE NINETY AND NINE

"AND he spake this parable unto them, saying,

"What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it.

"And when he hath found it, he layeth it upon his shoulders, rejoicing.

"And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."—Luke 15:3 to 7.

LAST OPPORTUNITY TO CONTRIBUTE TO ONE MILLION ASSIGNMENT PLAN

AT the beginning of 1938 a plan was announced, under which the Aaronic Priesthood members under 20 years of age were encouraged to make an effort to have one million assignments filled during the current year.

Under this plan, each member was to be asked to fill at least 26 assignments per year, but preferably 52, or one each week, which is the standard recommended by the Presiding Bishopric. At the half year period, the total assignments filled were 412,242, being somewhat below the half million, which was the goal for the first half year. It is believed that the deficit can be remedied if every member could be induced to fill one assignment each week during the month of December.

There are in the Church 46,571 members in the Aaronic Priesthood under 20. If each of these could be induced to fill one assignment each week during December, a total of 186,084 assignments could be filled in this one month alone. This would mean that this remarkable number of acts of service in the Church would be performed by members of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums alone in one month.

It is believed that every effort to have young men increase their service to the Church, not only helps the Church, but in even greater measure helps the person rendering the service. This is the purpose of the effort to have one million assignments filled during 1938, and it is hoped that every quorum super-

visor will make a special effort during December to have every member make his full contribution of service to the Church.

MAXIMUM ACTIVITY MARKS HIGHLAND PARK WARD AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

AT a recent Ward Conference session in Highland Park Ward of the Highland Stake, the following activities were reported on the part of the Aaronic Priesthood members:

In the Sacrament service seventeen Deacons passed the bread and seventeen other Deacons passed the water. Five Deacons were staged as orderlies among members of the Junior Sunday School, assisting in passing of the bread and water to the young children, and also assisting in maintaining order. One additional Deacon acted as a messenger for the bishop; accounting for forty Deacons in actual service, representing the four quorums in the ward.

Five Priests participated in the administration of the Sacrament. The ushering was assigned to the Teachers. The activity of such a large group of Aaronic Priesthood members was a result of careful planning and the development of a system over a period of years, which is designed to bring into activity each week, every member of every quorum, as far as possible.

NEW PLAN OF STAKE PRIESTHOOD CONFERENCES

THE new plan of Stake Priesthood Conferences announced by the General Authorities gives a splendid opportunity to Aaronic Priesthood leaders to arouse interest in these

meetings, and to martial the forces of each quorum for full participation. Under the new plan each quorum is expected to attend the Sunday morning Conference session as a body, with all the quorums for each ward sitting together. Representatives of Priests, Teachers, and Deacons have been assigned places on the program, which should add materially to the interest of the boys and young men of Aaronic Priesthood ages in this official Priesthood gathering of each stake.

Stake and ward chairmen, committeemen, and quorum supervisors are urged to give full cooperation in the operation of the new plan, which should prove decidedly helpful in building quorum unity and morale.

STUDY COURSES FOR 1939

ORDERS are now being received by the Presiding Bishopric for the new quorum manuals to be used in 1939. Every effort is being made to have the manuals ready for shipment by December 10. In anticipation of the beginning of the new course in the first meeting in January, it is urged that each quorum appoint a manual secretary who will solicit orders from quorum members for the study manuals at 10c each. Quorum supervisors should take the initiative in this plan. Each quorum should have its order for new manuals ready by December 15. The supervisor should give the orders to the ward chairman, who in turn will request the ward clerk to send in the combined order for all of the manuals. In many of the stakes the orders are sent in by the stake clerks for all the wards, which reduces expense con-



YELLOWSTONE STAKE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD CHORUS AT STAKE CONFERENCE, SEPTEMBER 25, 1938.

President Heber J. Grant in center. On his left President H. A. Hess, and Counselors E. Glen Cameron and A. E. Archibald. Of the 772 Priesthood members present at the afternoon session, 353 were Aaronic Priesthood members. Professor Wm. Hanson, Conductor of Chorus, is at end of third row right.

siderably, and has been found to be a satisfactory method of distribution.

Each quorum supervisor should secure the manual for his quorum as early as possible and read all of the instructions before he conducts the first class in the new year. As rapidly as possible thereafter, certainly within the first month, he should read the entire manual to become familiar with the subject matter, the sequence of topics, the special events programmed, and the general phases of the program. This is important.

Subjects for the study course for next year are: Priests, "Spiritual Growth;" Teachers, "Priesthood Responsibilities;" Deacons, "The Deacon and His Priesthood."

The hearty cooperation of quorum supervisors and others responsible is urged in an effort to provide every quorum member with a manual at the beginning of the year.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD PROGRAM FOR 1939

COMplete plans for Aaronic Priesthood quorum activities, projects, and lessons are contained in the new manuals for 1939, which will be ready for distribution by December 10. Plans for the observance of the 110th Anniversary of the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, including the Pilgrimages to be conducted in connection with it, are contained in the manual in detail.

A new feature is a list of quorum projects, both in connection with quorum activity and as a part of the Church Welfare Plan.

Special helpful instructions and suggestions to stake and ward leaders and quorum officers are also included. Orders for the manuals are now being received by the Presiding Bishopric. The price is 10c each, postpaid. Orders should be sent, preferably, through ward or stake clerks.

STANDARD QUORUM AWARD FOR 1939

STANDARD Quorum Awards for all quorums of the Church reaching the standards set by the Presiding Bishopric and outlined in each of the quorum manuals are again announced for 1939. Under the plan presented a year ago, quorums which qualify for the Standard Award in 1939 will receive the three-star certificate, indicating that they have received the Standard Award for four consecutive years. Under this plan the regular certificate is given to each quorum for the first year in which it reaches the standards set; the second year one star is added, and an additional star is added for each of the next two years.

The number of Standard Quorums throughout the Church was practically doubled in 1937 over 1936, and reports already received indicate that applications for 1938 awards, which will be received immediately at the close of

1938, will far exceed those of any previous year.

Responsibility of checking up on each quorum of the stake and making application for the Standard Award, if it has been earned, rests with the Stake Chairman of Aaronic Priesthood. It is believed that a number of quorums have actually earned the award, but because the procedure recommended has not been followed, the award has not been applied for. It is urged that both Stake

Chairmen of Aaronic Priesthood and their Committees that immediately at the close of the year the records of every quorum be inspected, and if the award has been earned, that application be made immediately to the Presiding Bishopric. It is recommended that the awards be presented in Stake Conferences, or Priesthood meetings in order that full recognition may be given to the quorum officers for their excellent work.

THE WORD OF WISDOM REVIEW

A Monthly Presentation of Pertinent Information Regarding the Lord's Law of Health

YOUTH, CRIME, AND ALCOHOL

MORE than one-fifth of all crime tabulated by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on its Uniform Crime Reports is directly related to alcohol: Violation of liquor laws, intoxicated driving, drunkenness. Young persons are prominent in this picture, for 38 per cent of all violations of liquor laws, 36 per cent of all intoxicated driving, and 29 per cent of all drunkenness is attributed to offenders 29 years old and under. Judge John T. Medin, Sioux Falls, S. D., is reported to have said that of the 226 offenders most recently committed to the state penitentiary, 225 have been drinking before they engaged in the crimes for which they were convicted and sentenced.

EXTENT OF YOUTHFUL DRINKING

Today all young persons have to make a choice between drinking or not drinking. A study made by Dr. Paul Studenski, New York University,

shows that 83 per cent of the youth between 18 and 25 in the area of his inquiry were drinking. Two-thirds of those from 18 to 21, and three-fourths of those from 22 to 25 were drinking hard liquors.

Another study, made in an eastern seaboard state, shows that 54 per cent of the young people questioned were drinking.

Still another study, made by Allied Youth in an important city in New York State, where 2,200 senior high school students were questioned, showed that 48.62 per cent were drinking, and that two-thirds of all the students came from homes where some alcoholic beverages were served.

Checking these results with high school groups in Michigan, Illinois, Oregon, Louisiana and South Carolina, the results were approximately the same: 44 per cent of the students drinking, 60 per cent coming from homes where alcoholic beverages were served.

WARD TEACHING

(Concluded from page 745)

If any Teachers are unable to visit, and the work is being hampered, the bishop, through the division presiding teachers, can make temporary assignments to care for the situation.

(e) REPORTS FROM WARD TEACHERS:

At the monthly teachers' report meeting, to be held near the end of the month, either as a part of the weekly Priesthood meeting or as a separate meeting, report sheets should be turned in by each pair of Teachers, preferably through division presiding Teachers.

Information in writing should be furnished regarding changes. Each division presiding Teacher should make a verbal statement of the number of families visited compared with the total number in the division, together with any comments. If any district teachers have suggestions or questions they should be given the opportunity to present the same. Roll call of teachers present should be had. Instructions relative to following month's teaching, and the nature of the message, should be prepared. Commendation of the

activity of the Teachers should be given and any especially encouraging incidents related. This procedure can be carried over, if properly arranged, in a relatively short time.

Information to be handed in by district Teachers to bishopric directly or through division presiding teachers:

Names and addresses of families moved in and where from.

Names and addresses of families moved away and where to.

Births, deaths, marriages, etc.

Cases of sickness, distress, and trouble.

Report sheet of visits.

(f) RESULTS TO BE EXPECTED:

If the ward Teachers are performing their part properly the result obtained will be:

Increased attendance at Sacramental and other meetings.

Greater love and kindness of members for each other.

Increase of faith among members.

Decrease of transgression and trouble.

Genealogical Society

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CYCLE TOURS TO BRITISH CEMETERIES

By Clifford Hartley

MAINTAINING progress in the genealogical activities of each branch is a most important task, since we realize the necessity of this great work. Preston Branch of the Liverpool District has evolved a system of combining outings with genealogical work which has proved most successful during the past two summers.

It has been our practice to have one or more of the missionaries lead a group of members on a cycle tour on the weekly half holiday. The group goes equipped with small notepads and pencils, and the tour is routed to pass at least two cemeteries. Upon arriving at the graveyard, the Elder in charge allocates parts of the area or rows of graves to each member, who then copies all the inscriptions in his territory. The chairman of the local society gathers all the entries and sorts them into their various name groups.

This method has given splendid results, with more than 40 cemeteries being covered on 14 half-day trips. The total mileage was about 300 miles, with approximately 52 actual hours spent in recording.

When our activities are completed here the expense of searching records will be in a great many instances halved, and some possibly avoided altogether. By the simple expedient of writing the branch genealogical chairman, who has the records in his keeping, all the information can be gained in a few minutes which formerly would have taken weeks of graveyard searching.

This system has many other advantages. We have noticed many stones, while recording, which have suffered the ravages of time, even though some were in sheltered places. The thought impressed me as I looked at these stones that it is going to be difficult and expensive for someone to trace his genealogy through that particular family, and yet, how simple it would be for us as an organization of the Church to make ourselves responsible for the recording of every cemetery in our own home town.

We also found that by sending or giving a copy of the epitaphs to the minister of the particular church whose yard we had covered, we often opened the way for further work to be done on the register inside the church. An out-

standing example of this is demonstrated in the experience of a member from Liverpool and the author. We spent approximately six hours searching the records of one church, and the only fees the minister would take were a grateful "thank you" and the promise of a typed record of the families for which we had been searching.

In this great work we find that where a prayerful and sincere desire to work is manifest, the Lord is more than willing to help us. The responsibility that is ours is brought home to us when we are actually engaged in this work. My own personal experience has eliminated any doubt as to the authenticity of the divine command that was given to our Prophet, Seer, and Revelator in the fulfillment of the prophecy of Malachi.

I can testify humbly that I know and have experienced those blessings I describe, and it is my sincere wish that all of us may be counted worthy to have the privilege of continuing in this work for many years to come.

"TEACHING ONE ANOTHER" THE NEW SENIOR GENEALOGICAL COURSE

IT is the desire of the Genealogical Society that all Senior Classes complete the lessons they are now studying by the end of the year, so that all will start with the new lessons the first of January.

The lesson text for all Senior Genealogical Classes for the year 1939 and the first half of 1940 is entitled "Teaching One Another." It is written in story form and is made still more attractive with numerous illustrations. It is now in the press, and should be available for distribution by the end of November. This lesson text will be printed as a separate volume, and will be obtainable in paper cover for 40c and in cloth binding for 75c, postpaid, from the Genealogical Society or the Deseret Book Co.

All Senior Genealogical Classes should start the new lesson course the first of the year. There is an assigned date for each senior lesson. Every fourth week, however, instead of a regular class discussion being held, the members of the committee and class members, after a preliminary meeting together, will go out in pairs for home teaching in the homes of the ward.

The text will give actual examples of home teaching visits, effective methods of approach, how difficulties are

encountered and solved, and what assistance can be given in record keeping, research, and in temple work. In short, all phases of genealogical and temple activities will be exemplified in the course of the story. At the end of these lessons are listed "Points for Discussion" which will serve to give practical application to the truths presented in the body of the lesson.

HOW TO TRACE YOUR ANCESTRY

IN *The National Historical Magazine* (official organ of the Daughters of the American Revolution) for November, 1938, page 56, some helpful suggestions on research are given which are reprinted below.

In response to requests from our readers for helpful suggestions in compiling family records, we shall from time to time give references that may serve as bases for further research.

Our advice always is that the individual first attempt to do her own research. Do not try to collect everything that is to be had on the surname and then try to fasten the record on some well-known individual of the same name. Follow your own lineage according to an outline or chart from yourself through your parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, and so on, giving their dates and consecutive residences. This is the only satisfactory or reliable procedure. Accept nothing that cannot be proved by vital statistics, wills, deeds, and other official records. Family tradition is usually based upon fact, but it cannot be relied upon until supported by evidence.

All sources of information should be explored, such as family letters, correspondence with different relatives, town and county histories, etc.; newspaper accounts of funerals, especially those of rural communities, often give extensive family data. Undertakers' files are a seldom-sought source of information. We have on file in our Library several volumes of mortuary records of persons who died during the year ending June 30, 1850. These give the name, age, state of birth, and cause of death. Those of Georgia and Tennessee arranged by counties are especially helpful.

Many localities are establishing genealogical departments in the public libraries. This should be encouraged. The twelve census schedules of 1790 should be among the first reference books acquired and the cost of \$1.00 per volume is negligible when one considers the world of information that each contains. Our D. A. R. Lineage Books, especially the later publications, as well as those of other patriotic societies with lineage requirements for membership, contain excellent material for research.

Bear in mind always that cooperation is the keynote of success in every undertaking.

Mutual Messages

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Executive Secretary

President Grant's Tribute to Martha H. Tingey

FROM the remarks made at the funeral of Martha H. Tingey, former President of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, we have selected for reprinting here these words of President Grant which we know will be appreciated by the untold thousands who knew of Sister Tingey's valiant work in the M. I. A.:

"I feel grateful that the hour of these services was changed so that I might have the privilege of being present.

"Being a member of the first Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association organized in the Church, and one of the counselors to the President, of course, I have been as familiar as one could be with the growth of the Mutual Improvement work. Before the Mutual Improvement work was started a few of us belonged to a Literary Association known as the "Wasatch Literary Association." I was just writing down the results of this beginning in connection with Mutual Improvement work:

"The President of the Church was a member of our association; also Rudger Clawson, the President of the Apostles; also Apostle Orson F. Whitney; Brigadier General Richard W. Young; the first Governor of the State, Heber M. Wells; Rulon S. Wells, of the First Council of the Seventy; the President of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church, Martha H. Tingey; the manager of the Church Newspaper, Horace G. Whitney, and many others. Last but not least, some of us found our wives in that association.

"All of the very splendid things that have been said here today I know from personal association and intimate acquaintance with Sister Tingey to be true. She was worthy of anything and everything that has been said. I know of no more faithful, humble, and true Latter-day Saint than was Sister Tingey.

"I am grateful indeed for the Gospel of Jesus Christ; I am grateful in my heart upon occasions of this kind far beyond any ability with which the Lord has inspired me to express my ideas of true gratitude and thanksgiving. . . .

"We have the truth. We have the Gospel and we have the Plan of Life and Salvation. We have that which is

of more value than life itself, and of all the women with whom I have been acquainted I know of no one who had that knowledge more perfectly than did Sister Tingey. Her parents were loyal and true Latter-day Saints. She was born like Nephi of old of "goodly parents," and that is one of the finest heritages that any of us could have. . . .

"I remember how happy I was while in England, when I read of the calling of Sister Tingey to be the President of our Young Women's organization. I thought it was a fine recognition of her ability and integrity and devotion to the Lord that she had been named the President. I congratulate her family on the very remarkable and wonderful example that she has set for them. And there is life eternal in store for all of them—not only life eternal but the highest glory, if they will only follow the splendid example that has been left them by Sister Tingey, their mother.

"I am never so grateful for the Gospel of Jesus Christ as I am upon occasions of this kind. It has fallen to my lot to attend funerals in far-off Japan, in England, and in different parts of the United States, and I have seen people stricken beyond reconciliation at funerals because of the anguish and hopelessness of their outlook. . . .

"I want to leave my testimony with you good people that from the time I became interested in the insurance business as a young boy of fifteen, meeting with officials of various companies in England, Scotland, France, Germany, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, my association has been with people not of our faith, so far as my business relations have been concerned, and I have never found anything that has been an obstacle to my faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. On the other hand, I have been finding from time to time, all these sixty-odd years, arguments that appealed to the intelligence that I possess regarding the divinity of this work; and the lives of the faithful Latter-day Saints, and the complete failure of those who are not faithful, even members of the Quorum to which I belong that have not been obedient, have been evidences to me that this work is true. "Obedience is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams," and no more obedient, splendid sister ever lived than our good sister whose remains lie before us.

"May God bless her memory and in-

spire her family to follow her splendid example, in my humble and sincere prayer, and I ask it in the name of our Redeemer and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen."

CREATIVE WORK IN STAKES AND WARDS

THE Theme Festival idea and program this year will make history for the M. I. A. We are confident that the achievements in stakes and wards will be long remembered. Particularly it is desired that all officers and members turn their attention to creative work, "Developing the gifts within them." Everywhere people should be inspired and stimulated to write original plays or dramatizations; to produce original poetry and public addresses, stories, or essays; to compose original music and original dances, all illustrative of our noble theme, "By love serve one another."

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE DECEMBER

THE program outlined for the Sunday Evening Service of this month—"The Savior of the World, the Divine Guide along the Road to Happiness"—can be made one of the most beautiful of the series. Great care should be exercised in its preparation. The people of the ward should all be invited to attend and should be informed ahead of time as to the nature of the program, so that they will come in a deeply religious attitude of mind. Those who take part upon the program in the addresses, the book reviews, the stories, the music, should do so in the spirit of worship and adoration of the Redeemer.

M. I. A. ASSEMBLY

PROGRAMS up to date have been enjoyed greatly in all of the wards of the Church. Particularly entertaining was the one on November 8th, "Between the Book Ends."

Let's Have More Parties (December 7th)

This also is a program of easy presentation. Be sure to intersperse several musical numbers between the talks.

An Evening With Bach (December 14th)

If done well, this evening will never be forgotten. Every person present will be lifted up and enriched by an increased acquaintance with this master

(Concluded on page 750)

Mutual Messages

(Concluded from page 749)

of music. As suggested in the program itself, there are three ways of presentation, adapted to the various facilities of the wards. It is hoped that no association in the Church will omit this evening on music.

Christmas Gold (December 21st)

Another lovely religious program is offered for this evening preceding the Holidays. Special invitation should be issued to members of the ward to gather together and enjoy the real Christmas spirit, listening to the story of the Babe of Bethlehem as told in the scripture, and to choice poems interspersed with Christmas Music.

Special Note: Our attention has been called to the fact that a number of associations invite persons from other wards to participate on the Sunday Evening Service programs and also on the Assembly Programs on Tuesday evening. Where such is the case, we strongly urge that these special guests be invited to remain during the entire evening, particularly at the Sunday Evening Service. Their gracious spirit of cooperation and their talented presentations are deeply appreciated by all, but it is felt that they should not accept more than one appointment on an evening.

In the Executive Guide, the statement was made that for the evening on "Christmas Gold" the *Era* would give some additional poems from which to select. Two of them are given below and attention is called also to the frontispiece of this magazine and the poetry page.

FOR SIX AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE

By Elsie Talmage Brandy

Around a table where the lamplight spreads
A ring of warmth, a pool of golden cheer,
Sit six I love, with pencils poised, and brows
Drawn into lines of puzzlement severe;
Of vital import is the work at hand—
To Santa Claus they write of little schemes,
To tell him of their needs and wants and hopes,
To ask him to remember all their dreams.
Their names are signed, and 'ere the dream-fraught
page
Shall flutter, flame-borne, up the chimney-place,
They ask that I shall read with critic's eye;
Anxiety is stamped on each young face.
* * * * *

To bed they troop, eyes full of distances—
So many things to make them glad they see;
Their letter safely off, their prayer well-said,
They give themselves to slumber, peacefully.
Tonight six children rest in deep repose,
Their slates of life all clear, their troubles few;
Tomorrow they will be six women grown,
With all the problems of the world in view.
They ask for party-dress with silken sheen;
For necklace on a white young throat to wear;
For books and games; for fruit and candy sweet;
A wrist-watch, and a doll with curly hair.
* * * * *

My eyes grow misty, and the fire-flames
Are silver stars and arrows to my sight,
Where shall I seek to find for them the gifts
That I would put in stockings six tonight?
I would find magic fabric for a gown
To wrap its wearer close in happiness;
Its folds to be a cloak of modesty and grace,
Its silver gleam white innocence to dress.
I would find jewel of luster pure and clear—
The thoughts and hopes of radiant maidenhood;
Its setting simple, as the purest joy
Is found in simple task and quiet ood.

Their books should whisper from the pages new
Secrets of laughter and of hallowed tears;
Their games enchanted be—the games of life,
And rules to play them fair throughout the years.

Where to find sweets of spirit, and of heart?
Of kindly words to help along the way?
Where grow the fruits of years well-lived and
loved?
These would I put in stockings six, today!

The watch should tick away throughout the hours
And measure only moments glad and gay,
And sound a little chime when danger nears,
And warn temptations, fraught with fear, away.

A doll I'd find endowed with power to speak
And whisper all the joys of motherhood;
With hands to grasp the heartstrings of a girl,
And guide her into pathways light and good.

I seek in vain for magic frock and jewel;
For witchery of time-piece, silver-chimed.
And drop, instead, a wordless little prayer,
That life will bring the gifts I cannot find.
And when their childhood days are put aside,
May they dream dreams for six, at Christmas-tide!
Courtesy Relief Society Magazine.

THE LIGHTS OF CHRISTMAS

By Carlton Culmsee

Turning the yellow scroll of history,
I saw that most precious gifts to man
Have come from poor men, bosoms thinly clad
Can feel the bitter wind of the world's need.
And there are earnest souls who are ashamed
That they can give the needy ones about them
So little food and clothing; so they search
Their hearts with the thin fingers of their longing
And sometimes bring forth strangely finer things.

My mother gave me much, but over all
I hold the love of Christmas that she fostered,
Christmas in deeper meaning.

First she lit
The little crimson candle of a baby's
Primitive gleam with jolly Yuletide lilt,
Colors, and lights, Next with the tale of Christ
She kindled the white taper of young awe.

And then one empty Christmas-time, her sadness
At having nothing for the ones she loved—
A sorrow seldom covered with a smile,
And words of hope—she made me see a gleam
Of something that I should have seen before:
That folk in the threadbare garments hold the power
Of doing splendid deeds and giving greatly,
As Jesus proved long centuries ago.

That gleam has brightened to reveal a world
More rich and potent, with a sunrise flush
Of promise.

Likely I shall never gather
A heap of heavy gold, but I believe
That some day I may reach an inner vein
Of some strong metal for the tools of men
Who work the roadways to the high plateau.
From *The Improvement Era*.

HOTEL EXECUTIVE PRAISES MORMON YOUTH CONDUCT

A LETTER from the manager of the Embassy Hotel, Los Angeles, written to President Edward Sutton of Oquirrh Stake, contains the following:

HOTEL EMBASSY

Grand Avenue at Ninth St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

President Edward Sutton
Oquirrh Stake,
Magna, Utah.

Dear Sir:

During the recent American Legion Convention I was privileged in numbering among the guests of this hotel, a group of boys and girls from the Cyprus Post, American Legion, and I was told the majority of these young people are members of your Church.

The conduct of these young people was so outstandingly fine, and they were so refreshingly wholesome they captivated everyone with whom they came in contact. They are a credit in every respect to their families, their church and to the community of Magna.

Upon many past occasions I have had

reason to write school and church authorities concerning juvenile groups who have been at this hotel, and many of those letters were not in a complimentary vein. You may well understand the genuine pleasure I have in writing you.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) Andrew W. Baker,
Manager.

THE CIRCULATION OF LIBRARY BOOKS

By Aurelia Bennion

BY THIS time, all of the books of your collection should be accessioned and a record made of each book. They are also classified, each with a number, so that each book is grouped on the shelf with other books on the same subject. Each is now prepared with a pocket and a dating slip. Three cards should be prepared for each book, to be filed in a box where people wanting books can see just what you have in your library.

Perhaps as you were classifying your books to give them numbers, you found that a book contained more than one subject. This made it difficult for you to decide what number to give it. After you reached a decision, you wanted to let your patrons know by the catalogue about the other subjects treated in the book. In order to do that, you can make another subject catalogue card with the new subject, the title of the book and the author, and file it in alphabetical order. You can make as many of these cards as you want, for as many subjects in the book as you think your patrons will want to use. For example, in a life of Christ, if Mary His mother is treated, write another subject card and file it in the catalogue, giving the pages on which the information may be found, so that anyone wanting to know something about her will be able to find it easily.

Now, in order that you may be able to find all the catalogue cards for a certain book (if it is lost or destroyed, and not in your library any more) write on the back of the author card a list of all the cards you have made for that book. When the book is lost, all of these cards should be removed. However, wait for a long enough time to be sure that the book is really gone and don't take the cards out if you have another copy of the book or if you are going to buy another. This process of writing a list on the author card of all the catalogue cards is called the tracing (finding cards).

Another thing you can start now is the circulation of books and keeping an account of them. There is a card in the pocket of each book, bearing the accession number and the call number. You also have a date-due slip on the page opposite the pocket. When the patron brings the book to you to be checked out, take out the book card from the pocket. Write on it the person's name (and address, if necessary) and the date on which the book is due, and keep the book card. Also write on

the date-due slip that date on which the book is due, which is to remind the borrower when to return it. In most libraries a book is lent for two weeks. If that is not sufficient time, the borrower should bring the book to the library and have it renewed for another two weeks. This new date should be stamped or written again on both the book card and the date-due slip. File these book cards in order by number. If the book is kept out over time, decide what fine you will charge each day or week. Remember that the trouble with many of our Church collections of books is that they have been borrowed with no record and have become lost. A fine for over-due books may remind borrowers to return them on time. This fine money can be used for buying new books or for supplies used in preparing the books for circulation.

When you inaugurate this system, explain to the people of your wards what your rules are and the purpose of them and ask for cooperation. If possible, get permission to speak to each auxiliary and all other meetings to explain the system, so that each auxiliary will want to add books to these collections to provide reading material and aids to their members in the study of the lessons.

For you as a librarian, this will afford an education, especially if you look into the books enough to be able to help people not only in caring for them but also in helping them find material that they may not know about. A very famous librarian, the author of some books on librarianship has said, "Reference work is sympathetic and informed aid in interpreting library collections for study and research." A book that will prove helpful to you is Akers' *Simple Library Cataloging*.

M Men

Frank W. McGhie, chairman; Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Homer C. Warner, Floyd G. Byrne, Werner Kiepe, Dr. Wayne B. Hales, Alna H. Pettengrew.

BASKETBALL is in the air already. Although colleges and high schools throughout the country are engaged in working off their football schedules, and that great national game holds the interest of most athletic fans, the M Men, nevertheless, are making plans and even beginning their basketball schedules in some places. This present year should prove to be a banner year for the largest athletic league in all the world. New features have been passed on by the General Board of M. I. A. which undoubtedly will make for keener competition than ever before. The teams in every section will be more anxious than ever before to come to the All-Church finals held in Salt Lake City because of these innovations.

M Men, everywhere, take careful notice of these recommendations of the

M Men committee which will give added interest to the tournament. Here you are:

1. This year the expenses of ten men instead of eight will be paid at the tournament. This will include nine players and the coach who has been working with the players during the year.

2. At the tournament this year the expenses of all of the teams from out-of-town will be paid for during the full period of the tournament. This will include a meal on Tuesday night when the teams begin to arrive in town, and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. It will also include a meal on Sunday morning before the teams leave to go back to their homes. Until the present, the expenses have been paid until the teams have lost two games and been eliminated from the tournament. So come prepared to stay for the full tournament, fellows, and if you should lose then stay and enjoy the rest of the games anyway. The expense will be paid.

3. Something extraordinary is being planned for all of the teams at some point during the tournament, a get-together of some kind.

So do your best, M Men everywhere. We are planning on the greatest tournament in M Men history for next March, in Salt Lake City.

gleaners

Katie C. Jensen, chairman; Freda Jensen, Grace Nixon, Stewart, Helena W. Larson, Florence B. Finneck.

THE project of Treasures of Truth is certainly developing dozens of

treasure books full of priceless stories, pictures, music, and poetry. Making them is helping to carry out the Mutual-wide project of love and service, for how better may we serve our neighbor, our children, our grandchildren-to-be than to give them in attractive and readable form, true incidents which will awaken or strengthen their testimonies in this wonderful Gospel! What a priceless heritage will be our testimonies, our experiences, and those of our ancestors years from now when we are gone. There is so much fine tradition in the Church that should be kept alive by the Gleaner Girls.

The three nights designated for this project during the year should motivate the work, but girls who do much with their books will have to spend time outside of the class. Their joy and that of those who read their book will more than compensate for any time they spend. One group of Gleaners liked the project so well when it was introduced several years ago that they decided to meet at one another's homes, alternate Monday nights, to work on their books and have a good time together. This group, although past Gleaner age now, is still meeting and working. Can you imagine how lovely their books are?

Just begin and you will never stop, and who knows the hidden talent as a poet, artist, or writer of music that may be uncovered.

The following is an original contribution
(Continued on page 752)



1. Queen and attendants of Gold and Green Ball held in Alhambra Ward, Pasadena State.
2. Members of the cast of a musical playlet produced at the May Festival in Prague, written and directed by members of the Y. W. M. I. A.

3. Story telling group of Second Ward, Parowan Stake.
4. Cast of opera "Chimes of Normandy," presented by the Alpine Stake.

Mutual Messages

(Continued from page 751)

tion from the book of Elsie Standing Collier, and we would like you to enjoy it, too. If you like it as much as we have, you might want to place a copy of it in your own book.

WHAT THE GOSPEL MEANS TO ME

The Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to me means a "bank that never fails." I am guaranteed health, wealth, and happiness for my dividends. Whatever I put into this bank will always be mine, I alone can cause it to depreciate.

I put in habits for good health, such as moderate exercise, abstinence from tea, coffee, tobacco, and harmful foods; a cheerful outlook on life, restful sleep, and I take out vitality, beauty, and a fit receptacle for my spirit.

I put in hours of study of good works, participation in Church activities, and constructive use of my leisure time, and I take out respect of my fellowmen, ability to impart truth and to develop my talents and to help others to enrich their lives, and knowledge which I can eternally build upon.

I put in payment of tithing, fast offerings, and donations and take out thrift habits, appreciation for what I have, and the joy of knowing that I am helping someone in need, and that I am helping to bear my share of expense for places to worship and play in.

I put in prayer, faith, and repentance, and take out the right to be administered to by the healing power of the Priesthood, the opportunity to express my thankfulness, and courage to face problems in life.

I put in time seeking genealogy, in doing temple work, and take out the joy of knowing that I will have kinship with those I love in the next world, and that I have been the means of opening the way for their redemption.

Lastly, I put in kind words, good deeds, enthusiasm and thoughtfulness, and take out friendship and the "greatest thing in the world"—love.

M Men Gleaners

GRATIFYING responses are being received from all over the Church in connection with the plan to have M Men and Gleaners meet together for joint work. Here are a few reactions from various localities where the program as recommended by the General Boards has been followed:

Since meeting jointly, our M Men and Gleaner classes have grown rapidly in numbers. We have a large number of young married men coming out with their wives to the classes. Until the program was made a joint affair we never could get these young couples to come out to Mutual. The interest in class work by the mixed groups is just a joy.

We were very skeptical about trying out joint work as recommended, but we shall have to admit that it is working wonders in this stake. The classes are becoming so large, however, that we are seriously considering having the classes meet in sections. The only thing we are afraid of, if we do this, is that we will not be able to obtain as fine teachers as we already have. Anyway, we want you to know that your program works in this stake, and we doubt if we could make a success of separate class

work if that should ever be a part of your plan again.

Your joint plan is working fine in the wards of this stake where it is being tried. Two wards have not been convinced that it is a good thing yet. The attendance is much better where the leaders are in favor of the plan and they meet together as you suggest. Our chief difficulty now is getting the mixed groups to go home when Mutual is over. They want to stay and have a dance every night after Mutual. They really want to be together more than we intended. What shall we do about that problem?

When we first started out, this year, we had a fine group of Gleaner Girls and very few M Men. So the Gleaner leader suggested that the girls take it upon themselves to get a group of M Men to meet with. Each one promised to bring an M Man to Mutual the next week. They did. Well, we have the largest classes of M Men and Gleaners that we have ever had. In fact our enrollment is 400% greater than it has ever been.

Thanks to the field. We were sure it would work. More power to you in your work.

Juniors

Martha C. Josephson, chairman; Lucile T. Buchner, Emily H. Bennett, Angelyn Warnick.

WE'RE entering the gayest, brightest, and most shining season of the year—December, the Christmas month. Let's tell each other the story of the Christmas Star, that shone so brightly over the lowliest of manglers and the newest of babies. Why do you suppose a Star was chosen to guide both wise men and shepherds? Did it represent the lovely "white light of truth?"

Perhaps Junior Girls would like to be reminded that pure light, the "white light of truth," is just the right proportion and complete blending of all the colors of the spectrum—from infra red to ultra violet. It includes all the lovely Christmas colors that stand in our minds for fine ideals—faith, courage, hope, love, growth. What does red stand for? What does green mean to us? Why not make the light of the Christmas Star inspiring to our Juniors?

We can learn other fine things from Christmas—

For one thing, we can learn to unify—to "tie up" our bundles. When we go shopping at Christmas, we find our arms full—a necktie from this counter, hose from another, handkerchiefs or perfume in another package, and if we do not actually drop or lose some of our precious load, we are worried and harassed over the scattered responsibilities. If we are wise, we'll tie them all up together, or put them all in one basket! In other words, we'll unify them, which makes them easier to carry, even though their weight and number remain the same.

Let's "tie up" our Christmas Junior bundles. For our cord we'll use a good strong, glowing testimony and for our wrapping paper, the Gospel plan, all sprinkled with twinkling stars.

First, we'll begin with our lesson bundle. December's lessons bring us "home for Christmas." They start back on the first bright road on the world's history, where we walk with Adam in the light of the Gospel and we end right in front of our own hearthside, figuratively speaking. Our Christmas lessons tell the sublime story of our own boy Prophet, our own dispensation, our own day, and our own special opportunities. Let's make this restoration a lovely Christmas Gift for our Junior Girls.

Then let's take *My Story*—let's wrap it up in our month's Christmas package by filling it full of personal experiences relating to the Gospel plan—follow the ideas at the end of each lesson, and suggest—for that little touch of Christmas sparkle—that the book itself would make a charming Christmas Gift. In this connection beautiful covers have been made by many of our groups. Some are of wood, in the form of boxes, roomy enough to hold all the thick and well-filled leaves inside.

Next consider the theme "By love serve one another" and our theme project "love and service in the home." Wrap that idea up with the Gospel plan and see what an effective and spirited Christmas package it becomes. Can we do something this year with our idea that we are all one family, children of God our Father, and that His kingdom is our home? Work on it for Christmas.

And then, the reading course book. How about Junior Girls getting together and buying a copy for their class as a Christmas Gift, or for their mothers—or mothers for their Junior daughters. It's a fine idea and a fine book and it ties up beautifully with our Gospel ideals and our Christmas spirit.

Then for our last bundle, let's have our Junior-Explorer Dance—a very gracious, young, merry sort of party growing out of our dance instruction, and joint plans for the year. Let's have it very carefully wrapped up with our fine L. D. S. standards. Let it be very much a part of our month's bundle, but also let's have it so sparkling with fun that the light of Christmas will live all year in Junior hearts. And may this year's Christmas Star shine radiantly for all of you!

Bee-Hive Girls

Ethel S. Anderson, chairman; Margaret N. Wells, Bertha K. Tingey, Ileen Ann Waspe, Lucy T. Andersen, Caroline Adams.

BEE-HIVE girls care for children of mothers attending October Conference! Saturday and Sunday were outstanding days for some of the Bee-Hive Girls in the Salt Lake City Stakes. For two busy, noisy, happy days they applied in their lives the Bee-Hive Theme Project, "I will taste the sweetness of service through neighborly acts for children." Rooms in the Assembly

Hall were converted into a nursery. In one place children were gay as the girls helped them to build castles and roads in the sand piles; in another, children climbed and gleefully swept down the slide. There were also several interested groups surrounding the girls as they told stories, sang songs, and played games. Relieved mothers calling for their children at the end of the afternoon expressed their appreciation of this unusual service.

This is one way our girls found to apply the theme project. What are you doing in your ward or stake to stimulate your girls to make the project a part of their lives? Christmas is such an appropriate month to render service. The spirit of the season is one of giving. Also the three ranks are all working in the Field of Public Service and the project adapts itself best to that field. Have your girls make gifts and toys for a child, or organize a story-telling festival for the children using Bible Stories or stories of Christmas in other lands. Have you thought of having your swarm present a Christmas play for children? Suggest daily good turns that might be done for children in the home or neighborhood. These might include:

1. Relieving mother or neighbor by tending smaller children:
- a. Telling stories.

- b. Singing songs.
 - c. Finger Plays.
 - d. Games.
 - e. Making toys.
2. Offering to tend a tired child who is bothering a mother in Church.
 3. Being kind to children and refraining from teasing them.

The Bee-Hive Committee would like you to make a report to them of ways and number of times that your girls have rendered service to children.

Your Bee-Hive work is now well under way. You should have completed the work and awarded foundation cells and structural cells in the fields of Out-of-Doors and Religion. If you adopted the suggestions of the committee, all Builders are now using the new handbook. Encourage each girl to get her book and band while she is a Builder. The Gatherers should be happily working in the old book to complete the work they started last year. They should use this handbook entirely and not use any parts of the new book because that causes confusion. The Guardians are working under the plan as contained in the new book. The girls should each have a set of sheets containing the foundation and structural Bee-Lines which may be purchased from the office for two cents.

We hope that your girls have access to and are enjoying the Bee-Hive Read-

ing Course Book, *Little Soldier of the Plains*.

As we enter the holiday season the Bee-Hive Committee wishes to extend to you and your girls our greetings and kindest wishes.



D. E. Hammond, chairman; Philo T. Farnsworth, Arthur E. Peterson.

As a part of a Church-wide campaign to acknowledge and recognize the efficient types of leadership which have in the past years contributed to the unparalleled record of the Church in Scouting, there is published here the first pictures of a series of men who have received the highest award within the power of local councils to grant—the Silver Beaver. This award is made by the National Council upon recommendation of Local Councils for "outstanding service to boyhood."

In the campaign now being carried on throughout the Church to attract every possible boy and young man to the Scout and Explorer programs, Silver Beaver Scouters will be, in many cases, the key men.

Pictures of other groups of Silver Beaver Scouters will be published in future issues of the *Era*.

MEN WHO HAVE HELPED MAKE L. D. S. SCOUTING OUTSTANDING

Top row, left to right: S. M. Nielsen, former president North Sanpete Stake, Mt. Pleasant, Utah; David Smith, President North Idaho Falls Stake; Henry A. Gardner, President Palmyra Stake, Spanish Fork, Utah and President Utah National Parks Council; B. S. A., Provo, Utah; Dr. Roy J. Davis, President Tendency (Pocatello, Idaho) Council; John W. Condie, State Superintendent Public Instruction, Boise, Idaho; Bishop W. L. Kilgach, Idaho Falls First Ward; Dr. J. W. West, Field Commissioner, Teton Peaks Council; J. W. Kirkbride, former President Cache Valley Council, Supt. of Cache County Schools, Logan, Utah. Second row, left to right: Jesse Evans, Explorer Commissioner, Rexburg (Idaho) Stake; Chester Thomas, Scout Commissioner, Quivira Stake, Magna, Utah; Dr. L. D. Ploutz, Chairman of Camping, Utah National Parks Council; Lloyd A. Davis, State Group Chairman, Shelley (Idaho) Stake; W. E. Nelson, State Group Chairman, Wells Stake, Salt Lake Council; Lyle E. Ranck, State Scout Commissioner, Bonneville Stake, Salt Lake Council; Henry K. Abischer, Explorer Leader, Logan 5th Ward; Phil Hurst, Stake Group Chairman, San Juan (Utah) Stake.

Photo Courtesy Deseret News.



THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

(Concluded from page 725)

horizon. The true Gospel was restored, and in 1830 the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. The unrest, doubt, uncertainty of the religious world were the birth pains of the old religion born again.

It was during this befuddled period that John Henry Newman on June 16, 1833, wrote his immortal hymn while the orange boat in which he took passage was becalmed on the open sea. The hymn was the outcome of a mind tortured with doubt. The first stanza is a longing for home—a cry in the night—a prayer for light.

That last line, "One step enough for me," recalls an incident in the life of the father of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He was in serious trouble in Kirtland and could not see his way out of his difficulties. One night he dreamed that his path was obstructed by a huge wall. In despair, he was about to give up when he heard a voice saying "Take one step." He took the step and the wall moved a little. He took another and the wall receded another step. One step at a time he advanced until he was in the open and the way made clear. That dream was experienced long before "Lead, Kindly Light" was written.

The second stanza is a plea for forgiveness, a confession of a self-centered and pride-ruled life.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

This is an admission of past wrongs, but a confidence that God will forgive the penitent and blot out their remembrance; a verse that has helped and comforted many a struggling Christian.

The third stanza is a note of assurance that the power that has guided him will still lead him over the troubled waters till night is gone. The last two lines,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile

have caused considerable speculation as to their meaning. Newman, when asked what these two lines meant, said he "was not bound to remember his meaning at the end of almost fifty years." Some believe it referred to his guardian angels, which, during his dark days he felt he had lost for awhile.

In the Parliament of Religion, held in Chicago in 1893, there were two things found on which the representatives of every creed could agree. One was "the Lord's Prayer," and the other "Lead, Kindly Light."

This hymn is not included in Lat-

ter-day Saint Hymns, but is found in *Deseret Sunday School Songs*. As it is used by all Christendom, so, also, it is often sung in our congregations.

THE TUNE AND ITS COMPOSER

MORE than thirty years elapsed after Dr. Newman wrote his hymn before it was put to music by Dr. John B. Dykes. In the interim it was treasured in various publications on account of its rare lyric and poetic beauty. However, it did not secure its high place in hymnology until it was joined to Dr. Dykes' tune. One writer called it a "perfect marriage of hymn and tune"—Dr. Newman himself, said: "It is not the hymn but the tune that has gained the popularity. The tune is Dykes', and Dykes is a great master."

Dr. John B. Dykes was born at Hull, England, March 10, 1823. He began his musical career as director of the Cambridge Musical Society. He was the author of three hundred hymns; and it was the custom of the family to spend Sunday evenings trying over his tunes for approval or criticism. From 1849 to 1862 the composer was Dean of Durham Cathedral. In 1862 he became vicar of St. Oswald's Church in Durham, and remained there until his death, which occurred on January 22, 1876.

THE CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from page 730)

Their roots go deep in time. Neither winning nor holding a soul in the city of New York has proved an easy task. The groundwork was laid by the missionaries. The indomitable Parley P. Pratt opened the mission in this city one hundred and one years ago. From that day to this, with the exception of occasional lapses, the missionaries have constantly preached "unto the City of New York"—warning the people "of the desolation and utter abolishment which await them if they do reject these things." In the main, they have found the city as Elder Pratt described it—"of all places, in which the English language is spoken, the most difficult of access to the minds and attention of the people."

Nearly thirty years ago, Ben E. Rich as president of the mission instituted the practice of installing local Saints in important branch po-

sitions, thus not only strengthening the branches, but also releasing the missionaries for other duties. In line with this policy, James S. Knecht, now patriarch of the New York Stake and member of the High Council, but then a new and faithful convert from Pennsylvania, was appointed president of the Brooklyn Branch. Later Dr. Harvey Fletcher was made president of Manhattan Branch, and for a quarter of a century, these two stalwart leaders, with others, have gathered, organized, preached, taught, advised, married, baptized, buried, and blessed the Saints, and otherwise administered to their material and spiritual needs. During all this time, they have been richly blessed and have had a great influence with the people. Since coming to New York, President Fletcher has gained world-wide renown as a scientist, having been honored by engineering, physical, and scientific societies, and appointed

Director of Physical Research of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. His faith in the Gospel has been a great testimony to many scholars and young scientists, who have at times found difficulty in harmonizing science and religion.

No less faithful have been many others of the Saints in this far eastern outpost. The high council is a tower of strength. Every member has performed outstanding Church work. Jointly they have rendered approximately two hundred and three years of Church service in the East, exclusive of their labors in other states.

The auxiliaries, genealogical societies, and Priesthood quorums are also capably manned. Sunday after Sunday for more than twenty years, Dr. Howard R. Driggs, a member of the General Board of Deseret Sunday School Union (and also a former president of the Manhattan Branch), has carried the Sunday

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 713)

is measured as accurately as possible, and the average change produced in say one year, is compared with the total effect produced by that process during the interval that has elapsed since its commencement. (See Arthur Holmes, *The Age of the Earth*, p. 29.)

The earliest method of estimating geological time was to discover the maximum thickness of the stratified formations in the earth's crust and to determine the amount of sediment carried annually into the ocean. Geological study indicates that the thickness of the earth's stratified formations is at least 360,000 feet (Holmes, p. 79), and that the annual discharge of sediments into the ocean is such as to require millions of years for the deposition of the strata in question. It is admitted that this method can indicate only long periods of time, and not definite measurements in years.

A somewhat more satisfactory method deals with the salt in ocean water. It is assumed that the first ocean water was fresh. The sodium chloride or salt that it now contains has been dissolved from the sediments brought down into the ocean by the rivers. The water has been evaporated and condensed into rain over and over again, but the salt which is not volatile has remained to increase the saltiness of the ocean. Estimates have been made of the annual discharge in the rivers of earth, their load of materials, and the probable amount of salt in the water and the sediments. Similar estimates have been made of the amount of salt in the ocean. Then by simply dividing the annual addition of salt into the total amount of salt in the oceans, the number of years of the accumulation is obtained. By this method, acknowledged to be subject to many corrections, salt has been added to the oceans for a period of about 330 million years. According to this calculation, the earth must be at least that old.

The discovery of radioactivity and the element radium, furnished an unexpectedly accurate geo-

logical hour-glass that has been used in estimating the age of the earth.

The element uranium is radioactive. That is, it emits spontaneously, continuously, and uniformly various radiations. As it does so it is degraded, passing from one form to another, including radium, until the final residue is lead. That is, there is a life-limit to uranium, radium, and several other elements. Methods have been developed by which the rate of this degradation may be measured accurately. The amount of lead, or radium in association with uranium will then point to the length of time since the uranium was formed.

It has been found that the age of uranium, determined as above suggested, is lowest in the more recent rocks and highest in the oldest rocks. This is a confirmation of much previous geological work on the relative ages of rock deposits. The age of the oldest rock approaches, by this method, 2,000 million years. The earth must then, by this form of study, be at least that old.

It is a curious fact that studies by modern methods of the age of the solar system have yielded similar results, that is, about 2,000 million years. It is a most interesting chapter in modern exploration. (See, *The Age of the Earth*, Arthur Holmes, 1937; also F. J. Pack, *Science and Belief in God*.) Those who hold to the long-time age of the earth point out that present scientific data indicate "an epoch of creation," 2,000 million years ago.

Every person must decide for himself, on the basis of the evidence produced, which of these three opinions as to the age of the earth, before Adam, seems most reasonable to him, whether (1) six days, or (2) six thousand years, or (3) many millions of years. Clearly it does not matter to one's daily welfare or salvation which view he adopts, except that every Latter-day Saint must seek and cherish truth above all else.—J. A. W.

THE CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY

School banner in this great city, humanizing the Gospel, teaching its beauty, and teaching teachers how to teach it. A newly-organized Church Welfare group is struggling with the staggering responsibility of administering to the material wants of needy families. The magnitude of their task will be partially visualized, when it is realized that the cost of rent alone in this congested city is ten times the monthly average administered to needy cases in the West, and that practically one hundred per cent of the family food supply must be purchased from grocery stores, garden projects being difficult. A full-time Church employment office has been established, which has found some three hundred

jobs for unemployed members during the past eighteen months.

The stake missionary group has accepted its calling, its activities increasing rapidly. On a Wednesday afternoon, facing the former home of the *New York Tribune*, and across the square from a statue of Horace Greeley, its famous former editor whose just and potent pen turned American public opinion against "Buchanan's Blunder" and stayed Albert Sidney Johnson's sword, one may find the president of the New York Stake Mission proclaiming the Gospel to a curious and skeptical, but attentive, crowd.

The New York Stake pays an excellent tithing, is ahead of the Church average in attendance at

Sacrament meetings, fast offerings, and Priesthood activities, and finished fourth in the latest *Era* campaign.

Found within a day's drive of the city are many of the eventful scenes connected with the birth and early history of the Church. Occasional pilgrimages are made to such sites as the Prophet's birthplace, Harmony, Hill Cumorah, and the Sacred Grove. A reminder of one of these early Church incidents recently occurred, when Columbia University conferred an honorary degree on President Fletcher. By a strange coincidence, he was seated under a large oil painting of Charles Anthon, who will be remembered as the

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The Church in New York

(Concluded from page 755)

learned Columbia professor who first gave and then withdrew from Martin Harris a certificate addressed to the people of Palmyra, certifying that the ancient characters displayed to him were authentic, and that their translation was correct. "Politics," we are told, "make strange bed-fellows." No less strange are the associations wrought by time. Could there be a stranger picture than that of a Mormon Elder receiving an honorary degree from Columbia University, in company with a cabinet officer, a Federal judge, two college presidents, a Catholic bishop, and an Episcopal prelate, under the shades of Professor Anthon?

Time has slowly but certainly tempered the hatred held in the hearts of men for all things Mormon; enlightenment is eliminating prejudice, and members of the Church are being judged dispassionately for what they are. The radio programs of the Salt Lake Choir, the broadcasting of the conferences, the commendable newspaper articles concerning our Welfare program, the work of the Bureau of Information on Temple Square, and the ever-growing popularity in the press of President Grant, are effective contributing factors to this favorable result.

To say that our organization in New York has made any mass impression on this city with its twenty-five hundred churches and six million inhabitants divided among fifty sects, would doubtless be an exaggeration of the facts; nevertheless, each member has his individual friends; and thousands of people in the East, in all walks of life, think better of the Church because of their intimate acquaintance with one or more of its resident members.

Life in the East has not dimmed but rather greatly strengthened the testimony of the active members of the stake. A close view of the world's wisdom, works, and follies, forms a background, against which the Mormon mode of living stands out in sharp relief. This mode of living, developed in the West, has proved its validity in the urban East, thus demonstrating its universality.

Commonplace Things

(Concluded from page 731)

along. Oh! that was great fun. We would play with Rover, your dog, as he ran along behind the wagon.

The crickets would be singing, and your dad whistling some old-fashioned song.

Darkness would almost swallow us, then we would drop off to sleep. The next thing we knew we would be home. Home, supper, a warm bath and cool sheets.

There was more to her letter. She asked questions about games of "Run Sheep Run," and how all the small town romances had ended.

What a fool I'd been. What a blind little fool.

"Aren't you ever going to bed?"

It was Thressa McDonald's voice coming from the top of the stairs, "We are leaving early in the morning, and I think the modern Emerson and Hawthorne should get a little rest before she goes."

"I'm not going," I choked out.

"Not going!"

"Not for a while, Thressa. I have some writing I just have to do."

"But I thought—"

"I know, but I've changed my mind about this inspiration stuff and I'm going to write a story—a real story. It will be my masterpiece and I'm going to call it 'Common-place Things.'"

I can't remember whether I expected Thressa McDonald to be provoked, disappointed, or just angry, but I do remember that when I climbed the stairs to where she stood, she was smiling an understanding smile.

On the Street Called Straight

(Concluded from page 722)

vinced. This time he throws in, for good measure, the life of his newly-born son, his own life, his eyes, his hands and his feet, as a wager, and will let us have it for four and one-half units as the last price. We still are not convinced, but to finish the argument we go up half a unit and our offer stands at three and one-half.

"Why, this is unheard of. I never lost so much on any deal."

He shows us other bars and will gladly let us have them for the price we offer, but he says that they are inferior in quality, because the bar in question is the acme of quality.

At last, his friend, who up to this time has been silent, comes in between us and tries to mediate. He finds that our difference is half a unit. That is, if we go up that amount and the store-keeper comes down half a unit, we will have the same amount. So he asks the proprietor for his (that is, the mediator's) sake, to come down half a unit and asks us to go up half a unit. (It is all a "put-up" job.) We

both agree and the bar of soap transfers ownership, so also do the four units of money. As we leave the store, we pledge our eternal friendship, invite him to our house, because henceforth we are brothers, and he does the same.

Actually I bought several bars at a higher price than a native would, of course. But it is fascinating to buy oriental style. If the amount in question is larger, the time consumed is proportionately longer. Goods which, say, cost ten dollars in United States money, would take a full forenoon to buy in the oriental style. But many foreigners come, and, not knowing the custom of the country, give what is asked of them, blissfully ignorant of the fact that they paid sometimes as high as three or four times the amount for which they could have purchased the article.

Of course, mention of the fact that the customs and habits are the same as they were at the time of Father Abraham, suggests that the beliefs are also the same, which brings us to the preaching of the Gospel. It is extremely difficult. The first thing they tell you is that what was good enough for their ancestors is good enough for them. And fortunate you are indeed if you can shake that belief. Another difficulty arises from the fact that the people here have been crushed so hard during and since the World War, that their sole endeavor now is to eke out a meager existence. If they do that, they consider themselves fortunate.

Here is an example. A sister who is a member of our Church has a husband, a non-member, who is a polisher of furniture. He works fourteen hours a day, for which he receives the equivalent of 40 cents a day in United States money. Out of that amount he has to feed six mouths, pay rent, buy clothing, and pay school tuition. (The schools are not free here.) You talk religion to that man and see what answer you get. His foremost thought is how to stretch that forty cents to pay for the necessities of life.

And so it goes. Of course, there are the rich here as well. But as the Savior hinted, it is a difficult matter to interest the rich, not only here but anywhere. I have had several opportunities to show the lecture slides, pertaining to our Church, to purely non-member audiences, and have had countless interesting conversations. The seed, at least, is being sown.

The Protestors of Christendom

(Continued from page 724)

itself against church authority. To agree with Huss was to overthrow all law and order. Gerson wrote: "The most dangerous error, destructive of all political order and quiet, is this—that one predestined to damnation or living in mortal sin, has no rule, jurisdiction, or power over others in a Christian people. Against such an error it seems to my humility that all power, spiritual and temporal, ought to rise and exterminate it by fire and sword rather than by curious reasoning."¹¹

On November 28, Huss was seized and taken before the pope and the cardinals. At this first hearing, he said: "I came of my own accord to this council, and if it be proved that I have erred in anything I am willing humbly to be corrected and amend."¹² At four o'clock he was again taken before the cardinals and articles of accusation were read. "They accused Huss of (1) teaching the necessity of receiving the Eucharist under both kinds and of attacking transubstantiation; (2) of making the validity of the sacraments depend on the moral character of the priest; (3) of erroneous doctrine concerning the nature of the church, its possessions, its discipline, and its organization." Huss was held in custody for eight days in Constance and then taken to a dark, narrow, damp dungeon close to the mouth of a sewer in the Convent of the Dominicans on a small island in the lake.

John XXIII (December 4) appointed a committee to take testimony against Huss. Huss asked for counsel, but it was contrary to the law of the church for anyone to defend another suspected of heresy.

On March 24, the bishop of Constance had Huss chained and taken to the castle of Gottlieben in the lake. During the day Huss was permitted to walk about in chains, but at night he was handcuffed and securely fastened to the wall. Here Huss suffered from toothache, headache, hemorrhage, and bad digestion. At the beginning of June, Huss was taken to a friary in Constance to be within more convenient reach and hearings were held from June 5-8.

"On June 15, the council took the far-reaching action forbidding the

giving of the cup to laymen. This action Huss condemned as wickedness and madness, on the ground that it was a virtual condemnation of Christ's example and command. . . . He saw indisputable proof [therein] that the council was fallible."¹³

Huss was finally permitted to appear before the council. In some particulars he was accused of holding doctrines he had not taught: "The first accusation was that Huss denied the doctrine of transubstantiation. This he could declare with truth, to be a false charge. Cardinal d'Ailly, however . . . engaged in an argument to show that Huss ought, according to his principles, to deny that doctrine. . . ."¹⁴

Huss's case was largely judged in advance. When he appeared before the council, he was asked if he acknowledged certain writings as his, and when he began to defend an article from one of them that had been read, and "cited many passages from scripture, . . . they exclaimed that all this was nothing to the point. Whenever he began to speak he was interrupted and not allowed to utter a syllable. . . . At length when Huss saw it was no use, that he could not be heard, he determined to remain silent. This silence was now interpreted as a confession that he was convicted."¹⁵

Of the three popes, the council persuaded the Roman pope to resign and deposed the other two. John XXIII, before his deposition, fled from Constance, was brought back and imprisoned in the castle of Gottlieben for a short time only, and then given a high position of honor. Huss writes in a letter: "Now you may understand what the life of the clergy is who say they are true representatives of Christ and His Apostles, who call themselves the most holy church, the most infallible council; and yet this same

council has been in error; it has first honored John the Twenty-third with bowed knee, and called him most holy, while yet they knew that he was a shameful murderer, and guilty of other crimes besides, as they afterwards declared when they condemned him."¹⁶ In another letter, he writes, "Wherefore did they kneel before the pope—kiss his feet, and call him most holy father, when they knew him to be guilty of a most atrocious crime? Wherefore did the cardinals choose for a pope, one who was the murderer of his predecessor?"¹⁷

Though the council had accused John XXIII of nearly all possible crimes, yet was he not guilty of taking his own conscience as guide in religious matters—he was not considered dangerous. An apostate church knew no means of reconciling the conflicting positions of the council and of Huss; and d'Ailly presented the demands of the council to Huss, "First that thou humbly declarest that thou didst err in those articles that have been produced against thee; next, that thou promise on thy oath, neither to hold nor to teach such opinions any longer; thirdly, that thou dost publicly recant all those articles." Had Huss promised this, he would not have been set free, but imprisoned for life. However, Huss replied, "I repeat, that I am ready to be instructed by the council; but I beseech and conjure you by Him who is the God of us all, that you do not force me to what I cannot do without contradicting my conscience."¹⁸

On July 6, Huss was conducted to the cathedral to hear sentence pronounced upon him. After listening to a sermon and the forbidding of any demonstration on pain of excommunication, Huss heard the sentence read condemning him as a "real and open heretic," "the disciple not of Christ but of John Wyclif," and ordering him to be degraded from the priestly order. Six bishops then took off his priestly vestments, put a cap on his head with pictures of the devil and commended his soul to the devil. He was then turned over to the civil power for fitting punishment: a guard was on hand to take Huss outside the city to be burned. He was chained by the neck to a stake and straw and wood were piled around his body to the chin and sprinkled with rosin, and he was again asked if he would recant. As the flames arose, he sang,

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¹¹In Creighton, *Papacy During the Reformation*, vol. 1, p. 334.

¹²Articles of Michael de Causis; Palacky, *Documenta*, 199, in Creighton, *Papacy During the Reformation*, p. 336.

¹³Schaff, *History of the Christian Church*, vol. 5, II, p. 379.

¹⁴Neander, *Church History*, vol. IX, II, p. 496.

¹⁵Neander, *Church History*, vol. IX, II, p. 495.

CHRISTMAS . . . GIFT . . .

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and to those who are
home

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¹⁶In Neander, *Church History*, vol. IX, II, p. 526.

¹⁷In Neander, *Church History*, vol. IX, II, p. 513.

PROTESTORS OF CHRISTENDOM

(Concluded from page 757)

but the wind blew the fire into his face, and his voice was stilled.

His ashes were thrown into the Rhine so that nothing might remain of him. The pagans had disposed of the ashes of Polycarp in the same manner.

No member of the Council of Constance is known to have ever protested against his sentence. No pope or council has ever expressed regret for it.

Before the time of Constantine the Great, the church could excommunicate members and, with the consent of the disputants, could arbitrate disputes. It was Constantine who gave the church the power to try cases and to have decisions enforced without the consent of the parties involved.²⁴ Heiner states also:

"In order to attain this (eternal salvation), it (the Church) may tolerate

²⁴Heiner, *Katholisches Kirchenrecht*, vol. II, p. 7.

ate nothing which contradicts divine commands of its own. The faithful should obey these (commands) voluntarily, but the Church can not always rely on the good will of her members. . . . She has need therefore not only of means of a purely spiritual nature, but also of external means of compulsion. . . . The lawgiving and judicial power would without the power to compel (die zwingende Mache) have no value. . . ."

"Whoever has the power to set up legal standards, to him belongs also the faculty of assuring the observance of the same and of compelling obedience to all of the commands and prohibitions, which are requisite for the safe-guarding of the rights of the individual and of public order and which are taken in order to uphold (sichern) Christian principles as the basis of the life of Christian society; to this end he must be able to break the rebellious will

²⁵Heiner, *Katholisches Kirchenrecht*, vol. 2, p. 77.

by means of external [physical] punishment. The legislative power [conferred on the Church by Christ] includes therefore in itself the judging and punishing power."²⁵

When practiced, as in the case of Huss, such a theory tends to destroy all ethical life. It makes hypocrites of those who conform and destroys those who do not. The medieval church apparently knew no solution of the problem presented by the conflict of authority, claimed by the council, and the liberty of the individual conscience. What shall we think of the inspiration of the council that condemned a man to be burned whose only offense was obedience to a sensitive conscience? True, the Council of Constance was held four hundred years ago, but an inspired Church was in possession of the solution nearly fifteen centuries before that, and a restored Church was to have it again.

²⁶Heiner, *Katholisches Kirchenrecht*, vol. II, p. 7.

BRITAIN LOOKS AT THE MORMONS

(Concluded from page 719)

volves great risks, but men who take them add greatly to our knowledge.

THE MORMONS

Utah, perhaps, will remain more firmly in history as the scene of slow journey rather than a 347-miles-an-hour car dash. That was nearly a hundred years ago, when the Mormons dragged their heavily-loaded wagons across wide prairies and rugged mountains into the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The faith of the Mormons, which began in ridicule, now stands in dignity and respect. They have created a worthy and useful institution whose members do good by teaching and by the example of their upright lives.

SHADES of the past! Such candid praise and utterly open-minded comment would cause much turning-over in graves that were closed a century ago. But the visits to Utah of such men as Sir Malcolm Campbell, John Cobb, and Captain George Eyston, and the visits to Great Britain of such men as President Heber J. Grant, and the various presidents of the British and European missions, and generations of physically fit, mentally-alert, clean-living Mormon missionaries have broken down the 19th Century superstition and have cleaned up the disgusting slander and libel and widespread misconception among the uninformed.

Two days after the *Daily Express* comment referred to above, *Cavalcade*, the British News-magazine, under date of August 27, 1938, under "Religion" ran a two-column story

topped by a two column picture of "Mormon Baseballers—Champs of British Baseball League" which account read:

"KEEP FIT" MORMONS: Claim Ten will Convert Ten Thousand More

"Give me some men who are stout-hearted men.

Who will fight for the right they adore. Start me with ten, who are stout-hearted men.

And I'll soon give you ten thousand more.

So sing Mormons all over the world, and at the present moment there are in England sixteen athletic young men from Salt Lake City (Utah) who are giving the words a real meaning.

AMBITIOUS PROGRAMME

Scattered over England there are more than 6,000 members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which is full time of the Mormon religion. Immediate aim of the sixteen young missionaries is to increase this number by 16,000, and in this aim they are being considerably aided by the Government's "Keep Fit" campaign.

For physical fitness is part of the Mormon religion. No true Mormon would dream of smoking, touching any form of alcohol, and in consequence they are the fittest and one of the most vital religious groups in the world.

BASEBALL CHAMPS

In this country they run a baseball team which topped British Baseball League table last season. In the North the fame of this team of young Mormons, styled Rochdale Greys, spread to such an extent that their matches were often watched by crowds of 5,000 people.

At basket-ball their prowess is almost legendary. That is why they have been called to help with Lord Aberdare's "keep fit" movement.

Sixteen young Americans have been invited by the Norwich authorities to coach

the Norwich Youth Movement in the game, help to form teams in the district. Result: by day they are basketball coaches, by night travel around the district holding meetings, preaching, organizing community hymn-singing.

Besides these sixteen young men there are Mormon missionaries all over England, preaching their creed of brotherly love and Anglo-American friendship, slating excessive alcohol consumption.

For the purpose of their campaign they have divided England into fourteen districts, subdivided these districts into seventy-two branches, each branch being plentifully supplied with missionaries.

SUCCESS

This methodical campaign has proved extremely successful. Each year has seen a steady growth in the numbers of Mormons in this country. Since they arrived in this country one hundred years ago they have had to fight against blind prejudice brought about by untrue stories circulated about the polygamous inclinations of the Mormons.

Everywhere they went they were met with sly winks, jibes about their "boat-loads" of wives. In the years that have passed they have succeeded in living down this calumny to such effect that 85,000 English Mormons have emigrated, set up in Salt Lake City, spiritual home of the world's 800,000 Mormons, actual home of 700,000 true believers.

Hopeful for the future of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in this country is the American organizer of England's Mormons, modest, drawing Hugh B. Brown.

Thus it is that Britain looks at the Mormons—and the Mormons at the British—in their country and in ours, and both find cause for a growing respect and increased understanding in a relationship that has now persisted more than a century.

THE RETURN OF SOLOMON CROSELEY

(Continued from page 721)

He turned his eyes away at last. The spring was his—and the pasture. The law had said so, and there was none to prove it false. To be sure Turner had insisted that Solomon's father, affectionately known as Old Man Croseley, had given half-rights to the spring and all the pasture; but the letter was lost—if there ever had been one.

Then had come that unforgettable March day when Molly, going to the garret for quilt pieces, had found the yellow faded "copy" in the old cowhide trunk. He could see it now—frayed at the edges, the fine writing of a bye-gone day, almost obliterated by time.

"A copy of my letter to Carter Turner.

"I, James Croseley, do will one-half the rights to Granite ledge spring and appurtenances, thereof, to you, Carter Turner, and your descendants, together with the hill pasture and two yearling ewes."

There had been more, but he had not stopped to read. He had torn the document from Molly's fingers, ripped it into a thousand fragments and fed it to the hungry flames. Molly had stood like a woman of stone,—faith and trust slowly dying in her eyes.

Then spring had come again, and with it the terrible disease that slew the innocent on every side. Turner's child had recovered—a cripple, but not hopeless, if treated skilfully in time. To his own little Carol there had come no such reprieve. The little dancing feet were stilled forever.

It was then he had broken faith with God and man. It was then he had fenced off the spring and turned the brook from its ancient channel, so that no overflow could find its way to Turner's parching fields. Many looked to see the "Wrath of God," poured out upon his bounteous acres. Little did they know that the searing flames of hate and anger, and the cankerworm of greed and envy were consuming the very fibres of his soul.

HE turned at last into the canyon road. Sagebrush and cedar dappled the low hills that rolled up to meet the ledges. Below roared Rainbow Falls. Solomon knew what cruel javelins hid beneath that false promise. He had seen the body of an Indian guide two hours after his fateful step, all resemblance to human form obliterated.

He stopped the horses, unharnessed them and gave them grain, then set swiftly to cutting down a dozen dead and dying pines and cedars. One little, green spruce he placed carefully in the wagon. He had yet to lie to a child.

At last he had enough down, ready for the horses to drag to the wagon where he could lop off the branches and load with little effort. Black Bess and Major came willingly at his call, and he soon had the work well under way. He fas-

tened the mare's tugs to the last tree—a giant cedar whose dead branches, growing from one gnarled side, rose like tentacles in the air. Bess gave one pull; the tree whirled like a top. Solomon went down under the impact of the slashing limbs, rolled, caught frantically at the empty air and dropped down into the spreading green boughs of a juniper tree that grew out and up from the granite ledge.

For a moment he lay there stun-

(Continued on page 760)

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THE RETURN OF SOLOMON CROSLY

(Continued from page 759)

ned and half-crazed with fear. Then slowly and cautiously, he worked his way in, onto the shelf of rock where he lay for many minutes, too exhausted to think.

Why, he was in his old room at home. Someone was calling his name.

"Sol, get up you lazy bones. Don't you know it's Christmas morning?"

His sister Letty was standing by his bed; his brother Tom was holding something shining and new before his sleepy eyes.

"A gun, a real gun!" he shouted, reaching for it with eager hands.

His hand touched only the cold bare rocks. He closed his eyes with a shudder. Then with shaking hands, he unfastened his belt and buckled his left arm to a gnarled limb of the old tree.

"Hello, Daddy-dunky," a little voice called down at him. His eyes flew open to look up into the sweet face of his own little Carol. She sat with her feet hanging over the ledge—feet in worn-out little shoes, dusty little socks. A pink gingham apron was tied about with a red silk tie. How she loved bright things! Her sunbonnet had fallen down behind so the golden blossoming of curls hung over her shoulders in a silken web. Just so she had run to meet him hundreds of times.

"This little pig has come out to get some grass," she laughed, wriggling her toes until one bare member poked its pink tip between the ragged edges of her shoes. She picked up a handful of leaves and pushed them into the gap. The "pig" responded with deep grunts of appreciation and shrill squeals for more. He laughed aloud until his voice re-echoed from the granite walls.

She leaned toward him, one finger laid upon her laughing lips. "Sh! did you get the dolls?"

"Don't come so close, pet," he begged. "Pa's afraid you might fall."

"But the dolls," she insisted. "Two dolls, for June and Minnie Turner. I want them this long."

She held her hands apart, surveyed the intervening space with a critical eye, extended them again.

"There," she smiled, "As long as that."

She slipped down beside him in spite of his protests. "Now, measure," she commanded

He held up his free arm and she "measured" it from elbow to finger tips. The next moment, she was dancing on the bank above, kissing her hand to him as she flitted out of sight.

He looked about him. Night was coming on. The sun had been down for half an hour, and his legs were growing cold and numb.

Summer? Daisies? The fields were full of them. Molly in a new print dress walked with him through the meadows.

"You'll forgive me, Molly," he begged, catching at her hand.

"Oh, I do forgive you, Sol; I always will."

HE came to himself with a start. It was almost dark. He thought again of that Christmas day when he was twelve. A gun! How he had loved to tramp the hills. His two boys! How he had robbed them of their heritage. And Carol! Had she come to save him, too? Molly—patient, loving, forgiving—was it now too late?

"Oh, Lord!" he prayed. "Don't let me die here with my sins upon me. Give me another chance. Show me the way, Oh, Lord! Show me the way!"

Along the eastern horizon a soft scud of clouds was closing in. A filmy fragment of moon slipped through the intervening space. The clouds shifted and then—he saw the star! There it hung, still and luminous above the peaceful valley. Beneath it lay the Turner acres and his own. Then the clouds closed in, and hid it from his gaze.

He lay for a long time thinking and planning. A snowflake fell upon his cheek—another and another. Then something coarse like tasseled rope slipped across his wrist. He heard an impatient nicker above him. The mare, hearing his half-delirious laughter, had come in dumb inquiry of her master's plight. Though she had the weight of the cedar behind her, she had come.

He caught the dangling halter rope in his hands. Cautiously and with excruciating pain, he slowly drew himself to his feet. With a foothold in the rocks and the rope tied under his arm pits, he made his way up. He lay for a while exhausted and shaken, then with greater effort rousing himself, staggered to his feet.

After endless moments, he har-

Mention the "Era" when you buy these goods or services.

The Return of Solomon Crosley

nessed the team and climbed into the wagon, but not before a second little spruce nestled by the side of the one under the seat. The horses turned their heads willingly homeward, but at the end of the canyon road, he urged them into the highway.

And so it was that over an hour later, the loafers at Pederson's Emporium were startled almost out of their wits, when Solomon Crosley walked unsteadily in. Not once in four years had he crossed that threshold. Now as he stood there, white and haggard, his wet, wind-tossed hair straggling over his weary eyes, he was a sight to frighten anyone. The loafers rose to a man and moved discreetly into the background. Jennie Crane, balancing her cash, cringed behind the counter.

Olaf Pederson, alone, advanced apprehensively. "He iss all dere, poy; noddings to vorry apout," he beamed at the silent circle.

Jennie, reassured, came timidly forward. "Is there anything I can do for you, Solomon?"

"Yes, Jennie, plenty and to spare," he answered. "But first, I want Olaf to make out some papers, givin' John Turner back his pasture and his rights to Granite-Ledge Spring. You're a Notary, Olaf. Swear in two of these men when yer ready. Now boys, heave to it. To every man who helps Jennie, I'll give ten pounds each—candy and nuts, with a dozen oranges to boot."

An orange in the countryside had not yet become an adjunct to the morning meal. It was a name to conjure with, a fruit of the gods. One meant a Christmas treat; a dozen gave the "Midas-touch!"

The men rose with alacrity and stood attention at Jennie's side.

"And now, what?" demanded Jennie. "I've got to have instructions."

Solomon looked at her dumbly for a moment, then thankfully remembered Molly's list in his pocket and gave it to her. Jennie gave her orders like a general. Such a scuffle of feet, crackling of paper, popping of strings! Such a weighing and measuring and counting! Such a peeping into boxes and barrels as they flew back and forth at her

bidding. Trumpets tooted, bells jingled, drums rolled!

Sam Jolly chose the sweaters and caps; Jed Mason chose the shoes and socks; Bert Cameron, because he had worked in a laundry, chose the shirts and ties; Solomon, entirely dominated by Jennie, chose the things for his wife and daughter. Stiff, rheumatic old man Beams, who couldn't work, played the harmonica to a water-glass accompaniment.

At last everything was packed, boxed, or bundled and stowed away in the wagon. Somebody noticed at the last minute there were no presents for the Turner babies and another general scramble ensued. A train, a wagon, a sack of marbles for the biggest; ball and blocks and woolly bear for the middle-sized; an assortment of rattles for little "Brand-new," restored the equanimity of everyone.

Someone had timed the finish to a second. Solomon opened the door to find the team harnessed, the presents covered with the horse blankets, and the men and boys perched along the sides of the wagon box

(Continued on page 762)

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THE RETURN OF SOLOMON CROSBLEY

(Continued from page 761)

with their booty between their knees. At every lane and corner the wagon stopped, and one by one they scuttled away through the snow for home like rabbits running to cover, anxious to begin the dramatic recital of the night's adventures, a tale that would lose nothing in the telling.

He turned into the Turner gate at last. A feeble light shining through the tiny window panes assured him that the family were still awake. Quietly, he stacked the gifts beside the door, went to the window and looked in. A boy of fourteen sat on an old settee vigorously scouring the rusty barrel of an old gun. The father sagged forward in his chair, his long arms dangling lifelessly between his knees. At the table by the light of a single sputtering candle, the mother painted the cheeks of a big rag doll with berry juice.

SOLOMON turned to the pile of presents, selected a long box and knocked vigorously on the door. Without waiting a response, he walked in upon the startled little group. Turner arose, mingled fear and defiance on his pale, drawn face.

"John, I've brought ya back yer land, and the half share to the spring," Solomon said hoarsely, laying the document on the table. The man stood staring like a sleep-walker, unable to adjust to this new thing.

"Get yer wagon greased and in shape," he added. "I'll borrow a team, and we'll haul over yer share of the hay and grain."

He then turned to the boy and taking the old musket gently from his knees, laid the box in its place.

"Here, boy, this will be more to yer strength. Dave and Jim'll be wantin' to hunt jack-rabbits with ya after this storm."

The woman was now on her knees by the chair, sobbing and praying. He slipped a bit of pink paper—half of his savings—between her clasped hands and hurried from the room.

He was scarcely back into the wagon when Turner ran out into the yard waving the check and shouting, "Take back this money, Sol Crosby. The deeds are enough. God bless you, the deeds are enough."

"Go back into the house, John,

or you'll catch your death. You've been a fool long enough."

The horses had no need of urging now; they pushed forward rapidly, only too anxious to reach the shelter of their own dry stalls. Solomon tied the reins to the brake handle and humped forward, his head bent to meet the wind. Suddenly he felt old and useless, sucked dry of all his strength. Though he had ridden on the crest of the wave, he now felt only the backwash of his emotions. Doubts and fears assailed him. Would his own receive him, or would they cast him out?

The horses turned in at the open gates. The light from the kitchen window called him from his stupor. Stopping the team, he hurried forward, only to find the warm, clean room deserted. He looked toward the stables. A great square of mellow light reached out across the snow. He began to run, stumbled and fell, and got up again. The second time he was too weak to rise, but crawled through the slush and mud until he reached the great posts by the door.

Within, a strange sight met his startled gaze. Molly, her face alight with some high purpose, was folding blankets for the saddle bags that hung down on the gray mare. Jim, hatted and coated, was down on his knees splicing the saddle girth with leather thongs. Marty was pouring something steaming and hot into a can and wrapping it carefully against the cold. Dave, dressed like an Eskimo, was already astride the bay—grandfather's ancient musket behind his saddle horn. Little Buddy, yawning and half asleep, sat on a broken box—his little pink pajama legs peeping accusingly from beneath his coat.

"You'll not forget, Marty," Molly spoke at last, drawing on her mittens and placing her toe in the stirrup. "two shots means 'Send more help.' We'll stop at the Corners and get the Cameron boys. Grandma Cameron'll send Jim in on a horse to have the church bells ring; three shots means, 'We've found him.' Fill pans with snow and don't let the fire go down."

Then their eyes met. In an instant she was sobbing in his arms. The children crowded around with reassuring hugs and cries of joy.

"Pa," Dave whispered brokenly, "I'm sorry—I didn't mean—to talk

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The Return of Solomon Crosley

so rude. You oughta slapped me twice."

Marty laid her brown head against his arm. "It's me that's sorry, Pa. I never meant to get so cross and mean."

Solomon looked from one to the other.

"Well," he said at last in an effort to clear the nightmare from his brain, "The team's standin' by the house. Go drive 'em in, boys; bed all the horses down and feed 'em well. And mind ya," he admonished, "Unload the wagon first. Be careful of them two long boxes, fer I've heard tell how water rusts a gun barrel somethin' terrible."

The boys stood like stone for a split second. Then with whoops and shrieks and catwails, turned cartwheels, leaped, and raced toward the house.

"And you, miss," he said, pinching his daughter's tearwet cheeks, "You go see they don't leave out them squarish boxes. Jennie Crane

says old rose silk shows water spots like hog fat. I hope it fits," he called as she started for the door. "Jennie says it's a forty-three—now, maybe it was a thirty-four."

"Why, Pa," she scolded, running back to pinch him playfully on the cheek, "of course it's a thirty-four. It's Grandma Bowles that wears a forty-three."

"And you, Molly, I've things fer you," he whispered, as he gathered Buddy's drowsy little body close within his arms. "But first, I want to tell you, I've deeded Turner back his land and rights, and give him 'boot' besides."

"Oh, Solomon," was all she said; but he saw the faith and trust rekindle in her eyes. Then, as one worthy of a priceless gift, he kissed the little curl behind her ear.

Arm in arm they walked into the night. The storm had ceased and all the stars were out. There, in the gay galaxy hung his star, that, like the one that shone over Bethlehem Town, had led him to a stable door where he had found again that "Peace" of which the angels sang.

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PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

(Continued from page 717)

discovered that they were out of the road and that they would have run me in a ditch with a good chance of turning the buggy and my family out. I led them over the bridge and got in again and drove about half way from Judd's to the Bishop's when my off horse nearly fell down. I got out again and found that the team was again off the road and the horse had slipped in endeavoring to go off the grade. Got in the road and started again. Had not gone far before my other horse nearly fell down. Did not get out but turned to the right and when I got it about where I thought the road was, started on again. I was walking very slowly for fear I might run off a small bridge a short distance west of the Bishop's. As I was driving, not knowing what minute I might upset the buggy and turn my wife and children out, a flash of lightning came and I saw that I was just at the bridge and about to cross all right.

It was twenty minutes to ten when I reached the Bishop's and I had been over an hour coming about three miles. After I got my team in the barn and wife and children to bed I got a lantern and started out to walk about three-quarters of a mile to see if mother and Sister Hale had reached his place in safety. I found they had not come, so we went to Brother Wrathall's and woke him up, and got the team he had come from Quincy with. When we reached Brother Woolley's we learned that the folks were in his house safe and sound.

A LOVER OF RECREATION

BESIDES Church, family, and business, Father had many other interests. As a young man he had played baseball until his ambition of being on a championship team was reached. After his marriage there are occasional references to an informal game, such as the entry of March 21, 1881:

Monday, played baseball until dinner time. Dinner with Brother Gowans. Took the train for Salt Lake.

His journal reveals that he went

to the theater whenever he could, sometimes when he could see only a fraction of the play although he seldom gave the name of the play. Among the plays he mentions are: "A Man of the People," "The Banker's Daughter," "Rosedale," and "Under the Gas Lights."

He liked to shoot with his friends; he admired fine horses, and he owned one. A few paragraphs show this picture:

Saturday, December 25. Christmas. Met Clayton and Jos. Barlow at office. Went to shooting gallery with them—waxed them both. Spent the afternoon at Mother Stringham's. Evening attended the theater, "Pique," by Home Dramatic Co.

Wednesday, February 9. Office all day. Apostle Lyman called. Mrs. E. I. Young sent Grant and Clayton some oysters. Evening went to Jake Heusser's shooting gallery with Morgan Grant, J. F. Wells, and N. W. Clayton and "did some considerable shooting." The last five shots were for an oyster supper. J. F. W. lost. Had oysters at Jim Dinwoodey's.

Monday, January 24. Stopped over night with Geo. Atkin. Spent a pleasant evening talking. Geo. Jr. played a waltz and schottish and his sister and I danced.

Wednesday, Mar. 9. Bank all day. Attended an entertainment in Social Hall in the evening. It was for the benefit of the 18th Ward new meeting house and Sunday School. Farce of "My Wife's Bonnet," and operetta in two acts, "A Capital Joke." Performance was a good one.

Wednesday, March 30. Took the 5:05 train for my brother Hyrum's to get my horse, Frank Rand. We left Woods Cross at 7 o'clock. About a mile from my brother's house the horse became frightened at a fire in the road and ran at a lively rate with us for about one-eighth of a mile, broke the front spring of the buggy, but as it was quite dark we did not discover it until the next morning. Brother Clayton and I certainly had cause to be thankful that the spring had not come down on us . . . We traveled about nine and a half miles after the accident.

Wednesday, April 13. I took a buggy

THE NATIVE BLOOD

(Continued from page 723)

Eltceessie, with her long full skirt indispensable to the modest nature of every Navajo girl, glided nimbly through the brush in spite of this hobbling handicap. Nature had given her feet and limbs to run, it had given her hands and heart to work on and on and on with never a thought of quitting till the task was finished. Her sun-faded hair, tied in a little bob at the back of her head with a cotton string, and her black velvet shirt, were a proud part of her necessary appearance.

Her round, childish face was the most pleasing feature in all Peejo's dreary vision of brush and sand. From the monotony of gray hills and dry ravines his eyes wandered

ever back to hers as the one relief in the heartless landscape. With the blood of game ancestors in his boyish veins, he scorned to let the little shepherdess even dream he was still weak from fighting with the monster which had destroyed his father's family. It was the red pulse of splendid invincibility and nothing else that was bringing him slowly back to his former fitness. He should have been resting still on the sheepskin by the fire. But not he—not Peejo to sit meekly where Yoinsnez could frown the same hateful challenge he had frowned at Husteele because he knew Husteele was a better man than he himself!

(To be Continued)

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Portrait of a Young Man

ride in evening. . . While riding we met Thos. W. Jennings, and his friend Henry Tribe from Ogden. Thomas had his \$500.00 horse. We gave him a little trot; found no difficulty in walking away with his "fast or high stepper."

In looking over Father's letter books of 1880 and 1881, I find more personal letters to his cousin, Anthony W. Ivins, than to any one else. Despite their living so far apart they kept in close touch with one another. In one of these letters he speaks of his horse:

September 24, 1881

Dear Cousin Tony:

I received yours of the 19th inst. yesterday. Pleased to learn that you are all well. With the exception of slight coughs we are well. I certainly hope you will find that mine you are hunting for. I would not object to having you locate a few hundred thousand feet for me, provided of course that none of the ore went less than the piece you assayed. I must confess I have never had much faith in mines, but then I had unbounded faith in Vinegar Works, and I trust for your sake that I shall not be as badly off on mines as I have been in vinegar.

You wrote me that you expected to visit Salt Lake in October. Have you given up coming? The Fair starts next Monday week. Come along, old boy. I am sure you will live just as long if you should stop hard work long enough to make a visit. There is going to be a race between my horse and three others, October 6. Should like to have you see it. Hyrum made the race while I was in Idaho.

Driving Park Association gives the first horse \$50; the second horse \$50. Each horse puts up \$50, all to go to the first horse. Hyrum is living on the track, works the horse night and morning. He feels confident of success. The horse ran away with him in a sulky about ten days ago and if he had not had presence of mind enough to drop the lines and throw his weight on the sulky-wheel which was in the air, he might have got a broken neck, leg, or something else, I am almost afraid that that horse will kill someone before he gets off my hands.

Lucy sends love to yourself and Libbie, and all her friends and relatives.

With best wishes for yourself and all of the folks, I remain, your cousin,

H. J. Grant

The following entry shows that Father took his part in other types of activity:

Monday, July 4. At 10 o'clock went to the meeting house with family. The following program was carried out: Singing, choir prayer, Ben Chaplin and Thos. Lee, Sr.; singing, E. Bowman and assistants; reading of the Declaration of Independence, H. J. Grant; oration by Lysander Gee; Declaration, Shamus O'Brien, H. J. Grant; song, H. S. Gowans; speech, John Rowberry; singing, E. Bowman and assistants, and music by Martial Band was interspersed between speeches. Ben Chaplin, T. A. Atkins, Sr.

(Continued on page 767)

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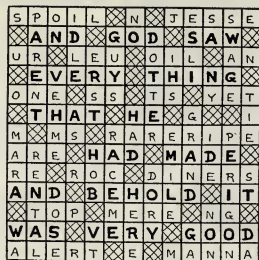
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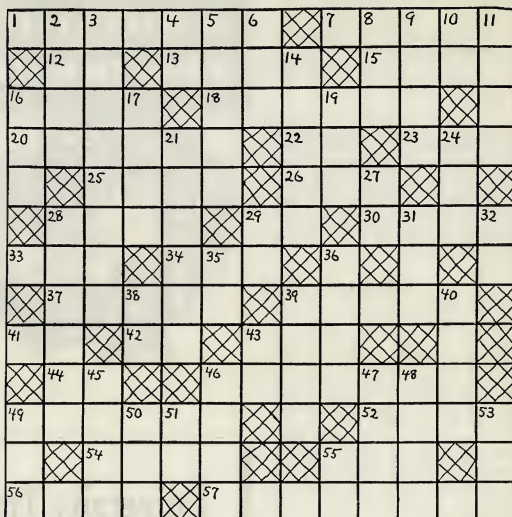
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ACROSS

- 1 Work
7 The wife successively of two sons of Judah Gen. 38: 6
12 "And he wrote . . . the tables"
13 "which I command thee . . . day"
15 "The Lord is on my . . ."
16 The true olives
18 He shows trained skill
20 The one river of Palestine
22 "which I speak . . . your ears"
23 "Hear, O Israel, . . . statutes"
25 "Israel is an empty . . ." Hos. 10: 1
26 Enemy
28 "behold the . . . of Canaan"
29 "all the words . . . this law"
30 Son of the eldest daughter of 33 across Gen. 19: 37
33 Nephew of Abram Gen. 12: 5
34 "A land wherein thou shalt . . . bread without any scarceness"
37 "then . . . men to call upon the name of the Lord"
39 "And . . . called all Israel, and said unto them"
41 Note; state
42 ". . . the first day of the month"
43 River (Sp.)
44 "talked with you face . . . face"
46 "I will . . . the decree"
49 ". . . therefore in your hearts"
52 Body of mineral
54 "Ye have dwelt long enough in . . . mount"
55 "all the words of this . . . to do them"
56 System of weights
57 Oil
Our Text from Deuteronomy is 12, 13, 15, 20, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30, 37, 39, 44, 46, 54, and 55 combined

DOWN

- 2 Game
3 Weaken
4 "as it is . . . this day"
5 Attendant; neath (anag.)
6 Goddess of healing (Teut. Myth.)
8 Animal that spoke to Balaam
9 Kind of glove
10 Bad ending
11 Interpret; reversed, a town of Judah Josh. 15: 21
14 "For I know thy rebellion and thy . . . neck"
16 Oasis (Southwestern U. S.)
17 Masculine name Neh. 10: 16
19 Daughter of Cadmus (Gr. Myth.)
21 Relating to certain mountains
24 Babylonian deity
27 Printer's measure
28 Having rounded divisions
29 Part of the Bible
31 Unfold
32 "when thou walkest . . . the way"
35 Article in Canaan
36 "The . . . hath said in his heart, 'There is no God'"
38 ". . . in and possess the land"
39 ". . . that mar the land"
40 "tithes all the increase of thy . . ."
43 Note
45 Attar
46 Pulpit
47 ". . . for the day!"
48 English poet; wore (anag.)
49 "I have . . . the land before you"
50 "and with all . . . might"
51 Long Island
53 "the mother of all living"
55 "and, . . . , I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN

(Continued from page 765)

A FRIEND AND A MAKER OF FRIENDS

As I view the picture of Father's life as revealed by his writing, I am impressed by the many expressions of deep gratitude for the kindness of the Saints, and his appreciation for the fine men who helped him in his work. No one could have been more solicitous than was Apostle Francis M. Lyman, who preceded him as stake president. He, more than any other friend, realized what it meant to Father to be called into a strange stake to preside, for Brother Lyman's home had been in Millard when a similar call had come to him. Father tells of the wise counsel Brother Lyman always gave him. President Lyman advised him to begin keeping a journal. He persuaded Father to grow a beard, telling him it would make him look older and more dignified. Father comments on Brother Lyman:

Sunday, Jan. 9, 1881. At 10 o'clock met with Brother Lyman in the vestry of the meeting house to organize the prayer circles. Brother Lyman gave a great amount of good instruction, asked the brethren many questions before they could be received in the circle. A good spirit prevailed. In fact I have never attended a meeting before in my life at which I felt so happy and contented.

Those instructions on prayer, briefly summarized in the "Journal of H. J. Grant" are well worth recalling and perpetuating:

Must sustain authorities of Church and stake.

Have fellowship with each other. Be willing to keep commandments of the Lord.

Must not let hard feelings come between you—fix matter up before the sun shall go down.

Clean, pure, and holy. Clean in body and mind—Room clean. No strong drink. Tobacco not to be used. No joking, nonsense, light-mindedness, or frivolity.

Pray in earnest—no wandering of mind. Fill heart with his word. Pray for each other and all Church and local authorities.

For young people to check hoodlumism and become prepared to hold the Priesthood.

Spirit of Lord much more sensitive than we and more easily offended.

When we come properly, prayer ascends with concentration and unity that cannot be denied.

Do not have set form of prayer or speech, speak the sentiments of your heart. Change the prayers at home. Repeated over and over family get tired. Children will drink in the spirit of your prayers.

Refrain from anger. Devoted to interest of education not only in letters, art, and science but in theology. Live to have spirit of Lord at all times, so that prayers may be answered.

Ask God to judge. Forgive everybody, so that you may be forgiven.

Even when Father was in his office in Salt Lake, Brother Lyman would drop in for a brief visit, or go to the home of Father's mother for a meal or to spend the night.

Hugh Gowans, Thos. W. Lee, John Rowberry, Jas. Wrathall, Bishops Atkins and Hunter, and so many others that it is scarcely fair to mention names, were to the end of their lives among Father's staunchest and dearest friends. And he was their friend, giving service whenever needed. His journal of July, 1881, records an instance:

Wednesday, July 20. Got up at 6 a. m. and went to the office. I endeavored to find some one going to Grantsville, as I wished to send Sister Hunter some medicine that I should have sent her while in Tooele. Failed to find anyone so I took the 4:55 train for Lake Point, having first telegraphed Brother Gowans to have my team meet me. Was met by Richard Lyman. We drove to Grantsville, found Sister Hunter very bad. I sat up with her until 1 a. m. Gave her medicine every hour. She felt much better when I retired.

Father's journal shows that he attended Sunday School and Mutual almost every week. He had been in office a month when he writes:

Sunday, November 29, E. T. City. Attended Sunday School and afternoon meeting—also attended the Y. M. M. I. A. in the evening. Spoke at each meeting and at Sunday School. Spoke 25 minutes at the afternoon meeting which was about twice as long as I ever spoke at any one time before in my life.

The call to be a stake president had made a great change in Father's life, but he put his whole soul into the work, and from it reaped dividends of joy. At the end of the first year he writes:

The year has been one of prosperity, health and happiness to myself and family. I have been greatly blessed and feel truly grateful to God for His kindness to me and mine. I hope to continue faithful, so as to merit a continuation of His goodness to me and mine.

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Your Page and Ours

LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

Good is an adjective and is used to modify either nouns or pronouns: He had a good time; she is a good girl; I feel good about that.

Well is an adverb and is used to modify a verb; and it is also an adjective and may modify a noun or pronoun: He did his work well (adverb); he is well (adjective); she looks well in that dress (adjective).

TO THE EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS OF THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

I wish to express my appreciation to you for the splendid reading matter that comes to the Latter-day Saints each month in the *Era*, including the fine articles written by our leaders who are inspired to give us the things we need in the day in which we live.

May the magazine get better as it has in the past is the sincere desire of your brother—

William H. Young,
Route No. 4, Box 310,
Tucson, Arizona.

FROM THE "FIRING LINE"

Valdemarsgade 2
Aalborg, Denmark

I THINK I'll take this opportunity to express the appreciation of all the missionaries here for *The Improvement Era* which we receive with much joy every month. We look forward to its coming with much anticipation. I appreciate the help and instructions we receive from its pages. We only wish that we could have it translated into the Danish language so that our Saints here could receive the same wonderful encouragement and instruction. Please accept our hearty congratulations for the fine work you are doing. The *Era* is truly "The Voice of the Church" and a "Magazine for Every Member of the Family."

Most sincerely yours,
Don R. Christensen.

FROM ONE OF US "OUT THERE"

September 17, 1938.

Brethren:

THIS program of the Church is so extensive and is moving forward so rapidly that it is impossible to keep in intelligent touch with it without the *Era*.

It is at once a necessity and inspiration.

Enclosed herewith is my check for two dollars (\$2.00) for which please renew my subscription. Please send the magazine to my residence:

Indianapolis, Indiana.

With best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Ernest E. Owens.

CERTAINLY NO WORSE

Landlady: "I think you had better board elsewhere."

Boarder: "Yes, I often had."

Landlady: "Often had what?"

Boarder: "Had better board elsewhere."

Politician: "Congratulate me, Dear: I got the nomination."

Wife: "Honestly!"

Politician: "Why bring that up?"

—Selected.

GOOD TURN

Boy Scout (to elderly lady): "May I accompany you across the street, madam?"

Elderly Lady: "Certainly, sonny. How long have you been waiting here for somebody to take you across?"

OUT OF ORDER

Impatient Customer: "Can't you wait on me? Two pounds of liver. I'm in a hurry."

Butcher: "Sorry, Madam, but two or three are ahead of you. You surely don't want your liver out of order!"

NAMING THE BABY



Impatient Man (outside telephone booth): "Can I help you find the number you want?"

Young Woman (sweetly): "Oh, I don't want a number. I'm looking for a pretty name for my baby."—Selected.

Hill: "So tomorrow is your wedding anniversary. What do you expect to get for your wife?"

Gill: "I don't know. I haven't had any offers."

SUPPLY AND DEMAND

Teacher: "Who is the smartest man living?"

Pupil: "Thomas A. Edison—he invented the phonograph and improved the radio so people would stay up all night and use his electric light bulbs."

DAD KNOWS

"Dad, when has a man horse sense?"

"When he can say, 'nay, my son.'"

FICTION NOTE

All fairy tales do not begin with, "Once upon a time," some begin, "I'll be working late at the office."

SOLD OUT

"I see you are always at the bottom of the class—can't you get another place?"

"No! All the others are taken."

HOW ABOUT DURING?

"When is the best time to see Mr. Smith?"

"Well, that's hard to say. He's grouchy until he has his lunch, and afterward he has indigestion."

First Golfer: "What is your handicap?"

Second Golfer: "A wife and eight children."

—Selected.

THE REAL BANDIT

Bob: "I hear they caught one of those hotel robbers."

Job: "That so? What hotel did he run?"



456,280 PEOPLE VOTED FOR KSL and the DESERET NEWS

The Deseret News, fostering development of amateur entertainment, chose KSL as the medium to publicize a "Search for Talent Contest". In thirty weeks, 456,280 people voted for their favorite amateurs!

That's response! Votes came from sixteen states and Canada. Many of the 1640 contestants auditioned for the program found employment through the contest. The Deseret News made friends. The program provided entertainment.

So successful was the program idea, that the Deseret News now continues the "Search for Talent" on a larger scale than ever before. Both professionals and amateurs compete. Utah's progressive afternoon newspaper offers cash, a trip to Hollywood and other honors for contestants.

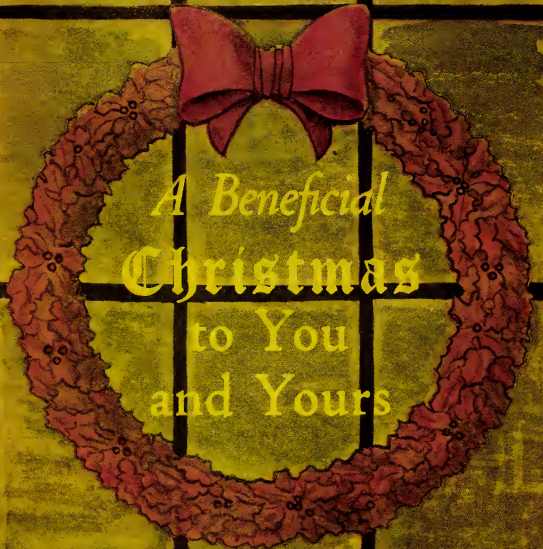
You, again, decide the winners! Tune to the Deseret News "Search for Talent" program . . . Saturdays at 6 p. m.



Above, part of the capacity crowd of 2400 witnessing "Search for Talent" finals in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall. Below, amateur clarinetists play to both the visible and unseen audience as other contestants wait for their microphone appearance. Ralph Hardy, announcer, is standing. Wilby D. Ham, Deseret News program producer is seated, center, and Gene Halliday, KSL Music Director is seated at the extreme top.

KSL

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the Columbia Broadcasting
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