

The Improvement

ERA



AUGUST, 1935

Volume 38 Number 8

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AN INSTITUTIONAL MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF
SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

OUR INLAND SEA

By IDA REES

O briny tears,
O bitter heart!

You brood upon the glory of the past
When many valleys held your volume vast,
When ocean-waves pulsated on your sand,
The broad Pacific reached to you her hand.

O silent tears,
O lonely heart!

For time has shrunk the measure of your tide,
Has drawn your shoreline down the mountainside,
Has fettered you in arid saline shore,
Embittering your waters evermore.

O endless tears,
O sacrificial heart!

In giving up your ancient worldly dream,
And drawing to your soul ambition's beam,
Receding, you make room; arises there
An empire—happy homes and temples fair.

O crystal tears,
O purifying heart!

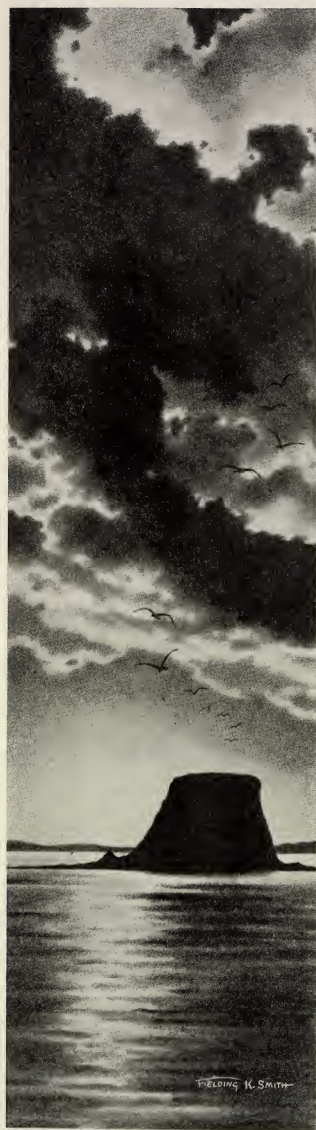
You sheath each mean, disfiguring bit of blight
In arabesque of crystalline delight;
Your treasured hoard you freely give away
To cleanse the rot, the canker, the decay.

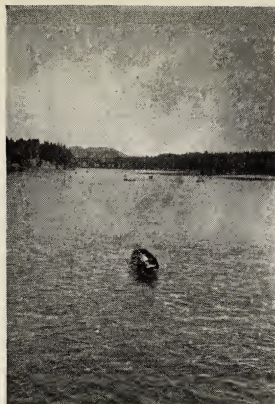
O precious tears,
O understanding heart!

One lone white sail upon your limpid blue
Is more than world horizon's wide-swept view—
Your path of moonlit ripples to the shore
More glamorous than the golden fleece of yore.

O prised tears,
O glorifying heart!

The lingering sun anear the western hills
On opalescent grace its splendor spills,
Your diamond-studded loveliness will wed
To all the burnished radiance overhead.





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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations and Department of Education

Published monthly by the
GENERAL BOARDS OF THE
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT
ASSOCIATIONS

George O. Morris, *General Mgr.*
Clarissa A. Beasley, *Associate Mgr.*
J. K. Orton, *Business Mgr.*

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL
OFFICES:
50 North Main Street, Salt Lake
City, Utah

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Mutual Improvement Association
Corporation of the Church of Jesus
Christ of Latter-day Saints. All
rights reserved. Subscription price,
\$2.00 a year, in advance; 20c single
copy.

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

The Improvement Era

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Purpose

TODAY I saw a picture of the new monument which adorns the summit of the Hill Cumorah in New York State. It was in the rotogravure section of the *New York Times*, probably the most outstanding newspaper in the world today. The presence of that picture in that great daily was a testimony to the force of purpose.

When Joseph Smith announced the event which this monument commemorates, a little over a hundred years ago, he was a mere boy living in a rural community with his parents as thousands of other boys have lived. But that event gave the boy a great purpose in life. He knew, at last, what he wished to do and spent the remaining years of his life in a grand effort to do it.

The people of New York forced him from the state. His name was anathema to many; his vision just a hoax. He, however, never wavered. He did not say, "I've done my best; it can't be done."

Now a grateful people has erected the monument on the hill and the *New York Times* is publicizing the fact. There will be columns of news printed of the occasion—some for, some against, but the same purpose which placed the monument there, will continue to be potent.

Purpose, at last, chains the forces of the world.

A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

By
The Late
WILLIAM
A. HYDE

(Former President of Pocatello
Stake)

A SAYING of a wise man caught my eye. It sank into my mind as words sometimes do, and commenced to germinate. Said I, "Here is a seed thought, let me cultivate it, and it may bring profitable meditation. Straightway I set it down, and here it is: "The purpose of life is to believe, not what the hours, but what the years and the centuries say." Thought I, this has the simplicity and the soundness of scripture. In its depths, there may be much comfort. It will help me to have the right perspective of life. It will show me the value of distance in making up the beauty of a scene—the advantage of keeping my eyes ahead instead of upon the unlovely things at my feet. Then I began to put down in order the various ends to which my thought was leading me, and straightway a score or more of men and women came flocking to me out of history to furnish me proof for my argument. "I must close my record to all but a few," I said regretfully, and here they follow.

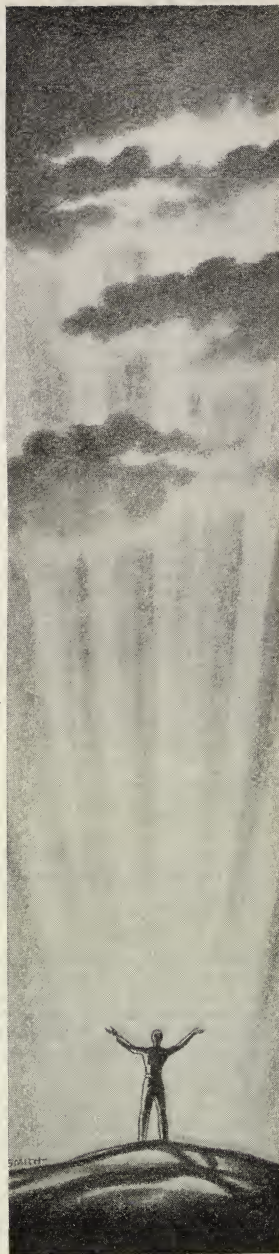
Joseph the son of Jacob, for his virtue was cast into prison. He lay in a dark dungeon, in privation and loneliness except for the malefactors and evil men around him. Here, for ought anyone knew, was to terminate a life that had much promise for this dreamer.

To those who knew only the superficial circumstances, what did this hour say?

That virtue is not profitable. That if one is to succeed, he must make obeisance to power, and not listen to his conscience. As we know history, what do the centuries say?

That virtue is a highway to the favor of God. That upon one great act world history may be built. That a generation was established upon this man's merit. That his family banner should be carried by worthy men down to the latest day, and that his life has colored the history of the world.

One who had within him the essence of divinity, walked the hills



LIFE

of Palestine. He seemed merely a man among men. He had not so much a home, as the "foxes had holes, or the birds of the air had nests." He preached the new doctrine of love, as against the old one of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." He made friends of the poor, and enemies of many of the rich and powerful. He came, bruised and beaten and spit upon, to ignominious death between thieves, with but a few friends weeping out their sorrow around him.

To the jeering, as well as to the mourning witnesses, what did that fateful hour say?

That it is not profitable to set one's self up against established customs and traditions. That lofty thoughts cannot be depended upon to beat down the granite walls of prejudice. That a wholesome philosophy of life cannot safely run counter to the passions and prejudices of men in power. That there is small comfort to bleed on a cross, when your followers turn again to their fishing.

As we know them, what do twenty centuries say?

That unnumbered ages before, the Son had his eye on Calvary. That a God descended and rose again, to sit on the right hand of power. That one who created the world came to save and redeem it. That sacrifice of self will win a crown. That faith is the great necessity in a world of doubt. That countless millions from that fateful hour have more or less clearly seen the light ahead. That where a few men and women wept upon that desolate hill, thousands would cheerfully give their lives to add to that mission and sacrifice.

Many have suffered by torture and burning, because they had the courage to think independently—refusing to follow the beaten path of error.

What did the hour say of such?

It is dangerous to liberate the mind. Others have thought for you, at your peril you disagree.

Yet the centuries have canonized Galileo, Bruno, and Luther, and a hundred others who dared

IN PERSPECTIVE

to exercise the right to think and speak.

OUT of the back woods came a boy who had the courage to ask of God a direct, specific question. God heard him as he hears all faith, and from the heavens revealed himself and his Son, and made answer. With child-like obedience Joseph Smith set himself to do the will of the Father and the world opposed him. He was called a dreamer, a trickster, a scoundrel, and for the remainder of his life was harassed as few men have been. Assaulted, hounded, beaten, imprisoned, and finally slain, while his dazed and bewildered followers stood helpless.

Before an incredulous world, what was the verdict of that hour?

That one cannot see the unseeable. That one cannot have verbal answer from God. That you cannot set up divine authority against accepted thought. It was the old warfare of the Eastern world, revived upon this land of liberty.

To nearly a half million followers, what does the century say?

That a universal man had come upon earth's scene. That mobs cannot still the voice of the Almighty. That men had rejected a philosophy of saving power. That a light had come into the world that the clouds of error could not dim. That a saving force had come to bring about the regeneration of the world.

The church that this man led was momentarily stunned by the tragedy. It was left to pursue, unled for the time, its hazardous and imperiled way. The bones of many of its people bleached upon the plains. Like its founder it was buffeted and smitten. It was ostracised from among the family of accepted Christian churches. Its name was anathema in all lands, and at times, harpies gloated over its impending destruction.

But to us, who remain upon the stage to bear the work, what does the century say?

That truth is indestructible. That the authority of God may exist quietly and potently among

men. That a man from the farm or the work shop may come to wear the mantle of an apostle or a prophet. That a desert with divine help is kinder than a mob. That temples grow out of the ashes of martyrs. That the Holy Spirit is perennial and life giving. That the growth of the kingdom is but the evolving of principles, the whole of which are in the mind of God, and yet to come.

AS for you and me, as the hours strike, one after another, what do they say?

I am weary—I am disappointed—I am nearly discouraged. This has been a sorrowful day for me, I stood at the grave of a friend. Today I was sorely tempted. Today a man pressed me for the payment of a debt. Today I was misunderstood. My troubles never come singly, "it never rains but it pours." I am very tired.

When we come to see the whole of our lives what shall we say?

Life has been an up-hill climb, but the view is splendid at the summit. The important thing is that I am not in the valley below but upon the mountain top. That patience has been more than half of my faith. That I have choice friends with me now and on ahead. That love is the great law. That obedience to God is not servility. That in my travels I have carried my treasures with me—they are in my mind and heart. That I have battled and striven, I have honest scars my body will testify. Surely this has been a good life, and its pains are not the least valuable.

What does the hour say about our work in the church?

People are slow to learn. They will not bear responsibility. I do not seem to see the results that should come from days of study and work. Why should I give up the joys of life that other people have, to serve the unappreciative?

These are things we sometimes say. What is the answer that the generation gives?

Today I saw a boy who was hard to manage in my Sunday School class. He has grown to be

a strong, energetic man. He is now doing the work I did in my prime. He laughed when he recounted his pranks. Something I once said, lodged in the heart of a young man, set him to thinking; today he told me of it and his eye beamed gratitude. There is an ebb and flow in the tide of our work, but the mark is ever higher. Our methods are improving and I am sure that there is inspiration at the helm, and I am content.

LEST there be a hidden weakness in my text, let me strengthen it with another: "This moment or this hour only, belongs to me, the years and the centuries are in the hands of God."

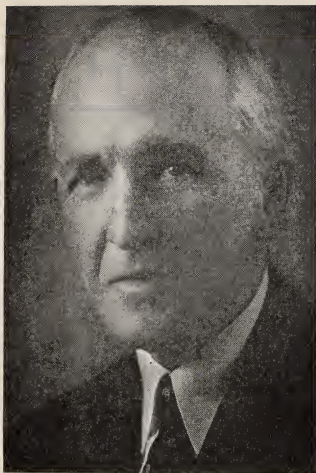
This breath I draw—this hour I live, is mine through the gift of providence. I can lay claim to no other. I have taken the torch from the hand of someone who has preceded me. It is for me to bear it, this hour that I live. Before this world was peopled the foundation was laid for the church of God. All who have come and have had the will to do, have had their part to perform. Higher and higher, this edifice, planned by divine architects, has grown. Happy should I be if I am permitted to put one stone in the wall. This moment or this hour that God has given me, I must not waste. This hour only is mine, I must use it in building.

And what is there in those centuries ahead?

Only the Father knows. This we may assuredly believe, that he who formed the earth and rolled it forth into space and said "it is good," will see it renewed as a celestial sphere, and will look upon it and say, "it is perfect." And it shall be given to those who have endured and overcome, and it shall be their eternal habitation.

Let me then have faith and patience to wait upon the Lord.

Let me have energy and spirit to take the place allotted me in the divine program—happy, and esteeming myself greatly favored if I am permitted to serve, and perhaps to suffer.



GOVERNOR HENRY HOOPER BLOOD

*"All the world's a stage,
And all men and women merely
players."*

GOVERNOR HENRY H. BLOOD, Utah's governor, who assumed office Jan. 2, 1933, at the State Capitol, is the seventh governor of the Bee-Hive State. No sooner had the echo of the Governor's words died away than a battery of the 145th Field Artillery saluted with seventeen guns, and the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" formed a fitting climax to the oath of office taken by the chief executive that he would support, obey, and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of this State, and discharge his duties with fidelity. No man ever took office who was more sincere in this oath and no man ever worked harder to continue to make the beautiful oasis in the desert continue to "blossom as the rose."

To paint a word picture of Governor Blood is a difficult task, for humility marks his every move. An unassuming man, he is, who talks but little except upon special occasion, and thinks much. The story of the "wise owl" is very applicable to the man who rose from farmer boy to the highest position of honor in the state.

As Shakespeare says "thereby hangs a tale," so going back to biographical history, let's start at the beginning. Henry Hooper

UTAH'S G

The road is open from the farm home or the city dwelling to the Governor's chair and Henry H. Blood has climbed it all the way. As boy and man he served his Church as well as his state and was rewarded by both by being chosen for positions of trust and responsibility. In his home town was a girl—she too, served an supported her playmate, sweetheart, husband, stake president and Governor.

Blood was born in Kaysville, Davis County, Utah, Oct. 1, 1872, the son of William Blood and Jane Wilkie Hooper. His father had immigrated to America for the Gospel's sake with two hundred and ten saints in the good ship "Fanny" and arrived in Nauvoo, January 23, 1844. Three weeks after Governor Blood's father arrived in the West, a youngster of only four years, his father, William Blood, Sr., died, leaving the mother with three small children to support. Driven from Nauvoo, they settled in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and in 1849 started for the Rocky Mountains, arriving in October. The next year found William at Kaysville, where he started a career on the farm. His schooling was limited and he grew to manhood through the university of hard knocks. Governor Blood's mother, Jane Wilkie Hooper, was a child of 8 when she, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hooper, arrived in Utah, settling in Kaysville, and

later removing to the vicinity of Ogden. Success followed the pioneer couple who were among the founders of Davis County. Governor Blood is one of their ten children, all of whom are still living.

WITH this introduction to the sturdy pioneer progenitors of Utah's Governor, let us return to the subject of this sketch. Sixty-two years ago at Kaysville near midnight October 1, as previously stated, a boy was born. A few hours later in the same block on the same street a girl was born. These two children, now very much in the public eye, grew up together, were baptized, and became members of the L. D. S. Church on the same day, went to Sunday School together, and strange to say as a friend put it, "were married on the same day in the same church," and have been real sweethearts ever since.

If ever the story "Added Upon" were given real exemplification, here is a real case of a love that has lasted throughout time and promises to last through all eternity.

The girl in this case is Mrs. Blood (Minnie A. Barnes), who is now the first lady of the state. She also came of pioneer stock, and the name of John R. Barnes, her father, will ever live in Davis County history. So inextricably have the lives of Governor and Mrs. Blood been intertwined from earliest childhood, that to relate the story of Governor Blood's triumphs without paying tribute to his valiant wife, would be telling only half the story.

OUT of the love for his wife, his home and his children, Governor Blood has drawn the moti-



GOVERNOR BLOOD AT THE AGE OF 2

OVERNOR

By HAROLD H. JENSON

vating power of tireless effort which has made no hours too long. His secretaries are never surprised night or day when a special early morning or midnight call is made to come to work. In fact, work has been the secret of success of Utah's executive.

His boyhood days were spent working early and late on a farm in Kaysville. He had ambitions, though secretly, for he kept them always to himself. He was ever trying to fit himself to whatever task the day brought. His love for his Church has been outstanding and service since youth won him later in life, the position of president of the North Davis Stake, after serving as bishop, Y. M. M. I. A. president and Sunday School superintendent. He had been baptized by his father October 23, 1880, and came up through the priesthood, serving when a boy as president of a Deacons' Quorum.

In 1901 he was called on a mis-

sion to Great Britain, laboring first as president of the Grimsby Conference and later as president of the London Conference. He served at that time under the direction of President Francis M. Lyman, leaving Utah on the same train with President Lyman and returning nearly three years later, Feb. 1, 1904, with Elder Lyman. Upon his return home he taught school for one year at the Brigham Young College at Logan, Cache County, Utah, and then launched forth on a business career, forsaking school teaching.

In June, 1905, he was given the position of secretary, treasurer and manager of the Kaysville Milling Company, a position which won him many friends for his keen judgment. Later, in 1911, he organized the Utah-Idaho Millers' and Grain Dealers' Association. He was tutored in business training by John R. Barnes, for whom he worked in the Kaysville Co-op.



MRS. MINNIE BARNES BLOOD, FIRST LADY OF THE STATE

in earlier life. Soon the Barnes Banking Company made him a director. He also became president and director in the Union State Bank in Bountiful, director and chairman of the executive committee of Clearfield State Bank at Clearfield, Utah, director of the Kaysville Co-operative Mercantile Institution, secretary, treasurer and director of the Kaysville Livestock Company, the Kaysville Stock and Dairy Company, director of Z. C. M. I. and of other companies. On March 20, 1917, he was appointed by Governor Simon Bamberger as a member of the Public Utilities Commission of the State of Utah. Later he headed the State Road Commission.

AS member and chairman of the State Road Commission he made countless friends, and gave Utah's roads careful and studious attention, helping improve many of the highways and byways, which never otherwise would have been built. His rise to governorship came almost unexpectedly. In fact, he has never sought office. Some have honors thrust upon them and seemingly this was the case, for Governor Blood was chosen almost at the last minute, a "dark horse" as it were, and carried the state by a big majority. He has taken his office very seriously and has been deliberate in his judgment, a characteristic



GOVERNOR AND MRS. HENRY H. BLOOD AND FAMILY

of a man who never makes a move without thought of what the reaction will be on his fellowmen. He even retains friends though opinions may differ. Governor Blood's life is not all work and no play. He has a hobby and this is studying history, poetry and writing. Instead of golf, his keenest enjoyment is to get a book, forgetting worries of state, with such writers as Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Whitman, Emerson, or ancient or medieval history, and he loves music, drama and art. As a young man he headed the Kaysville Home Dramatic Club, and played leading man, while his wife played leading lady in amateur plays. He is also interested in genealogical work, although his time is so limited he cannot give time to it.

As a youth Governor Blood had journalistic aspirations, taking a correspondence course in journalism, later writing for the Salt Lake papers, among them the old *Salt Lake Herald*, the *Salt Lake Tribune* and the *Deseret News*.

THE blood of the Bloods holds a record for splendid health and longevity. Although not a robust-looking man, Governor Blood can stand the gaff when many much stronger men go under, for he does not lack in stickto-itiveness. He comes of a family noted for longevity. In addition to Governor Blood his father and mother had four boys and five girls, all of whom are still living, the baby of the family being 47 and the eldest 71. In a total of 144 births extending over a period of 70 years there has never been an adult death. All of the deaths totaling 12 have been children, a record said to be remarkable in the annals of American health statistics.

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The immediate family of Governor Blood consists of two sons and two daughters. The sons are Dr. Russell H. Blood, of Philadelphia and Alan B. Blood, engaged in banking business in Kaysville. Hazel, the eldest daughter, is now Mrs. David J. Ellison and lives in Salt Lake. Evelyn, the youngest daughter, unmarried, is a student at the University of Utah, greatly interested like her father and mother in dramatics. There is one grandchild, the son of Dr. Russell H. Blood and his wife, who was the former Lou Jean McKay, daughter

Church, his love for the "only sweetheart he has ever known," and above all his love for his God, his family, and his state, working early and late to make Utah share in the headline place she has always taken among the sister states of the west; a friend to all, both rich and poor, without prejudice and with charity for all.

The fact that he was chosen president of the Western Association of Highway Officials in 1927, a position he held until 1931, when he resigned to enable him to take on greater duties as President of

the American Association of State Highway Officials, shows that even those outside his own state, appreciate his service in remembering what he did to build up western roads; in 1929 he was elected regional vice-president of the American Association of State Highway Officials. In 1930 he was made president of this organization consisting of hundreds of road officials

and engineers from every state in the Union.

Since his inauguration, Governor Blood has been made chairman of the Western Governor's conference, which embraces the eleven western states. He still holds that position.

The end is not yet, for like many other Utah officials, Governor Blood will be heard from in other honored positions, ecclesiastical and otherwise.



THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION ROOM, UTAH STATE CAPITOL

of President and Mrs. David O. McKay.

In summarizing the characteristics of Utah's governor, there is one dominant trait outstanding, and that is honesty. Even at the age of 21 when elected city recorder and reelected for several terms, later as county treasurer of Davis County from 1897 to 1901 and minute clerk of the state senate since 1901, to the time he was chosen a member of the Public Utilities Board, and then head of the State Road Commission, not one scandal or dishonest thing has marred his good name.

He stands firm in his convictions, a stalwart defender of what he thinks is right, fearless and unashamed to admit his love for his



THE SHATTERED MIRROR

By

BLANCHE STOCKDALE BURR

Hozo was a Navajo maid with much of the Navajo superstition in her. All of us, perhaps, do a little mirror shattering occasionally.



HOZO

THE beads on Mrs. Moore's dressing table were as red and as round as the sun when it set out in the painted desert, Hozo, the Navajo girl, thought. She wanted them immensely. Her first impulse was to snatch them and hide them quickly in her pocket. But she knew that would be stealing, for they were Mrs. Moore's beads.

Then there was something else that stood between her and the beads—a picture that was an ideal painted deeply in her memory—the vision of a beautiful building with walls tall and white as the sandstone cliffs of the painted desert. For the past year Hozo had been trying to live so that she would be worthy to enter inside this house and she knew that the theft of the beads would render her ineligible.

Nearly every afternoon she would climb into her father's ratty old cart when he hauled boxes of oranges and grapefruit from Mr. Moore's ranch east of Mesa, Arizona, to a dealer south of town and would ride past this building, which was the Mesa temple. She always gazed at it wonderingly, worship in her eyes, and longed for the time when she and her family would have the privilege of going through to be sealed to each other. Always when she saw it her beauty-loving soul craved for the skill of her grandmother who wove rugs of exquisite design outside her hogan in the painted desert. Hozo wanted to weave a blanket with the temple as a design. She could vision the completed rug to the minutest detail, the temple motif repeated again and again throughout the blanket, its tall marble walls dead white against the red and blue background of sunset skies, the tall,

Italian cypress trees which surrounded it pointing like slim green fingers high into the heavens.

HOZO's whole family were employed by the Moores to do the work on the ranch. Mrs. Moore had been laboring with them, trying to make them understand the principles of the gospel. Every morning and evening they came into her home to join in the family prayers and at that time Mrs. Moore would explain to them some part of her religion.

The Indian family were already eager to join the Church, but Mrs. Moore could see that their primitive minds had not yet comprehended its full meaning. She knew that the faith they gave the elders who came to administer to Hozo's mother when she was sick would be as willingly given to the medicine man who performed magic out in the painted desert. She could see in Hozo's worship of the temple the pantheistic or nature-worshiping religion of her forefathers and realized that were Hozo in the desert she would manifest equally as much reverence for the sandstone cliffs. So she was leading them by slow degrees from the worship of their ancestors to this new religion which held such great promises for their race.

But Hozo, much as she wanted to go inside the chaste white temple, still felt the lure of the beads. Each one was like a glowing sun and seemed to burn itself deep into her desire. Almost before she knew it she had grabbed them, put them into her pocket and had run out to the hut where they lived on the edge of the ranch.

Her father had the cart packed with fruit and the ponies hitched to it ready for immediate departure. Without a word she climbed into

the cart and sat on the floor beside the boxes of fruit. Her father took the driver's seat and started the ponies. A few moments later Hozo was riding creakily into Mesa, a silent, stolid little figure bumping along in a ratty old cart, her fingers clutching the big round beads in her pocket.

She hoped her father would not drive by the temple that day, for she knew that she would not dare even gaze upon it, unworthy as she was, but unerringly he headed for it. Though she sat with head bowed, eyes cast on the floor of the cart, she knew just when they were passing it. Through the corner of her lowered lids she saw dimly each white pillar with its Grecian urn at the top and each iron picket of the tall fence that enclosed the grounds. She knew just when they had come to the rectangular lake that lay in front of the temple, and though she did not have the courage to look up at the building itself she felt as though she must at least see its reflection in the lake, which usually was a perfect mirror. Always placid, one could see the glorious image inverted in the blue, blue water, the tall cypress trees which overtopped the temple outlined clear-cut as pencils. Always in the lake the sky looked much bluer than the real sky overhead.

But today when Hozo peered into the lake she was filled with horror. Her mirror had been shattered. Instead of the perfect reflection she had expected to see, the waters were gray and sullied and showed nothing of the temple towering above it. Even now she dared not look back at it as they

(Continued on page 487)



SAMUEL P. COWLEY

HONORING

and right-thinking Americans who had become sick of the reign of terror brought on by well-armed and desperate characters. Long before that, however, Inspector Cowley had won the hearts and the trust of his superior, brother, and subordinate officers in the Department of Investigation. It was his sound judgment, his trustworthiness, his determination which had singled him out as the man of all of the men of the department who would be most likely to run to earth the men who were doing so much damage outside the law.

The remains of Inspector Cowley were brought to Utah for interment. His body lay in state in the comparatively new Utah State capitol where a guard of honor kept silent vigil as throngs passed the casket to pay homage to this man who gave his life in the defense of peace and order. This was a signal honor.

The funeral services, as befitting a hero, were held in the L. D. S. Assembly Hall on Temple Square at 12 o'clock, noon, December 2, 1934. Special representatives of the Department of Investigation, Washington, D. C., were present at the request of the department. The speech of Harold Nathan, assistant director, Division of Investigation, is quoted here almost in its entirety because it recounts the details connected with Samuel P. Cowley's association with the department.

Other speakers at the services were: Harold W. Langton, Bishop of the Seventeenth Ward; Edgar Broadard, president of the Washington, D. C. Branch and brother-in-law of Samuel P. Cowley; Gus P. Backman, secretary of the Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce; John A. Wittsoe, a member of the Council of Twelve Apostles; Henry C. Taggart, captain United States Secret Service; Harold Nathan, assistant director, Division of Investigation; Henry H. Blood, governor of the state of Utah; Elbert D. Thomas, United States senator from

EIGHTEEN years ago last January, a lad barely eighteen years of age, left his home to fill a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Hawaiian Islands. He remained nearly four years preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to that people.

Upon his return he entered the Utah State Agricultural College from which he was graduated in 1925. Later he was graduated from George Washington University as a lawyer.

That lad was Samuel P. Cowley, son of Mathias F. and Luella Parkinson Cowley. On both sides of his family, he came from stock that had given splendid service to the Church.

Last year, having joined the Department of Investigation, Washington, D. C., and having by his calm, keen judgment risen to the position of Inspector, Samuel P. Cowley was appointed by his chief, J. Edgar Hoover, to apprehend or eradicate three notorious and unusually dangerous public enemies—John Dillinger, known as Public Enemy No. 1, "Baby Face" Nelson, and "Pretty Boy" Floyd.

Because Inspector Cowley, still Elder Cowley, entered upon that mission with a zeal such as he had exhibited during his missionary work and because he was called upon "to give the last full measure of devotion" to his country and to his superior officers, these tributes of the many which were offered him, are being printed here.

On November 27, 1934, Inspector Cowley, in the discharge of his duty met a car-load of public enemies near Barrington, Illinois, and was fired upon by the desperadoes. Inspector Cowley and his companion officer, Herman E. Hollis, returned the fire, killing "Baby Face" Nelson, though they, themselves, were both slain. Mr. Hollis instantly.

Inspector Cowley, however, lived long enough to tell William Gallagher, a state highway patrolman who came upon the scene, to "take care of my partner first," and to be carried to a hospital at Elgin, Illinois, where he died ten hours later, leaving his father and mother, his wife and two sons, his brothers and sisters and hosts of friends to mourn his tragic death.

The success of his campaign against John Dillinger, in which he was ably assisted by Melvin Purvis, and his aids of the Chicago office, had caused the name of Inspector Cowley to be flashed upon the front pages of all of the great and small newspapers of America and had enshrined him as a hero in the hearts of loyal



LAVON CHIPMAN COWLEY AND HER TWO SONS, SAMUEL PARKINSON AND JOHN FOSS COWLEY

SAMUEL P. COWLEY

Utah; and George Albert Smith, a member of the council of the twelve Apostles.

In addition, letters of condolence from various prominent people of the United States Department of Investigation, including one from J. Edgar Hoover, the chief of the department of investigation, Homer Cummings, Attorney General, and Judge Oscar McConkie, were received and read. Mathias F. Cowley dedicated the grave of his slain son.

Appropriate music was furnished by the Swanee Singers, Jessie Williams, soprano; the Evans' Sisters Trio; Jessie Evans, contralto; Lindsay Sisters' Trio; and the Hawaiian Male Quartette. Interment took place in the Wasatch Lawn cemetery.

Memorial Services were held in the Washington, D. C. Chapel on Sunday, December 16, 1934, where Samuel P. Cowley had acted as a Sunday School teacher during much of the time he spent in Washington. He held the office of Elder in the Church. His wife was LaVon Chipman, Salt Lake City, whom he married Aug. 31, 1929, in the St. George Temple.

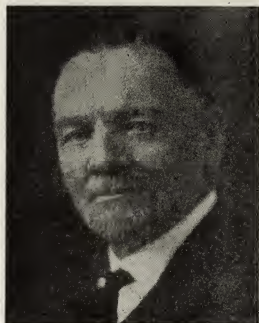
Other necessary details will be found in the speech of Mr. Nathan.

Elder Cowley was, in no sense, a gunman, a killer. He was a Christian, a follower of the Master. His vocation, however, had forced him into a role that undoubtedly was not to his liking, but like the courageous hero he proved himself to be, he accepted and gave his whole soul to the task of upholding the law and safeguarding the constitution. His example will ever shine.

God Bless You! God Keep You!

BY HONORABLE HAROLD NATHAN
Assistant Director, Division of Investigation

I HAVE been commissioned and instructed by John Edgar



MATHIAS FOSS AND LUELLA PARKINSON COWLEY



REMAINS OF SAMUEL P. COWLEY LYING IN STATE, GUARDED BY A GUARD OF HONOR AND BEING VISITED BY ADMIRING BOYS

Hoover to come here for the purpose of attempting to express the love, respect and honor that we of the Division of Investigation, from the highest to the lowest, feel for our departed comrade, Mr. Hoover, only an hour ago, telephoned me and requested me to emphasize the fact that the deepest grief was for the loss of a close personal friend; and, secondly, was his sorrow at the loss of a high division executive.

Samuel P. Cowley, Sam Cowley as his friends knew him, Inspector Cowley as was his official title, came to us from these communities. We are bringing him back, a national martyred hero. The columns of the press are replete with his exploits, and men, women and children in all parts of the country know him now. He is famous, and justly so.

And yet Sam Cowley was one of the simplest men I ever knew. He was greatly simple. He was simply great. His was the simplicity of the saints, seers, and heroes of the ages, the simplicity of true worth, of true dignity, of true honor. And this being so, it be-

hooves me who knew him well to speak simply, in but few words, of my knowledge of him. He disliked pretense and formality.

I think he might have smiled at being the center of ceremonies such as these. He would have abhorred any artificial, stilted eulogy. I knew him well, very well. I believe I was closer to him than anyone else in the Division at Washington or in the field. I am telling you what I know of him, not what I have heard to be true.

HE came to the Division with a splendid educational background. He had a B. S. degree from the Utah State Agricultural College, and an L. L. B. degree from George Washington University, at Washington, D. C. Why he chose our service as his life work I am not certain. He may have felt that in this field he could best serve his fellow-men and at the same time develop his professional knowledge and talents. He was not a thief-catcher. He never was a killer. He appeared to me always to be of the student type, retiring and modest, almost shy. It seems strange that he should now be looked upon as the nemesis of bandits.

produce a memorandum brief, accurate, succinct, containing only the essential facts. His mind cut cleanly to the heart of any controversial matter. Fate, and the enactment of new legislation by Congress, forced him to play a part for which I believe he had little taste, but which he played out to the end with marvelous success.

HE entered the service of the Division of Investigation in March, 1929. He was selected from many applicants because of his outstanding ability, and for no other reason. He had no political influence, or if he did, he did not employ it in any way. Mark how

rapidly he progressed in the comparatively short time he was with the Division. He served as Special Agent at Los Angeles, Detroit, Washington, D. C., Butte, Chicago, and Salt Lake City. His work and ability were unanimously praised by every Special Agent in Charge under whom he served. In recognition of this universal approbation he was appointed to the rank of Division Supervisor at Washington in October, 1932. He worked directly under Mr. Vincent Hughes, who was my assistant. Vince died in January of this year: heart disease, the doctor said. He was stricken in the office. We laymen thought that over-work and over-strain might have been a contributing factor.

Vince always talked favorably of Sam Cowley.

On July 1st, 1934, he was promoted to the rank of Inspector. At that time the press and public were demanding that the depredations of Dillinger be ended by the Government. Inspector Cowley was sent on special assignment for that purpose to Chicago, and placed in full charge of all field activities with a view to Dillinger's location and apprehension. How well he suc-

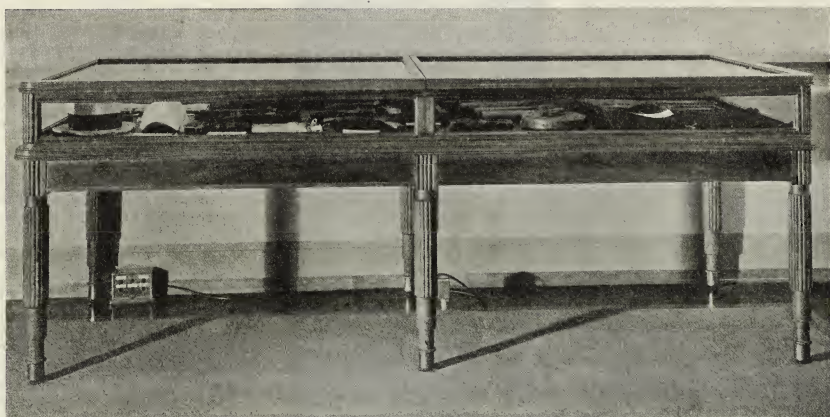


EXHIBIT IN NEW DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the reception room of J. Edgar Hoover, in the new Department of Justice Building, Washington, D. C., is this case containing the Dillinger exhibit above which occupying a lone position on the wall is this framed picture of Inspector Samuel P. Cowley. Says Chief Hoover: Inspector Cowley "had to his credit the solution of the most important cases handled by the Division of Investigation during the past two years, including those involving John Herbert Dillinger, Charles Arthur 'Pretty Boy' Floyd, and Lester Joseph Gillis, alias 'Baby Face' Nelson."

He would have made a splendidly successful practicing attorney in the higher, more complicated forms of litigation. He had a splendid mentality, not unduly imaginative, but of the keenly analytical type. I have seen him take a score of voluminous files containing a mass of material and

ceeded is a matter of current history. He was not transferred to the field. He has never been transferred to the field. In the magnificent new Department of Justice Building at Washington there is now an office assigned to Inspector Cowley, with his name upon the door, and parking space reserved

for him in the building. Who will occupy it now? Who can possibly replace him? God only knows.

Concurrently with his work in the Dillinger case Inspector Cowley was in full charge on special assignment of all investigative activity having for its object the apprehension of those responsible for the kidnaping of Edward Bremer of St. Paul, Minnesota. Inspector Cowley was also in full charge of field activities which resulted in the location and slaying of Charles Arthur, alias "Pretty-Boy" Floyd.

His last final triumph you all know. It is history. He traveled from coast to coast, from southern Florida to northern Minnesota, in pursuit of Nelson. Finally, through an utterly unforeseen change in plan

on the part of the criminals, Inspector Cowley himself, accompanied by Special Agent Hollis, encountered Nelson and his companion in an unexpected location. Cowley's plans had been prepared with his usual meticulous care, thoroughness and sound judgment. He was always careful. Had these plans been successfully consummated, the fugitive would have been cornered by a sufficient force, in such a manner that the awful price would never have been exacted. But it was not to be.

Cowley and Hollis encountered them. The gangsters swung into action, and our friend of the analytical mind, cool, calm, dispassionate, gentle, displayed the courage which was the glory of his

manhood. He acted as we all knew he would if confronted by such a situation. He went down, but his gun was blazing and he was shooting straight. It was his bullets that killed Nelson. A horrible price to pay for the end of a desperate human being, yes, but this is the price that civilization has always demanded of its defenders. Civilization is built upon the blood of its martyrs and the tears of its widows and orphans.

Inspector Cowley ended his career in the Division with the third highest position classification at its disposal. I am violating no confidence when I say that Mr. Hoover had further promotion and greater responsibilities in store for

(Continued on page 518)



MRS. LAVON CHIPMAN COWLEY UNVEILING THE PLAQUE PLACED IN THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING U. S. A. C. BY THE GAMMA KAPPA CHAPTER OF SIGMA CHI, SAM'S FRATERNITY, JUNE 2, 1935

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 24, 1935

Mr. Harrison R. Merrill,
Associate Editor,
The Improvement Era,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Mr. Merrill:

With the passing of Samuel P. Cowley on November 28, 1934, the Federal Bureau of Investigation suffered a heartbreaking loss. From the time he entered the service of the Bureau as a Special Agent on March 11, 1929, to his untimely death, he demonstrated outstanding ability and devotion to duty, in consequence of which he had attained one of the highest positions which it is in the power of the Bureau to bestow, namely, that of Inspector. As time went on, he was making himself more and more indispensable to the Bureau. Then his career was abruptly ended in a death battle with the forces of crime, against which he had been a relentless enemy. He died as he lived, with unflinching courage.

The gangster bullets which ended his career, not only removed a valuable worker in the cause of law enforcement, but also deprived the Bureau of an inspiring figure. Possessed of a striking personality, magnetic charm, a pleasing manner, sincerity, fair-mindedness, and a spotless moral character, combined with intelligence, wide knowledge and understanding, he typified man at his best.

I am sure his spirit and example have so firmly impressed themselves on the lives of those with whom he came in contact that they themselves are finer for having known him.

When the final chapter was written, Samuel P. Cowley had done his part to make the world a better place in which to live.

Sincerely yours,
J. Edgar Hoover.

FLYING THE COVERED WAGON

By

JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS

Lance Freeman offered to overtake a train in an old plane referred to derisively by the mechanics as the Covered Wagon. The old crate had its weaknesses, but the heart in the cockpit was strong.

GRANT ROSSITER, President of the Atcific Trans-Continental Lines, shook his shaggy head as he glanced at his watch.

"Just twenty minutes to catch the K. C. & S. F.," he muttered. "Afraid I can't wait for that contract to be typed."

Tom Porter, owner of the Union Airport of Sierra Blanca, looked inquiringly at the black-haired young pilot whose fingers were racing over the typewriter keys. Clyde Hull glanced up from the contract form in the machine.

"I'll be through in ten minutes," he promised. "Perhaps seven." "Can't wait!" Rossiter said, rising. "Have to get down to Phoenix to bid on an airport there. But all the details of sale are agreed upon; the contract needs only my signature. You can shoot it along to me tonight by air mail."

Tom Porter arose, extending his hand. "Certainly, Mr. Rossiter. Someone can take it up to Santa Fe to catch the air-mail; or perhaps we can send it along to catch you at Los Dentados, New Mexico. One more thing. About young Freeman—"

Mr. Rossiter shook his shaggy head, frowning. "Too young, I'm afraid. Twenty-two, did you say? I like his record, but—"

Porter pointed to a lithe, sun-bronzed young man crossing the apron of the drome. "There he is, I'd like you to meet him, anyway."

Mr. Rossiter picked up his pearl-grey felt, setting it carelessly on his leonine head. "Looks competent! You might do as you suggest. Use your own judgment, Porter!"

Lance Freeman entered the office at that moment, a smile on his humorous mouth. His grey eyes met Mr. Rossiter's frankly as Porter introduced them.

"Mr. Rossiter!" Lance exclaimed eagerly. "So we're going to be one of the stations on your cross-country route? I'm glad. Free-lance pilots are few and far between these days. I hope we can serve you well."

The old man glanced at Porter, and inclined his head just perceptibly. "I must run now."

"I can run you down to the station," Lance offered.

"Fine! Let's go then."

THEY got into Lance's flivver and hurried down the hill toward Sierra Blanca. They reached the station just as the K. C. & S. F. came to a stop. Lance seized Mr. Rossiter's brief case and small satchel and carried them to the steps of the train.

"The Union will be one of a chain of airports now," Mr. Rossiter said, as they waited for the train to start.

Lance laughed. "It will certainly help out a lot of us little fellows. Independent plane travel is scarce and uncertain."

The train pulled out then, and Lance returned to the airport. Clyde Hull was running across the drome for a take-off when he parked his flivver beside the hangars. The young pilot turned to one of the greaseballs:

"Where's Clyde going?"

"Taking a contract to be signed at Los Dentados," returned the mac.

Lance nodded, thinking: "That must be the contract with the A. T. C. L. Life-saver for us, too!"

When he entered the office, a hawk-faced stranger was talking to Porter. Porter's face was flushed.

"You mean to say your name's Hull and that your son is Clyde Hull, one of our pilots? Why

isn't he working for your Universal Airport at Lima?"

The man with the aquiline nose laughed harshly. "Because there were things I wanted to find out, and having a man I could trust here was the best way to find them out, see? I knew the A. T. C. L. was going to lease either your airport or mine."

"Well, they leased ours, if you want to know," Porter grunted. The dark stranger who called himself Hull laughed unpleasantly.

"That's what you think! But that contract you signed and which Rossiter is going to sign reads 'Universal' and not 'Union' Airport! Get it? Rossiter is leasing my airport and not yours!"

Porter half rose from his seat and then sat down heavily.

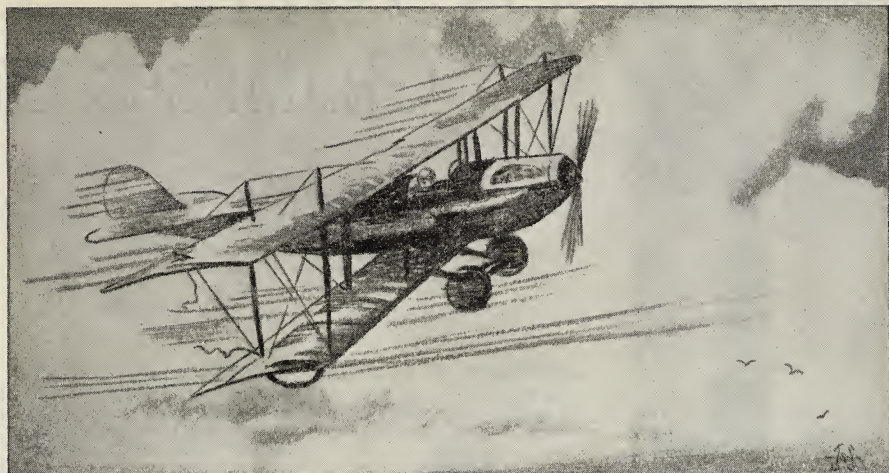
"You—you—you—" he sputtered, and then fell silent. "Why are you telling me this?"

Hull's dark eyes glowed. "Because I've wanted to have the laugh on you for a long time, Porter! You've been making competition pretty stiff for me. My reputation will be made when the A. T. C. L. planes stop at the Universal."

PORTER'S eyes blazed. "We'll fix that!" he roared. "We'll reach Rossiter before your son can reach Los Dentados! Telegraph the train!"

"Try it! Do you suppose I'd be telling you this if there was a chance for you to stop the signing of the contract? The train doesn't make a stop until it reaches Los Dentados. Except, of course, for water at the El Vejicito water tank. And try to land a plane anywhere near there! Rocks and canyons and no humans within several miles in case of a smash-up!"

Porter's eyes were bleak. "We'll find out about that!" He called up the K. C. & S. F. station. "Say, is there any way to reach the train which just left by telegraph? At Los Dentados? No; before that! There isn't? Well, I'll send a telegram there, though it's likely to be too late."



Illustrated by
J. S. SLOAN

He turned savagely on Hull.
"And now you can get out!"

When he was gone, Lance's strong face was anxious. "We'll have to do something, Tom! I'll take my plane—it's the only one in the hangars—."

Tom Porter laughed bitterly: "That old Gussie you fixed up? Nothing doing! It's all right for moderate speeds when there isn't a heavy wind. But that 'covered wagon' you own is nine-tenths blind spot and it would fall to pieces if you pushed it. Why you don't burn it up—."

"Listen!" Lance said grimly. "I know it's an old wreck. But it's the only crate on the field. And we have to reach Rossiter before he signs that phoney contract. I never could have believed that

Clyde would have substituted the name of his father's airport for ours."

"Just a minute!" Porter cried, as Lance started out of the door. "Have you any cushions?"

Lance's red brows knitted. "Cushions?"

"In case you make a hard landing!"

Lance grinned, and shut the door behind him. Cushions! Porter never spoke about the plane Lance had bought and reconditioned himself without being caustic in his comments. He was the one who had dubbed it "The Covered Wagon." His criticism was justified in that respect. The large, clumsy plane had less visibility than any plane ought to have. It had been built when one plane was about the maximum in the air in one locality at one time.

Cushions, indeed!

Lance tersely told the greaseballs

to help him roll the old ship out onto the tarmac. It wobbled like a fat goose as they did so.

Lance climbed into the big cockpit, where even his large frame was nearly lost.

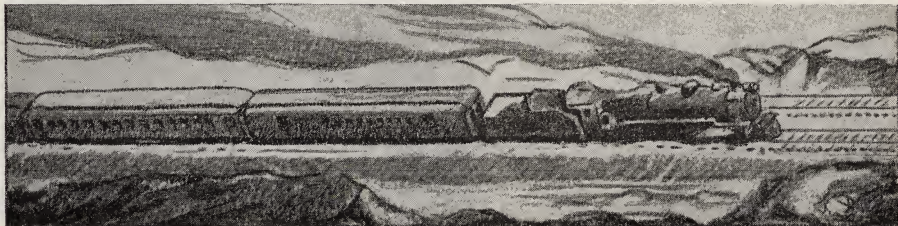
"Contact!" he called.

One of the mechanics grinned and swung the prop. Lance revved up the ancient plane for many minutes, and it quivered violently in every inch of brace and fabric. Finally he called to someone to kick the chocks. At that moment he heard a call from the direction of the office and turned.

Lance's ears burned. Tom Porter was running across the field with the cushion of his swivel chair. Lance could not restrain a grin as he pushed forward on his stick to bring up the tail of the old Gussie.

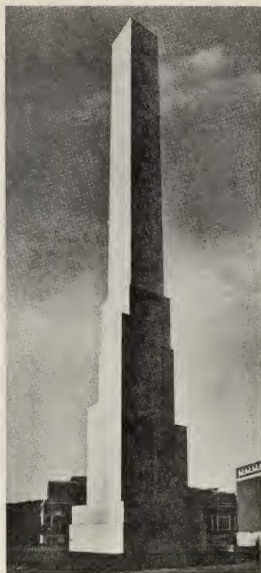
It lumbered across the field and climbed precariously. Not many

(Continued on page 524)



ROME

GLIMPSES OF



OBELISK

AFTER my first evening in Rome I could feel the magic spell the poet was under when he wrote those words, for my first glimpse of the Colosseum was with the shrouding mystery of an Italian moon shining through those great silent arches, the vast ruin covering its six acres, softened and dreamlike. As I gazed upon its two-thousand-year-old crumbling walls, the history of the Eternal City seemed to pass in panoramic vision before my eyes—the old days of her glory when Rome was mistress of the world, the seat of empire, of Christendom, in herself a world. I seemed to see all that had brought her greatness in art, religion, history, those powerful forces which have left their traces still.

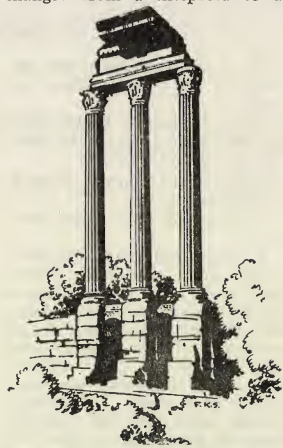
I beheld the old days of Pagan antiquity, the birth of Christianity, the rise of Byzantine civilization. I saw her struggles and transformations in the early Middle Ages. I viewed old scenes of the thirteenth century when she was under religious supremacy, and saw the golden pageant of her Renaissance. I witnessed all these epochs covering her with their priceless works which still live in her innumerable

monuments reflecting the splendor of her past.

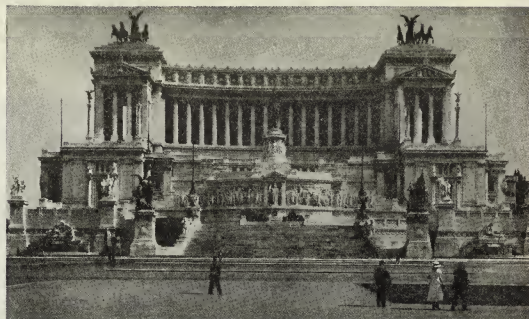
I saw her history unroll as she changed from a sheepfold to a

town, from a town to a walled city, to a small nation, to a republic, to a world empire looking down from her seven hills. Then I saw her doom and the misery she endured when sacked and devastated by Goths and Saracens and torn by internal wars. Then her revival under the patronage of her Popes and Cardinals and patrician families as they vied in repairing her old churches and monuments and in building the new places which are still her pride and reflect the grandeur of her golden age.

After this picture of the city's past came a feeling for the great Colosseum itself, with its circumference of one-third of a mile, and its external wall more than a hundred and fifty feet high, the largest structure of its kind ever built. I tried to imagine 50,000 Romans which it used to accommodate in their bright togas streaming through the innumerable arches to the five vast circles of seats to watch a gladiatorial combat. I tried to



MONUMENT OF
VICTOR EMANUEL
II AND TOMB OF
ITALY'S UNKNOWN
SOLDIER



"'Tis the centre

To which all gravitates. One finds no rest
Elsewhere than here. There may be other cities
That please for awhile, but Rome alone
Completely satisfies. It becomes to all
A second native land by predilection,
And not by accident of birth alone."

—Longfellow.

By ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL

THE ETERNAL CITY

Who has not dreamed of seeing "The Eternal City?" Many of us can see it only through the eyes of others. This article gives one glimpses of places which have figured in one's dreams.

picture mighty Titus after his return from his conquest of Jerusalem in A. D. 80, eight years after the building was commenced by his predecessor, Emperor Vespasian, coming in regal splendor through high central arch to inaugurate the ceremonies held there for three hundred years. I thought of the ten thousand men, furnished with weapons and always kept in readiness for these sports, and wondered how they felt as the tournaments drew near and when they saw the animals come roaring from the artificial caverns in the middle of the arena. I wondered, too, about the Christians who perhaps had been tossed to beasts within that wide circle to entertain a throng of hating Pagans. It seemed in the moonlight that the old gray walls were thronged with ghosts of past ages, but the grandeur of the spectacle with all its associations, held me in a thrall.

I HAVE long wished I might sometime go to the Vatican and perhaps see the Pope. I did not see the Pope, but I forgot all about

ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL, well known writer of Utah and a teacher of English and Literature at Brigham Young University, recently spent some months in Europe. During her stay she visited Rome and while there wrote her impressions. Mrs. Carroll has written many poems, short stories, and serials. A student of history and literature, she took much to Rome, and consequently, was able to carry much away with her.



THE APPIAN WAY
WHERE PETER
HAD HIS VISION
OF CHRIST



THE PANTHEON

him in my pleasure at seeing St. Peter's Church and at least part of the Vatican. I did not know before that the Vatican city is independent of Rome. The 600 people who live there on top of the structure are under the direct rule of the Pope and even have their own coin. Swiss guards in picturesque costumes (designed by Michelangelo) of dark blue with trimmings of silver and red on their caps and collars, are to be seen everywhere. St. Peters, one of the wonders of the world, considered the most stupendous of all, is built on the old circus ground of Nero's villa. Nowhere else in the world is there anything like it. Its stateliness and magnificence cannot be imagined. For nearly 200 years the greatest masters of the Renaissance exerted their genius upon it and exhausted all the resources of their art. More than forty Popes lavished their treasures in this unparalleled sanctuary which stands on the site where thousands of the first Christians suffered martyrdom.

According to tradition, St. Peter was executed in the middle of the old circus ground, at the foot of the great obelisk which now stands in front of the church. Close to the old circus existed a cemetery where the martyred Christians were buried. St. Peter was first entombed there and it is over his grave that the church was later built. In the Church of Saint Sebastian over Catacombs of early Christians I saw the supposed footprints of Christ left at the time Peter, fleeing from Rome along the Appian way, was stopped by a

vision of his Master who, in answer to Peter's "Dominie Quo Vadis?"—"Lord, whither goest Thou?"—replied, "To Rome to be crucified," giving Peter the courage to turn back and face his doom.

In the Church of Saint Peter in Chains, built in 442, as a receptacle for the chains, I saw the chains which are reputed to have bound St. Peter.

The greater church, built to the martyred disciple, St. Peter, is the largest in the world and records in full on its floor its size compared with the other most famous cathedrals. Leading from the large piazza surrounded by marble columns and statues, opposite the wide marble stairs, is the holy door with its silver cross, opened only once every 25 years by the Pope himself on the jubilee day, when people may enter through it and receive forgiveness and new birth. Three other churches of Rome—St. John's, St. Paul's, and Saint Mary's, have holy doors also, opened the same day by cardinals. All these churches have elaborate altars where the Pope officiates.

As it was not a jubilee day when I visited, I passed with other tourists through the famous bronze doors by Filaret made in the fifteenth century, which depict Christ and the Virgin and the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul. High mass was being held as we came in. A group of cardinals in rich black and purple surplices, gold embroidered, were officiating with tall, lighted candles at one of the beautiful altars. People were kneeling at various small altars throughout the long nave, or praying with their rosaries, or crossing their foreheads and breasts with holy water from marble vessels on some of the pillars. As we passed the great bronze statue of St. Peter by Michelangelo, the guide called our attention to the toes which have been worn away by the kisses of devotees.

The *confessio* or Pope's altar, surrounded by a beautiful circular balustrade of marble with ninety-five gilded bronze lamps which burn night and day, is magnificent. Steps lead down to the doors of gilded bronze which open to the bronze sarcophagus of the saint, surmounted by his golden cross. The artist Beainini worked nine years on this altar.

This church is the mausoleum

of the Popes of the fifth century and contains marvelous monuments by the greatest artists of the world. Many precious relics are kept here, such as the dalmatic of Pope Leo III worn at the coronation of Charlemagne, A. D. 800, upon which is embroidered in gold and silver the representation of the Savior in glory, and the transfiguration.

The old church of St. Peter, once on the same site as the present, was approached by thirty-five steps which the pilgrims ascended on their knees. At the present time near the Church of St. John is a flight of holy stairs supposedly brought by Constantine's mother from Pilate's palace in Jerusalem, steps upon which Christ once walked, and which people still ascend on their knees. The day we visited there a score of pilgrims were ascending, pausing to gaze upon the crucifix above, or to bow their heads in prayer.

St. Peter's has eleven cupolas, all the work of Michelangelo and representing some of his greatest talent and skill. He was called to this task when he was 72 years old and labored at it for 17 years. The pictures throughout the great cathedral are done in fine mosaic and are copies of the best masterpieces of the greatest artists. There is a mosaic factory in Vatican City where by a method of melting glass to make the composition it is possible to produce twenty-eight thousand different colors. This accounts for the exact blending of colors to make the mosaics resemble the paintings from which they are taken. At the present a mosaic is being made in this factory for a church in Washington, D. C.

THE Vatican joins St. Peter's and is a combination of its marvels. The palace is an immense pile of buildings constructed at different periods and with no regard to general harmony. Originally a residence for the Popes, in A. D. 498 it was merely an antecourt of St. Peter's. It was here Charlemagne lived; he was crowned in 800 in St. Peter's. As the centuries went on the Vatican was enlarged to receive the treasures of the various Popes, until now the Pope's three-story residence and garden are but a small part of it. It is the most expensive palace in the world, being 1,151 feet long and 767 feet

wide and containing 11,000 rooms. It holds within its walls priceless treasures of art and literature. The library, founded in 1450, now contains the most valuable collection of books and Mss, in the world, more than 374,000, none of which is visible, all being inclosed in illuminated cupboards, so that of a library there is no appearance whatsoever. Ranged along the middle of the hall and the alcoves are all sorts of precious objects, gifts of foreign potentates, jeweled crowns, replicas of great cathedrals, ornaments, everything one might imagine of beauty and significance.

One of the most interesting sections of the Vatican is that containing the apartments of the Borgia family which Raphael was commissioned to decorate, and which, with the gallery above, contain some of his best work.

Even better known, however, is the Sistine Chapel, built as a room for the election of the popes, but now famous for the work of great artists in its frescoes, of which "The Last Judgment," by Michelangelo is the most interesting. This occupied the great master for eight years, being started when he was sixty years old. The painting is sixty-six by thirty-three feet and is the largest and most comprehensive in the world. It is based upon Dante's "Divine Comedy" and is divided into four planes or groupings. In the lower section depicting the dead emerging from their graves and shaking off their shrouds to resume their human forms, he shows Charon with his boat, having reached Hell and now striking down the rebellious with his oar. These condemned are awaited by the judge, Minos, whose face is a portrait of Biagio da Cesena, master of ceremonies to the Pope, who on account of the nudity of the figures had censured the artist, and Michelangelo revenged himself by painting him with the ears of a donkey, with a serpent around his body among the condemned. The guide told us that Cesena went to the pope with the demand that he be removed from Hell, to which the pope replied: "I have the key to open Heaven, but not the one to open Hell. You will have to remain."

As we passed a point where we could get a good view of the Pope's apartments and his lovely garden,

(Continued on page 512)

By
Maxa
Million

THE COLOSSEUM



ROME—But I'll Be Seeing You

Rome, Italy

MY dearest Dear:

This prosaic pen of mine became almost unmanageable at the writing of that heading *Rome*. The Eternal City with all its famous ruins, churches, paintings, statues and the ghost of Julius Caesar and dear Brutus sends you greetings! It is a heavenly day—full of warm sunshine and snatches of gay laughter. I am sitting out in a beautiful park that faces a part of the famous old Roman wall. There are miles and miles of it. What infinite time and labor it must have cost. It is built of thin layers of rock to great depth and height. Small windows appear at regular intervals and also towers which rise out of the wall and afforded look-out posts for the watchers. What history it reveals!

There is so much to tell you about Rome that I don't know where to begin. Since I want you to live every moment of this adventure with me, I shall walk backwards as it were and first pour over your defenseless head some Genoa facts and fancies. Our hotel there looms up in my memory with more vividness even than do the walls of Columbus' house or the famous Campo Santa, the great cemetery of Genoa.

We rode in style to this hotel of

a royal name the only two passengers of its big bus. We were bowed in by several of the hotel force and taken to a dank royal room. I fancy even yet that I got a faint odor of long dead kings that plenty of hot soap suds and sunshine would dispel; yet it had a lovely mosaic floor of marble, extremely high ceilings richly decorated, and furniture of exquisite inlaid wood. The wardrobe reached almost to the ceiling and one had to have long-handled clothes hangers to reach the rack. Beds of utter beauty and utter softness, tall windows with fine cut-work embroidery, and shuttered in wood both outside and in to keep out any persistent fresh air—do you wonder I recall that place with aching bones and gasping breath. The bath room was like a vault and the tub a high narrow sarcophagus but it was in its hot water that I blessed all Italy.

At dinner we were again bowed to by a line of men in livery. The dining room is long, high, and mirrored. Rich red curtains shut out the light. It is presided over by a grand duke of an old dragon with five lesser dragons. He pounced upon us if we did not eat every mouthful of his unpalatable food and with almost tearful eyes asked

us if we were ill, if we did not like his dinner. That meal required fortitude and a high moral courage, I tell you. Fish, coarse-fibered, strong-tasting, underdone; roast beef with only the briefest contact with the oven; dessert, heavy and over seasoned; yet he and his young ones bowed us out with looks of martyrs.

Part of the journey from Genoa to Rome lay along the bay of Genoa. My dear, what a sight! Breath-taking glimpses of white sail-boats, palm-shaded villas, and our train would be swallowed up in the blackness of a tunnel. Again and again this happened and I thought how like life itself—a moment of perfect joy and it vanishes into darkness, but we are sustained by its memory and our hope for the future.

RELIGION has left her mark in a physical way all over Italy. Everywhere we saw church spires and heard the ringing of the church bells. The last part of the journey was farther inland. Wide-horned, white oxen drawing the plows, *Angelus* women still gleaming made unforgettable pictures: Our train passed through Pisa and from the window we had a distinct view of its famous Leaning Tower.

Think of it—a tower over 178 feet high with a lean of 13 feet. It was begun way back in 1170 A. D. America long yet undiscovered! *This is an old country.*

But now we are back to Rome again. Little black-eyed girls and old women pass selling huge bouquets of flowers. A few steps away is a cocky young soldier, and a purple blossom he has picked hangs from his lips. He wears an unusual-looking hat sprayed over with a shower of feathers. The hat indicates his particular regiment. Another has just gone by wearing a long cloak and a glittering helmet. I wish I knew its significance. Young men of some religious order pass in groups. They wear long black robes resembling a lady's partially-fitted coat, and ugly, wide, beaver hats turned up at the sides. Their faces look so young and their feet so big.

And such dear little black-eyed babies as Italy has—and so many of them! Everyone I have seen has been beautiful.

Our room here is on the sixth floor. Directly across the narrow street from us is a happy Italian family on the last floor of a five-story apartment building. On their roof garden are chickens and pigeons and a line full of fluttering clothes. We hear constant jabbering in Italian and gay singing. But it is time for dinner. See you later.

SUCH an event has happened since I wrote that "see you later." After dinner last night we decided to take a ride by moonlight in one of the funny little horsedrawn, open carriages that abound here. The fat old coachman sat up on a high seat in front and cracked his whip at the beautiful chestnut horse. We went clattering over cobbled and paved streets. Great white buildings, weird obelisks, fountains and statues rose up about us. Suddenly I caught my breath and my heart almost stopped beating. There in the moonlight was a huge mass of ruins that I had read about and seen in pictures all my life—the *Colosseum*. Its great arched walls caught and held strips of the bluest sky I have ever seen, and as our carriage moved along, the moon passed in review before us, first through one arch and then another. That vision will stay with me till I die.

What associations! Roman gladiators, Christians, wild beasts have all fought there to make a Roman holiday for the 50,000 spectators who crowded its galleries. Only one-third of it remains but there is no ruin in all of Rome half so impressive. It was begun by Vespasian in A. D. 72 and dedicated by Titus eight years later. It is the largest structure of its kind ever built. Already ten great buildings of Rome have been made from its stones.

I must leave the other splendors of Rome till later if you are to hear anything of our Naples trip.

Naples—what a city! Blue bay, white buildings,—she is the most picturesque of all the Italian cities. Saturday we made a pilgrimage to Pompeii over a road that wound between flowering peach and almond trees that spilled their pink petals over us as we passed. Old Vesuvius' feathery column of smoke mingled with the clouds that clung to her neighboring hills.

At Pompeii we walked up and down those silent streets, peered in at its bakeries, wine shops, pagan temples, and private dwellings. I almost caught a shadowy glimpse of that old priest moving about just ahead of us—the old priest whose stone corpse I had seen in the museum with his hands folded as if in prayer. I had saluted him

silently as I stood by those wretched victims earlier in the day, for he, out of all of them, seemed to show less fear and agony. The hands of the others were so tightly clenched and their mouths drawn back in such a look of suffering! Poor stone monuments to the cruelty of Mt. Vesuvius. I looked from them to her, so beautiful, serene, and innocent in the distance and thought of the black death boiling in her heart of flame and wondered who her next victims would be.

Sunday was a day of worship—of (I hope it is not sacrilegious) the Blue Grotto, San Michele, and Capri. As our steamer left Naples the bay was shadowed with circling airships practising target shooting. A terrific explosion high up above us—a great cloud of black smoke, and then a repetition! Another sinister reminder of how close humanity is to war were the thirteen battleships drawn up in the harbor.

As we pushed out farther into the bay, we had the thrill of passing a huge English ship, *The Homeric*. There was music of Italians singing and the never-ending interest of human being for human being.

OUR first stop was at Sorrento but the climax of the day—of the whole trip for me was reached when we went into the Blue Grotto. Its loveliness is not of this earth! Italy, fairyland, heaven—it is the essence of the best of all three. We went from the steamer in little row boats of blue and white with the names painted gayly on the prow. Ours was the *Marie*. One lies flat in the boat to get through the opening. Then such a view! Blue, blue, blue till one's senses swim, and such a lovely, indescribable blue. We trailed our fingers through it and it was as if they were receiving a baptism of blue fire. The boatman's voice rose in song and the soft splash of the water accentuated the rhythm of his voice. I used to feel that when I died I wanted to go to Lake Jenny at the foot of the Tetons for my own particular heaven. Now I have decided to be a mermaid and live in the Blue Grotto and I shall blind with blue fire any mortal who without a love of beauty in his soul dares to desecrate it by his presence. (Continued on page 521)

My Tryst With Christ

By Ray M. Johnson

AT close of day, O Christ, I come to you,
So swiftly on the lightning wings of thought;

To spend this holy moment, and renew
Those lofty visions that to me you've brought.

If I have spent the day in some low vale,
Or merely climbed a hill when mountains lured,

I'll meet you when the evening skies grow pale
And in your presence find the hurts all cured.

Or if some fine achievements crowned the day,
I'll place the crown on your more worthy head;

'Tis you who helped me tread the victor's way,
'Tis by your matchless life that I am led.

THE ARTICLES OF FAITH

IV. THE PLAN FOUNDED IN LOVE

(Read the Third Article of Faith)

PURPOSE and plan penetrate and suffuse every Gospel principle and practice, even as the warp crosses and touches the woof. Humanity lives under law, not chance.

The unchanging purpose of the Almighty Father has been and is to secure the constant, progressive welfare of His children; and, throughout the ages, His plan has been fitted to His purpose. Such a purpose and plan, encompassing human existence, must have been framed in God's love for us, His children. There can be no other explanation of the concern of a glorified intelligence for mortal man. Indeed, the Lord has declared in ringing words, "This is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

The story of the origin of the plan which governs man's life on earth is known in its large outlines. In the time that was, before earth's foundations were laid, the hosts of spirits, destined for the earth to be, gathered at the Father's request. In that great council there was explained and proposed for acceptance a plan for the further education of the spirit children of God. The plan required that the spirits descend from their heavenly abode to earth, and enter earthly bodies, subject to death. Contest with the stubborn elements of earth, toil and struggle, often sorrow and disease, were the experiences on which to strengthen and sharpen their wills. Courageously, they faced the issue and joyously accepted the divine proposal. Thus man secured the privilege of an earth experience. He had fitted himself for it; and was willing to accept it. All who come upon earth were in that great council and accepted the plan.

The first of the glorious throng to come to earth were Adam and Eve, who were to be the parents of the coming race. They partook of earthly things and made themselves and their posterity subject to earth-pains and death. That was part of the plan. However, since the permanent winning of a

By

Dr. John A. Widtsoe

A Member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

body of earth materials, as an instrument for learning to know the material universe, was an essential feature of the plan, it was necessary to devise some method of recovering the body after death, to be thereafter an imperishable possession of man.

Jesus, the First-Born of the Father, was selected to perform the

work required to cancel the effects of Adam's act, and to raise the bodies of humankind, purified, into eternal life, beyond further vicissitudes of mortal life. It was a heavy commission. Jesus was to pay the price of the mortal death of Adam and of every member of the human race. By the law of compensation, of paying an equal price, he must needs suffer the accumulated agony of all men. He has himself described the ordeal, "which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of pain, and to bleed at every pore, and to suffer both body and spirit—and would that I might not drink the bitter cup, and shrink—nevertheless, glory be to the Father, and I partook and finished my preparations unto the children of men." Only one high in the councils of heaven could endure such agony. It is therefore no wonder that the First-Born, the eldest in the family, possessed of greatest power, was so selected.

The love of the Father for His children led to the formulation of the plan of salvation. The greatness of that love is evident in the placing of this soul-testing mission upon his beloved First-Born. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Begotten Son, that whosoever believed in him should not perish but have everlasting life." Likewise, it was the great love of Jesus for His Father, whose plan it was, and for His brothers and sisters, for whose benefit the plan was presented, that impelled Him to accept the appointment, gladly. Love directed His vast power into service for mankind. Love gives courage to suffer. Even so, love determines the actions of man to man. Love is the vitalizing force of life.

The atonement, from this point of view, becomes less the payment for a wrong committed, and more a necessary step in the consummation of a plan. In the larger sense, whenever we break a law to our hurt, we sin; but often we endure pain for a greater gain. The cataract on the eye is cut, so that sight may be won. We subject ourselves to an operation to regain our health. Adam had incurred a debt for himself and his children;

ARTICLES OF FAITH

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression.
3. We believe that through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.
4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, Repentance; third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Ghost.
5. We believe that a man must be called of God, by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, namely, apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.
7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.
8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.
9. We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.
10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes; that Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisaical glory.
11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may.
12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.
13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul: "We believe all things, we hope all things," we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.—Joseph Smith.

Jesus undertook to pay it. In all such cases the law of love is the impelling force acting upon him who gives help. In the case of Adam, love of God, shown through obedience, as well as desire for progress impelled him to come upon earth and perform his assigned mission.

ALL this is reasonable enough. If God lives and we are his children, He would naturally love us and plan for our welfare. If we need to experience life in a material universe, the necessity of a plan for earth-life is explained. Vicarious service is a daily affair in life. One man may cut off or restore the lighting or water system of a city of thousands; one man may rescue another who is drowning; a friend may pay the obligations incurred by a student who enters college. The comprehension of the atonement begins with belief in God, a recognition of man's relationship to his Eternal Father and an understanding of the plan of salvation. To begin anywhere else is to invite confusion and doubt. Christians who find it difficult to understand the atonement have not begun their study correctly. True it is that the exact means, methods, or procedure by which Jesus performed his work are not known to us, and probably cannot be understood by the finite human mind. The same may be said, however, concerning the essential truth of every human concern. There is mystery to finite man in the ultimate relationships within every science and art. "What is truth?" in its deepest meaning remains the unanswered question.

Man may be certain of one thing: Through the atonement of Christ, he shall recover his body, and possess it throughout eternal life. It is the Christian's sure belief. Paul, the apostle, set forth clearly the effect of Christ's sacrifice:

It is sown in corruption
It is raised in incorruption
It is sown in dishonor
It is raised in glory
It is sown in weakness
It is raised in power
It is sown a natural body
It is raised a spiritual body.
If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body—
For this corruptible must put on incorruption
And this mortal must put on immortality.

Death is swallowed up in victory.

O Death, where is thy victory.
O Death, where is thy sting.

Exceeding joy enters the hearts of men, when the meaning of Christ's sacrifice is comprehended. In the words of Gilbert:

Jesus lives! Thy terrors now
Can, O Death, no more appal us;
Jesus lives! By this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Hallelujah.

Jesus lives! Henceforth is death
But the gate to life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Hallelujah.

The service of Jesus does not stop with the atonement by which the resurrection from the grave of the body of man will be accomplished. He had yet other duties. "For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world but that the world through Him might be saved." His position as man's Redeemer makes Him the central figure in the plan of salvation. His appointment included the full supervision of the working out of the plan for human salvation. He was delegated to create the earth. He reports to the Father the progress and ultimate completion of the plan. Since He made the earth he became, as pertains to the earth, our Creator and our Father; as He performs this work in behalf of His Father He becomes the Mediator between God and man; as He died for man He became our Redeemer. In every particular He is the representative, leader, captain, and director of the army of men and women. He is our beloved, worshipped Elder Brother. Therefore, we speak of the plan as the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and we pray to God in the name of His son, Jesus the Christ.

THROUGH the atonement of Jesus the bodies of all who have died, the whole human family will be resurrected. Saint and sinner, black and white, will recover their bodies through the service of the Redeemer. The effect of the sacrifice of Jesus is unlimited, universal. The mission of the Savior does even more. The plan of salvation which is under His supervision on earth offers salvation to all. Salvation may be as universal as the resurrection. By the service of Jesus, the Christ, man is placed on the road of eternal

progression. With his body as an ally, a tool, if he so wills, obedient to the Father's law, he may go forward, progressively, endlessly. It is possible for all men to attain to salvation.

So universal is the opportunity for salvation provided in the Gospel that those who have died without a knowledge of the law may be taught it in the spirit world, and if they accept it there, they will be judged as if they had obeyed the law on earth. The earth ordinances will be done for them by proxy, in the temples, and if accepted by the dead will be valid, effective, and acceptable to the law.

There is, however, a vital difference which all must keep in mind: Resurrection is an unconditional gift to all men through the atonement; salvation is conditional upon obedience to the principles of the Gospel.

Such then is man's relationship to the plan of salvation. It was formulated by the Father and accepted by all who come upon earth. Jesus was appointed to supervise and to carry out the plan. By his sacrifice, every man will be resurrected unconditionally. By his teaching every man, by obedience to that which is taught, may win salvation. By Christ's leadership and mediation man may be brought into the range of divine justice, mercy, and love, and find here and hereafter the joy of the abundant life.

Let it be repeated that the underlying thought with respect to the plan of salvation is that it was conceived in the love of the Father for His children; that Jesus accepted the appointment to suffer for them because of His love for His brothers and sisters; and that mankind, in their spiritual estate, so loved the Father that they gladly accepted the plan. From beginning to end, in every ramification, the plan of salvation is founded in love! How the troubles of the day would vanish if on earth our plans were founded in love! In the midst of this story stands the figure of Jesus, our Savior, as the example and pattern for men to follow. In His preexistent life His love for us led Him to accept the call to leadership of the plan with its conquest of the grave; in life on earth, He showed the happy way of love; by His love, today, He helps and guides,

He warns, He pleads and leads, and He will be with us to the end.

There are and have been those who have sought to discredit Jesus by denying the truth of the facts of His life as recorded in the New Testament, or denying that such a person ever lived. The eminent historian, George Brandes, wrote a book to prove that Jesus was but a myth invented by persons who desired to deceive and mislead their fellows. Such attempts, however, have been unconvincing, not accepted even by those who deny the divinity of Jesus, for allusions to Jesus, dating back in some instances to the days before the crucifixion, are available, the truth of which cannot be gainsaid. The references to him are sufficient to prove that Jesus was a historical figure. Jesus was, as a man, but a humble person, and while His teaching attracted many, the event of His crucifixion was to the historians of that day but one of many cruel events in a turbulent age.

The same may be said of the record of the events of his life. The mention of him by contemporary historians is always accompanied by allusions to the marvelous works he was said to be doing. Moreover, as scholarship has advanced, the manuscripts on which the four Gospels are based are pushed further back, almost to the lifetime of the Savior. It is a mere quibble, an ignoring of established historical fact, to assert that the Gospels do not give a fairly faith-

ful account of the acts and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

Jesus came to initiate the Gospel work in the midway of earth's history, to lay its foundations, to start it on its way. At no time did He seek the glamor of fame. He sowed seeds of truth, left the authority of the Priesthood with mortal men, suffered an inglorious death for the whole human race, friend and foe, and commissioned His disciples, who were left behind, to foster and nurture the work so that it might grow and prosper. All this fits in with the scanty historical notices concerning Him made at the time of His sojourn on earth.

That which Jesus left behind, in the fragmentary accounts of the Gospels, is unique in its exalted power and wisdom. Great men throughout the centuries since Christ was upon earth have testified to the greatness of Jesus, the Teacher and Leader. He seems to all to be more than man.

One of the most famous testimonies of the divinity of Jesus comes from the lips of Napoleon, spoken while the great emperor was living in banishment on St. Helena. He was speaking to his companion, General Bertrand, "I know men; and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. . . . Everything in Him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and His will confounds me. Between Him and whomever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a Being by Himself. His ideas and

His sentiments, the truth which He announces, His manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things. . . . His religion is a revelation from all intelligence which certainly is not that of man."

The influence of Christ has been the mightiest in the world's history, and most effective in changing the hearts of men. George MacDonald says:

When thou turnest away from ill,
Christ is this side of thy hill.
When thou turnest toward good,
Christ is walking in thy wood.
When thy heart says, "Father, pardon,"
Then the Lord is in thy garden.
When stern duty wakes to watch,
Then his hand is on the latch.
But when hope thy song doth rouse,
Then the Lord is in the house.
When to love is all thy wit
Christ doth at thy table sit.
When God's will is thy heart's pole,
Then is Christ thy very soul.

Thousands upon thousands of eminent men have testified publicly, by spoken or written word, of their faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and in his divine mission. Millions have learned to know that Jesus is the Savior, Redeemer, the Mediator of men, and have drawn abundant happiness from that knowledge. Any person who will approach the study of Jesus Christ with a desire to know the truth, and who will test the Gospel by the practice of its principles will receive the convincing assurance of the divine nature and loving mission of Jesus of Nazareth.

The Shattered Mirror

(Continued from page 473)

jolted past and her mind filled with a thousand superstitious fears. What if the temple had disappeared too!

It was all on account of the beads. They seemed to burn in her pocket like balls of fire. She could hardly wait to return them to Mrs. Moore. Never, never would she steal again.

Her father drove her home by a different road, so she had no chance of finding out whether or not the temple had really vanished. But she would know tomorrow, for they would be by with more

fruit. All that Hozo could do about it was to plan how she was to give back the beads and hope that on the following day she would find the temple where it belonged.

THAT night Jerry, one of the gardeners at the temple, arose

from his bed where he had been sick all day and journeyed shakily over to the temple grounds to see what had happened there during his enforced neglect of duty. All was well except that the sweet-peas needed wiring—and something was wrong with the lake. Someone had muddied up the water.

Tomorrow afternoon a busload of people were coming over from Los Angeles to spend a week working in the temple. The grounds must look their best for the visitors. He would feel able to work by morning. He would clean out the lake and put some bluing in it to emphasize the reflections of the temple. A touch of color in the water certainly did transform that lake into a mirror.

Poem of Inspiration

By Irvine A. Wheeler

REACH up! Reach up! Reach up
toward the stars;
March on! March on! March on and
endeavor:
Reach up! March on! Oh mind not
the scars;
We are gods in the chrysalis, immortal
forever!



THE PRESENT GENERAL BOARD OF THE Y. M. I. A.

Front row, left to right: John D. Giles, Field Representative; Franklin L. West, Second Counselor; George Q. Morris, First Counselor; President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.; President Heber J. Grant; Albert E. Bowen, General Superintendent; Stringam A. Stevens, Era Committee.

Back row, left to right: Lyman L. Daines, Chairman Senior Committee; Creed Haymond, Elmer Christensen, Explorer Committee; Harrison R. Merrill, Senior Committee; Oscar A. Kirkham, Executive Secretary; Axel A. Madsen, Chairman Adult Committee; Burton L. Farnsworth, Chairman M Men Committee; Franklin S. Harris, M Men Committee; Floyd Eyre, M Men Committee; Philo T. Farnsworth, Scout Committee.

JUNE CONFERENCE



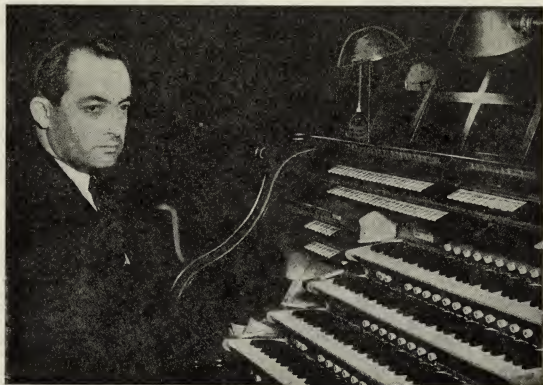
PROFESSOR JOHN DOLMAN, DRAMA
EXPERT AND LECTURER FROM THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

NO one single factor has so forcefully established the success of the new mass-achievement program of M. I. A. as the year's climax—the great June conference. It was a glorious finale to a year of unparalleled achievement by the young men and women of the Church.

This may be considered as an over enthusiastic statement but it has ample backing in the results. Were a poll to be taken of the delegates to this Fortieth Annual conference of the Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement association held in Salt Lake

City, June 7, 8, and 9, there is little doubt that it would be voted as being one of the greatest—if not the greatest held in the history of the organization. From the standpoint of attendance, participation, and general interest this conference has no equal.

Many factors contributed to its success. Not the least of these was the enthusiasm emanating from wards and stakes having undertaken this new program in its fullness and having carried it to a successful conclusion in the June conference. Other outstanding features were a successfully planned



PROFESSOR WINSLOW CHENEY, WHO GAVE AN
ORGAN RECITAL DURING JUNE CONFERENCE



THE PRESENT GENERAL BOARD Y. W. M. I. A.

Front row, left to right: Evangeline T. Beesley, Music; Helen S. Williams, Lion House, Gleaner and Community Activity Committees; Martha G. Smith; Junior Committee, Hostess Lion House Social Center; Rachel Grant Taylor, Chairman Gleaner Committee; Lucy Grant Cannon, First Counselor; Ruth May Fox, President; Clarissa A. Beesley, Second Counselor; Margaret Wells, Senior Committee; Grace Neslen, Chairman Junior Committee.

Back row, left to right: Helen Waspe, Bee-Hive Committee; Laura Nicholson, Chairman Senior Committee; Vida F. Clawson, Lion House Committee; Katie C. Jensen, Era and Community Activity Committee; Elsie T. Brandley, Era, Adult and Community Activity Committee; Julia S. Baxter, Bee-Hive Committee; Bertha K. Tingey, Bee-Hive Committee; President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.; Ann Cannon, Era and Gleaner Committee; President Heber J. Grant; Emily Adams, Chairman Adult Committee; Kate Folsom, Junior Committee; Agnes S. Knowlton, Adult Committee.

-IN PANORAMA

By

HENRY A. SMITH

and ably executed program of truly immense proportions; the leadership and general direction of the executive officers and board members; participation of noted educators and outstanding authorities in many fields and several attractive social features.

An important contribution felt throughout the three-day meet was the inspiration of the presence and messages of the First Presidency and others of the general authorities. June conference delegates can always depend on something worthwhile in the messages of the First Presidency, and this year was no exception. Their thoughts expressed in several different meetings touched many important subjects and are an impetus for carrying on the standards established in the program for the new year.

The element of the contest was lacking. To some this might be a source of regret but for hosts of those present the new type of achievement program culminating in the Church-wide education fiestas at the conference has won its laurels. Some may still favor the contest in M. I. A. and no doubt rightfully so, although after just one year of the new program, even the casual observer can see in it greater possibilities than can ever be attributed to the single award system.

This is sustained beyond ques-

tion in the attainments in wards and stakes whose achievements have set up records never before dreamed of.

One of the first things which confronted the M. I. A. members was the problem of making a choice of one from the nine educational meets scheduled for the first day. Admitting our true feelings, there were only nine places we would like to have been at one time on Friday, June 7. We are grateful to the wisdom of the planning committee which permitted us to enjoy at least a portion of the drama educational meet by having

it take place a day earlier. If they hadn't done this, many of us would have missed this treat in the pursuit of other educational features to which necessity called us.

So to begin the story of the June conference we start from the first, Thursday, June 6, an unofficial day, but nevertheless, an important one of the big annual event.

On this first day the drama edu-

THE CEREMONY OF MARKING THE HISTORICAL BUILDINGS—THE BEE-HIVE HOUSE, THE LION HOUSE, AND THE FIRST OFFICE OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY IN UTAH



cational meet took place under the direction of Professor John Dolman, one of America's foremost authorities on play production. Several hundred M. I. A. leaders took a two-day course in drama, its appreciation, and production. Professor Dolman is head of the English and Drama Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He was brought to Salt Lake by the M. I. A. to participate in the drama festival.

The visitor had many interesting things to say about drama. Among them was his emphasis on "lift" as the most important single quality in a play. It is that essence, he said, that makes one feel elevated rather than degraded after having seen it. A light play may possess "lift" just as well as a serious one, although the lift will be of a slightly different kind, was his explanation. Professor Dolman said that there were three essential elements of a good theater: the play itself, the production, and the acting. He said that one way to tell a good play is by the way the actors react to it.

"When a company can work intensively for six weeks on a play and the director and actors still like it, it must be a good play," he said.



ALICE BRINTON AND W. O. ROBINSON
INTRODUCING THE 1935-36 WALTZ



MICAWBER AND DAVID COPPERFIELD,
FROM MURAL PRESENTED
DURING THE HONOR PROGRAM.

AN outstanding attraction of the drama festival was the presentation, under the direction of Professor Joseph F. Smith, of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board, of "Fresh Fields." This was put on twice Thursday in the Victory Theater, and was pronounced by critics and others as perhaps the best play presented in Salt Lake by Salt Lakers for many years. It should have been good, considering the prominence and ability of the cast.

Professor Dolman paid a fine tribute to the drama work of the M. I. A. after studying the handbook on this subject. "It is particularly interesting to me to see Church organizations so wholeheartedly behind the drama and especially with so little apparent narrowness of viewpoint."

He entered into the spirit of the M. I. A. drama project and those who, through achievement in drama during the past year, were permitted to associate with him for the two days, were truly fortunate. His advice regarding, and discussion of the drama, should have a wholesome effect on the accomplishments of M. I. A. in this field.

The drama meet began on Thursday and continued on Friday. On the latter day, which was the first official day of the June Conference, the nine educational meets, one of which was the drama, took place. These nine fields were,

drama, dancing, story, speech, conversation, social conduct, hobbies, music, and reading. As stated before, it was difficult to determine which to attend. Each of the nine subjects had been popular throughout the year in the various wards. After participation in these meets at June conference and partaking of the excellence of the programs provided in each section, there is little doubt that an even greater popularity will be experienced in the year to come.

It is impossible to give detail on each of these sections, but worthy of note, we think, is one in which two other outsiders, both former Utahns, participated. This is the story section featuring Orson Ryan, a nationally known story teller and authority on reading, and Miss Lethe Coleman, a world traveler and former Chautauqua Superintendent. Miss Coleman won her audience by means of her sparkling personality and her art on the speaker's platform.

No one of the large group which listened to Mr. Ryan can help but feel a greater appreciation for good stories and books. Mr. Ryan advised that instead of wanting a book to read, people should want to read a book. He stressed quality instead of quantity in the reading of books.

Particularly informative was his explanation of the reason so many magazines of a cheap nature were read in America. He said that the stories were of the blueprint variety, and like ready-made clothes are produced to fit a certain mind level. People are prone to read within a certain mind-level when they should always stretch out beyond their mind-level for real enjoyment and self expression through reading. It was Mr.



BEE-HIVE GIRLS
AND THEIR BIRTH-
DAY CAKE

Ryan's purpose to create a desire for this kind of reading and he did it very nicely and interestingly.

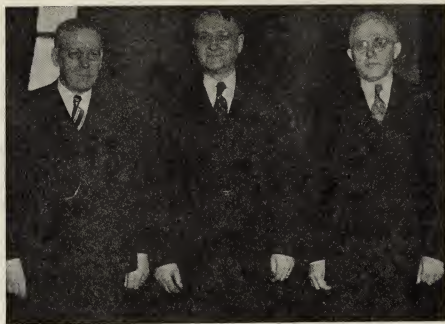
In connection with the hobby meet we must mention the annual hobby show held in the Deseret Gymnasium under the joint direction of the M. I. A. and the Salt Lake Recreation Council. Hobbies were on display from all sections of the intermountain country and the exhibits were a real insight into the purpose and value of educational hobbies.

ON Friday another visitor of note arrived for the conference. He was Dr. George J. Fisher, Deputy Chief Scout Executive, Boy Scouts of America. Dr. Fisher came on a special mission—the official induction into the M. I. A. program of the new senior program of the national council, known as Explorer Scouts. Dr. Fisher not only took part in special Scout departments of the conference but was a speaker at two other important sessions on Sunday. He showed a remarkable conception of the Church program for youth and was laudatory in his remarks concerning the Church and its leadership.

He gave the Church due credit for its leadership in the senior program of the Boy Scout movement known as Vanguards from which he explained, much of the new Explorer program had been taken. Under his direction General Superintendent Albert E. Bowen, of the Y. M. M. I. A. officially accepted the new Explorer program in the place of the Vanguards.

Friday's program began with the official opening of the conference, a

Y. M. M. I. A. GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY: GEO. Q. MORRIS, 1ST ASST. SUPT.; ALBERT E. BOWEN, SUPT.; FRANKLIN WEST, 2ND ASST. SUPT.



general assembly in the Assembly Hall, where approximately 2,000 delegates heard official greetings from Superintendent Bowen and President Ruth May Fox of the Y. W. M. I. A. and the annual message of President Heber J. Grant.

If no other message had been given the M. I. A. at the conference than the brief one of President Grant, it would have been sufficient. "Find out what the First Presidency, your stake presidency and your bishop wants you to do and do it and honor your parents and you will make no mistake," he said.

He advised those present to live lives that will keep them in the straight and narrow path.

"If you will never do a thing that you cannot get down on your knees and ask the support of your Father in Heaven in doing it, you will have a safe guide to keep you

in the straight and narrow path." He advocated as another safeguard that young people refrain from saying anything that they could not say in front of their mothers. He admonished everyone to obey the commandments of God and especially advised the young people to honor their fathers and their mothers. "Young men and young women should so order their lives that they will be an honor to their parents," he declared.

One of the important entertainment features of the conference occurred Friday at noon, when the M. I. A. delegates assembled in the Tabernacle to hear a special organ recital presenting Prof. Winslow Cheney, former Utahn, and now recognized as one of the nation's greatest musicians. He presented a program which attracted wide attention and comment for his mastery of the great organ. It was a thrilling relaxation in the middle of a busy day of conference meetings and a feature greatly appreciated as this young organist won his way into the hearts of all who heard him.

Friday's program was rounded out with the annual reception, dance festival, and social dancing at Saltair. Never before has such a crowd been on hand to participate in the events and to enjoy the dance presentations. It was another evidence of the success of the achievement program. To see those five hundred couples on the great floor was an inspiring sight. A fine luncheon was served to approximately 2,000 visiting stake officers and board members, who were seated according to states and missions. Following the dance festival everyone participated in the social dancing and other features of

A CORNER AT THE HOBBY SHOW, DESERET GYMNASIUM



Utah's famous resort on the shores of the briny inland sea.

SATURDAY dawned bright and sunshining with another big program as full as that of the opening day.

The first thing scheduled was a continuation of registration preceding another general session in the Assembly Hall. First of all the large assembly took a mythical train ride with Elsie Talmage Brandley, of the Y. W. M. I. A. general board as the engineer. First of all they stood on the observation platform as the train pulled out of station 1934-35 and reviewed the accomplishments. Then looking ahead by means of the searchlight all caught a figurative "view" of the new program for 1935-36.

The course she held up in her discussion, is attractive and appealing and embodies all of the fine features of the past year's work with a few slight changes to improve efficiency and further simplification.

Appreciation to all for the support they have given during the past year in *The Improvement Era* drive was expressed by Elder George Q. Morris, first counselor in the general superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A., and by Clarissa A. Beesley, second counselor in the general presidency of the Y. W. M. I. A. This was followed by a picturesque and entertaining presentation, entitled "Era Melodies." This brief operetta, by the Thirty-first Ward of Liberty Stake, was for the purpose of explaining in song and pageant the contents of the M. I. A. organ.

This little bit of pageantry was strikingly appropriate and was beautifully presented, making a very strong appeal to all who witnessed. It was the work of Lorenzo Mitchel, Evelyn N. Wood, and Lola Nelson Brimley, who were the composer of the music, writer of the words, and director, respectively.

THEN came a series of department meetings. Under the direction of heads of the various committees of the general board, special department programs, designed to acquaint members with the ideals and objectives as well as the program for the coming season, were held during the remainder of the fore-

noon. Of special importance was the executive session held in the Assembly Hall.

Several responsibilities of the M. I. A. executives were stressed by Oscar A. Kirkham, executive secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. Elder Kirkham emphasized as one of these responsibilities the facing of special problems created by the repeal of the Eighteenth amendment. He urged the M. I. A. members to maintain the Church stand on alcohol among the people old and young. "Our program must extend beyond the limits of our own members and into every community, for the boys and girls of M. I. A. are only as safe as the communities in which they live," he said.

He urged further that representative committees of both men and women M. I. A. leaders work with officers of the law to find the best solution of the problem in each community. "Go to see your sheriff; do not let the sheriff come to see you," he said in conclusion. "Get groups of outstanding educators in the community to meet with the young people and discuss their problems with them frankly. Work with them understandingly, and show by your own example that the real joy of living may be fully known without the aid of artificial stimulation."

Dr. Fisher again spoke at this meeting to the subject, "Leadership of Youth." He declared that the real heroes and great ones of our nation are the leaders of youth, who mold the characters that will make the world of tomorrow. Youth today he explained, is profoundly perplexed, finding itself in a world of cynicism where it looked for idealism, and we must help them find the way to meet their problems. Leaders of youth today must stop, look, and listen to youth was his very pointed advice.

"If the youth of today should fail us, what would become of our country?" he asked. "Our youth have more enthusiasm, more energy than ever before and we must see that it is not misdirected, but used for the good of the world."

Elder Frank L. West, Second Assistant General Superintendent, closed this session with an address on the "Responsibility of Living and Teaching the Gospel." He made a strong appeal for close adherence of the M. I. A. program

and members of that organization to the central principles and ideals of the Church.

M. I. A. paid a fine tribute at noon on Saturday to its retiring officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. The retiring general superintendency, two of whom were present, Elder Richard R. Lyman being absent in the East, were given honor at the regular stake superintendents' and presidents' dinner in the Lion House. The principal tribute was paid by President Fox, who has labored in an executive capacity with Superintendent George Albert Smith and his counselors, Elder Richard R. Lyman and Elder Melvin J. Ballard, this service extending over a period of many years.

Both Elder Smith and Elder Ballard responded with expressions of gratitude for their opportunities to serve and with best wishes for the success of the M. I. A. program with its new officers.

YOUTH'S Opportunity Today."

was the theme of an interesting and forceful address Saturday afternoon by President David O. McKay. He said in part:

"The opportunity of Youth today is to enter into this moral and spiritual world. The world is calling today upon men and women who realize that religion is devotion to life's highest values. Patrick Henry, upon his deathbed said: 'I have disposed of all my property to my family. There is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would have been rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the gold in the world, they would be poor.'"

President McKay enumerated four fundamentals in the practice of true religion and made brief comments on each. These four fundamentals were: first, a belief in a Supreme Being; second, to feel the confidence of the conqueror with prayer for the power to meet that temptation in a way that will be supreme; third, a willingness to promote social betterment, and, fourth, a belief in the immortality of the soul.

Continuing his discussion, President McKay said.

"What of youth today, as we face the fact that spiritual progress has not kept pace with material

power and invention. Thinking men will tell us that today as seldom if ever before, human society is threatened with disintegration if not complete chaos. All the ancient evils of human relationships, injustice, selfishness and use of strength, become sinister and terrible when re-enforced by the vast increase of material power. The soul of man cowers, cowed and fearful in the midst of a civilization grown too complex for any man to visualize and to control. Joy and beauty fade from human living, yet life abundant, beautiful, laughing life, has been our age-long labor's end. What other conceivable worth has the Master of a material world, the exploitation of the resources of nature, and the creation of wealth, except as a basis for the release of the life of the spirit.

"We are witnessing either the crumbling of civilization under the weight of its material mechanism or the birth of a new organization with spiritual ideals.

"It would seem then, that we, too, are living in an age that will try men's souls, an age of unstable opinions, of shifting uncertainties.

"Discouraged youth are saying, 'tolerance, wide interests and sense of genuine values, intellectual integrity and emotional maturity are not the qualities which make one rich in worldly goods. All about us with few exceptions we see men with vulgar and immature minds inheriting the earth. The wholesomeness of our ancestral home-life is questioned. Modesty, that diamond setting to female beauty in some circles, is considered prudish, puritanic. Obnoxious and sometimes obscene advertisements flaunt themselves in the face of every traveler along our highways, and even steal into our homes over the radio.

"The great discoveries of science, the marvelous advance in invention, popular government, education of the masses, international relationships, transportation and communication, are some of the problems and characteristics peculiar to present day society; yet notwithstanding all these achievements, social unrest perhaps was never more pronounced than it is today. The difficult questions that arise between capital and labor are still unsettled. The liquor problem is still unsolved. The evils of

the slum are still with us. The burden of taxes and the proper distribution of wealth are questions perplexing the wisest minds. Truly we are living in an age of shifting opinions, of swiftly changing human relations. Man's wisdom is baffled. Obviously there never was a greater need for a safe pilot, or the discovery of a fixed light that will settle the turbulent waters through which we are now sailing."

ON Saturday evening, there occurred in the Tabernacle one of the most colorful events of the conference. Although the Tabernacle was well filled yet the crowd on hand was not large enough to do justice to such a splendidly worked out and appealing feature as the Church-wide Honor Night. Carrying the thought of achievement award beyond the ward and stake, the General Board had arranged a special program to present the true message of the appreciation courses. It was done beautifully and there is little doubt that the impression made upon the congregation by the colorful dramatization of the message of each course will have lasting benefit in the pursuit of this work in future years.

As a reader told the significance of these appreciation courses in M. I. A., groups from the Salt Lake Stakes enacted tableaux as an example. To dramatize the speech section a group portrayed Paul before Agrippa and surely no one who saw and heard this brief part

Edison

(On the eve of his death)

By Grant H. Redford

HAVE Faith; go forward," you said.
And died. You did not hear the world's

Acclaim, tonight. Yet you must have known that all our homes were lighted
By the light you made from Faith and
Go forwardness—you must have known!

"Have Faith; go forward," you said.
I will not forget this saying, Edison.
I will not forget. I will remember.
I will remember that a light upon a
Hill cannot be hid. Yes, I will remember.
Also, when the going is hard, to "Go
Forward!"

"Have Faith; go forward," you said.
The world sleeps with your words
Ringing in their ears. They will
Awake soon, and remembering they
Will go forward. We sleep, and you
Sleep. Tomorrow we go forward, too.

failed to realize a new significance in the words. A committee of the general board headed by W. O. Robinson achieved a real success in this presentation.

In addition awards for having achieved certain required standards in all of their wards, were given to stakes.

This evening's program also saw the induction of about sixty M Men in the Church into the charter organization of Master M Men. These certificates were awarded those who attained this high distinction for the first time in the history of the organization, by Burton K. Farnsworth, chairman of the M Men committee of the general board.

A most inspiring testimony session in the Assembly Hall marked the beginning of the concluding day of the conference. President Grant was among those who participated in this inspirational session voicing testimonies to the divinity of Jesus Christ and the mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and acknowledging the goodness of the Lord unto them.

This meeting was followed by two separate sessions, one for the Y. W. M. I. A. in the Assembly Hall, and the other for the Y. M. M. I. A. in Barratt Hall. These meetings were under the direction of President Ruth May Fox and Superintendent A. E. Bowen, respectively. Two special features took place in these meetings.

In the Assembly Hall approximately 80 Bee-Keepers from forty stakes were presented with three-year service pins. They were introduced to the congregation as leaders of girlhood in M. I. A., who have been distinguished by at least three years of consecutive service as Bee-Keepers and having passed special requirements given by the Bee-Hive committee of the general board. President Fox joined with the Bee-Hive committee in congratulating the recipients of the three-year pins and urged that they continue on and derive joy and satisfaction from their work of directing the activities of the young girls.

In Barratt Hall, under the direction of Superintendent Bowen, the Church officially received from Dr. Fisher the National Council's Senior Boy Scout program known as Explorer Scouts. This new

(Continued on page 516)

The Challenge of Charm

By
KATIE
C.
JENSEN

"FRIENDS AND ENEMIES"

"Order is a lovely thing
On disarray it lays its wing,
Teaching simplicity to sing."
Enduring Quest—Overstreet.

LIFE — Beauty — Friends — Happiness—what fun it is to live, if living finds one interested, breathless, alive, with adventure and anticipation flooding the heart. For just around the corner there is happiness for the woman who has enough hope and faith. The day may bring a new friend, a letter, a heart made glad, a fault overcome, a task completed. But we cannot see happiness: it is what one feels when he hears music sung by hearts of people—it has a light of its own, and lives in a separate sphere—it dwells in the radiant light of people's eyes. "Though we travel the world over to find happiness, we must carry it with us or we find it not." And so it is with charm.

Charm may be called a city, a great city of many thoroughfares. A city of possibilities and adventures, with challenging problems and happy realization. There are three main streets: how you feel, how you look, and how you act. Busy streets, beautiful avenues, shady lanes, and, too, there are dark alleys here and there called Worry, Regret, Fear, Self-pity, Jealousy, Selfishness, and by other names. But why talk about more? You will find them yourself as soon as you put yourself on the rack of self-observation. And then be honest. We may "bluff" others, but a man can never deceive himself. Be a little hard on "you." Stand your enemies in a row and give them enough gas to put them out forever.

In this city, you will find happiness, too. Oh! not a sweet, "sickish" happiness like a cup of cocoa, half sugar, but a happiness struggled for—a little bitter-sweet perhaps, or like wandering in a moist meadow at early morn listening to the bird notes, inhaling the

sweet wildness with abandon of spirit, reaching up and out of yourself because your cares are forgotten and you are "in the fields with God." But even Charm has enemies. Let us face them and then we can flee to their friends.

Worry

WOMEN were made to worry." If this were so, I should disown my sex. Worrying women, fussy women, fidgety women, nagging women, gossiping women. How many men are happy around them? (There may be no men reading, so ask them.)

And yet, all worry is not negative. The kind that makes one look ahead and plan for the winter, the kind that protects health and shuns danger are not useless. Needless worries are childish and selfish. The charming woman doesn't worry. She thinks—the problem presents itself—she faces facts, talks it over with those concerned, does what she can about it, and then puts it aside.

Worry is a terrible bed-fellow. Why can't we shed him as we do our clothes at night and wait until the day to wrestle with him again? Worry could be a physical thing. What did you eat for dinner? Are you all tired out? When did you laugh and play and set your spirit free?

Regret

REGRET—another bad bed-fellow, and he stays with us all day if we will let him. Oh! if it were only possible to put him in an iron chest and sink him in the sea.

Anyone can have regrets, but it takes character to forget the unpleasant and ugly. Regrets are only of value in a lesson learned, not what has happened, but what it has done to the individual. We are all a little bit delinquent, have made mistakes, but that should

bring us closer together. Understanding should come because we are all so human. Failures may become successes. Look up and forget the past. Go on to the new day. Remember Lot's wife? She looked back and was turned to salt.

Fear

YOU may scream at a mouse, shudder at a worm, run from a stink-bug—(I like you for it) but you will rush before a car to save the life of a child; you will face a blizzard to give relief to a sick friend; you would gladly give your life to save a soul. So aren't we mostly afraid of little things? Youth today says: "Who's afraid?" as they dare us to accuse them. Speed, height, distance they meet without a fear. But they are sensitive and afraid of criticism, unkindness, and misunderstanding. Faith kills fear, but likewise does fear deaden faith. Happiness, charm, personality flee into oblivion before this common enemy. If you are afraid of people, meet them often. Look outward, forget self, make up your mind that nothing or nobody will hurt you, and that the people you are going to meet are just like you. Are you afraid to meet someone, the bishop perhaps, because you haven't paid your tithing, or the woman next door because you gossiped about her, or to give your speech because you are unprepared or have a "funny" voice? Well, fears are useless. Courage and caution may replace them—and make for poise and charm. List your fears and see how many of them you can do without.

Self-Pity

TEARS, sobs, sleepless hours, morning with swollen eyes, front door banged shut, John gone, everything haywire, all because of a forgotten birthday. Just a little lady not quite grown up. A little

girl hangover. But shall we hope she won't try it too often? Men do not like crying girls or women. It is all right to weep over someone else, they like that, but watch them try to run when a woman shows indications of a self-pity "spree." For it is just that—a let down as much as when a man turns to intoxication for expression.

Self-pity, the feeling that everyone is against you, closes you in on yourself. It is a danger signal, and indicates you are tired out or ungrown up. Our lady made her own trouble. Had she started reminding John one month ahead, she might have had a diamond ring, a dinner up town, a picture show, a good night kiss, breakfast, a happy husband, and John wouldn't have said a swear word. I know one woman who gives herself a birthday present so she won't feel neglected. But aren't we funny? Some of us weep because a birthday is forgotten and some hope they will be forgotten. If all the "fibs" in the world were lined up in a row, there would be more "fibs" about birth-dates than any other thing. There would be a line reaching from the earth to the end of everything and back again. But wait! I do know one woman who tells the truth about her age. She *looks* older than she is. No more self-pity if you believe in charm.

Jealousy

ONE has chills and fever when she considers the trouble caused by this little word jealousy. If you have never been jealous, you haven't really lived, loved, or learned. But it can be overcome or outgrown. It belongs to childhood and should have been lost in daisy fields long ago. If we could but live to be interested in others so that their successes, wealth, fame, beauty, could make us proud and happy, jealousy would die and expression in approval would take its place. If we could love to the happiness of the object of our affections, then we would feel the power of the love Jesus talked about. If you have a lover, and his happiness is centered in someone other than yourself, are you willing to say: "I will give my love away to make him happy?" If so, you really love, and then you will be better instead of bitter, because you have loved.

Jealousy usually follows in the wake of an "emotional jamboree," and we sit home and nurse our feelings and claim we hate men. By the way, do you know the definition for "man-hater?" "One who fails to go over." Ladies, be very careful what you say about men—everyone knows you usually say unkind things about men with whom you have failed to "click." But when a woman finds her perfectly good husband seeking the

company of another, she makes her defense under the rights of offended dignity or righteous indignation. After she is quite sure she is not to blame for his straying away, then she takes a stand for home, children, happiness, and who can blame her? It is in her, inherent, to fight for the man she loves. But, if she only imagines hurts, slights, unfaithfulness, her silly little girlish jealousy may drive him away from her. (Continued on page 515)



THE LION HOUSE MIRROR SPEAKS

This was Brigham Young's Mirror—it still hangs in the hall of the Lion House Social Center

"Preen
Yourself daintily,
Tumble and twist those lustrous locks.
Arrange them thus and so;
Have the white teeth glisten as tiny pearls
In a ruby miracle of curves;
See to your eyes—modest but hiding
Infinite emotion.

Forget not the frail rose for your cheeks,
And see that your slender neck is like ivory
And your shoulders as smooth and round
as a visioned Diane;

Make yourself thus lovely,
So stand in humble admiration
I shall see you as you wish to be
Even tho' the world see otherwise.

Editorial



A New Stake is Driven

WITH the organization of a stake on the Hawaiian Islands, the Church takes another step towards enlarging its boundaries. "The vine is running back over the wall" to other nations.

Even though missions have been established for many years in other countries as well as in the Pacific Islands, there is something appropriate about taking a stake—a regularly organized member of the Church plan of administration—to the islands of the sea outside of the continent of America, first.

Pacific Islanders, since the first member of the Church first read the Book of Mormon, have been viewed as lineal descendents of the House of Israel. The fervor with which many islanders have embraced the Gospel and their willingness to sacrifice everything for the truth as they have come to see it through the preaching and the teachings of the missionaries, all seem to bear testimony to the fact that they are deserving of this recognition.

It is fitting that the stake should be driven in Hawaii by President Heber J. Grant, the venerable president of the Church, who has done so much toward taking the Gospel to strange lands and to strange peoples. The presence of Elder J. Reuben Clark, Jr., First Counselor in the First Presidency, added to the importance and significance of the occasion. President Clark has served as ambassador of good will to the South American countries and has sat with them in council, representing the United States of America. This new expedition on behalf of the Church, therefore, by his presence is given an added dignity.

In behalf of the other stakes of the Church and of the Missions everywhere, *The Improvement Era* welcomes this newest stake into the splendid family of stakes. It is hoped that the bonds of brotherly love may tighten until there shall be no more talk of war and dissension.—H. R. M.

Four-wheeled Dragons

OUR highways are still infested with four-wheeled dragons in many cases operated by hair-brained operators.

If there were dumb animals in our land going up and down slaying people by the thousands and maiming them by the hundreds of thousands, we'd corral or kill them. Valuable dogs have been killed before now, because they have, after years of gentleness, merely bitten the hand of a girl or boy, yet these dragons of ours roar on killing here, maiming there.

In some cases pedestrians have invited death by walking on the highway at night. Such an act is suicidal, but in the majority of cases the auto-

mobile driver has been to blame and his chief sin is Speed.

We must become more and more severe upon speeders. Those who race at high speed in traffic or upon roads that curve are potential man-slayers whether they ever kill a man or not. If they do not, it is a matter of chance, in most cases.

Every effort should be made by us all to reduce highway hazards. The very best method is to see to it that at least one car—our own—is at all times perfectly under control.

When we begin to fear these four-wheeled dragons, then we may begin to control them.—H. R. M.

Why Drown?

NEARLY all drownings can be classed among the preventable deaths. Usually, they result when someone is ignorant of the dangers of water or is too daring for his efficiency in the water.

The summer months usually exact their toll of deaths from this cause. Those who have small children and water ditches in the same lot; those who swim in strange waters without first knowing the conditions of the stream; those who ride boats that are overloaded or are handled carelessly; those who go wading when they cannot swim and the water is unknown; those who dive from high places into strange waters or carelessly into concrete-bottomed pools—all of these and others could reduce the number of drownings by taking thought.

Furthermore, there are still a few who do not know how to handle a person who has become unconscious through being too long under water. Even some doctors do not understand very well what to do under such circumstances. We have known of doctors who have stood a seemingly drowned person on his head to get the water out of his lungs. All of us who do not know should invite a Boy Scout troop, a physician, or nurse to give a demonstration.

Safety might well be stressed in our public meetings. Drownings can be reduced, therefore, let us reduce them throughout the entire Church population.—H. R. M.

The Cover

THE cover this month is a photograph taken from the air of the Utah State Capitol and City Creek Canyon beyond. It is an official photograph made by the Air Corps of the U. S. Army, 15th Photo Section, Crissy Field, San Francisco, California. Memorial Park is in City Creek Canyon just at the right of the picture. This view is from the south looking north.—H. R. M.

Maker of Music

Tribute to Professor Anthony C. Lund, late director of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir

A FRIENDLY, talented man who has helped to make the music of the Church for many years has ceased his earthly singing. Anthony C. Lund is dead; but the harmonies which he led others to create and which have been heard around the world have not ceased; his music is not dead; and for the work he did in making sound of beauty and in making people love such sounds the more, the memory of "Tony" Lund will live on.

Existing, if one has food, water, air and shelter, is not a feat of appreciable magnitude; millions do that without giving a thought. Living is more than that—it is putting into the routine of existence meaning, purpose, color, harmony. It is bringing to others a glimpse of such meaning and purpose, color and harmony. It is living beyond self and in forgetfulness of self in interest in others. Innumerable are those who have known moments, or hours, or years made more lovely through this man, because of the loveliness their beauty-starved ears heard through him. To help others help themselves is admittedly a great thing; to help others to create songs of praise is an immeasurable contribution to the richness and abundance of living.

To friends who sat in congregations spell-bound with the music under his baton, the memory of this man will long endure. With strangers who sat in various lands and heard the unearthly loveliness of the strains coming over the air guided by his baton, gratitude for him will long endure. Music itself might understandably go on its winged way in greater glory and beauty because of the impetus given it by the efforts of Professor Lund.

He lives on in immortal memory not only as musician, but as teacher, friend, and helper as well. Many there are who remember the precious bits of philosophy he wove into the harmonious fabric of his teaching; many who know him for his acts of friendship; many for the gentle helpfulness of his counsel and interest. Such a man has created harmonies far beyond those merely of instrument or voice. Such a man was "Tony" Lund, and for what he was and did, the Church does him honor. For the vacancy he left, the people mourn. For the beauty he put into lives, great gratitude is his.—E. T. B.



PROFESSOR ANTHONY C. LUND

and then to assemble the bricks, the lumber, the nails, the glass, the paint, the cement—all into one harmonious whole.

A great many people will live and die without ever building any of the particular things which have been mentioned. There is one thing, however, which all of us can build—our own lives.

Life, after all, is built much in the same way as houses are built. One takes a little sunshine and a little shadow, a little laughter and few tears, a little happiness and many heartaches and fashions them into a life. All of these things are held together in the heart, tempered by the spirit, and made into a personality—a life.

Fortunately, the general plan of life is known. It is called the Gospel. The Master came to establish a pattern and to point the way.

When we really set out to build a life we assemble the materials. These may be called experiences. To quite an extent we can govern these. We may sit at home and have few experiences or we may get out into the big stream and have many. At home or in the stream, however, we can still choose to some extent our experiences. We may have those which will strengthen character, build a strong and virile intellectuality, promote a fine spirituality or we can select those that will dissipate our mental and physical energies, weaken our characters, and ruin our walls.

Discipline—mental discipline—is the watchword of him who would build a magnificent life. He must be able to force his eyes to read the best books, his ears to listen to the best music, his heart to respond to the best impulses. He must row, not float. He must remain teachable. He must practice strength—if you can catch the import of that sentence.

The Gospel gives the builder long-distance views. It points to the goal—what he may become, but it also says what he must be, for being is becoming.

It is a great joy to build a life—one's own, but it is a great responsibility also. We cannot get off and look at it as it rises, and, unfortunately our friends will not tell us where it is out of plumb and we cannot—perhaps must not—believe our enemies. We can always see the mistakes our friends make in their structure. We can see when they have used too much mud and have put in a weak plank, or that gables have gone awry, but we cannot see our own.

In our dilemma, we turn to the preacher and to his works. We read the scripture, both ancient and modern, and hew a little here and a little there. We attend Church, if we are wise, for in Church we hear those things proclaimed in a general way which fitted particularly to our own cases may help us with our structure.

Building a Life

THERE is pleasure in the creation of physical things such as houses, bridges, roads, and fortunes. Nearly everybody loves to plan a building

The SQUEEZE

By
SAMUEL TAYLOR

Illustrated by
N. J. COTTERELL

Gil Mathew was just a "stooge" to Beth Lewis, when she entered the class in accounting—a studious person who would serve as a crutch to assist her to a good mark in the class without much work—but she learned that he played tennis rather well and that brought on complications.



"THIS," True Quail was saying, "promises to be the hardest quarter of my college career." He paused, but when Beth did not reply he continued: "I'm stuck with psych 73 and comp 8. Prof. Barlow never follows any text in his psychology classes, they say. And comp 8 is short stories. You have to turn in stuff. No way out. No apple polishing."

"And the stooges," Beth surmised, "are homely."

True sighed. "Worse, hopeless. Nothing, not a thing in either class with brains combined with even a shade of looks. I marvel how you have both. No; don't simpier. I'm too far in the mire. Where am

I going? To the house of one J. P. Owens. He runs a drug store. But all the drugs in the world can't change his daughter, Stella." True's wide shoulders shrugged. "But Stella's so bright she dazzles, and she's a psych major."

Beth chuckled in sympathy. "And comp 8?"

"Don't torture me! The name's Maybelle Gooch."

"Gooch? You're well heeled there, True. She's—"

"Well, she ought to be a genius or at least a marvel, the looks she's got. Compensation. But me—listen, Beth. Three months, do you hear? For a whole quarter I've

got to have two beautiful friendships."

She laughed. "Why don't you try studying for a change?"

"As a gentleman, I did not hear that remark, Miss . . . You?"

"Easy. Groups full. I'm playing the easy pros. It's a slide, except for accounting."

He looked at her sharply. "Are you insane? You can't take accounting. Listen—" She shrugged. "I bit at that one."

"No; it's the truth. Dad—you know how business men are. He's going to give me a job next spring. I can type."

"Let it glide by. Who's the stooge?"

"SAY, HE'S YOUR STOOGIE, NOT MINE." "DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT LETTING HIM GO."

Beth made a wry face. "He's straight out of a book. You could shingle a roof with his freckles. Shy? I gave him a coy grin in class today and I thought he'd catch fire, he went that red. But Gil Mathew's an honor student, so I pass accounting."

"Contacted him yet?"

"He shoves a broom in the women's gym of an evening. And purely by accident I left a book in my locker there."

GILBERT MATH-
EW was playing tennis with, and talking to, himself. Standing thirty yards from a wall of the gymnasium, he was rebounding the tennis ball, alternately forehand and backhand. Effortlessly, smoothly he swung the racket, the ball going low, rebounding, striking the floor, coming up to meet the racket. *Ku-plut . . . pud . . . ku-plut . . . pud . . .* "How far have we gone from democracy?" he was saying, speaking slowly, rhythmically. "When first—*ku-plut*—the idea of every—*pud*—man in a government"—*ku-plut*—"having an equal voice in that government—" The ball angled sharply and Gil, turning to strike it, saw the girl standing by the north wall. He gulped, flushing. "Wonderful," Beth exclaimed, clapping. "Marvelous."

"It's a s-sp-speech," he stammered.

"I don't mean that. The tennis form, lad. Flawless."

"Nobody but me is supposed to be in here," he said meaningly.

"I just came to get a book I left in my locker. An accounting book. I'm having the worst time with—why, aren't you Gilbert Mathew? Of course! I wonder if you'd be so kind as to show me—"

"Well," True Quail said manfully next afternoon, "nobody can say I don't work my way through college. I would avidly break rocks rather than go through last night with Stella again. And tonight it's Maybelle. . . How'd you come out?"

"With Gil? He's marvelous!"

"Like—say, I do believe you actually mean that."

"See these starry eyes? They're drooping. Why? Because I was up with the birds. Little Beth up at five, and at a quarter past I was

receiving the neatest shellacking ever administered on a tennis court."

"This Gil Mathew, you mean he plays tennis? He beat you?"

"Without trying. True, you're outclassed; there's another intercollegiate conference champion next spring. Gil's good; I mean good."

"I never heard of him."

"He's never played around school, but he will this year. Do you know that for the past three years he's worked twelve hours a day and carried a full course? It's a fact. NRA finally caught up with him and made him cut down. He only works six hours now, in addition to sweeping the gym, so he'll have time for extra-curricular activities. Those are his words, and you'll eat 'em. He's practicing for the oratorical contest—four months in advance—and he's going out for debating. Keeps up tennis on a backboard. Don't laugh at that. Fred Perry did the same. The man—Gil, I mean—is a marvel. You never saw such ambition."

"I thought he was just your accounting stooge."

"Showing the beast beneath the veneer!" she cried happily.

"Wait'll I see Maybelle tonight, then I'll tell you about my apparition," True grinned. Beth winced at the pun. "Playing tennis tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes. And if you're there at five-thirty you can play a set. But be on time, because Gil studies from six to eight every morning."

True grimaced. "I'll bet he gorges spinach and carries small change in a purse. Never mind, I'll get up."

AT five-fifteen next morning Beth and Gil were on the courts. Beth played her best—good enough to make her singles champion at Hanford—but Gil's unerring placement, his smooth, incredible steadiness, were too much. True arrived near the end of the set. Beth introduced him, and True suggested a set.

"B-but—I can't play *you*," protested the freckled one. "You're—why, you're conference champion—"

True laughed away the modesty, and they began. Beth noticed a difference in Gil's playing. It was not merely that he had stiffer competition; no, it was something else. Nervous, erratic, Gil's smooth form



was gone. He muffed easy shots, popped up balls for True to smash, netted, overdrove the court, double-faulted. True swept through a love set.

"Guess I didn't offer much competition. Sorry. Have to study. Thanks."

Watching Gil go, first beam of the morning sun striking the red hair, True smiled. "Backboard player," he said with satisfaction.

"You wait!" Beth snapped. True raised his eyebrows, grinning.

Beth sat by Gil during the daily lab period in accounting. He plugged the figures, she copying. But it was she who, by a smiling question, found the difference between deferred payments and accrued expenses, and it was she who spotted errors in posting, when a transposed number threw the trial balance off. Sharp, facile, Beth was the one to pounce on a problem and unravel it in a few minutes; Gil pulled the long haul.

"Never had a better stooge," Beth told True the night before the debating try-outs. "How's Stella and Maybelle?"

They were driving under the moon in True's low, topless roadster. He grimaced. "Please. I'm fed up. Both of 'em—well, I feel sorry, in a way. They've never had any boy friends. That is, not the type—"

"Not the type of Terrific True, you mean. You're a rat and you ought to be ashamed."

He nodded soberly. "Sometimes I think it might be best to get in and study. Actually I do."

BETH was on hand for the debating try-outs next afternoon. True had brought Stella Owens. He was first to speak. Beth sensed instantly that he was not well prepared. But True had stage presence. Easily, smoothly, he talked, stretching his points, inserting irrelevant but catchy illustrations. Gil Mathew was next. He was visibly shaking and his voice broke on the first sentence. A titter did not help him. He began to stammer, closed his mouth and fought for control, spoke again, blurring out facts, spewing figures and data on the assigned subject. Just before his time was up he was speaking powerfully, but that was too late.

Beth felt sorry for Gil, and to an extent resentful. He defeated

himself. If only he could have started out strongly. Next week he received another set-back. The pairings for the fall tennis tournament matched Gil against True in the first round. Beth wondered if he would default. He appeared, however, at the appointed time. He was sniffing, wiping his nose with a handkerchief.

"Anything wrong — except fright?" she asked.

"I'm sick," he muttered.

Beth hated alibis. She turned to True. "Looks like you take it by default," she said sharply, loud enough for Gil to hear.

"No," grunted the red-head, "I'm playing."

Before the end of the warming up period, Beth knew Gil really was sick. A crowd had gathered to watch the first public exhibition by the conference champion. Rumors had got around that Mathew was pretty good. Wallace, tennis coach, was on hand. Gil was too ill to be made nervous by the crowd. It took all his attention to watch the ball. He played steadily, smoothly, without a wasted effort. True's steaming drives were too much, but with the score 3-0, the pace of the play seemed to clear Gil's head, and slowly he rounded into form. On the fifth game he broke through True's service, and then there began a truly epic battle. True was on top of his form, his every powerful shot blasting at the corners of the court; his service was blinding, his smashes brought applause. Gil was playing like clock-work. With the score five-all, True took the next game. Gil came back to even it, climb a game ahead. The lead sawed back and forth, each man taking his service. Gil finally broke through, then took his service and the first set, 18-16.

"If you're sick," Beth whispered to him as he went around the net to change sides, "then best wishes for a continued epidemic."

He passed apparently without hearing her. True was serving. Gil lunged for the ball, stumbled, the racket clattering out of his hand, and he sprawled on the court. The unthinking laugh of the spectators died as he remained motionless. Beth ran to him, turned him over.

"I'm—all right—"

"He's sick!" she cried. "He can't play. Can't you see he's sick?"

THE fall quarter came into the last week. True took Stella and Maybelle out on alternate nights, showing them a good time, being the perfect, romantic gentleman, giving, in his fashion, value for services rendered. Beth owed the same to Gil; but there was the matter of pride. She wanted him to ask her for a date, without trapping him. It was Thursday, the day before the Christmas ball that ushered in the holidays, that she went over to the women's gymnasium to find Gil, his sweeping done, as usual practicing simultaneously his tennis and his speech for the oratorical contest, the latter still a month off.

"You ought to know that oration," she said.

"Have to," he agreed, missing the edge of her tone. "When I get up in front of the crowd I won't be able to think."

"What you doing over the holidays?"

"Got the job of balancing the books for the station. Lucky."

"Going to the Christmas ball tomorrow night?"

He met her eyes. There was a long moment. She could have said something and she should at least have softened her face; but there was pride and a bit of irritation in the knowledge that she was obligated to this stooge.

True Quail squired her to the Christmas ball. She went home for the holidays but was back for New Year's Eve. With True she danced the New Year in at the Gym, with a shouting mob jam-packed around them. When the whistles began to blow True shouted. People were milling around, shouting, laughing, filling the air with serpentine and confetti. Frenzied, a trifle hysterical, they seemed not happy so much as defiant. New Year. Beth thought of savages leaping around a fire, working up a hysteria of courage. A wad of confetti struck her in the face. "Happy New Year!" She laughed. The orchestra was playing "Auld Lang Syne" and she danced, True holding her closely. "I could be sentimental," he was saying. He was strong, protecting. They were, everyone was, on the frontier, fighting eternity. They danced again, again. They danced to show they were strong, to show they were happy; they danced to

become tired, to numb the acuteness of perception, to avoid thinking. Everybody was friendly, realizing that each needed the courage of the other, that all were transient beings. New Year. Others had danced before, others would dance again; they were dancing now.

Later, the hysteria was soothed, by action, by proximity with others. Beth was thankful for the night, for the protection of True and the crowd. She was happy as they rode home, happy, tired, sleepy, forgetful, ready to relax and wake in the morning to a strong new world that would never end. She could feel the play of True's shoulder-muscles as he drove; cold air fanned her face.

The car stopped, "Need some gas," True was saying. Beth suddenly was awake. Gil Mathew was coming out of the station, hair tousled, a pen still clutched in ink-stained fingers.

"Three gallons," True said. Gil obeyed without speaking. Beth thought of the mob in the gym. Gil had been alone. He had looked straight at eternity when the whistles were blowing. He had not shouted nor danced. He stood in the doorway as True drove away, watching the red tail light grow smaller.

"I've been to the registrar's office," True said to her the next Friday.

Beth shrugged, then said tartly: "What if I did get an A in accounting?"

"Nothing, except you're out of the union. You studied."

"I did not!" she defended hotly. "I never opened a book! It wasn't my fault that old Thiele gave me an A. He likes me."

True was shaking his head. "You're a fibber and you know it," he advised calmly. "Nobody gets an A in anything—especially accounting—without study and plenty of it. Sure, a lovely smile will generally pass you, and a good stooge will rate you a B—but an A spells work, Beth." He shrugged. "You've gone soft. I'm ashamed."

"All right, I studied! Go spread it around, why don't you?"

THE Edgar F. Hansen oratorical contest was in mid-January. For two years True Quail had taken the first prize of

a hundred dollars and a gold medal. Gil survived the eliminations and was one of the five who would talk a half hour each on a subject of his own choosing. True had brought Mary Chamberlain, his new stooge in bacteriology. She sat on the front row as he spoke. True held the audience, dominated it; he was the fourth speaker, and easily the winner so far, with only Gil Mathew yet to speak.

Beth was in the wings. Gil, beside her, was breathing hard. True finished to a burst of applause, bowed, and came into the wings.

"You're next, Gil. Good luck."

Gil made a motion as if to walk out on the stage, but hesitated, as if the stage were a pool and he was poised high above. "I can't!" he muttered. "I've forgot. I don't remember a word! I can't go on!"

In that instant all the four months of preparation went against him. He had built up too much for the climax, and he could not face it. His mouth was half open, hands fumbling one another. Impulsively, Beth put her arms around him and then gave him a gentle push. Gil Mathew walked out on the stage, bowed to the judges, and in a clear voice began, "How far have we gone from democracy? . . ."

"I'm a hump-backed walrus," murmured True Quail, eying Beth.

Beth happened to be standing in the archway when Gil, flushed and happy, emerged from the auditorium. They walked in the darkness, feet crunching in the cold snow. He spoke, finally, "Beth, tonight—I was so nervous—it seemed—I knew I couldn't. And then when you—when you—, Well, it took my mind off things—excited me in another way."

If I But Knew

By Dona Wayland

I WONDER—when I read so many lines,
Conceived and written in this modern
age,

Which ones will bear the brunt of years—
and live

Beyond my little span,—will on a page
Of history leave their mark; which songs
I sing

Will still be sung when I am dead and
gone.

No gold could ever give me half the joy
That I would feel—if I but knew—that I
Could some day write—one little verse—
or song—

Or leave one thought so rare—it could not
die.

What I want to say is thanks. I wouldn't have won unless—"

"It's a trick" as old as the stage itself," she said, without looking at him. "I saw you were nervous, so I . . . It always works."

"Oh," he said after they had walked a block. "Well, thanks."

Beth received another A in accounting. She was taking two classes with Gil the spring quarter, the second being psychology of religion. With the realization that this was the final period of formal school, the last bit of sixteen years of classrooms, she felt the inevitable sadness which characterizes the senior class. True Quail had a new stooge. Maybelle Gooch had dropped out of school during mid-term of the winter quarter. Stella Owens was numbed, but still hopeful. Gil went out for tennis, making the squad despite True's antagonism. Since Gil had bested him in the oratorical contest, True had taken no pains to hide his enmity.

"The coach is a fool," True said to Beth. "I told him Gil didn't have the tournament temperament. Wait and see. He'll blow to heaven."

Beth waited, and she saw. The tense atmosphere of a match brought out the best in True Quail, but Gil became nervous, hurried, erratic. Playing against State, Gil lost his match against a mediocre player.

"Guess I haven't the tournament temperament," he said to Beth the next afternoon. They were in the library, gathering material for the term paper for psychology of religion.

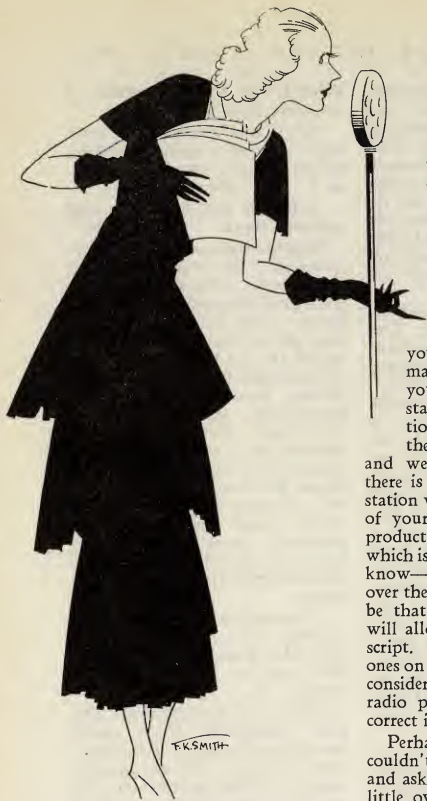
"True's been talking to you."

"He's right."

"He's jealous."

Gil looked at her, blood rising to his face. "Not that," Beth said. She looked again at her book. It would not do to tell Gil the impression he had made on her. Studying John Fox, Martin Luther, Joseph Smith, and other religious leaders, she had been converted to William James' observation that such men, seemingly eccentric, volatile, might be attuned to higher, more subtle and subtract vibrations of a metaphysical nature and so might possess nervous systems inadequate for the common conflicts of this earth.

(Continued on page 513)



The Business of

By GLADYS WAGSTAFF PINNEY

Staff, Radio Station KSL, Salt Lake City, Utah

presentation. I would suggest before you sit down to write that "grand idea" which you've felt for days would make a great radio play, that you visit your nearest radio station and watch the production of a radio play. Most of the larger stations allow—and welcome—visitors. Usually there is someone employed by the station who will gladly answer any of your questions concerning the production and you will see—this is the only way you can truly know—how a radio drama goes out over the ether waves! Then it may be that the Production Manager will allow you to look at a radio script. Usually he has numerous ones on hand—plays that are being considered, written by experienced radio playwrights and, therefore, correct in form and sequence.

Perhaps you will say: "But I couldn't just go into a radio station and ask such a favor!" I did. A little over three years ago. I decided that I would like to write radio plays so I went to the largest radio station in my home town and watched, not one—but ten or twelve radio plays under production. Then I made an appointment with the Program Director of the station and told him exactly what I wanted to do and asked if I might see a radio script. As it happened, a new series was under discussion and I was permitted by the station, to submit a script for their consideration. The opening chapter of what has proven to be a popular feature after three years on the air, was accepted and I launched upon my career as a radio playwright! Since then I have sold, to date, over seven hundred radio plays—all of which have been produced and gone out over the air.

WITH that first radio script in my hands, I compared all I had seen of a play during radio presentation and got some idea of the tremendous importance of

"sound effects," timing and the necessity of limited casts. I also studied how a radio script was written—the exact form, sequence by sequence and with this precious knowledge, I was able to submit that first, All-Important chapter for *The Story of Mary and John*.

Here, let me quote from J. H. MacLatchy's volume, "Education On The Air":

It is always the writing that matters most in a radio play, and the greatest problem radio drama has today is to attract able writers. It is axiomatic that playwriting is difficult. The comparatively few good plays written in a year is proof of this. We have novels and short stories galore, but only a handful of plays worth doing. A good playwright is a "rare avis." A good radio dramatist is a "rarissima avis." That is why so much time on the air is given to adaptation of stage plays and novels. But radio must develop its own writers, writers who realize that they must maintain a swift pace in their radio plays—who will say what they have to say briefly, who can make an asset out of the difficulty of invisibility. They must be able to take advantage of the special opportunities radio offers, the appeal to the imagination, the freedom from the cumbersome mechanics of the theatre, the opportunity to use subtle effects that would be lost on the stage, and an intimacy impossible to achieve in any other medium. From such writers will come the radio drama of the future.

FIRST of all, as with all writing, you must have something interesting about which to write. All the essentials of stage playwriting must be there: an excellent plot, distinct characterization, atmosphere, appeal, suspense, action and punch. The most sought-after radio scripts must have all these things and, in addition, work up nicely and logically to a big climax. The greater the punch, the better. Whether it be a climax of action, emotion or heart appeal—see that your play has *punch*!

From this point, radio playwriting differs essentially from stage playwriting. Radio *depends upon sound*! Everything must be told with words or sound. It is quite useless to write, as you would for a play: "Perkins enters the room with Mr. Hasting's overcoat

DURING 1933, forty-one million dollars were spent for radio entertainment on The National Broadcasting and Columbia Broadcasting networks alone. Another million and a half dollars might be added from the aggregate income of hundreds of independent radio stations. This means that many thousands of dollars were spent just for program ideas and "continuities"—the name by which all radio script is known.

This article is intended for those who have turned interested eyes toward the glamorous field of radio play writing and who have wondered how manuscripts may be directed with lucrative results to the various radio stations.

Radio play writing is a highly specialized field and in order that your manuscript may hold the attention of a radio station "Continuity Editor," it is quite necessary that you have some knowledge of *how* to prepare scripts for radio

RADIO PLAY-WRITING

You may have a desire to write for radio—if so, here are some hints from the most prolific of the inter-mountain radio writers. Missionaries who are sometimes asked to write a continuity for a station will find this article helpful.

and lays it over the back of a chair." You must hear Perkins enter the room. There will be the sound of a door opening and closing, footsteps, and Perkins will say: "Your overcoat, sir. I'll put it here, over the chair." In other words, your play must be written and presented in such a manner that your unseen audience will know exactly what is happening every second! This brings us to "sound effects"—part of the formula of successful radio playwriting. *Sound effects and words*—the endless chain of action put into words, good words, well written and strung skillfully together on a strong thread of plot construction, constitute a producible radio play.

WHAT are "sound effects"?

They are nothing more than the sound of a bit of action you want depicted. Such things as the slamming of a door, the starting of an automobile motor, a boat whistle, the cry of a baby (which, incidentally is produced most realistically by blowing against a silk handkerchief on a leather cushion!); rain on the roof—any one of the thousand and one sounds which will produce horror, anxiety, sorrow or suspense within the hearts of your listeners, as you choose. Many times some bit of "sound business" I have written into a radio script has given the "sound technician" many hours of work, experimenting with various "props" in an effort to produce the sound that will tally, exactly, with the action written into the play. All "sound effects" are tried out in an "audition room"—over a loud speaker from an adjoining studio so that the sound may be ascertained to a nicety before going out over the air.

I have neither space nor time here to go into the myriad means of producing various sound effects. A visit, as I have mentioned, to your nearest radio station will acquaint

you with much of this technique and prove a fascinating occupation in the bargain. I should like to add, however, that every large radio studio has on hand a "catalog" of "sound effects"—records, and these are often used in conjunction with the production of a play.

Radio plays are timed, during last rehearsals, to a split second and are usually broadcast in fifteen minute and half-hour periods. Due to the great cost of time on the air, the most popular radio feature averages fifteen minutes only.

ALLOW me to repeat, radio play writing is a highly specialized field—but the monetary returns from radio play writing today are more than satisfactory to the average writer. In fact, large sums are being paid to the better ones and as a radio play may be produced on one station and then sold, or syndicated, to dozens of others, a writer's income becomes just as great as is his capacity for hard work and consistent output.

Marketing radio scripts follows very closely the routine of marketing stories or articles to magazines.

The radio play is typed, bound—made presentable—and then sent to the "Continuity Editor" of radio stations for consideration. I follow a rule of submitting plays only to stations which I feel are large enough to be maintaining "sustained" programs—or, in other words producing programs at their own expense. I get this information from radio catalogs much on the order of magazines put out for the benefit of short story writers, etc.

However, with the exception of payment received from networks, the best money is paid by stations who are producing dramas for "sponsors"—firms who pay them for the entertainment provided in the time allotted to them on the air. In such cases, the Continuity Editor is on the alert for good plays

and sales are easily made. Only a few weeks ago while in San Francisco, I sold fourteen one-half hour plays to the Program Director of a local station there—and agreed to supply him with others when those have been broadcast. He is producing two half-hour dramas weekly for sponsors over his station and his need for "playable" material was acute.

I have sold to both the NBC and CBS networks by submitting material for consideration and being rewarded by substantial checks in due time. The field for Radio Play Marketing is as large as the dotted map showing the locations of large radio stations. Going out after sales by consistent, never-ending work seems to be the only "Key" I have found to success.

IF, then, you think you would like to try your luck in radio, visit your nearest radio station, watch plays in production repeatedly—then obtain a good script and study it as you would a lesson book. After that, try your hand at writing one of your own. Like story writing—the first may not be good. Nor the tenth. But after a while you'll master the peculiar technique necessary for radio play writing. There is no such thing, however, as being "overstocked" with the editors of large radio broadcasting stations! They are waiting with open arms for the good radio play!

The following are some of the stations that purchase plays consistently:

Continuity Editor:
Station KOA, 1370 Krameria Street, Denver, Colorado. "Always interested in seeing a good script."

Station KOB, Albuquerque Journal, Albuquerque, New Mexico. "Buying plays continually."

National Broadcasting Co., 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Calif. "Buy outside materials. Payment \$25.00 per script."

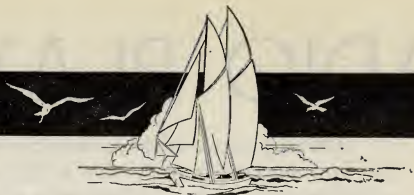
The Little Theatre Off Times Square, Charles P. Hughes Productions, Inc., 535 Cornelia Avenue, Chicago. "Send for specification sheet before writing for this program. Payment, \$50.00 per script."

WBAP, Carter Publication, Inc., (also Station WFAA), Fort Worth, Texas. "Always glad to see a good script."

Grand Hotel, Willis Cooper, Nat'l Broad-

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Poetry



One Day

By Christie Lund

WE did not know at morning that that day
Would blossom into such a lovely flower,
A day for which less blessed mortals pray
And never find—a brief, unsullied hour
When you and I watched, wordlessly, the
earth
Surrender and submerge itself in night,
And saw their union give a star its birth,
The evening's first, shy trembling point
of light.

We had no premonition, did not guess
How rare a thing we'd bartered with life
for;
It passed as gently as the rustling dress
Of her who passes by to come no more.
Not till we lost it, then and only then,
We saw how poor all other days had been.

Garden Dream

By Florence Hartman Townsend

I'M going to plant a garden in the spring.
My very first—'twill be a joyous thing!

I don't know what to plant or how or
when,
But there must be a vine to tempt the wren.

And there must be a tree to filter light,
When underneath the moon I walk at
night.

A lily pool would be a lovely place
To mirror purple flags and Queen Ann's
lace.

I'd want a walk of pebbles rimmed with
phlox.
And beds of zinnias and fragrant stocks;

A clump of white syringas at the door;
A thousand yellow roses—maybe more.

And deep within the garden, dim and
sweet,
A sheltered nook, where loving hearts may
meet.

Choosing

By Kerstine Seaman

I'D like to have a cottage
Nestled in the pine—
I'd like to have it filled with joyous
Things all mine.
There I'd live in peace and solitude
Away from grief and pain.
But if you were to come along
I'd risk love again.
I'd desert my little cottage,
Give all my things a shove
Just to be with you once more
And have your love.

Song for a Sunny Day

By Gladys Hendrickson

THERE'S a little golden person
In the sunshine on my table;
Her feet are quick and nimble
And her gown is apple green.
She is pert and sweet and saucy,
As she sits upon my thimble,
And she tells me, quite convincingly,
She's just dropped in for tea.
She dances on the frosted cakes
And peeps around my cup.
She doesn't care that such things
Aren't done;
Then, in a sudden shadow,
Her form is swallowed up.
I look to see a cloud
Before the sun!

A Prayer

By Mabel West Lillie

THAT she come back to her pain
Dear God, I could not ask,
But only strength each day
Without her cheery presence here
To do my task.

For her warm smile to light my way.
Dear God, I do not pray;
But only courage, staunch
And vivid, lovely memories
To light each day.

Tethered

By Gertrude Hood McCarthy

THERE'S something in the sight of new-
turned soil
That makes our thoughts go winging down
the years.
It brings to mind long hours of steady toil,
Gay laughter, too, and, yes—of scalding
tears.

The love of soil-created pioneers,
That urged brave men and women on to
dare
The dangers of strange lands, to banish
fears,
And make from wilderness a garden fair.

Like a restless child, who knows not how
nor where
To find the things which lie so close at
hand,
We drift to marts, to catch the rainbow
there,
But find our hearts are tethered to the
land.

What is the tie that holds us, though we
roam?
Is it that land to us means love—and
home?

Trail Song

By Cristel Hastings

LET'S follow a trail to the skyline's
rim—
A trail that will take us far!
One that will touch the very clouds
And maybe a distant star!

There's a windswept trail that runs to the
sea!
Its cliffs are drenched with spray!
The wind is like wine—there's salt in the
air,
In a cove where the tall masts sway!

A meadow I know has a wide green trail
Through grass that is spangled deep
With daisies like stars in the summer dusk
When the long blue shadows creep.

No matter which way the trail may lead,
Be it mountain or meadow or shore—
I'll go, if at dusk the way leads home
To a cabin with wide-open door!

The Voice

By Emily Clowes Burke

IN May, they went their silent way,
The loved ones of my heart—
My hopes and dreams, my youth.
Away! Through misty dawn and gray!
"Oh, Life," I wept, "thou art
A breath, a sigh, in truth!"

Always, the flowers of the May
With me a vigil kept
In solitude and trust:
Yet they, too soon, all pallid lay
And with my Sleepers slept—
My Sleepers of the dust!

One day—doubt not these lines, I pray—I
In cadence sweet, a voice
My spirit thrilled: "My dear!
Why stay," it said, "beside the clay?
Be comforted! Rejoice!
I am not there. I'm here!"

The Song of the Mocking Bird

By Lydia Hall

THE sweetest song I ever heard,
I think, was yours, O mocking bird.
In all the world there cannot be
More beauty in a melody;
And when at dawn, when skies are clear
And summer days are long, I hear
Those golden notes that softly float
From out your small, gray-feathered
throat.
My heart takes wing, O bird of mine,
And soars with you to heights divine.

LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

BLACK FURY (*First National*) A stark realistic portrayal of life in a coal mining district. The entire cast is most capable, the direction skillful and the photography notable. *Adults.*

BREAK OF HEARTS (*RKO-Radio*). Aptly named is this romance of two musicians, a young composer and her philandering conductor husband. At times the photography of Miss Hepburn is breath-takingly beautiful. *Adults.* Mature for children.

THE INFORMER (*RKO-Radio*). A skillfully directed, well-acted picture. *Mature.*

OUR LITTLE GIRL (*Fox*). A triangle story affecting the happiness of a little child. The Scottie puppy must not be overlooked, as he and the child make an excellent team. Charming, wholesome and entertaining. *Family.*

DOUBTING THOMAS (*Fox*). A good, swift comedy with a fine cast and smooth direction, wherein you will see Rogers in a crooning bit. *Family and Junior Matinee.*

GO INTO YOUR DANCE (*First National*). Through the efforts of a successful dancer, an erstwhile Broadway singer stages a "come-back." *Family.*

STAR OF MIDNIGHT (*RKO-Radio*). When, a Broadway scandalmonger is killed and a popular actress kidnaped, a suave, bibulous lawyer and his persistent, equally hard-drinking, would-be fiancée solve the mystery in a surprising manner. Smart, sophisticated, fast-moving, with sparkling direction, a capable cast and many clever risqué innuendoes. *Adults.*

Oil for the Lamps of China (*Warner-F. N.*). Realistic settings of China under the changing order, and vivid touches of direction add color and persuasion to the drama of contrasting points of view and loyalties. *Mature for children.*

THE HEALER (*Monogram*). An appeal to the nation's interest in the work being done for crippled children. The setting is a rustic warm springs in the mountains, and the chief character an idealistic physician who is almost deflected from his goal of service by a wealthy temptress. Somewhat obvious in story, sincerely acted, with a thrilling climax of a forest fire and a small boy's heroism. *Family.*

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES (*Monogram*). A good picturization of the popular old story. Scenes of the bee-keeping and backgrounds on the coast of Monterey are interesting, with a nice emphasis upon the healing power of faith and simple living in the recreation of an injured war veteran. *Family, especially Bee-Hive Workers.*

ALIBI (*Warner-F. N.*). Baseball comedy of particular interest to lovers of the sport and yet amusingly

THE members of the "Era" staff view and evaluate pictures in all possible cases. When this cannot be done, the estimates of groups of people organized for this special purpose are taken. The groups previewing pictures and presenting representative opinions are: Nat'l Daughters of the American Revolution; Nat'l Society New England Women; Gen. Federation Women's Clubs; California Congress of Parents and Teachers; Nat'l Council Jewish Women; Women's University Club.

They indicate audience classifications as follows: *Children—up to 14 years; Adolescents—up to 18 years; Young People—18 to 25 years; Adults—over 25 years.* The advice of these committees, and the "Era" is: "Select your pictures. Go to those you know are of fine type. Stay away from those that you know are trashy or objectionable. Your admission ticket is a definite contribution toward setting standards of production."

understandable to all ages. Much the usual pattern of the comedian's stories with some truly laughable situations and "gags." An efficient supporting cast and more than average smoothness. *Family.*

CALM YOURSELF. A clever young man, full of ideas and with a faculty for getting involved in trouble, opens a "Calm Yourself" agency for distressed people and succeeds in winding himself into a tangled skein of mistaken identities, accidental kid-and dog-nappings, and crossed romances, all ending in a slapstick climax. Rollicking nonsense, without rhyme or reason, but with a good share of laughs for the family.

CHINA SQUAD (*Universal*). Oriental intrigue and a confusion of clues baffle the homicide squad of San Francisco's Chinatown. Murky settings of cafes and waterfront. Only fair melodrama, somewhat overly complicated and unreal. *Adults.*

COLLEGE SCANDAL (*Paramount*). A mixture of comedy and melodrama, interestingly produced. *Adults and young people.*

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE (*Lesser-Fox*). Novel, modern treatment of the western drama idea. A young cowboy in possession of a valuable mine and working temporarily as a guide, encounters swift adventure when a "confidence" man attempts to swindle him

and a spoiled English heiress falls in love with him. Lovely scenes in and around the Biltmore Hotel in Phoenix, with a whirlwind ending in the confusion of London and the beauty of English country estates. *Family and Junior Matinee.*

THE GLASS KEY (*Paramount*). The principals are well cast and production smoothly executed, though far from pleasant. *Adults.*

MEN OF THE HOUR (*Columbia*). Following the newsreel men through fires and exciting happenings to the final capture of a ruthless gang of criminals. Romance and adventure in a picture of fair entertainment qualities. *Family.*

MURDER IN THE FLEET (*M. G. M.*). Visiting day on one of the Navy cruisers, a secret installation, and a vicious murderer at work—for the rest, a faithful development of the murder mystery formula, with romance and comedy and excitement and a novel setting. More amusing than serious in its emphasis. *Adults and young people.*

PUBLIC HERO NO 1 (*M. G. M.*). Another story taken from today's headlines which tells of the heroic efforts of Federal men to draw a far-flung net about the dangerous criminals who menace the safety of the public. Prison outbreaks, machine guns, thrills and suspense, interspersed with comedy of a somewhat grim kind and a thread of romance to lighten the strain. Well balanced and tensely entertaining. *Adults and young people.*

THE RAVEN (*Universal*). From the stories, "The Raven," "The Gold Bug," and others, by Edgar Allan Poe. A weird tale which in the hands of these two experts in the realm of the uncanny will prove too grim for any but the stouthearted. *Adults.*

LET 'EM HAVE IT (*U. A.-Reliance*). Following the current trend of pictures based upon the government's drive against organized crime, this production lays particular emphasis upon scientific methods in dealing with crime as well as upon the bravery and resourcefulness of the Federal men. It is well acted and interesting, leading through moments of blazing action and gun play to a strong climax. *Adults and young people.*

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (*British-Gaumont*). Tense, violent melodrama well knit with elements of excellent comedy and strong human interest. Opening scenes in Sweden are quiet and lovely, then a swift murder which brings international complications and the need of swift thinking and desperate action to avert threatened injury to a kidnapped child and yet bring a ruthless criminal to justice. A strong story, well acted. *Adults.*

Music



How Well Can We Sing?

RECENT studies reveal the existence and types of individual differences in musical talent. Those studies related to singing ability show us a rather definite classification of people in general as to the various characters of individual performance. Irrespective of training as a factor, every person when he sings will give a type of performance which can be described. As for example, if you limit the analysis of the singing of people in general to their ability to sing in pitch, you could check rather easily the various tones of a given song and give an accurate account of the number of tones sung in pitch and the number sung out of pitch. Since singing in pitch is fundamental to satisfactory performance, a person's ability to function properly in a singing situation is wholly dependent on his ability to sing in tune. On this basis a general classification of singers may be made, that is, those who can sing in tune and those who cannot.

We must hasten at this point to bring up the question of the effect of training with the deficient. Let me quote from William S. Larson, Chairman of the Music Education Department of the Eastman School of Music, and probably the foremost investigator in the United States on this phase of music practice. "Many," says Mr. Larson, "will present the argument that all members of a group would attain a satisfactory proficiency, if proper teaching methods and techniques were in evidence. While not doubting that there can be improvement of methods of teaching music, the controversies about methods of teaching really serve only as a smoke screen which tends to envelop and conceal the fundamental issue involved,—that of individual differences in musical talent." In other words, referring to our problem, the innate ability to sense pitch is not the thing which is changed by training. With good teaching methods, we all know that a group of deficient singers will improve but it is common knowledge among conductors that persons trained to sing in tune have not the ability to right themselves or keep in tune when extraordinary conditions put them off pitch as do those who are innately gifted.

Investigations made among some six thousand school children in the first and second grades admitted of a five point classification in their individual singing ability. Ten songs of varying degrees of difficulty were taught to the children by a "class wise" procedure. After the children had mastered these

songs as a class, tests were given to determine the accuracy with which the various individual members of the class could sing the songs. All had had an equal opportunity to learn the songs and the individual performance of each would undoubtedly be based on his musical sensitiveness and his general alertness. The descriptions of the singing follow:

Group A. Those pupils who when singing individually, sang all songs accurately with strict adherence to the pitch of every tone in every song.

Group B. Those pupils who when singing individually, exhibited the characteristic of being slightly inaccurate, such as missing the pitch of the second tone of a different interval, singing "flat," etc.

Group C. Those pupils who when singing individually, wandered from the tune, or suddenly modulated into a new key, or substituted new tunes for certain phrases, but when placed with Group A singers could be held to a unison.

Group D. Those pupils who when singing individually, manifested the same characteristics as Group C pupils but when placed with Group A pupils could not be held to a unison throughout an entire song.

Group E. Those pupils who could not sing any tone of any song in pitch, not even the initial tone as given by the examiner.

One does not have to look far in a congregation during a singing exercise to discover members of the above groups, which is quite conclusive evidence that the characteristics persist into adulthood.

It is evident from these classifications, that a choir made up entirely of A and B Groups would be as fine as could possibly be obtained. When Group C singers are mixed in, a doubtful factor appears in the matter of strict adherence to pitch. Should Group D or E singers be included, a definite discordant element would be introduced.

That a group can sing no better than its component elements, is of course plain to everyone, but the above gives us a basis by which singers may be chosen for a choral body where the highest excellence is required. This discussion must not be construed to have any reference to tone quality, which is an entirely different element in beautiful singing and in some ways equally as important as singing in tune; but the element of strict adherence to pitch is absolutely fundamental to satisfactory singing. With all other elements present and this one lacking a rendition is ruined.

Congregational Singing

SEVERAL years ago the Church Music Committee urged bishops and ward choristers to inaugurate the policy of training the people of the wards in the hymns of the Church by an occasional song practice after the regular evening meeting at least once a month. The practice did not become very general, but in those wards where the attempt was made, there was a marked improvement in the congregational singing. As a people we are not singing as well in congregational capacity as we did a generation ago, due, no doubt, to the increasing use of small groups and soloists in our services. The power and influence of congregational singing ought to work among us just as strongly as it ever has. In order to improve our singing as a congregation, and to acquaint the Saints with a larger number of our hymns, the Church Music Committee urges the bishops again to give encouragement to the idea of inviting the Saints to take part at least once a month in a song service, either before, during, or after the regular meeting—the time to be determined by the bishop in accord with local conditions.

One good way to get it started might be to select some event in the ward calendar and prepare some special hymns for it. The Committee believes that whatever is practiced in these "sings" should be taken from the L. D. S. Hymns. To facilitate the start and to help with the choice of hymns the Committee suggests the following as suitable and desirable songs for every Latter-day Saint to know:

- No. 8 Think Gently of the Erring One
 - 23 A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief
 - 24 Come, Follow Me
 - 26 Praise God from Whom all blessings Flow (Sing all parts)
 - 29 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire
 - 33 Though Deepening Trial (Sing all parts as written)
 - 102 There is a Feast for the Righteous Preparing
 - 113 Glory to God on High
 - 180 Abide with Me
 - 187 From Greenland's Icy Mountains
 - 188 Joy to the World
 - 203 The Trials of the Present Day
 - 254 The Star-Spangled Banner
 - 289 Rock of Ages
 - 419 Our God, We Raise to Thee
- These are not all, and some of them might not be chosen; study the topical index for suitable songs for all occasions.

Ward Teaching



Ward Teachers' Message for Sept., 1935

Moral Education

MORAL conditions in the world are serious.

Young people, especially, need guidance on moral questions to a greater extent than at any time in the history of the human race. Never before have so many influences been at work to destroy the very souls of men.

Teachings of many prominent persons, suggestions in some motion pictures and articles in certain types of magazines and newspapers, and in books, are giving many young people false standards of morality.

The adversary is apparently making every possible effort to lead young people into immorality and unchastity, one of the surest means of leading them into apostasy and condemnation.

Young people, as a rule, are anxious to do what is right; but with so many influences at work to lead them astray

they need counsel and advice. They need warning of the far-reaching effects and serious consequences of immorality.

President Joseph F. Smith, in an article entitled "Unchastity, the Dominant Evil of the Age," wrote: "No more loathsome cancer disfigures the body and soul of society today. . . . It skulks through the land in blasphemous defiance of the laws of God and of man. Whether openly known or partly concealed under the cloak of guilty secrecy, the results are potent in evil influence."

The gospel teaches a definite standard of morality. This standard is binding upon all members, old or young, male or female. It is the standard of personal purity and strict chastity. The gospel teaches us to be clean and pure in our thoughts and actions. This message should permeate the homes of Latter-day Saints and be the burden of moral teachings in all Latter-day Saint institutions.

disfigures the body and soul of society today than the frightful affliction of sexual sin. It vitiates the very fountains of life, and bequeaths its foul effects to the yet unborn as a legacy of death. It lurks in hamlet and city, in the mansion and in the hovel as a ravaging beast in wait for prey; and it skulks through the land in blasphemous defiance of the laws of God and of man.

Sexual union is lawful in wedlock, and, if participated in with right intent is honorable and sanctifying. But without the bonds of marriage, sexual indulgence is a debasing sin abominable in the sight of Deity.

Infidelity to marriage vows is a fruitful source of divorce, with its long train of attendant evils, not the least of which are the shame and dishonor inflicted on unfortunate though innocent children. The dreadful effects of adultery cannot be confined to the erring participants. Whether openly known or partly concealed under the cloak of guilty secrecy, the results are potent in evil influence. The immortal spirits that come to earth to tabernacle in bodies of flesh have the right to be well-born, through parents who are free from the contamination of sexual vice.

It is a deplorable fact that society persists in holding woman to stricter account than man in the matter of sexual offense. What shadow of excuse, not to speak of justification, can be found for this outrageous and cow-

ardly discrimination? Can moral delilement be any the less filthy and pestilential in man than in woman? Is a male leper less to be shunned for fear of contagion than a woman similarly stricken?

The low esteem in which strict sexual morality is currently held is an element of positive danger to the nation as a human institution, to say nothing of the wholesale debauching of souls as an offense against Divine decree. With such awful examples as history furnishes, it is a matter of astonishment that governments should be so nearly oblivious to the disintegrating forces springing from violations of the moral law amongst their citizenry. For, as already stated, while the education of the individual is the basal condition of community improvement, regulatory laws will be necessary as long as crime flourishes.

The grandeur of ancient Greece, the majesty of Rome, once the proud rulers of the world, have disappeared; and the verdict of history specifies the prevalence of sexual immorality as among the chief of the destructive agencies by which the fall of those mighty people was effected. . . . According to Book of Mormon history the American continent was once inhabited by two peoples known respectively as Nephites and Lamanites. The former were progressive throughout a great part of their career; they built cities and cultivated the arts of civilization; and as long as they lived in righteousness they prospered. The Lamanites were of nomadic habits, and, except for brief intervals of comparative peace, were in a state of aggressive enmity against their Nephite contemporaries. The most blessed period of ancient American history was that of the first two centuries of the Christian era, during which the people lived in purity and virtue. Of that time we read: "And it came to pass that there was no contention in the land, because of the love of God which did dwell in the hearts of the people. And there were no envyings, nor strifes, no tumults, nor whoredoms, nor lyings, nor murders, nor any manner of lasciviousness; and surely there could not be a happier people among all the people who had been created by the hand of God" (4 Nephi 15, 16).

But this virtuous and happy state was followed by an era of abominable excesses; and prominent among the sins that led to the death of the nation was that of sexual impurity and general lasciviousness. As the prophets had predicted, the Nephites degener-

(Continued on page 509)

Unchastity the Dominant Evil of the Age

By President Joseph F. Smith

THE character of a community or a nation is the sum of the individual qualities of its component members. To say so is to voice at once an ordinary platitude and an axiom of profound import. The stability of a material structure depends upon the integrity of its several parts and the maintenance of a proper correlation of the units in harmony with the laws of forces. The same may be said of institutions, systems, and organizations in general.

Some of the gravest mistakes of men, in administrative affairs, in politics, in statesmanship, are the consequences of misdirected efforts to strengthen the fabric as a whole instead of applying remedial measures to the defective parts, or correcting the discordant relationship. When citizens can be taught to live right lives, the grandeur and perpetuity of the nation will be assured.

What has come to be known in present day literature as the social evil is a subject of perennial discussion, and the means proposed for dealing with it are topics of contention and debate. That the public conscience is aroused to the seriousness of the dire condition due to sexual immorality is a promising indication of prospective betterment. No more loathsome cancer

Aaronic Priesthood

Aaronic Priesthood Restoration Anniversary Celebrated Church-Wide

PARTICIPATION in the Aaronic Priesthood restoration anniversary celebration on May 18 extended over the entire Church. Probably never before has such interest been shown in this important and significant anniversary. Thousands of members of the Aaronic Priesthood with their leaders, members of bishoprics and stake presidencies and parents of the boys participated. In the *Era* for July the celebration at the Salt Lake Temple was described. In this issue the gatherings at other temples and temple sites are reported.

At the temple at Mesa, Arizona, an audience estimated at 5,000 people gathered for the presentation of a pageant depicting the history and progress of the Aaronic Priesthood. Autos lined the highway for a half mile. The pageant was presented at the temple, which was flooded with light. President John Cummond of the Maricopa Stake presidency estimated that 80% of the stake Aaronic Priesthood members were present.

In a letter to the Presiding Bishopric, President Cummond said: "It was a glorious occasion and it brought tears to the eyes of many when they thought that this is 100 years of the Priesthood and how successful it is today. The vivid portrayal of the Prophet and Oliver Cowdery certainly was a touching sight for them to see, as also the telling of the workings of the Priesthood today."

Inclement weather interfered with the celebration at the Manti Temple

on May 18, although a large number of members who had not received word of a postponement visited the temple. On May 25 the celebration was completed with several hundred members of the Priesthood attending. President Robert D. Young of the Manti Temple directed the visit of the group to the temple grounds.

Pilgrimages were also made to the grave of Elder Orson Hyde in the Spring City cemetery and to the graves of prominent Manti pioneers in the cemetery near the temple.

Three-Point Campaign

INCREASED activity in Aaronic Priesthood quorums, particularly in the filling of assignments, is reported from practically all parts in the Church. The campaign has directed attention to the duties of members of the Aaronic Priesthood and activity in quorum responsibilities in a very encouraging manner, resulting in the filling of more assignments than at any time in the past.

The large number of requests for information regarding assignments and for interpretations indicates that renewed interest has resulted from the campaign. Reports of the total assignments filled are now being tabulated in the office of the Presiding Bishopric and the results will be published in the September *Era*. Several stakes have reported that the quota of assignments for the entire year have already been filled.

POINTS TWO AND THREE NEED STRESS

It is urged that for the balance of the year special stress be given to points two and three. Point two calls for an



AARONIC PRIESTHOOD BEING CONFERRED UPON JOSEPH SMITH AND OLIVER COWDERY AS PORTRAYED IN AARONIC PRIESTHOOD PAGEANT AT MESA TEMPLE

effort to be made to have every member of the Aaronic Priesthood in the Church fill at least one assignment. The cooperation of Bishoprics, quorum supervisors and correlation committee members will make this possible. Some wards have already achieved this result.

Point three calls for the teaching of clean living. This is important. Cleanliness of thought, speech and action are necessary to proper living as members of the Church of Jesus Christ. These teachings in the quorums will be supported throughout the Church during September by the Ward Teachers, in at least one phase of the subject. "Moral Education" is the title of the Teachers Message for that month. It will stress personal purity and chastity, important phases of clean living.

At Independence, Missouri, the celebration was held in the chapel, a few hundred feet from the temple lot. At this historic place a splendid program was given with the Saints of Independence joining with members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

In the *Era* for September celebrations at other temple sites will be described.

Prepare Now For Fall Activity

WITH the coming of September and the close of the vacation season, Priesthood quorums increase activity. It is an opportune time to set the quorums in order and to put into effect whatever plans are made for the winter. Organizations, where incom-



SCENE FROM AARONIC PRIESTHOOD PAGEANT AT MESA TEMPLE COMMEMORATING RESTORATION OF THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

plete, should be perfected, the study and activity programs should be outlined and new life put into the work in every possible way. It is urged that the ward and stake committees set regular times for meeting and that definite programs covering every phase of the work be outlined early.

Kolob Stake Aaronic Priesthood Campaign

THE excellent suggestions contained in a bulletin issued by Kolob Stake are published as a guide to supervisors who desire to promote increased activity:

"The Campaign will run for a period of six months, commencing Jan. 1, 1935, and ending June 30, 1935.

"Every boy in Kolob Stake of Aaronic Priesthood age, between 12 and 20 years of age is eligible. Those over this age may be entered with the consent of the Bishop and Supervisor.

"All boys earning 220 points during the campaign will be taken on a four day trip to Mirror Lake. Boys entering late must make a proportional number of points to the time he is entered.

"The Priest, Teacher and Deacon with the highest number of points in the Stake at the end of each quarter will have the privilege of speaking for five minutes during the Quarterly Conference.

"Points in the Campaign will be awarded as follows: One point will be allowed for each of the following meetings attended: Priesthood Quorum, Sunday School, M. I. A., Sacrament Meeting, Quarterly Conference (one point for each session), Genealogical Meeting, Priesthood Union Meeting. Two points will be granted for the attendance at Fast Meeting. 25 points for enrollment in Seminary and an additional 25 points when the course is completed in the spring. Any boy that has graduated from Seminary will receive 50 points.

"One point will be given for performing each of the following: administering or passing the sacrament, performing baptism, ushering, praying (in meeting or class), speaking or giving lesson, studying Priesthood lesson, assisting Bishop, paying tithing (credit can be allowed only once each month), reviving an inactive member who has been absent four consecutive times, assisting in recreational events, in productions, house management, taking of tickets, electricians, stage hands, transportation or preparations for conferences, social or historical pilgrimages, assisting in construction, remodeling, decorating or repairing stake or ward buildings; assisting as instructors or coach in Scouting, Vanguard or M Men activities; assisting Relief Society in welfare work and aid to the poor and unemployed; assisting in cleaning

or beautifying stake or ward grounds; cleaning or renovating stake or ward houses, cleaning windows, yards, providing wood or other fuel for widows, repairing stake or ward fences, sidewalks, bridges, etc., and in the winter time removing of icicles from Church buildings and making the walks safe for people going to Church and any special assignments or activity. Two points shall be given for keeping the word of wisdom, three points for ward teaching, three points for gathering fast offerings. Two for bearing testimony, two for baptism for the dead.

"Have as nearly as possible all teachers and priests active in ward teaching.

"Each one holding the Aaronic Priesthood should fill at least one assignment before June 30, 1935. Bishops and Supervisors should make all assignments in rotation.

"All leaders of Aaronic Priesthood Quorums in Sunday School, M. I. A. and Seminary and Supervisors of Aaronic Priesthood work, should conduct a 12 months campaign in clean living.

"Encourage the quorum presidencies to conduct their own meetings."

✂

Unchastity the Dominant Evil of the Age

(Continued from page 507)

✂

ated, and by Divine sufferance their enemies destroyed them as a nation. And the Lamanites, though victors in the struggle, have fallen to the present degraded status of the American Indian. Archaeologists tell us that the human bones taken from Indian mounds of this country bear unmistakable testimony to the prevalence of syphilitic and allied diseases among the ancient Americans.

Is our modern nation to bring upon itself the doom of destructive depravity? The forces of disintegration are at work throughout the land, and they operate as insidiously as does the virus of deadly contagion. A nation-wide awakening to the need of personal sanitation and of rigorous reform in the matter of sexual morality is demanded by the exigencies of the times.

The Spirit of Sportsmanship

Sir Henry Newbolt

TO set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth;
And dearer yet the Brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth."

✂

As in combating physical maladies, so in the treatment of moral contagion, the individual should be rendered immune, so far as possible, by instruction in hygienic living, and by inoculation with the spirit of righteousness; and, coincidentally, every possible effort is required to check the spread of the plague by community sanitation. The current and common custom of indecency in dress, the flood of immoral fiction in printed literature, in the drama, and notably in moving picture exhibitions, the toleration of immorality in every-day conversation and demeanor, are doing deadly work in the fostering of soul-destroying vice.

Like many bodily diseases, sexual crime drags with itself a train of other ills. As the physical effects of drunkenness entail the deterioration of tissue and disturbance of vital functions, and so render the body receptive to any distemper to which it may be exposed, and at the same time lower the powers of resistance even to fatal deficiency, so does unchastity expose the soul to divers spiritual maladies, and rob it of both resistance and recuperative ability. The adulterous generation of Christ's day was deaf to the voice of truth, and through their diseased state of mind and heart, sought after signs and preferred empty fable to the message of salvation.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the Divinely ordained panacea for the ills that afflict humanity, and pre-eminently so for the dread affliction of sexual sin. Note the teachings of the Master while He ministered among men in the flesh—they were primarily directed to individual probity and rectitude of life. The letter of the Mosaic Law was superseded by the spirit of personal devotion to the right. "Ye have heard," said He, "that it was said by them of old times, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart" (Matt. 5:27, 28). The sin itself may spring from the sensual thought, the lustful glance; just as murder is often the fruitage of hatred or covetousness.

We accept without reservation or qualification the affirmation of Deity through an ancient Nephite prophet: "For I, the Lord God, delight in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before Me. Thus saith the Lord of Hosts."

We hold that sexual sin is second only to the shedding of innocent blood, in the category of personal crimes; and that the adulterer shall have no part in the exaltation of the blessed.

We proclaim as the word of the Lord:

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."
"He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, or if any shall commit adultery in their hearts, they shall not have the Spirit, but shall deny the faith."

Mutual Messages



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.
ALBERT E. BOWEN
GEORGE Q. MORRIS
FRANKLIN L. WEST
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. W. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN VAN NOY,
Secretary

The M. I. A. Program 1935-36

IN order that all M. I. A. officers and department leaders may become thoroughly acquainted with the general plan, the courses of study and activities of the Mutual Improvement Association for 1935-36, we give here-with a synopsis of the program. Those officers who wish to be well prepared before the fall season commences will find it to their advantage to secure the literature early.

General Plan: In each manual are found three courses of study—one, a religious, or semi-religious course, to be given on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month, covering about fifteen evenings; the other two, cultural courses, to be given on the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month covering about seven evenings each. The cultural courses provide for many demonstrations and activities.

Adult Department:

1. "Brigham Young the Man of the Hour," by Leah D. Widsøe. A delightful portrayal of the great pioneer through intimate, personal incidents in his life and accounts of outstanding achievements.

2. "Reading"—a cultural course—by Harrison R. Merrill. "In this course an effort is to be made to assist every member to learn to catch the hidden meaning, the glories which lurk among the words on the printed page. Words are like raindrops; their connotations form the rainbow which hovers over the work of art."

3. "Hobbies"—a cultural course by Claire Stewart Boyer and Charlotte Stewart. "Leisure time is hobby time. There are hours waiting to be filled, worthily, joyously, satisfactorily."

Senior Department:

1. "Community High Road to Better Things," by Dr. Joseph Geddes. "The community represents one of the most important present day avenues through which surplus time and money may be harnessed to the tasks of building superior conditions in cities, towns, villages and hamlets. . . . Mormon-

ism has incorporated the community concept into its organizational development from the beginning."

2. "Reading"—a cultural course. Same as in the Adult Department.

3. "Hobbies"—a cultural course. Same as in the Adult Department.

M Men Department:

1. "The Leadership of Joseph Smith," by John Henry Evans. How many things do you know about Joseph Smith? One authority, not a member of our Church, states—"The only great man that America has ever produced is Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, and he was great because he had ideas. He is the only man of ideas that has arisen in America." This course will make you intimately acquainted with the Prophet of the last dispensation.

2. "Public Address"—a cultural course—by Floyd G. Eyre. It is the purpose of this activity to give the M men of the Church a definite and varied practice in the art of public address.

3. "Use of the Story"—a cultural course—by Harrison R. Merrill and Elsie T. Brandley. This is a delightfully prepared course for joint consideration on the first Tuesday evening of each month for M Men and Gleaners.

Gleaner Department:

1. "The leadership of Joseph Smith," by John Henry Evans. While this course appears in both the M Men and Gleaner manuals it is expected that usually the groups will meet separately for its discussion. Occasionally, however, if desired the groups may combine.

2. "The Art of Hospitality"—cultural course—by Helen S. Williams. "You cannot become proficient in the art of hospitality overnight; it rather has to grow up with you and your family, in your every-day contacts with each other—mother, father, brother, and sister. It has to do with manners and behavior, courtesy and consideration for each other right at home."

3. "Use of the Story"—cultural course for M Men and Gleaners to be discussed together on the first Tuesday of each month.

Junior Department:

1. "Happy Landings, Youth!" by Marba C. Josephson. Junior Girls this year will "take off" in an imaginary airplane and experience all of the thrills attendant thereto. Their vision of life will be enlarged, their understanding deepened. Bon Voyage!

2. "Let Us Act"—a cultural course—by Helen Hinkley. This course is so intriguing that not only Junior girls but our fancy Gleaners, M Men, Seniors and Adults will all be reading it. If you have never wanted to try your skill at acting before this will give you the urge.

3. "Social Dancing"—a cultural course—by Armand Carr. A simple discussion of the history and technique of dancing interspersed with many demonstrations.

Explorers Department:

The new Explorer program of Senior Scouting of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, as outlined in "Log of the Explorer Trail Number 5," and the "National Senior Program Guide Book." The Explorer program is a development of our former Vanguard program and is national in scope. It adds some exceptionally attractive features, supplying a well-balanced and complete program for young men 15 to 17 years of age. The spiritual, citizenship training, character building, social and cultural phases are especially strong.

Scout Department:

"Scouting in the L. D. S. Church" is a guide for M. I. A. Scoutmasters and Explorer Leaders. It sets down the principles involved in applying to the National Scout Program to troops in the L. D. S. Church. While the basic principles of Scouting are the same in all troops, by reason of our unique and effective Church organization and our religious convictions Scout principles are applied in a distinctive manner to L. D. S. boys.

Bee-Hive Department:

This year marks the 20th Anniversary of Bee-Hive Girls. The organization has reached a high point of success. Complete information for organizing and carrying forward the program is given in the 1935 edition of the handbook.

NETZAHUALCOYOTL

By

ANTOINE R. IVINS

*A Member of the First Council
of the Seventy*

Poet King of Mexico

IT was in the year 1492 that Christopher Columbus discovered America and carried back to Spain and her gold-hungry people news of a new and strange country. It was in the year 1519 that Herman Cortez effected the conquest of Mexico City, capitol of the wonderful Aztec empire.

Ninety years before Columbus made his historic voyage and one hundred and seventeen before Cortez approached the City of Mexico, there was born in the valley of Mexico an Indian princeling to whom was given the name of *Netzahualcoyotl*. No doubt, his proud parents expected great things of him, for he stood in line to rule his people and every effort must have been made to prepare him for this great responsibility.

At the age of 26 he assumed the reins of government and then began one of the wisest and most beneficent reigns of Mexican history, according to what has been passed down to us by their historians.

He was a Chichimec and one of the most powerful allies of the

Aztecs. The city he ruled over had a population of 200,000 who lived in 30,000 houses, divided into 30 districts in each of which was carried on a separate art or industry. His court was a most sumptuous one.

To govern his people in justice he established councils of the Treasury, of Justice, and of War which would correspond to a President's cabinet in these days.

Schools, also, were established by him in which were to be taught music, poetry, astronomy, history, grammar, and the art of divination.

Of the many temples he caused to be erected the most extraordinary was that dedicated to the worship of the Unknown God whose altars were never stained by human sacrifice. Neither were there, therein, images to the Omnipotent God.

He said, "The idols of stone and wood, if they cannot hear and feel, much less could they create the heavens, the earth and man, the Lord of all things. This must be the work of an all powerful God in whom, alone, I must confide for

my comfort and aid, because he is the cause of all things."

This man was a poet and philosopher. Witness the above and the following which I have translated from a pamphlet sent out, in Spanish, by the Mexican Government.

THE worn out pomp of the world is like green willows: which, how-so-ever much they desire to live on, are consumed by unexpected fire, destroyed by the woodman's axe, laid low by the cold north wind, or bent and saddened by old age and decrepitude; its purple robes follow the rose in color and fortune; the beauty of which lasts while the avaricious buds take up and conserve those particles which the dawn congeals into rich pearl and economically makes over into liquid dew, but hardly does the father of the wind direct upon her even the slightest ray of its light when her beauty and freshness are despoiled causing her fiery purple color, in which so proudly she dressed herself, to fade and wither. . . .

ALL things of earth have an end, for in the most festive career of its conceits and gallantries their powers fail, they fall and are cast into the pit. The whole round earth is a sepulchre; there is nothing which she produces which in mercy she does not hide interred in her bosom. . . .

IF you were asked about our illustrious ancestors what would you say? The same that I would say. I know nothing. I know nothing because the first and the

MOTHER'S AND DAUGHTER'S BANQUET
FOURTH WARD, OGDEN STAKE



last are confounded in clay. That which happened to them will come to us. . . .

LET us aspire to heaven where all is eternal and nothing corrupts. The horror of the sepulchre is as a crooning cradle to the sun and the dismal shadows as brilliant lights to the stars. No one has power to change these celestial pictures, for as at present they serve the immense grandeur of the author, our eyes behold the same as did those of the past and as those of the future will also.

It may be rather surprising to find that such a man lived in America at this early date but the more one studies them the more respect he has for this little known people, the forebears of the present day Mexican Indian.

ROME—Glimpses of the Eternal City

(Continued from page 482)

we wished in vain for a glimpse of His Holiness. We had to content ourselves with the perhaps far more beautiful statues of the immortal Venus, Apollo, and all their lovely contemporaries in gleaming marble wrought by the hands of men whose eyes visioned the divine and paintings that will go on thrilling those who gaze upon them down through coming ages.

The old Roman Wall fourteen miles long with its watch towers at intervals, the aqueducts a tribute to the engineering ability of antiquity, the ruins of the great old public baths that would accommodate from 1,600 to 4,000 people, the remnants of the ancient Forum, of the temples, of the triumphal arches, Emperor Hadrian's Tomb near the bridge of the vision of Saint Angelo, the Pantheon, most perfect and best preserved of the ancient buildings—all have marvelous stories of their own worthy of more than a passing phrase, as do the gleaming white colossal monument to Victor Emmanuel II on the terrace of which is the grave of Italy's unknown warrior, and the magnificent Mussolini stadium with its white athletic statues and towering shaft, a tribute to the magnetic moving personality that is as potent today as any of Italy's past rulers.

Of special interest to me is a little apartment at 26 Piazza di Spagna where the poet Keats died in a little

room overlooking the city's flower market within the shadow of the towers of Trinity Church, in 1821. The rooms where he and his friend and death-bed companion, the artist Joseph Severan, lived and worked is now a Shelley and Keats Memorial and contains many interesting reminders of them and their work. In the Protestant cemetery near the Roman pyramid where Gaius Cestius who died 12 B. C. is entombed, are graves containing the body of Keats and the ashes of Shelley who was drowned near Genoa in 1822. As I visited these places and thought of the lives of the ancients and of those two brilliant fragments of life in a time not so long before my own, and of myself standing there among the things they had loved and touched—still there while they were present only in memory. I felt how ephemeral life seems compared to the permanence of things, and then I recalled the words of Keats in which he expresses his creed, his assurance of at least one permanent thing in the world—beauty:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases.

It shall never pass into nothingness;

Spite of despondence, of the inhuman
death

Of noble natures, of gloomy days,

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits."

And I felt that I had already seen enough beauty in the Eternal City, if I only could retain its impress upon my spirit, to move away any pall for many years.

I thought, too, of those lines from "Prometheus Unbound," written by Shelley not far from the place where his ashes now lie, in the ruined Baths of Caracalla where many treasures of art were found and from the wall of which a splendid view of the campagna may be had: "The world's great

age begins anew. The golden years return," and I wondered if under the leadership of Italy's dominating spirit which is at the present moment carrying forward a stupendous program of excavation, of improving, of enlarging, if the old splendor of dead years would return to add to the enchantment of the Eternal City.

The Business of Radio Play-Writing

(Continued from page 503)

casting Co., Chicago, Ill. "Send for script outline. \$50.00 per play immediately after production."

WCAU, WCAU Broadcasting Co., Berry-Philadelphia, Pa. "Buying plays. \$5.00 per play."

KFAB, KFAB Broadcasting Co., Lincoln, Neb. "Buy some outside material. Payment, \$3.50 per drama."

Station KWKH, International Broadcasting Co., Kennonwood-Shreveport, La. "Send along good plays. Payment, \$10.00."

Station WABC, Atlantic Broadcasting Corp., New York City. "In market for plays. Payment \$7.50."

UNDOUBTEDLY there are countless other radio stations purchasing material from outside writers. The above I have contacted and sold. The price of a radio play, whether for a fifteen-minute period or a half-hour period, is about the same—ranging from \$3.50 to \$85.00 per script. Payment depends pretty much upon how big and how affluent is the station and sponsor in need of material. Small stations, however, pay only from \$3.50 to \$5.00 per script. Begin by selling the small ones and it will not be long before you will get offers from the larger stations. Radio is magic! Today you are wholly unknown, tomorrow your name has gone out across countless miles—possibly into the very office of a listening producer! That is only a small part of the thrill and glamor of writing for the newest and most fascinating field of dramatic expression. Wait until you hear your words, suddenly coming to you from the carved, covered disk of your loud speaker! Your words—given life—color—beauty—carried over endless areas into thousands and thousands of homes! Your thoughts, your ideas—your play! Try it!

Rural Song

By Afton Clegg

I LIKE the little quiet towns.

With lanes and lilac trees—

And little winds a-flying low,

And lazy, droning bees.

I like the feathery, curling smoke—

The narrow, winding streets;

But most of all, in little towns,

I like the garden seats.

The Squeeze

(Continued from page 501)

Beth wondered; was Gil handicapped by a nervous system too sensitive for most people to comprehend? Did he experience so much more poignantly the ordinary things, and did he go further, reacting to stimuli which a man like True Quail did not know existed? Did True sense this, and resent it?

GIL won his match at the next meet. Beth saw him stride out on the court, lips tight, eyes blazing, and with a cold, methodical display of form defeat Johnstone, Aggie captain, in straight sets, 6-4, 6-2, 6-1. She heard about it the next day from True, whom she met in the book store. "I was talking with the coach in the locker room," True said. "Before the match. Thought we were alone. I was telling him that Gil had no place on the team. Then as we went out I saw Gil sitting behind the next row of lockers. Of course he heard, and how he did take Johnstone to the cleaners!"

"There's your job, getting him angry before each match."

"Say, he's your stooge, not mine."

"Don't worry, I'm not letting him go. You've no idea how he can get work done. That psych class is a honey. But listen, I worked Prof. Barlow, and he's letting me and Gil do a term paper together. Smart?"

True wagged his head in admiration. "You're it, kid. I can't do it. Look at Maybelle, quitting mid-year, poor thing. I did the best I could. But you"—he clucked—"you work a stooge all year, and don't so much as give him a date. How do you keep it on a business basis?"

"Don't worry; I'll give Gil his due. If he doesn't rake up the spunk, then I'll trap him into a date. And I'll show him an evening."

"Yeah. You ought to do that much for the poor sap. He's—"

True's face froze.

"Give me a notebook," a husky voice was saying beside Beth. She did not turn. Her throat felt hot. Gil paid for the notebook and went

out the book store, back very straight.

"What a guy for happening in," murmured True. "Too bad. How about that joint term paper?"

"Oh, shut up!" she cried, and ran out.

Gil cut the accounting and the psychology classes for the remainder of the week. That Saturday he won his match against Caldwell Normal. Beth wondered if it were the sting of his disillusionment which made him forgetful of the crowd, which numbed something in him and left only the animal, calm and sure, on the courts. Monday he was attending classes, but he ignored Beth. He was a novice at snubbing; the mere act of looking the other way took all his attention. By the end of the week he recognized her presence, but of course neither suggested that they study together any more. That week he won his tennis match, as he did the succeeding Saturday. The season closed, with Hanford taking the conference championship.

THE invitation tennis tournament, to crown individual conference champions, was scheduled for the last three days of the next week. Beth entered the girls' singles and, paired with True, the mixed doubles. Her father made the trip to watch his daughter play tennis, as he said.

"But you never came four hundred miles to see me bat a ball, Dad."

M. M. Lewis laughed. "To watch you and someone else.

There's an opening at the office for a bright young man."

"Meaning what?"

"Who's this True Quail you've mentioned so casually in your letters?"

"Forget it."

"I'm serious. About the job, anyway. As an old Hanford alumnus I'll take a student from here. If you haven't a recommendation I'll see what the prexy says."

"I have the man for you," Beth said, a sudden edge to her voice. "But you can decide. See those two over there by the center court? The good looking one is True. That skinny one with the freckles is Gil Mathew. It's one of those two. You decide which. They'll probably meet in the finals."

"I'll decide," said M. M., "after the tournament."

In the first round True swept through his man in championship form. Gil, playing smoothly, overwhelmed Dewar, of Teacher's college.

"Good work, Gil," Beth complimented as he came off the court.

He smiled, lips tight. "I'll win this tournament," he said significantly. "And I owe it to you. I thought—never mind what I thought—but now I know more than I did. I've grown up."

"You haven't grown up and you don't know anything!" she retorted. "And I know what you're doing. You haven't opened a book in our two classes for weeks."

"Whose business is that?"

"That psych term paper was due yesterday, and also that set of corporation books. You didn't hand in either."

"All right. And what next? Maybe two of us will flunk out."

She looked at him, frowning, then burst into a laugh. "So that's it! You think I need you to—Gil," she said, suddenly serious. "I'm awfully sorry about that, about what you overheard me saying to True. I—well, it's True's way, and it used to be mine. But—wait, Gil," she said as he went to turn away. "I want to tell you something. I did take up with you just because you could help me. I admit that. But it was only at first. Will you believe me? I've studied, honestly worked. It was you—something about your earnestness. I couldn't fake."

"Why should I believe that?"

Autumn

By Violet Harris Hendrickson

DEEP blue hills
In misty distance,
Scarlet maple, purple vines,
With,
In between,
The smoky green
Of incense breathing pines;
And the fragile
Lacy beauty
Of a yellow aspen tree,
Is calling,
Calling softly,
To the vagabond
In me.

"I wasn't going to tell you. But it won't matter; you'll find out Monday. Listen Gil, you're not flunking accounting, and you're not flunking psychology. There's two sides to this stooge business. You had your turn; I took mine. I handed in your corporation books, complete, and I handed in that joint term paper. You did most of the notes on that paper anyway, so I wrote it. And if I do say so, it's good."

She wheeled and strode away, face burning.

GIL swept through to the finals on sheer exuberance. True was on top of his form. Saturday afternoon came, hot and clear. A crowd was around the white court, waiting for the crowning match, the singles between True and Gil to decide the championship. Beth saw them emerging from the locker rooms, and—her father was walking between them, talking. The two players took opposite sides of the court and began warming up. True was steady, handsome in white, poised. Gil was nervous, jerky. The smooth form which had brought him into the finals was gone.

"Dad, you didn't?" Beth said. "Why did you tell them?"

M. M. Lewis smiled. "I think I know what I'm doing. The man I hire is the one who can come through in a pinch. So I told 'em. The winner of this match gets the job, and—well, they know. They're both in love with you, Beth. A baby can see that. They know."

"But—listen, Dad, Gil—look at him. You've helped True, by telling them, but Gil—he's the nervous type. He's all shot."

"Can't come through in a squeeze, you mean?—or are you sorry for him?" The match began. True electrified the gallery by steaming placements, blinding smashes. Gil made error after error, netting the ball, driving it over the backline. He double faulted on set-point. He seemed to get worse as the crowd applauded True's terrific pace. True captured the second set; he had a two game lead in the third when Gil began to rally. The heat, the pace, the very physical strain were quieting his nerves. True was pounding Gil's backhand, and Beth saw the stroke gradually stiffen, become

steady, then sure, then deadly. Gil began the uphill climb. The games at five-all, True rallied, took the next and a forty lead. True poured on the fire. Gil made two incredible placements, then drove past True at the net for deuce. Gil took the next two points, then ran out the set. The stands cheered a mighty come-back.

Beth saw Stella Owens behind the fence on True's end. Poor Stella. She never would realize. True would be her man, now, regardless. His memory would haunt her. When she at last gave up hope and married someone else she would view her husband always as superimposed on the classic ideal of True Quail.

The fourth set brought out astounding tennis. But Gil had more behind him. Hours with a backboard had made his backhand impregnable. His stroking was flawless, measured, in rhythm. True, at last, began to crack. Gil took the set 6-4, making it two-all. There was a rest period before the final and deciding set. Gil went to the lockers; True was talking to Stella, then he followed Gil. Beth was afraid for Gil. The rest period would give him time to think; he might come back on edge, nervous. Stella was driving away in her car.

When the players came out of the lockers Gil's stride was too quick. The rest had done him no good. Stella Owens met them with two bottles of soda pop. "Precious!" True exclaimed. "Here, Gil, it's good for what ails you."

Play began. True was back on his game, Gil erratic. True took two games. Something was wrong with Gil. He was asking the referee something. The official turned to True, who nodded, smiling. Gil began running across the courts, but stopped suddenly near

the gate, retching. It was not a pretty sight. He straightened, face chalky beneath the freckles, and went back on the court. "Ready," he called.

A flash of knowledge came to Beth. Stella—of course. Stella was the daughter of a druggist. Beth hurried around the court.

"What did you put in that bottle—the one you gave to Gil?"

Stella's eyes widened, fear in her face. "I—I—"

"Quick! What was it? Is it dangerous?"

"N-no. Dad said it would merely cause nausea for—I don't know why I did it, Beth! I wanted True to win. He said—"

"Shut up!" Beth didn't want to know whether the doping was done under True's suggestion or whether it was Stella's idea. She didn't want to think that of True. She went back to her father.

Gil was sick. True was—Beth saw it now so clearly—at his best against a weakling. He knew Gil was sick, and so True was smashing drives to the corners, running his man down. Poised, confident, bronzed face contrasting to white shirt, he never looked better than now. Nauseated, Gil seemed almost lazy; he struck no attitudes, cared not a hoot for the crowd, nor even for his opponent; he had no nerves at all. *Ku-plut... ku-plut... ku-plut... ball striking court, impacting racket, sailing over the net.* Beth suddenly laughed.

"Dad, watch that man. Watch Gil. Watch him pull out in a pinch!"

She knew. The game from then on was merely a matter of scientific curiosity to her. She'd seen Gil play when sick. She knew what he could do when his nerves were numbed. Stella; good old Stella. Unknowing, she'd made True lose. Gil would have beaten himself, except for that bottle of soda pop. Sick, he lost self-consciousness, nervousness, tension, and he regained that easy, relaxed form which he had perfected on the backboard.

Then it was over. M. M. had the sense to leave Beth alone. True stayed in the locker room until after Gil came out.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Sick," he grunted. "Let's walk." Beth was glad. When a man's sick he doesn't care; his consciousness of petty things is dulled;



ON THE CALIFORNIA COAST
Photo by R. Warner Davidson.

shyness goes; embarrassment ceases to be a menace. She knew Gil would speak his mind now.

He did. He said, "I don't want that job in your father's plant. He would push me; I'd lose my individuality. True can have that. I have a good thing at the service station. They put me in accountant. There's a chain of 'em. It wasn't the job which worried me;

it was you. I knew your father wouldn't have made that proposition unless he knew that you felt—, It scared me stiff. You've been such a big thing to me that I've been afraid to approach you. Haven't even asked for a date, fearing to spoil everything. And now that doesn't seem important. I have to tell you. I feel too rotten to care. I'm in love," he growled.

"Hang it all, Beth, I'm in love. Laugh if you want to. I'm the stooge, and here's your chance for a wise crack."

Beth didn't laugh; she didn't even smile. She merely said "Gil" with a sort of tremendous connotation to the word, and they continued walking slowly down the street.

The Challenge of Charm

(Continued from page 495)

There is an old word with a new meaning. Men used to call a little grey ground animal a "chisler." But now, everyone calls a girl a "chisler" if she breaks in on another's beau, or jumps between a happy married couple and makes a triangle. A "chisler" has no charm and loses the man she is after in the end. Girls, wasn't Eve lucky? Just one man in all the world and she had him!

Gossip

UNDER her breath she said it. And how they ate it up. It traveled through the village. Started as a grain of sand and grew into a mountain. And most of it was untrue. Just another character crucified. One may be honest, religious, brilliant, and even moral, but let her say things that will bow the head of another and she has sinned. For words once released can never be recalled. Gossip is to be found only in the "slums of society." It can be attributed to one of three things: ignorance, childishness, or jealousy. No one is perfect, but we are all a part of God's perfection.

Have you ever known a woman who just opens her mouth and then runs away and leaves it? How many of my readers have never been the first to tell a tale? We all live in glass houses, therefore it doesn't pay to throw stones. "Perhaps you have heard so much about my children and I know so much about yours, we should get along very well," said Mrs. Jones. And isn't it true? You hear things about your friends, not dreaming that they could have heard worse about you. And sometimes we make a harmless comment; it is repeated

by a "wide-mouthed" person. When it comes back home, we would never recognize it as one of our own children. If you were in a group of lady friends, and one of them started saying unkind things about a man you knew, would it be more charming to say nothing, and let her talk on, or leave the room, or to say, "he is a friend of mine?"

Gossip is a disease, deadly and venomous. It is curable, but the patient must be her own physician. A woman who crucifies character is bound to hang herself in the end. The charming woman never "talks" about people. A woman is never as charming to men as when she is defending her own sex. Talk about your girl friend, if you want a boy to flee to her defense. If you can't say anything good, say nothing, but even silence may be insinuating. "God made each man with something good in him, each woman with a quality to be admired." So find the good and acknowledge it. Be kind. Dig down into the heart of me. Love me, not for what I seem to be but what I want to be.

Now, dear ladies, cast all of your enemies away. Life is so happy without them. A personality of

real charm has no time or inclination for them. And now go into the blue waters of understanding—tact, love, kindness, tolerance, graciousness, loyalty, unselfishness. You will find a ship—it is the loveliest ship in the world. It rides close to the city of charm. You will have guessed it is "Friendship." If you answer the following questions, you shall decide whether you will travel first class or steerage:

1. Do others cultivate your friendship after meeting you?
2. Do you enjoy meeting people? Are you afraid of a crowd?
3. Are you gracious? Are you forgiving?
4. Do you know how to put people at ease and be at ease yourself?
5. Do you use "company manners?" Do you know how to introduce people?
6. Do you welcome constructive criticism? Are you sensitive?
7. Do you enjoy compliments? Do you know the difference between compliments and flattery?
8. Do you repeat the compliments given to you in the hearing of others?
9. Is your presence felt when you are with a group of friends?
10. Do you call out the best in men?
11. Do you value the friendship of women as well as men?
12. Do you depend upon your charm to assist you in a business interview?
13. Are you able to shift conversation from a dangerous subject?
14. Is your voice charming and vibrant, sympathetic and cultured?
15. Are you a good listener? Do you interrupt?
16. Are you so friendly that you may be called "gushing?"
17. Are you able to talk one-half hour with friends without talking about yourself?
18. Do you "overword" your friends? Do you borrow?

The Sea

By Edith Welch

THE sea
Is an indolent, green skinned youth
Who lolls on the sand
Sifting shells
Through his foamy fingers.

Desire

By Edith Welch

I WANT to let my thoughts
Wade
Through the cool night skies
Ankle deep
In stars!

19. Do you change friends often? Do you change old friends for new?

20. Are you the kind of a friend you wish someone else to be?

21. Do you have any little habits which you detest in others?

22. Do you profess friendship for a woman and at the same time try to attract her boy friend or husband?

23. Do you know that a charming woman should never lose her

daintiness by caressing or "pawing" a man?

24. Do you know that the opposite sex enjoy friendliness, but they detest familiarity?

25. Do you know that a charming woman never becomes the slave of anyone by telling all she knows?

We would die for our friends—Why don't we live for them!

If you are still with me, you may be interested in next month's article: "As We View Men."

June Conference in Panorama

(Continued from page 493)

program will replace the Vanguard Scout program of the Church after which it is largely patterned.

Dr. Fisher paid a tribute to the Church for its generosity in this act and for the loyal support of Church leaders to the Boy Scout movement. Dr. Fisher, in addressing the group on the subject, "Training For Manhood Through Scouting," said that every boy was a potential leader for good or bad. The speaker stressed the fact that what America needs today is not more laws but more character. The boy and mind, he explained, are simply vehicles through which the soul is expressed. Many a lad is carrying on his morals what he should be carrying on his muscles. Scouting, he said, provides this proper environment.

In addition to Dr. Fisher, Dr. Farnsworth of the General Board spoke on the subject of building leadership through the M Men program. Superintendent Bowen gave a splendid address on the subject, "The Value of Careful Planning and Divine Guidance." This can be classed as his "Inaugural address" as superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. and gave evidence of his having grasped a keen comprehension of the purpose and aim of M. I. A. His address will be published in full later.

The principal speaker in the woman's session in the Assembly Hall was President Fox. The theme of this meeting was "The Ninety and Nine and the One" and was introduced by Katie C. Jensen, Ann Nebeker, and Virginia Smith. Then President Fox gave a stirring

address on "The Shepherd." The meeting resolved itself into a plea for the one girl in every hundred who is either shunted into an oblivion of misunderstanding or is delinquent and for an understanding of youth through personal contact and a toleration of the wayward through kindness, forgiveness, and faith.

President Fox admonished the group never to forget that "our" children are just as liable to go wrong as the neighbor's children and urged character building within the home by recourse to family prayer. "If you can build that thing in your children, so that it can never be said that they didn't know right from wrong, and if you will be honest with yourselves, honest with your children and honest with God, and get an understanding thereby, I promise you will reap the fruits of your labors."

All delegates to the M. I. A. conference joined with officers of the Primary Association assembled in a similar conference, at 2 p. m. Sunday, for the regular Tabernacle

services under the direction of the First Presidency. Speakers at this meeting included the First Presidency, Elder George Albert Smith, Dr. Fisher; and the three auxiliary heads, Superintendent Bowen, President Fox, and Superintendent May Anderson of the Primary Association.

A special meeting for all Scout leaders and Explorer leaders was held Sunday afternoon in the Assembly Hall.

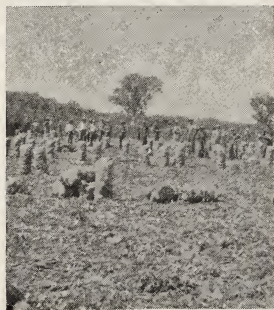
At 6:15 p. m. Sunday the M. I. A. joined with the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association in the placing of a marker on the three historic buildings, The Bee-Hive House, the Lion House, and the Old President's office. Cooperating were the First Presidency, the M. I. A. superintendency and presidency, and prominent members of families of the past leaders of the Church. These permanent bronze plaques preserve the memory of these three buildings constructed by Brigham Young as his homes and office and used by him and other leaders of the Church for many years.

A week of celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Bee-Hive Girl organization came to a close Sunday evening with a pageant and ceremony in the Tabernacle. The pageant depicted the organization and history of the Bee-Hive Girls, and showed young girlhood accepting and profiting from the various principles of "The Spirit of the Hive." President Fox and Marie C. Thomas of the general board, traced the history of the organization and paid a tribute to the original founders.

"This movement to fill a gap in the program of the young girl for which even the English Girl Guide and the American Campfire Girl movement were inadequate, has grown in the 20 years of its existence to be international in scope and to include thousands of members. It includes both the material and the spiritual factors, and its object is to bring a realization of the factors providing for the glory of girlhood," said Mrs. Thomas.

A special tribute to the Bee-Hive Girls was paid by a representative group of Boy Scouts.

Then came the concluding feature of the M. I. A. Conference, a special address on the "Place of the M. I. A. in the Church Program,"



WHAT LOOKS LIKE AN IDAHO SCENE TAKEN IN UTAH

by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
President Clark's message was:

"So long as our youth shall be taught as they are taught today, so long as our young girls shall have held before them the beautiful concept of womanhood, of motherhood, that nearly divine mission, the nearest of which we know—so long as these things maintain, so long as they control our young people of this nation and the young people of this Church, the Church and the nation are safe."

In connection with his theme, President Clark said, "The thing which we must look for and cultivate is militant goodness. We shall make war upon the evil wherever it is found."

President Clark said he conceived the true Church to be the organized Priesthood of God in battle formation, organized to carry on war, unceasing war against error wherever it is found. "That is, the Church and all else must yield to that, the Church as it operates, operates upon the individual."

His address clearly showed the place of each organization in the Church and then he told the essential part played by the M. I. A. "As I conceive the duty and the place of the M. I. A. it is this: In the first place it must, in co-ordination with the other instrumentalities which I have named, bring first and foremost into its work the spirit of the Gospel as an assistance in the knowledge thereof and in the obtaining of a testimony of it. Personally, it seems to me that every M. I. A. program for every evening should begin its work with some proper Gospel thesis, first in order that the Gospel thesis might be instilled into the hearts and the minds of the young people; and second, that it may be as a sort of background upon which all the other activities of the M. I. A. should be grouped."

He stressed in connection with the M. I. A. the cultural things in life and those which touched upon citizenship. "It seems to me that in no other place so well as in the Primary Association and the M. I. A. can the youth of this Church receive instruction in music, in art, in literature, in history, in the drama, those great cultural elements which go to make up a rounded man and woman and a cultured society. So it seems to me the field

of the M. I. A. should take in this other great field."

By way of summary he said: "As I see the place of the M. I. A. roughly outlined, it is this: First, that penetrating into all of the recesses of its work there must be the spirit of the Gospel. The Gospel must be the foundation of everything that is taught, and as I see it, a part, at least, of each session of each branch of the M. I. A. must be devoted to some Gospel work, in coordination, I repeat with the Sunday School and the Priesthood quorums. Next it seems to me, that in point of time the bulk of your work might well go into the cultural activities which I have named."

President Clark also touched upon the importance of living clean lives. "The work of the M. I. A. is to bring into the lives of the young people of this Church a

Power

By Ed. Tuttle

WE are constantly learning by doing
And though we are quite unaware
Of the fountain of facts we are wooing
When we need them in life they are there.

If efforts appear to be shackled,
The problems today that impede,
We find if persistently tackled,
Will dwindle in size and recede.

Assuming that we have not faltered,
Opposing force seems to have ceased;
The task to be done is unaltered,
But the power to do has increased.

knowledge of the fact that they must be pure in their lives, that they must commit no sin, that their thoughts must be high, that their acts must correspond, that they must live Christly, in accordance with the commandments of the Lord."

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Honoring Samuel P. Cowley

(Continued from page 477)

him. He would have been an Assistant Director at no distant date.

Our friend both lived and died for his faith. I would wish the friends of his childhood, of his early years, to remember him not as a killer, a Government gun man. He was not that type and never could be. He was capable of per-

forming, and did perform the highest type of professional work. Circumstances required him to meet the supreme test of his courage, and he was not found wanting. He was gentle and considerate. He directed the attention of those who came to him, after the shooting, to the plight of his companion. He did not know that his companion was dead. He inquired for him during his last night.

Thus he lived and thus he died, and to the bereaved dear ones we

can only say: "Be proud." You have a right to be sorrowful, but you have a better right to be proud, and your pride will strengthen and your grief weaken as the years pass. We, of the Division, are very proud of him. As generations of new agents come into our service they will be told of the life and death of Sam Cowley. He will become a tradition. He will have attained earthly immortality.

And now we must leave him with you. Think of him kindly. He was a gentle, peaceful, earnest soul. It is an honor to have been his wife, his mother and father, brothers, sisters, and sons. It is an honor to have been his friends and companions. We here must say our last earthly farewell to our friend and comrade. We may well feel that his spirit is actually with us. We may well say to him: "Goodbye, Sam, and thank you. Thank you for all you have done for us. Thank you for all you have been to us. Good luck, old man, on this, your last investigation, that into the Great Unknown. Goodbye. God bless you. God keep you."

To Know Him Was to Love Him

BY INSPECTOR HUGH CLEGG
Division of Investigation, U. S.
Department of Justice

(Speech given at the Memorial Services in the L. D. S. Chapel, Washington, D. C.)

INSPECTOR CLEGG is not a Mormon. He has, however visited Hawaii and has seen the temple of which he speaks. Because he was interested in the Pacific islands, he and Sam Cowley had discussed them together and he had gained a partial vision of the work Elder Cowley went to the islands to perform.

NESTLED there in the tropics two thousand miles from the American mainland, the beautiful sands of the Island of Oahu are gently touched by the placid waters of the Pacific. Deep-set in the foliage of palms and ferns and flowers, near the center of the Isle—far removed from the busy streets of Honolulu and the glamor of Waikiki—a snow-white monument rises like a jewel from a ver-

IS POP HAVING FUN AT SAN DIEGO!

And young Billie, who has already been crashed into a dozen times, surely remarks, "Bet they use Super-Shell in these cars, Dad, cause this is sure stop-and-go-driving!"



SO THIS IS SPAIN!

And is Mother exposing yards and yards of film. But Dad isn't worried; by using extra-mileage Super-Shell on this trip, he saved enough money to pay for all the movies Mother will shoot today.

VACATION SIDELIGHTS

By Jose Cancha



AND SHELLADIES!

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FOREST FIRES
—EVERYBODY

dant setting. But it is not the beauty of the thing that gives it greatest significance. It is far more substantial than that. It represents substance, durability, strength and matters that are even more worthwhile. It stands as a monument to faith; it represents a philosophy of living; it is a place of service; it is a temple of religion.

This temple of the Church of which he was a member was built with the aid of the hands, the means, the service and the heart of Samuel P. Cowley. It is significant that this temple epitomizes his life, his service, and his death. For as its setting and structure are things of beauty so was his life of friendliness, thoughtfulness and consideration. As the temple stands remote from the glamor of pleasure-seeking throngs, so patient, reserved, and self-effacing was his disposition which added to his great strength of character. Just as the temple's stones signify the durability of his philosophy and religion so does his death in the service of humanity give him a high place among the immortals. It likewise epitomizes his life of service in the Division of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice.

As Special Agent, as Instructor in various technical phases of the Division's work, as Supervising Official, as Unit Chief, as Acting Assistant Director, and as Inspector his work was always distinguished and conspicuous because of its high quality. Whether his assignment involved the intricate problems of anti-trust violations, of eliminating frauds, of marshaling forces under his supervision, or of delving into an investigation where scientific knowledge was to be applied, his achievements can accurately be described by quoting from a record placed in his file many months ago, "He has a habit of consistently doing things rightly."

He was a distinguished member of an organization which maintains a high standard of requirements, ideals, and accomplishments. He loved the Division of Investigation because of these standards. He was a true soldier in that he received and gave orders with the same fine spirit. His subordinates in the service looked upon him with admiration, affection, and respect and at the same time he enjoyed the personal confidence and friendship of his Di-



rector, Mr. John Edgar Hoover, who frequently sought Sam's counsel and suggestions.

In the service of a Division dedicated to the task of righting wrongs, bringing about justice, and protecting the American home, Sam Cowley gave his life, heroically, for humanity. We do not have to resolve that his death not be in vain, for as was his wont, he accomplished his purpose, he completed his assignment, himself.

But we do resolve that high up in the canonized roll of immortals must always shine the name and the service of Samuel P. Cowley. Chivalric and yet conservative; imaginative and yet practical; scholarly and yet a man of decisive action, he was all this and more. He was the reincarnation of all

that is highest and noblest and best in our American life, an inspired agent of justice in these tempestuous times, an immortal figure that shall grow more majestic as decades shall ripen into centuries and the stories of time shall melt into the music of eternity. I knew him well. As is true with all his associates to know him was to love him.

Dedication

A part of the touching and heroic grave-side prayer offered by the Inspector's father, Mathias F. Cowley

"... We thank Thee for the good wife he married, and the little sons which Thou hast given unto them to bear his name, and we pray they may grow to manhood, in the knowledge of the Lord, and perpetuate the name of their father, not only in name, but by their deeds of honor and righteousness, thus following the example which their father and mother have bequeathed to them.

"We thank Thee for his standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the Holy Priesthood which he held, and for

A New Champion

These young ladies, students of the Henager Business College, competed in the International Typewriting Contest held in Chicago June 28. Ione Johnson won first place, writing 84 net words



Ione Johnson

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Juanita Wright

Two other students of the school placed third and fourth. Gioconda Zumpano took third place, writing 80 words per minute, and Fern Whicker took fourth, writing 79 words per minute. Henager Business College students have been winning contests for the past 25 years. The school holds five world's records and has won more typewriters than any school in America. If you want the best, enroll at Henager's. New classes starting each week in all departments. Visitors welcome.

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(Adv.)

the progress he also made in his responsible office as an active worker in the Department of Justice, in this great Nation, and the confidence and esteem in which he was held, and the serious responsibility placed upon him by his superior officers.

"We thank Thee that he was willing to lay down his life for the good of his Country, and now, Holy Father, we commit his remains to Thy care and protection, that no element of nature nor hand of man may disturb them until the Morning of the First Resurrec-

tion, when we know they shall come forth clothed with glory, immortality, and eternal life to enjoy a fulness of Thy Celestial Glory.

"May we all do Thy will, keep Thy commandments that we may enter into Thy Celestial Kingdom and the praise, honor, and glory shall be Thine forever, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

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Rainbow-Reverie

By Mary H. Woolsey

ON the other side of the rainbow,
If I'd gathered my potful of gold,
What there would be waiting, I wonder?
What then would the future hold?

Would I find there the leisure I've longed for,
Denied in these workaday years?

And the dear, half-abandoned dreamings
That run through my hopes and my fears,—

Would I find their fulfilment, I wonder?

And would they be precious and sweet,
On that side of the rainbow, perfected,
As when they remain incomplete?

Would I find there more moments of laughter?

More beauty to lure me along?
Would I walk on a highroad of romance
And find life all sunshine and song?

I wonder . . . I doubt it! . . . No, somehow

I feel that the days I would find
On the other side of the rainbow,
Would be much the very same kind

As on this side. . . For much of the dreaming

Is only an endless refrain
That I sing and forget in an hour
And go right on singing again!

And the laughter and leisure and beauty

Reflect but the spirit of me,
No matter the side of the rainbow
On which I may happen to be.

Tributes

BY HON. HENRY H. BLOOD
Governor of the State of Utah

" . . . There is a Source of comfort and strength from which may be drawn support for this period of grief. This family knows that Source, and knows the way of approach to the unailing fount of consolation. May they all be comforted, blessed, and sustained by the knowledge that millions today share their sorrow and honor their beloved departed.

"Samuel P. Cowley, the State you have so highly honored pays tribute to your faithfulness and your great worth as a citizen and an officer."

The following letter was read at the unveiling of the plaque at the U. S. A. C. on June 2, 1935.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY

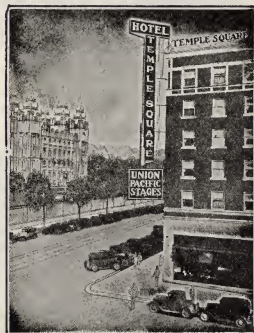
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SAMUEL PARKINSON COWLEY gave his life that our lives might be richer. Alert, purposeful, courageous, thorough, willing to work, and simple and direct in life, are words and phrases that flash before our minds as we think of him living. On November 28, 1934, this alumnus of the Utah State College and of the George Washington University met a tragic death. His death served but to emphasize the nobility of his life and it is that nobility that you would recognize, and that we, the members of the George Washington University, would join with you in acknowledging.

On behalf of the Board of Trustees and faculties of this institution I send these words of salutation to you as you make this fine and altogether appropriate tribute and ask you to accept our thanks in permitting us to join with you in recognizing the worthiness of the life of our Alumnus Cowley.

CLOYD H. MARVIN,
President.

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ROME—But I'll Be Seeing You.

(Continued from page 484)

The little city of Capri gleams white in its tiny valley or saddle of the island. It is reached from the landing place, Marina Grande, by a funicular railway. Groves of orange and lemon trees flaunted their bright fruit through the green. Flowers were blooming everywhere. We had lunch on a wide, garden-boarded porch, and the girls who served it were dressed in their native costumes—full light skirt, short, bright colored blouse, white aprons, and a colorful headdress made of a square of cloth folded into a triangle and wrapped about the head.

You would love their shops with their hand-woven and embroidered linens. Several artists have shops there where they sell their water color and oil paintings of surrounding scenes. I weakened and bought you a fourth birthday present. I wish I could bring you the songs of all the birds that were singing that day. *That* would be a real gift. I suppose it is a sort of perpetual thanksgiving chorus dedicated to Dr. Munthe and Mussolini for the freedom given when Capri was declared a bird sanctuary.

BEYOND Capri at one extreme of the island is a villa of Tiberus and the rock, Il Salto, where, according to legend, the old tyrant used to throw his discarded wives and other victims into the sea 700 feet below.

Anacapri (meaning above Capri) rises at the west of Capri. The road that leads to it has no rival in the beauty of the view that it affords. Our bus climbed up and up this marvelous island boulevard like a fly climbing a great wall. Tufts of blue blossoms clung to the face of the cliff and twice we saw blue madonnas enshrined in rocky niches far above us.

It is almost at the summit of this road that one comes to the 700 steps leading up to the villa of San Michele, built, as you know, from the ruins of another Tiberus villa by Dr. Axel Munthe. Dr. Munthe has turned this lovely building over

as a show place and he himself resides in another villa elsewhere on the island.

At the door of the interesting old church of Anacapri dirty little beggar children swarmed about us, thick as bees. A penny thrown into their midst caused a near riot. One little youngster not over six was filthy, but her tiny cheeks were heavily rouged and brass hoops dangled from her ears. It was too funny!

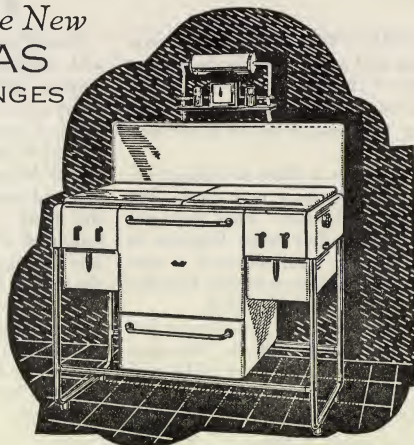
The memory I took of Capri will be stored away with a few

other precious memories of this trip —Lake Lucerne with the white majesty of the Alps in the distance and its story-book buildings clustering about its shore, the Rose Window of the Notre Dame, the expression on the face of a young Italian mother as she looked down at her baby. Ah, my dear, life is a wonderful, wonderful thing. A few more weeks, and I'll be having another equally precious experience —I'll be seeing you.

Love,

Maxa Million.

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Flying The Covered Wagon

(Continued from page 479)

hundreds of miles left in the battered wreck under good conditions; and now it was going to have a test under conditions that were not at all good.

Lance felt a sagging sensation of his heart when he reflected. Clyde Hull was already far ahead of him, in a good plane. Perhaps by this time he had overtaken the train. There was not a chance in the world that he could overtake Clyde Hull. But there was a faint possibility he could reach Los Dantas before the train.

THE brown, serrated New Mexican highlands flattened under the old plane as Lance climbed into the cobalt sky. He gave the Gussie all the gun it would take when he at last leveled off.

To his left, he could see, by craning his neck, the steel gash of the K. C. & S. F. Railroad. Aside from the right-of-way of the tracks, there seemed not another level thing in the country. It was wild country, rearing painted heads of stone and earth in mesa and butte, falling away into sloping valleys and dry arroyos.

But to give credit where it is due, the old Gussie was streaming territory under its wings with amazing celerity.

"Cushions, my eye!" grunted

Lance. "I wish Tom could see us now!"

Hardly had he spoken when the right wing began to creak and whistle. Lance's heart stood still as he expected the wing to fray. A piece of fabric flapped in the breeze.

Lance's hard young jaw stiffened. "I have to reach Rosster before he signs that contract," he reflected. "But if this plane holds together for another ten minutes, it'll be funny!"

He could decrease his speed, of course. But then he wouldn't reach Los Dantas when the train did. Or he could maintain the top speed of the old Gussie and trust to luck. Which he did.

Presently the wings began to flap like those of a pelican. The left wing sang a swan-song of disaster and the right wing was fraying more with every passing moment. It was only a question of minutes until his support would be removed to the point where a sharp dive in an adverse wind current would mean a buckling of the wings.

There was nothing to do but land—if he could find a place where a landing would be safe. But a landing would also mean he would reach Los Dantas too late. He had not even seen the train yet.

Lance finally saw the spot—the broad stream of a dry arroyo with banks not high enough to shear off his wings. If he was lucky, he might land the Gussie without crumpling up its frail landing gear.

He side-slipped to port and then to starboard, cutting down both altitude and momentum. And then he fish-tailed and pancaked the plane down into the stream bed.

Lance jumped out to see if there was anything he could do. There was. Several rigging wires had snapped due to the speed at which he had been flying. Fabric was torn as though it had been gashed by hailstones.

He quickly set to work repairing the damage. He had spare canvas and wire in his turtleback against just such emergencies. Fifteen minutes later he had roughly patched the holes with wire and canvas and replaced the broken rigging wires. But some of the braces were rather loose, and for these he could do nothing.

Taxiing down the level bed



C. BINGHAM AND EARL WECHAM, FULTON
WARD MISSIONARIES

of the arroyo, he lifted the clumsy ship just before reaching a drop in the bed. He spiraled above the rough terrain and was presently buzzing west again.

For a long time, he sped westward. He followed the curving span of the railroad. Far ahead he presently espied a white puff of smoke and a black, snake-like chain of cars. Mr. Rossiter's train!

He might reach Los Dentados before it did!

For a long time Lance banged along in the noisy old Gussie. Faster and faster! Even with the train at last; then gaining on it. He pressed his advantage, smiling grimly to himself. Let Tom Porter laugh at the old crate, if he wanted! There were still miles in the "covered wagon."

Then the wings began to flap again like some loosely-rigged flying reptile. One brace was rattling; wires were twanging with the strain. One broke with a thin, high-pitched wail. Fabric was creaking in new places.

Perspiration broke out on Lance's bronzed forehead. It was hopeless to continue much farther at this speed. But he had to overtake Mr. Rossiter! What was he going to do? If he quit now, Mr. Rossiter would sign the contract and their airport would lose the business. And every cent he had in the world was invested in Union Airport, as well as Tom Porter's. But if he continued, sooner or later the old Gussie would leave him suspended on a cloud, as the saying went. In his haste, he had forgotten to bring a parachute. He thought with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach how Tom had come out with that cushion. A joke then—but it was likely to be a tragedy before long.

Torn between two desires, Lance pushed along, watching the straining plane with anxious grey eyes. Another wire twanged as it broke. The wings were flopping loosely. He reared up a bit and looked down. Crag—undulating land criss-crossed with arroyos—boulders strewn here and there.

Hopeless to land! Yet still more hopeless unless he got the old Gussie down before it fell apart!

HE cut down his speed, deliberating. He heard the distant shriek of the train's whistle. It

was gaining on him again. What luck!

Lance's heart gave a sudden jog as an idea flashed into his mind. The Circle-H ranch—why hadn't he thought of it before? One of the biggest ranches in the country. They used an autogiro as well as cowboys to keep in touch with straying bands of cattle. Young Haldeford flew the "swirl plane," and had let Lance make some trial flights in it at one time. Now if he could only find Spud Haldeford, all might yet be well.

But as Lance flew northward toward the Circle-H ranch, his exuberance dwindled. The ranch was miles off the right of way of the railroad. Five miles, at least! And there was the additional possibility that Young Haldeford was on one

of his cattle-buying trips which might be in any one of the points of the compass.

The old Gussie was groaning

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and creaking and sighing, like an old horse whose day is nearly done. From time to time, Lance glanced downward, trying to pick out a landing spot should a sudden landing prove necessary. He concluded that one place would be as bad as another.

Presently, however, the ground became less broken, and grazing cattle could be seen in groups here and there. And finally the ranch-house, sprawling in a valley, ap-

peared over a rise in ground. Lance's heart gave a sudden lurch.

Beside the house, the autogiro was preparing for a take-off! The rotor blades were spinning above the open cockpit!

Lance fed the old ship all the gun it would take, and went roaring down the few remaining hundreds of feet. The pilot must have heard the Gussie, even above the roaring of the spinning rotor blades, for he glanced up and waited.

Lance set the dilapidated plane down. One wing had nearly come loose. The old ship would never fly again.

Lance ran toward Young Haldeford and panted: "Thought that old mill would never reach here, Spud! Trying to get in touch with Mr. Rossiter before he signs a contract in Los Dentados. Awfully important or I wouldn't have bothered you! But I wonder if you'd be good enough—"

Spud eased his big bulk out of the cockpit of the autogiro.

"Run along—and explain later. You don't need to explain how important it is! I know if you'd come this far in that rattle-trap, you're not on a pleasure trip. Take my ship and travel!"

Lance flashed Spud Haldeford a look of gratitude, and leaped into the cockpit of the "swirl ship." He raced it across the ground, and was able to take off in fifty feet.

HE was in a good ship now; but he was far behind the train. And the autogiro he was flying was the 125 horse power Kinner, with a cruising speed of only eighty miles an hour when throttled down to 250 revolutions per minute. A snail's pace—but of course he could tease more speed than that out of the plane.

Mentally Lance visualized the train's route. It curved slightly north near the Eagle Butte ranch. By cutting across country, he could save mileage and have more hope of overtaking it. More hope—but not much! Before reaching Los Dentados, there was a stop of a few minutes at the watering tank of El Vejecito. But the country around El Vejecito was rough. Its name had come from a rocky formation there—the little old man of the rock. Outruther slivers and rough ground!

Grazing cattle flashed under his wings as Lance raced along in the Haldeford's "swirl ship." He had almost forgotten the big, swirling blades which were bowed up on their suspension cables. The snake-like thread of cars appeared behind a butte to the southwest, and smoke streamed from the engine.

Lance increased the speed of the autogiro. It responded with a burst of power. The chain of cars grew larger and larger and then passed out of sight to the northeast. Lance did not attempt to follow.

Before long, it would turn slightly south of east again. He cut across a mountainous stretch—a wilderness of gigantic stones which seemed to stretch to the purple mountains ahead. This appearance was deceptive, however, for it presently gave way to the undulating barrens of sagebrush and desert. And when Lance saw the train again, he was almost parallel to it. And gaining!

It was now evident that in his better plane, he might reach Los Dentados before Mr. Rossiter did. But another plan formed in his mind. Clyde Hull must by now be in town, impatiently awaiting the train. Why not board it first?

Of course there were no towns between there and Los Dentados. But there was the stop for water—El Vejecito! An impossible place to land another plane; but Spud Haldeford had bought the autogiro because of its ability to land and take-off in a minimum of space.

The bed rocks of El Vejecito appeared ahead, and Lance decided to take a chance. The bleat of the train warned him he must act quickly or not at all. He sliced down in a slow dive and saw the watering tank. But he was unable to see any flat ground near it.

"I wouldn't want to land a wheel-barrow here!" Lance said ruefully. "The tracks! Hmmm! I wonder."

It was a narrow space in which to land; but narrow landings were this particular plane's specialty. Lance cut down his speed; the autogiro hovered and then settled gently. He had heard of landing these planes at a zero angle but he wasn't anxious to experiment over a railroad track. Another shriek of the train whistle warned him he must hurry.

Lance forced the nose down in

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a gentle glide, and struck the tracks. He bounced and managed to land between the tracks the next time. He was out almost as soon as the autogiro stopped rolling.

There were some boards near the water tank, and Lance built a hasty runway. He got the plane safely off the track near the water tank and the boards back where they belonged when the train thrust its black snout around a bend.

As it chugged to a stop, Lance knocked at one of the windows, and a porter opened the door. He ran through the cars and in the third one found Mr. Rossiter, who glanced up in surprise and then smiled.

"I bring you some rather unpleasant news," he explained in low tones. "I'm glad I was able to reach you before you signed that contract."

"What do you mean, Freeman?"

Lance went on to explain; and the old man nodded somberly, but there seemed to be a twinkle in his eyes.

"How'd you ever reach here in time to catch the train? I thought there was no other plane at your airport?"

Lance smiled ruefully. "There wasn't, sir!" And he explained how he had come in the old Gussie, until it had refused to go farther.

MR. ROSSITER nodded thoughtfully. Fifteen minutes later, the train pulled into Los Dentados. Clyde Hull was standing on the platform, and he ran forward when he saw Mr. Rossiter. His eyes widened when he saw a grim-faced Lance Freeman step off behind the aviation man. Then a question formed in his eyes.

Mr. Rossiter laughed. "You have the contracts, Hull?"

"Yes, sir." He handed them to the old man.

Rossiter scratched his name on both, after glancing at them briefly. Lance started. After his warning!

"But, sir—"

Mr. Rossiter smiled. "Read them over, Freeman."

Lance did so. "Why, this contract reads that you are leasing both the Universal and Union Airports!"

Mr. Rossiter looked at Clyde Hull, and then they both laughed. Lance turned red.

"I'm beginning to see," he blurted. "Then this is all a joke! Tom

Porter knew it and Clyde knew it and—"

Mr. Rossiter sobered. He gripped Lance's shoulder.

"You're not entirely right, young fellow," he said gently. "It's not all a joke! My company is leasing both the Universal and Union Airports—true, Mr. Hull came over from Lima to sign this contract. You know—or perhaps you don't know—that Tom Porter bought the Universal Airport for his boss several weeks ago. Your boss and Hull are partners now—that's why Hull had to sign. At least it was advisable."

Lance looked puzzled. "Yes; but what had that to do with me?"

Mr. Rossiter smiled. "I asked Tom if he had any young fellow in his organization whom I might train for an executive position in my company. He recommended you; but said you were only 22. Seemed a bit young to me. But he said he'd give you a test which would prove to my satisfaction that you had both ingenuity and integrity—that you were able to think clearly in emergencies. That you had the perseverance necessary to fit yourself for an executive position in my concern! And I must say, Freeman, that you've passed the test with flying colors! Will you forgive me for putting you to all this trouble?"

"Forgive you!" An unsteady smile trembled on Lance's humorous mouth as he reached eagerly for Mr. Rossiter's out-stretched hand.

A Summer Day

By Beulah Rose Stevens

THIS dawn:

On tree and lawn
Sheer webs are drawn,
Bright-spangled with the dew's
To opalescent hues.

A fairland of changing lights—'twould seem

The world's a lovely dream!

'Tis noon.

The roses swoon
With kiss of June
And breathe a fragrant sigh
To each breeze wandering by
Till all the sunshine seems a bright perfume:

The world, a flower in bloom.

Twilight:

And coming night
Delays her flight
To see the evening star
Send greeting from afar
To eager feet that to safe haven roam:
And all the world is—home!

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From Greentree, Utah, Comes a Letter

I ALMOST live to read *The Improvement Era*," Doris Porter writes—"between its covers are so many things that are priceless to read, and to know. I wish that every person, in our Church and out, could read it with the renewed spirit that possesses me, when I read it; if they did, the sale would be tremendous."

Certainly, He May Take This Occasion

MAY I take this occasion to add a word of commendation to you and your staff for the marvelous publication you are building," writes Paul D. Bailey, from Los Angeles. "The stories, non-fiction articles, and faith-promoting material are of the highest order; from a typographical standpoint it is a credit to you and to the Church; and as an official Church organ, *The Improvement Era* is absolutely in a class by itself."

Since Mr. Bailey is connected with a Typesetting company, that word of praise carries more weight than it otherwise might do.

An Editor Writes of *The Improvement Era*

LET me take this opportunity of expressing to you my congratulations on the monthly publication of the *Era*," says Alex Dunn, editor of the *Tooele Transcript-Bulletin*, and a prominent official of Tooele Stake, in a letter of recent date. "It is not exaggeration to state that it leads the world today in magazines. This is not only from the standpoint of the wholesome, elevating, material of the articles, but the typography and illustrations animate the magazine with an appeal which has no equal in the magazine world."

"The rich, mellow tone of the illustrations and typography in the May issue seemed to reach a height which could scarcely be excelled, but that is what I think of each issue and each succeeding time an improvement is noticeable."

"Congratulations again. I am sure that the inspiration of the Lord is with you in your work. You have successfully solved the modern trend, brought on by the movies, to appeal to the vision as a point of contact."

An English Mayor Welcomes the M. I. A.

Church of Latter-day Saints
June Convention, 1935:

THE Convention having fixed upon Kidderminster as its venue for this year, I feel that a word of welcome and appreciation in this Jubilee year is not out of place.

I appreciate that out of all the centers and churches you have up and down the country, you should have chosen this for your conference and deliberation.

I trust that the many delegates who visit us for a few days will receive a hearty welcome—that their brief stay in or around Kidderminster may be a happy one, and when they return home, they may do so with pleasant recollections of a few days spent among friends in beautiful surrounding country and carry with them the remembrance of a successful convention.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) A. E. Meredith (Mayor).

The above letter was taken from *The Millennial Star* of June 6.

British M. I. A. Conference a Glorious Occasion

A PART of the happy program of the M. I. A. June conference was a room full of "Treasures of Truth." Next year this interesting exhibit of the art and faith of girlhood is brought together, the book of one of the Gleaners will have a treasure acquired in Kidderminster.

On the yellow cover of one Gleaner's conference program a resident of the little Worcestershire town wrote: "I have been charmed with the visit of the Latter-day Saints to our home. We took them with a little misgiving. We say goodbye to them with genuine regret. Their very apparent

happiness makes one feel they have found something worth striving for, and they have been to us a real inspiration and help, and unitedly we pray, 'God bless them'."

That paragraph tells the Kidderminster story. The committee when it began had a discouraging time securing housing accommodations. People were not willing to open their homes to the Latter-day Saints, although fair pay was offered. By dint of effort the resistance was overcome. Another year, if Kidderminster is selected as the place for the June conference, homes will be opened willingly. That is the report of Branch Counselor William B. Gittins, who settled for the lodgings of the visitors.

In hundreds of homes prejudice was broken down, in scores investigators were left. Certainly the past year's slogan was exemplified, "By Our Actions We Will Prove Our Allegiance To The Church." The Kidderminster branch will have a direct benefit, for strong friendships and much lively interest were created.

There could hardly be a different result, considering the spirit in which the young people gathered.

At the eight o'clock testimony meeting on Sunday morning in the beautiful chapel owned by the Church, the zeal and earnestness were exemplified by the words of one young man. He had prayed that he might be able to go to Kidderminster, but lacked the means. He was walking along the street one morning, and yielding to a sudden impulse wended his way to a hospital. There he met a doctor who exclaimed that he was glad to see he had come. A blood transfusion was required and he desired the clean, tested blood of this young man. Two pints were taken. Enough money was paid for it to take the youth to the June conference, and he suffered not the slightest ill effects from the drain.

But every branch of the British mission will benefit from the conference. From Scotland, Ireland and Wales and every district of England representatives have carried back a stimulation not only for the work of the Mutual Improvement but for all the auxiliaries and the whole great cause.

There is a psychology in numbers. Many of our branches are small with few members carrying many responsibilities. When more than four hundred, of one heart and mind, meet together in song, prayer and the stirring program of the conference, a new feeling of grandeur of the work was created. All go back with the little part they did glorified by the strength and beauty of the larger group, as they saw it in action.

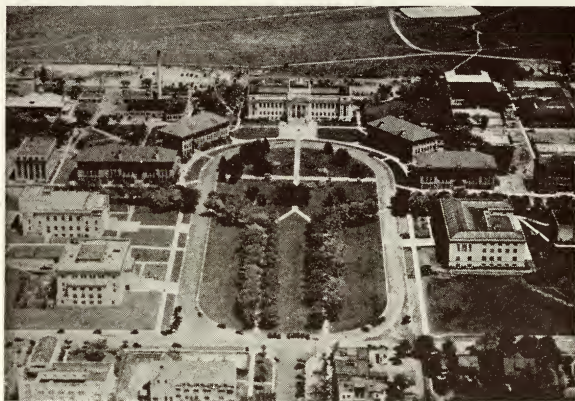
Many friendships were begun in Kidderminster that will go on forever. Some acquaintances were made that may result in romance and marriage. It may be stated frankly that one of the objectives of the conference was to let the young membership of the Church meet and have opportunity to establish those enduring ties.

The Church teaches that young men and women should look forward to marriage as one of life's responsibilities, opportunities and blessings. One of the great factors of the growth of the Latter-day Saints is the willingness of its members to have large families. We believe in them. They are eternal treasures. The authorities of the mission will be exceedingly interested in observing whether the conference of June, 1936 will be attended by young married couples whose romance began at Kidderminster.

The officers of the Mutual Improvement Associations completely planned and flawlessly executed their inspiring program. Months of planning and work were rewarded by a surprisingly good result.

More important than all, the Lord gave bounteously of His Spirit. Testimonies were strengthened and deeper determination made by those who assembled to do His will.

It was moreover the first mission-wide gathering of the traveling elders for some time. Approximately one hundred came, learned to know one another, conferred over their problems, received instructions and went back to their districts better prepared for their sacred work. Altogether it was a memorable and glorious occasion.—Joseph J. Cannon, "Millennial Star," June 20, 1935.



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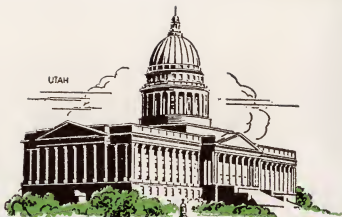
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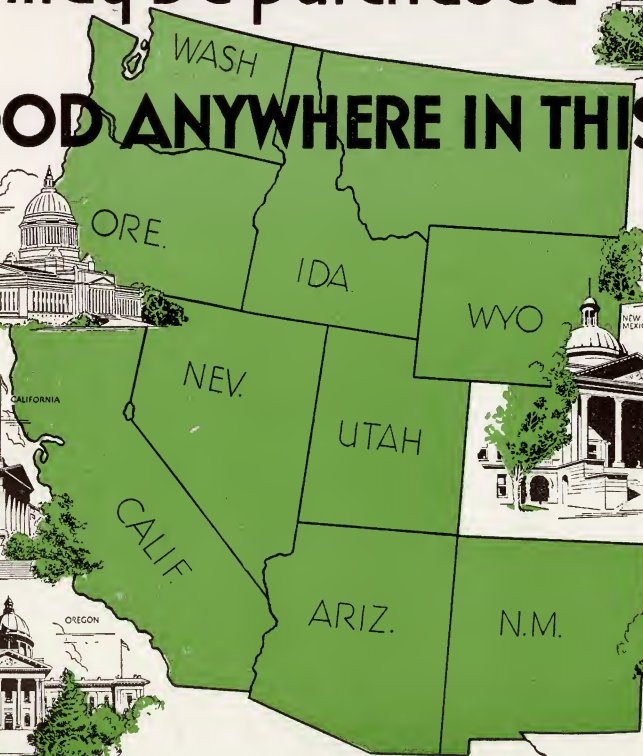
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