

The IMPROVEMENT **ERA**



DECEMBER, 1935

Volume 38, Number 12

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AGAIN we have reached the season when a perplexed and somewhat troubled world becomes more thoughtful. It seems a peculiarly fitting time for the Presidency and the Superintendency of the Mutual Improvement Organizations to make grateful acknowledgment of the valued service of that great army of volunteer workers, in the stakes and wards and established missions of the Church, who give so unstintingly of their time and energy and talent that opportunities for culture and growth in spiritual power may be made available to all who will but receive, and to suggest, if we may, some of the contemplations which will lend courage for continued endeavor.

Christmas, as an anniversary commemorating the birth of the Master, marks the time of year when faith and hope and charity seem to penetrate the hearts of men more warmly, and when tolerance and brotherly kindness come conspicuously to the foreground, even if but for a short season. Men become, for the moment at least, their better selves.

It is the season of remembrance—remembrance of Him who died that we might live. And while we are about our remembering, would that with our remembrance of the past we may not forget the urgent needs of the present, in which a restless generation seeks for guidance, for understanding, for companionship and for truth and changeless standards in a changing world.

It is the season of giving. And while we are about our giving, would that we may include among our gifts things more priceless than can be purchased in our shops and more lasting than can be fabricated by the hands of men.

If we can give faith to a young man whose perception has become clouded by the intellectual maze of conflicting theory, fact and falsity, we shall have given that which leads to greater peace and lasting achievement.

If we can give hope to a neighbor whose hope in an eternal future has been dimmed by a much too worldly present, we shall have given that which opens a broader and more glorious outlook and adds new meaning to life.

If we can give high regard for virtue, honor, and chastity to a young woman whose sense of values has been shaded by mistaken ideas of what constitutes attractiveness, we shall have given someone an immeasurably better chance for unblemished happiness.

If we can give a searching, seeking generation a better plan of living and an absolute unwavering belief in God, in the divinity of Jesus Christ and in the divine mission of Joseph Smith we shall have given that which all the wisdom of men cannot duplicate and all the sophistry of men cannot destroy.

They who have such things to give will bring to themselves unmeasured joy if, by their giving, there be fewer who seek without finding. As we extend the greetings of this thoughtful season we do so with the earnest desire that the spirit of such giving may extend far beyond the Yuletide, into the New Year, and for all time to come, that all who love truth may know the inner peace of a life well lived while yet we dwell together here, and completeness of joy in the Kingdom of our Father.

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Mutual Improvement Association.*

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The Cover

WHEN the editors of the Era were casting about for an appropriate Christmas cover, they thought of all the good things which they would like to be able to give, done up in beautiful packages, to their readers. With the cooperation of Miss Ruth Gerstner, who wrapped the packages beautifully, Fielding K. Smith, the *Improvement Era* artist, and Earl Lyman, the photographer, they produced the present picture.

We hope our readers will like it, and will see in it symbols of the great gifts which have come to us from the Lord Jesus Christ and from the Gospel which has been reestablished in this day. We should like it also to symbolize our heartiest good wishes.

The IMPROVEMENT

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"ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS"
Picture by Henri Le Roll.

GIFTS

By GRACE ZENOR PRATT

THE world is glorified, dear Lord, since Thou
Wast born on that first Christmas night
In Bethlehem.
They say we have forgotten Thee, in vanity and greed,
In searching for those other gifts for those we love
At Christmas time.
Men say we have no thought of thee, except in need.
It is not so, the fundamental faith still glows
As brightly as of yore, and fills the world
With shining radiance, we know.
In every gift, we see the gift they brought to Thee
Of frankincense and myrrh and gold—
And when a silver star appears in yon bright sky

We live again that sweetest story told.
In every Christmas carol sweet and clear
We hear the angel voices as they sing:
We follow sages in their long, long quest
To kneel with them at last before a King.
We cannot offer paltry gold to One who died upon a cross,
Or frankincense to One who lives triumphantly—
We would not offer Thee the bitterness of myrrh
Until our souls have passed through some Gethsemane.
The star-dust and the tinsel of today,
Our tawdry gifts, but symbolize an offering to Thee, there;
But O believe, on every Christmas Eve,
Our hearts turn toward Thee, Lord, in Bethlehem,
In love and prayer.

A SCIENTIST LOOKS AT THE MYSTERIES

By DR. HARVEY FLETCHER

FOR an appropriate text for this subject I have chosen a short poem by Alfred Tennyson.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

Life! Life! Life! It is a great mystery.

There are three great mysteries which are forcibly brought to the attention of all who think. James Hunt Cook sensed this when he wrote:

THE MYSTERIES

"The early sunlight filtered through the filmy draperies to where a wondering baby stretched his dimpled hands to catch the rays that lit his face and flesh like dawn lights up a rose. His startled gaze caught and held the dawn of day in rapturous looks that spoke the dawn of Self, for with the morning gleam out came the greater wonder. It was the mystery of Life.

"Across a cradle where, sunk in satin pillows, lay a still, pale form as droops a rose from some fierce heat, the evening shadows fell aslant and spoke of peace. The twilight calm enclosed the world in silence deep as Truth, and on the little face the wondering look had given place, to one of sweet repose. It was the mystery of Death.

"At head and foot the tapers burned, a golden light that clove the night as Hope the encircling gloom. Across the cot where lay the fair, frail form, his hand reached out to hers and met and clasped in tender burning touch. Into the eyes of each there came the look that is the light of life; that spoke of self to each, yet told they two were one. It was the mystery to which the mysteries Life and Death bow down—the mystery of Love."

These are great mysteries now and have been such from the dawn of history. Since they were sensed as real problems for the human mind to solve, just think of the tremendous advance made by mankind in art, government, literature, and in the almost unbelievable scientific developments, most of which have taken place in the last 150 years.

When one realizes that electricity has been recognized as a

DR. HARVEY FLETCHER was born September 11, 1884, at Provo, Utah. He had his early training in the primary, religion classes, M. I. A. and priesthood quorums in the Provo First Ward. At the age of 20 years, he taught his first physics classes in Brigham Young University, and continued a member of the faculty for 12 years. He has been connected with this subject ever since that time. In 1907 he was graduated from the Brigham Young University with a B. S. degree. In 1908 he was granted a leave of absence from the Brigham Young University to take graduate work at the University of Chicago. He persuaded his sweetheart, Lorena Chipman, to go with him. They were married September 9, and left immediately for Chicago.

It was while they were at Chicago that Dr. Fletcher, working on a research problem during the last two years of his stay there, became intimately acquainted with Dr. R. A. Millikan. Their work on the determination of the elementary electrical charge is internationally known. It was an epoch-making achievement.

In spite of flattering offers from other places, Dr. Fletcher returned to Brigham Young University and remained there for five years as head of the Department of Physics and Mathematics. It was during this period that he became closely associated with M. I. A. work, being one of the first Scout masters, then ward president, and then stake superintendent. During his last year there he was elected President of the Utah Academy of Sciences.

It was with some misgivings that Dr. Fletcher left this interesting work to go to New York. This feeling was shared even more keenly by his wife, but they both decided it would be best to accept the flattering offer from the Research Department of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Dr. Fletcher thought that a few years of intensive hard work would satisfy him so that he would be content to return to Utah. These few years have now been extended to twenty. For some time past he has been Acoustical Research Director of the Bell Telephone Laboratories but now has charge of all Physical Research, including Acoustics. He has attained a national and international reputation in the field of acoustics, particularly those phases dealing with speech and hearing. He was closely associated with the organization of the

controllable entity for the use of man for less than 100 years, and witness how its use has transformed our mode of living, one then marvels at the capabilities of the human mind.

As against this great enfoldment compare the utter lack of progress of the mind in solving these three great mysteries even in spite of the eons of time it has been at the job. One is forced to say, "How stupid." For these experiences are universally felt, by everybody. And when I speak of love I mean that kind about which Paul says, "the love that passeth understanding."

Why will some men lay down their lives for their friends? Why, when the *Titanic* was sinking, did the cry go up to save the weak, the lame, and the sick, while the strong of their own choice went down with the ship rather than use their strength to push the weak aside? From a rational point of view it was foolish that those who could really help make the world a better place in which to live were permitted to be drowned while those who were already a burden on society were permitted to live.

Of the mystery of death I could also say similar things but my subject for the time being is life and its purpose. Did you ever stop to think why the mystery of life has not been solved? If our understanding of the creation of life were in the hands of man he would wreck the very purpose of this life.

Oh, but you say, we do know how to create life; all life springs from a seed. If the seed is placed in the proper environment and is fertilized a life will result from it. But my answer is that you enshroud the problem of life with even a greater mystery. Ever since I can remember I have noticed from time to time startling headlines announcing that some great biologist had discovered how to generate life; but they have all turned out to be false.

A FEW years ago Dr. Crile, of Cleveland, invited me to visit

his famous clinic. He was studying the life processes of a simple cell. He showed me an amoeba under a microscope and called my attention to the nucleus surrounded by a gelatinous mass. "Now," he said, "I have two electrodes which are connected to a sensitive galvanometer. I place one of these in the nucleus and the other in the surrounding gelatinous mass."

"You will notice that the galvanometer is deflected showing an electric potential difference, or pressure exists between nucleus and its surrounding matter. Now by means of a separate electric battery I will apply another electric pressure in the opposite direction so as to completely annul the one always existing while the amoeba lives, and you watch what happens!"

For a small impressed electrical potential, the tiny animal was excited as indicated by increased motion. As soon as the potential was equal and opposite to that normally existing the amoeba was electrocuted as indicated by the stopping of all motion. We now took away the battery potential and tested to see what the potential difference between nucleus and surrounding tissue was in the now dead cell. There was none; it had entirely disappeared. "You see," said he, "the difference between life and death is only a difference in electric potential."

To emphasize this point another experiment was performed. We obtained another amoeba, placed the electrodes, and noted the galvanometer deflection as before. Then a drop of chloroform was put upon the microscope slide containing the amoeba. The motions gradually decreased and as they did so the potential difference gradually decreased reaching zero, when all motion ceased. The tiny animal had been killed by the chloroform and as death ensued, the potential difference had disappeared.

"Wonderful," said I; for indeed it was. This was all new information to me as Dr. Crile's wonderful book describing these experiments had not yet been published. I assure you I was excited, for I thought that maybe the long-looked-for secret, the key to the mystery of life, was at last found.

"Now," I said, "let us restore the electrical potential difference by means of our battery and thus

Acoustical Society of America and became its first president. All of the prominent research workers in acoustics both in this country and Europe now belong to this Society.

The group of workers which he has been directing in the Bell Laboratories has done the remarkable research work that has made possible the high fidelity of transmission of speech and music in the radio, sound pictures, and phonographs, the most recent achievement being the development of a stereophonic system which makes it possible to reproduce sound in auditory perspective.

Dr. Fletcher has many inventions to his credit, the one most generally known being the audiometer used in public schools for detecting hard of hearing children. He has been connected with welfare work among the hard of hearing throughout the country and in 1929 and 1930 was President of the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing.

Dr. Fletcher was a member of the Noise Abatement Commission of New York City and was very active in helping to get out the report called "City Noise." This report has been widely circulated both here and abroad and has had a great influence in persuading city officials to take the necessary steps to prevent persons from making unnecessary noise.

He has been connected with many activities of the National Research Council, at present being a member of the Physics Section.

This spring Dr. Fletcher was elected to the National Academy of Sciences, one of the high honors coveted by most scientists. As a matter of record, he is the only member who has come from the region covered by Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada.

He received the Louis Edward Levy Medal from the Franklin Institute in 1924 for researches in hearing and last spring Columbia University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Sciences. President Butler citing the reason as follows: "In recognition of your years of scientific inquiry concerning the physical nature of speech, music, and noise, as well as of the facts of hearing, which inquiries have led to important developments in the methods and equipment for the highest quality of transmission of both speech and music."

During his career as a scientist in New York City Dr. Fletcher has always been active in Church work. He was in the presidency of the New York branch for ten years, two of them as counselor and eight as president. He has taught the adult class in Sunday School for six years. When the New York Stake was organized he was put in as chairman of the High Council which office he now holds.

bring the tiny amoeba back to life."

"Oh, no," said he, "for when the animal is once dead there is nothing that we can do to bring it back to life."

"Well," I said, "then there must be other differences between the life and death of this living animal than just a potential difference."

Although Dr. Crile has increased greatly our knowledge of the processes of life, neither he nor anyone else has succeeded in generating or restoring life from elements not containing any germs of life. And so the mystery of life remains as great as ever. Apparently we will not be permitted to partake of the fruit from the tree of life lest we live forever.

Let me quote from Genesis 3: 22-24.

"22. And the Lord God said, Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever;

"23. Therefore, the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken.

"24. So he drove out the man; and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

No doubt this is an allegorical statement but it seems to me that it carries a great challenge to the scientific world. As I interpret it, it states that man will never solve the great mystery of life because if he did he would then destroy one of the chief purposes of his own existence on this earth, namely, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

¶ ET me quote two other passages of scripture which are, as I see them, vitally connected with the one just quoted, Luke 1:34-35.

"34. Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?

"35. And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Matthew's account of the miraculous conception is much more matter of fact. Matthew 1:18.

"18. Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise. When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph, before they came together, she was found with child of the Holy Ghost."

Now, I am well aware that one

is apt to be ridiculed for maintaining that this passage means what it says. Such a birth has been claimed for Zoroaster and other great leaders. And I have no doubt that thousands of other unwed mothers out of the billions that have given birth to children upon this earth have made similar claims. But it seems to me that that does not alter the situation. Upon the acceptance or rejection of this fact Christianity stands or falls. I can see no middle ground. If you reject it, where does it put Mary, the mother of Jesus, who stands at the very top of all the saints honored by the various Christian churches? It would be necessary for one to admit that she was cunningly deceitful as well as an adulteress, the very thought of which would make Christianity collapse. It isn't so easy to explain away glibly, as some do, simply because it cannot be understood. True, it is a mystery! Its very nature puts it in the class of things which we cannot understand if we accept the implications of the passage of Genesis which I quoted a few moments ago. But, by this incident, God has shown to man that He does know this great mystery of the generation of life which is still to us unknown.

Let me present some other passages which have a further bearing upon the subject. Mark 16:9-18.

"9. Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils.

"10. And she went and told them that had been with him, as they mourned and wept.

"11. And they, when they had heard that he was alive, and had been seen of her, believed not.

"12. After that he appeared in another form unto two of them, as they walked, and went into the country.

"13. And they went and told it unto the residue: neither believed they them.

"14. Afterward he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart, because they believed not them which had seen him after he was risen.

"15. And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Even when put on a purely rational basis, the simple narrative as recorded in the *New Testament* is very convincing.

The fact that Jesus was buried in Joseph's tomb and after three days his body was found to be missing, will be accepted by anyone who will take the trouble to

examine all the evidences concerning it. Either the disciples stole his body away as implied in the above quotation or else his resurrection, the foundation upon which Christianity is built, is a fact.

LET us examine the first possibility. At the time of Christ's crucifixion all of His disciples were scattered. Most of them confidently expected Jesus to assert His power, confound His enemies, and then be a real ruler over the Jews. Even poor Judas, I think, had this idea and was willing to betray the Savior, because he thought by this means he would get 30 pieces of silver for the treasury and at the same time force the Savior to assert His power and thus hasten the establishment of the earthly kingdom for which he was working and over which Jesus was to reign. When he found it did not turn out that way, he was overwhelmed with remorse and hanged himself.

The other disciples scattered and thought the plans for establishing a kingdom on earth, that is a church organization, were ended, and were planning to go back to their fishing nets and other occupations in which they were formerly engaged. But when the news of His resurrection spread among them they were again electrified. He naturally had greater power over them as a resurrected being than as a mortal man among them; but even so, it was difficult to make them understand what a momentous event had taken place. He manifested Himself first to Mary and then to one or two of His disciples, but before all were convinced He manifested Himself to the eleven disciples all assembled together.

Each one of these disciples was valiant in the cause of Christianity

from that day and suffered tremendous persecution and many of them death, and did so willingly because of their testimony that "Christ is risen!"

If there were collusion among them to propagate a lie, the subsequent events would have been impossible. So it seems to me when one thinks this thing through, one finds the evidence predominantly in favor of the fact upon which Christianity is built.

Why is it not then universally accepted? Because it is so unusual and contrary to the experience of everyone. Because the human mind cannot understand how such a thing could be. Because death and triumph over death is still a great mystery which as indicated by this momentous event, God understands but which for some wise purpose withholds from the understanding of mortal man.

I might more appropriately ask why anyone believes such an inexplicable thing. One is forced to answer that such a belief is usually not based upon any logical argument such as I have tried to make, but rather upon a subtle internal experience called faith. These experiences are difficult to rationalize but nevertheless, are very real indeed and are sometimes more satisfying to one's soul. They bring one to a state of mental sureness that rational thinking can seldom obtain. So, in spite of the arguments given above, one is forced to admit that only those who can and do have faith in God will believe the two fundamental facts of Christianity which I have discussed; namely, the miraculous conception and the resurrection. This brings us face to face with an even more fundamental fact of life, faith in God. There is a growing tendency in this age to think that as one grows to maturity, one must throw off such childish notions as a belief in God, just as one discards one's belief in Santa Claus.

Let us see just where such a throwing off would leave us. We would then be forced to admit that this beautiful world of ours was not the product of design and of planning, but of mere chance; that your dearest friend is just a jumble of atoms and molecules that happened to land together to make a dear and loving soul! Such a thought is revolting and is even more difficult for me to believe

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SHE SMILED AND STOOD UP AS BOB WALKED TOWARD HER AND HE REMEMBERED IN A PANIC THAT HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO ASK DENNY HER NAME OR TO PROVIDE AN EXCUSE FOR HIS COMING THERE.

BOB'S interest in the new school teacher had first been aroused by the unprecedented spectacle of Denny brushing his shaggy locks of his own free will.

Mother Lloyd, sitting at the breakfast table, had said from force of habit without glancing up, "Now, Sonny, don't forget your hair," and all the time Denny had been so engrossed in his labors that he hadn't even heard her.

Bob, gazing in both amazement and amusement, had asked in mock severity, "Denfield, are you sure that you are quite well today?"

Denny always made it a point not to answer when addressed by his scorned given name so he went on serenely brushing his hair.

"Oh, I know—the lad has fallen at last for Rosie Mitchell's black curls," Bob went on.

"I guess not," began Denny, "that snubnosed, freckled faced—" he paused for lack of adjectives and breath.

"By the way," said Bob with sudden inspiration, "Dick Crane was telling me that you kids had

CHRISTMAS KNIGHT

By SYLVIA RUTH GRANT

sure drawn a homely teacher this year."

"She is not!" exploded Denny, holding the brush weaponlike in the air. "She's a peach and as pretty as anything."

"All right, all right," soothed Bob. "I was just repeating what Dick said. 'So that explains the phenomenon,'" he mused.

"Explains what?" demanded Denny.

"Nothing. I was just talking to myself."

"Well, you'd better be. You hadn't better be practicing any of your fancy grammar on me just because you've been away to college." Denny carefully adjusted his helmet and came to give his mother a hasty kiss on the cheek.

Bob had a sudden inspiration. "I'm driving into town today, kid," he said with elaborate unconcern. "I'll come for you after school."

"Okay," called Denny as he snatched up his books and ran out of the door.

Bob timed his arrival so that he reached the schoolhouse just as the last child was leaving. As Denny climbed into the car he said, "You sit here a minute, son. I have a message for the teacher. Here's some candy you can do away with," and he handed over the bag of sweets he had had the forethought to provide.

BOB walked quickly toward the little one-room schoolhouse in order that he might not lose entirely, before he reached the door, the courage that he felt beginning to slip away. Once inside he looked up to the teacher's desk and was sure even at that distance that he had never before seen eyes so deeply blue, so graced with long, black lashes and so delightfully friendly.

She smiled and stood up as Bob walked toward her and he remembered in a sudden panic that he had forgotten to ask Denny her name or to provide an excuse for his coming there.

He clutched at the first idea that

came in his head and began, "I am Bill Rossiter and I came to see how my three children are getting along."

She shook hands with him and indicating a chair near the desk invited him to sit down. Resuming her own seat she said, "The children are doing nicely, Mr. Rossiter. I was wondering why Jane was out today."

"Oh, Jane—well, you see, she had a slight cold."

"That's too bad. And have you decided to have Tommy's tonsils out?"

Bob coughed in slight embarrassment. "Well, not until spring. We thought it could wait until then."

The girl's eyes twinkled as she said, "All this is very enlightening in view of the fact that there are only two Rossiter children and their names are Ellen and Fred."

Bob glanced at her for one panicky second to see how she was going to take it and then broke into a broad grin as he saw the smile that lurked in her face.

"To tell the belated truth," he began sheepishly, "I am Bob Lloyd, the older brother of the lad called Denny, but I thought that I had better lead up to the fact gradually and with tact."

"Indeed," she responded indignantly, "I'm very fond of Denny. I think he's a splendid boy."

"His mother will be very glad to know that someone besides herself holds that opinion." Bob very casually reached over and picked up a book from the desk. He looked at the flyleaf and then continued, "But you will like all of us Lloyds when you get to know us, Miss Dennis."

"Your second error," she laughed. "That book belongs to a friend. My name is Eileen Moore and what makes you think I am going to know the Lloyds better?"

"I do. Don't you think a grand way to start would be for you and me to go over to Lincoln to the dance next Saturday night?"

She hesitated a moment and then

nodded. "Well, we might try it and see."

"Fine!" Bob's enthusiasm was cut short by the appearance of Denny in the doorway.

"Were you planning on driving home tonight?" he asked dryly, "or would I make time by walking?"

"Coming right now," answered Bob, thankful that the candy hadn't given out three minutes earlier. "May we drive you home, Miss Moore?"

"Thank you—I live at Pea-body's, just across the street."

"Oh—goodbye then until Saturday night."

"What about Saturday night?" asked Denny suspiciously when they were seated in the car and headed for home.

"Nothing special," answered Bob carelessly. "I just thought it would be nice to help Miss Moore get acquainted around here so she wouldn't be so lonesome and I asked her to go to a dance Saturday night."

"Swell," said Denny. "We'll all go."

"Oh no. Just Eileen and I."

"I see." Denny was highly resentful. "What you mean is that you think it would be nice for her to get better acquainted with you—

and where do you get that 'Eileen' stuff?"

Bob, who had been mulling the name over in his mind and thinking how very lovely it was, had spoken it aloud unconsciously and had no answer.

Denny lapsed into a black silence, brooding on the inequalities of life that made one brother, utterly undeserving, twelve years older and therefore eligible to take the beautiful teacher to a dance, while he, Denny, could only adore her in school among twenty other pupils.

EVIDENTLY Bob found the dance an excellent place in which to further acquaintance because he persuaded Miss Moore to go again the following week. He also seemed to find hiking a splendid aid and later on he took the pretty teacher skating and bobsleighbing.

He grew to have an air of pleasant benevolence in his dealings with Denny which the latter very much resented. Denny looked for some signs in Miss Moore of what he termed "mooning," but decided that she had too much sense to fall in love with a guy like Bob.

As the Christmas season approached Mr. Lloyd found it necessary to send Bob out to Marquard on a business trip. The city was thirty miles away through a snow-

filled canyon and the trip could be made at this time of the year with sleigh and horses only.

Ordinarily Bob dreaded the trip in winter. It took a full day's travel each way and was likely to be very cold and monotonous. This time, however, he was glad to go. It would give him a chance to buy Eileen a Christmas present. The few country stores offered nothing half fine enough to suit his fancy and the mail order catalogue was so well known in the community that almost anyone could identify an article purchased from its pages. No, it would really be worth the trip to be able to go through a regular store, or a dozen stores if necessary, to find just the right gift for the lady of his heart.

When he told Eileen of the proposed trip, she suggested enthusiastically that he buy the presents for the school Christmas party. Bob received the suggestion with far less enthusiasm. The idea of roaming the stores for trumpets, dolls, and whatnots for twenty-odd school children did not appeal to his sense of the fitness of things in the least but if she had suggested that he personally roll and decorate snowballs for her charges he would have set gallantly to work.

Bob set out on a cold clear morning just three days before Christ-

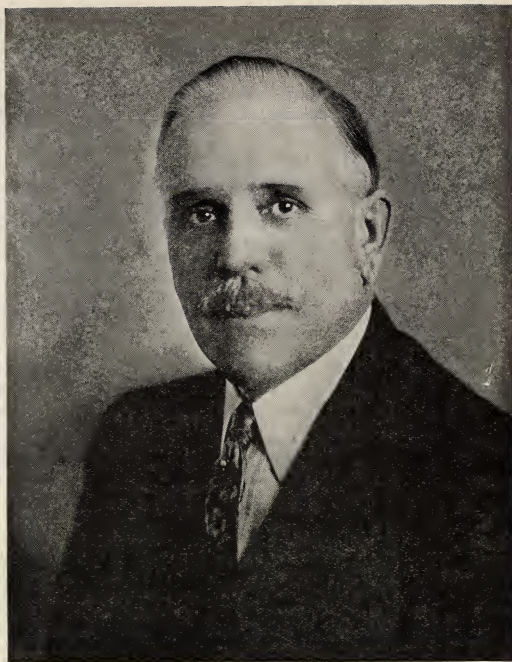
(Continued on page 776)

HE WAS ALMOST EXHAUSTED WHEN HE REACHED THE MOUTH OF THE CANYON—ANOTHER TWO MILES TO GO AND IT WAS LONG SINCE DARK. HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY MAKE IT.



By
**DR. JOSEPH F.
MERRILL**

President of the European Mission



PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. MERRILL, A MEMBER
OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

WHETHER in Europe, America, on the islands of the sea or elsewhere the missionary of the Church is confronted with many problems that are similar. Perhaps the most outstanding one is the indifference of the people to his message. And this is due not so much to the fact that he is a missionary of the Church as that he is a missionary of a church. People everywhere in these modern times do not seem to be interested in attending religious services. They would much rather go to the open country, the athletic field, or the cinema on Sunday than go to church. They would rather read a detective story or a book of fiction than the Bible. They like play better than worship. The result is that most houses of worship are nearly empty on Sundays and the great mass of the people know little or nothing about the Bible.

The prevailing conditions have created new problems for the religious proselyter and made it imperative that he re-examine his tools and methods if he wishes to restore his work to its former-time

appeal to popular interest. This is as true of the L. D. S. missionary as of other religious proselyters. But the question might reasonably be asked what chance of success has any new tool or method if the public have lost interest in religion? Of course only experience can definitely answer this question. But experience can only be obtained by the so-called cut-and-try method, that is, try the proposal and observe the results.

In any case L. D. S. missionaries should never be discouraged. Nowhere in ancient or modern revelation do we find any promise that the word of the Lord or the Gospel of Jesus Christ would be popular under present-day conditions; rather "one of a city and two of a family" would be found who would gather with the Lord's people. But this is not the whole story. How shall the few be found? The answer to this question implies the use of effective tools and methods of contacting the people. For "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations" before the end shall come. Christ's ministers are commanded to "Go

ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. This must be done in order that "one of a city and two of a family" may be found.

Now, when it is remembered that in the European countries in particular the vast majority of the people have never heard a Mormon elder, the need of new and more effective methods of reaching the people and declaring "the message" becomes at once apparent. This is true even in Great Britain where Mormon missionaries have been preaching for nearly a century. And that methods will soon be employed of reaching the people very much faster than methods now in use are doing is a fond expectation.

And this will involve no new inventions. The mechanism for reaching simultaneously practically all the people of every civilized nation is already in existence. The radio and the cinema are the modern popular contact agencies. By their use it would be possible to preach the gospel to all the world

THE MISSIONARY and HIS TOOLS

in a day. Will these agencies be used for this purpose? Both of them are even now being employed in many nations by some of the churches. In America the L. D. S. Church is more and more frequently enjoying the privileges of the radio. In Czechoslovakia, radio listeners have already heard an address on the "Mormons and Their Beliefs." But for proselyting purposes the most powerful church in the world has found the cinema to be the most effective available agency in at least one of the European countries. With the freedom of the radio and cinema at its disposal how long would it take the Church to declare its message to all the world?

But what is there about this message to command the attention of radio listeners and movie fans? One answer is the Book of Mormon—the most wonderful book in print in the world today, because of the marvelous way it came forth. Could not the story of how the modern world got this book be made to grip a movie audience? And of course this book is the most characteristic thing about Mormonism.

But for the resurrection of the Savior we probably would never have had the New Testament. When His followers saw Him hanging lifeless on the cross they became wholly discouraged and dispersed in gloom, thinking all was lost. It was the resurrection—the most wonderful phenomenon of all history—that transformed the heartbroken and disappointed apostles into fearless proselyters, more bold than lions, ready to face death in any form in order to testify that their Lord was a living reality. The resurrection was the phenomenon, therefore, that gave vitality to early Christianity. Similarly, modern Christianity—Mormonism—has its miraculous phenomenon, the Book of Mormon. This book is the most outstanding physical evidence that the Church can present of its divinity, of the validity of its claims. Hence does not the logic of the situation require that the proselyting activities of the L. D. S. missionary shall center

SINCE the first translation of the Book of Mormon from the original plates, there have been many additional publications in both England and America. In addition it has been translated into and published in fifteen foreign languages. These include: Danish, Welsh, French, German, Italian, Hawaiian, Swedish, Spanish, Maori, Dutch, Samoan, Tahitian, Armenian, Czechoslovakian, and Japanese. The Book of Mormon has also been printed but not published in the following languages: Hebrew, Hindoostanee, Turkish, Greek, and Bulgarian. It has been printed and published in the Deseret Alphabet. Something like two million copies of the Book of Mormon have been sold.

in the Book of Mormon just as those of the ancient Apostles centered in the resurrection of Christ?

THROUGHOUT Church history the Book of Mormon has always been, perhaps, the most effective proselyting tool employed by the traveling elder. That it is possible to make it more effective than it has ever been is almost self-evident. This writer has no doubts of this matter. Dressed in suitable sales covers it could be exposed for sale in thousands of book stores where it is now unknown. There are now few if any public libraries that would not be willing to add this volume to its shelves. During this year in the South African Mission the average placement per month per elder of this marvelous book has been a little better than ten. And this has been done by the energetic use of old-time methods. With the skilful employment of the screen and other modern devices it would be easy, no doubt, to increase this number. In doing this the evidences produced by modern scholarship that unwittingly give powerful support to many Book of Mormon claims would be freely used.

Many people, even those friendly to the Latter-day Saints, shy at the Book of Mormon. But the Saints love this book. They freely admit that the claims of divinity for the Church are inseparably

connected with this book. If the book is a fraud then Mormonism was born in deception and the Church is only another man-made institution and of ignoble origin. The Church stands or falls with the divinity of the Book of Mormon. But there are countless thousands who can truthfully testify that they know that God lives and this is His work. The Book of Mormon is not a fraud. Hence the proselyter for the Church might well devise methods of making it ever more and more an effective tool.

And in this connection it should be remembered that the explanations put forward by the learned, as well as by the ignorant, to account for the Book of Mormon as a fraud have all fallen into helplessness. They have been wholly unable to stand the light of truth. And with the fall of each hypothesis the book has stood out stronger than before. The fact seems to be that no reasonable hypothesis to account for the book as a fraud can be maintained. This is a fact that both friends and foes should remember, particularly the former. The writer believes it would be especially helpful to the young people in the Church if all of them would keep this fact in mind. We strongly urge that everyone who feels himself growing lukewarm in the Church should undertake to account satisfactorily for the Book of Mormon. This effort will be very helpful and will undoubtedly be a check to growing coldness. It can scarcely fail to make the book stand out in its true light as the most wonderful book in print. With aid of suitable publicity methods it certainly can be made the most effective proselyting tool that our elders can employ. It has always been such and passing time only increases its power by unfolding confirmatory evidence.

The missionary system of the Church has always commanded the admiration of thoughtful, fair-minded people. It must continue to do this for voluntary devoted service in a noble cause will never fail to elicit praise.

"FER ONCT"

By **DOROTHY
CLAPP
ROBINSON**



"TAKE THIS TO PUT OVER YOUR LEGS; AND JIM—" SHE CAME CLOSE, "DO BE CAREFUL. YOU'RE APT TO GET CAUGHT IN A BAD STORM."

WITH a vast sigh of relief Susie jerked the mailbox open. Empty? Empty! It just couldn't be. Why, this was the last mail day. In swift, desperate panic her eyes searched the ground about the mailbox. There was not a trace of a package, or a letter even.

Maybe the mailman was late. Maybe he hadn't come. The heavy laboring of her heart changed to a hopeful staccato. With intense care she scrutinized the road. Two brazen paralleling lines of brown cut the light snow skiff. They had been made today, not an hour ago—but who said the mailman made them? Mother had never failed her before, so, of course, it couldn't be the mailman's tracks. She would sit down on a rock and wait.

The air was biting, and Susie drew her shabby coat close about her. She knocked her shoes, with their thin soles, together. Coon-

rod's mailbox was a mile farther up the draw; she might as well walk up there while she was waiting. That would make twelve miles by the time she got home, unless she climbed the hill; but anything was better than waiting. It was warmer walking, too.

The road turned and twisted up a narrow ravine whose stream bed was stony and dry. Snow, like a puff of cotton, capped each rock and boulder; and the stark service-berry and choke-cherry bushes had gathered about their roots a protecting blanket of white.

Around a bend she came upon a wild rose bush still flaming with bright scarlet berries. She stopped long enough to fill both coat pockets. They would look pretty on a Christmas tree. Helen had always liked them. The wind sweeping down the draw struck suddenly at her body and she shivered with the cold: a terrible, ter-

rible cold that went deep into the roots of her being. Soon now, oh, so soon, they would put Helen into this harsh, pitiless ground where icy wind and flying snow would keep vigil over her. Precious little Helen, who loved flowers and bright summery skies;—and—there just had to be a Christmas package.

Before she reached the mailbox Susie was lifting each foot and putting it down with leaden precision. Beside the post leaned a huge box generously plastered with gay stickers. Maybe the mailman had made a mistake. With hands shaking so she could scarcely use them she turned the box and read the address. Of course! Numbly she opened the mailbox and looked at the stack of letters and cards. No mistake there either.

She had been a fool. She had known all the time. Nothing came to them—all this to Coonrod's, nothing to them. She put a cold hand to her head to ease its throbbing. She might have overlooked a letter at her own box—she had been so concerned about the package.

Slowly she made her way back down the road. As she passed the rose bush she turned her eyes. There was no letter; and in sudden fury Susie gave the post a hard kick. It was old and insecurely set, and under the impact it toppled over. She sat down on it. Maybe if she waited a few minutes that heaviness within her would lighten.

She looked at the tin mailbox now bent and out of shape. It didn't matter. There was never any mail for them. She didn't want any more mail. She hoped she never heard from anyone again. If a letter came she'd return it unopened. If Helen's last Christmas couldn't be happy nothing would matter again—ever.

THE family were at the table busily eating bread and milk

when she reached home. Her husband, after one look at her face, dropped his eyes to his bowl. The boys with one voice demanded to know why she hadn't let them go for the mail. When they were in bed and she was setting sponge her husband looked up.

"Well?"

Tears, long denied sprang to her eyes. For a minute she beat the dough savagely.

"What'll we do?" he asked.

"There's only one thing to do."

Rising he went to the door and opened it.

"It's goin' to storm."

"I know it."

He closed the door and went into the cabin's second room. When he came back he had heavy leggings, and overshoes, a sheepskin coat and fur cap. As he pulled them on he said:

"I ain't got no money."

Standing on the baby's high chair she reached to the top of her cupboard and from under a pile of old papers brought down a condensed-milk can. There was just one slit in the top. With the can opener she cut away part of the lid and poured its contents on the oilcloth. The man's eye widened.

"How in—"

"Ever since we knew—since the Doctor said—I—I wanted her beautiful fer onct. I knew if I didn't save it, it'd be the same old story."

The man took a paper dollar from the scant pile of small change. He put it in his pocket.

"This'll do."

At the door he paused. "You'll hav'ta keep the cows kinda close until we find out what this storm's goin' to be. Have the boys put the pigs in the end a' the barn whur I made the pa'tition; an' whatever you do, have 'em put all the wood that's chopped in the shed."

She nodded, then asked: "Don't you want the lantern?"

"I could use it, but you might need it worse. Well, guess I'll be goin'." But he lingered in the open doorway.

Susie brought an old quilt made from pieces of overalls.

"Take this to put over your legs; and Jim—" she came close, "Do be careful. You're apt to get caught in a bad storm."

"I'll be a'right," he answered. "I bin in storms b'fore. I'll take the bobs as fur as Jolly's so's I'll

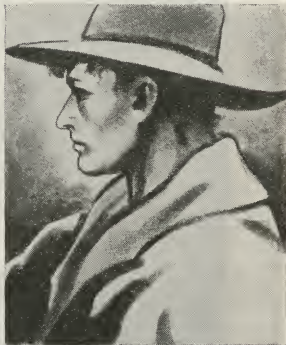
have 'em comin' back if it snows."

"I'll help you hook up," she volunteered.

"I reckon you better git in bed. You'll have more work with me gone."

Half timidly she raised her face. He bent and placed an awkward kiss on her lips. One moment he held her close then went out into a night that was warming perceptibly. Presently she heard the crunching of wagon wheels as he went through the gate. With good luck he would be home tomorrow evening. That dollar wouldn't buy much but it would be something.

When Susie awoke next morning the ground was white and huge soft flakes were drifting lazily



about. She built the fire hurriedly, then went to the boys' bed.

"Boys," she cried softly, shaking them, "pile out of here. It's snowin' and there's lots to do. Come now. Don't you dare to go back to sleep."

WITH many grunts and whines the boys tumbled sleepily into the kitchen and dressed by the fire.

"What you gettin' us up so early fer?" Joe demanded.

"That wood's got to be put in the shed before the snow covers it—an' them pigs have to be put under shelter. Besides, Young Man, if you go to growling Santa Claus won't bring you anything."

"Heck. He won't anyway. He never does—"

She turned upon the complainer sharply.

"Has he ever forgot you yet?"

"Well, he—"

"Has he?"

"Gramma ain't. It's her thet sends it—"

"Yes, an' you make the cookies," put in Ben.

"What's the difference as long as you get 'em. I'm goin' to milk now. You be careful throwin' the wood in the shed so's you don't wake Helen or the baby."

By noon the flakes were driving with a force that bespoke unlimited reserves. Susie and the boys scurried about, heads bent to the wind, doing the thousand and one jobs that must be attended to before the winter close-up.

By four o'clock the large flakes had changed to hard, stinging pellets. She did her evening chores early; even then she could scarcely see the outlines of the house from the barn. She did hope Jim would get there before dark.

Dark came early and no signs of him. As soon as the children were in bed she examined her sugar sack. She could spare enough to make some cookies and one batch of taffy, she thought. As she worked, the wind tore about the little house shrieking its defiance and maliciously piling snow against the window panes. It didn't matter; she couldn't see out anyway. As she put her last pan of cookies in the oven, the wind, that had died down for an instant, came creeping back with a high, rising moan. From somewhere in the coulee above a coyote threw down a faint, wailing protest.

Susie shuddered. She wasn't afraid; coyotes are cowards anyway; but she was thankful for shelter and plenty of wood. If Jim would only come—whatever could be keeping him? He should have reached town by daylight. It wouldn't take him half an hour in town after the stores were open. Even with the storm he should have been home by this time. Finding a darning needle she threaded it with twine and restlessly began stringing roseberries. She had trouble stringing her popcorn and angrily promised herself she'd raise a decent kind next year. After Jim reached Jolly's he'd have the bobs—a good thing for the wagon would never make it. There now, she was all through except putting the things on the tree. It was just a mile from Jolly's but that flat was deceiving—a crazy flat, that stretched miles to the east. In this storm he might go straight on.

(Continued on page 771)

THE POETIC QUALITY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON declared that "the spirit of the Universe, the great calm presence of the creator, . . . the sublime vision, comes to the pure and simple soul in a chaste and clean body."

One notes how completely Joseph Smith fulfils Emerson's description of the sort of soul to whom comes the "sublime vision." Who, we may ask, stood for cleaner and more chaste bodies than he who delivered to man the famed eighty-ninth section of the modern book of revelation?

Emerson continues: "It is a secret which every intellectual man quickly learns, that . . . he is capable of a new energy . . . by abandonment to the nature of things; that there is a great . . . power, on which he can draw, by unlocking at all risks, his human doors, and suffering the ethereal tides to roll and circulate through him; then he is caught up into the life of the Universe, his speech is thunder, his thought is law, and his words are universally intelligible as the plants and animals."

When Joseph Smith, as a young man, abandoned all thought of a personal career and turned to devote himself wholly to the building up of the Kingdom of the God of Heaven and Earth he abandoned himself "to the nature of things," the higher and finer things, the real things and things divine, to which his gifted spirit yielded a delighted and devoted obeisance. And there did indeed roll before his eyes the "ethereal tides" of the eternal worlds, until the Seer cries out in deep perplexity: "It is my meditation all the day, and more than my meat and drink, to know how I shall make the saints of God comprehend the visions that roll like an overflowing surge before my mind."

Again we listen to Emerson: "It is not meters, but a meter-making argument, that makes a poem—a thought so passionate and alive, that like the spirit of a plant . . . it has an architecture of its own." Doesn't that pretty well fit Joseph



JOSEPH SMITH, POET-PROPHET

Smith and his unique writings, which have an "architecture all their own?" And should the reader ask whence comes this gift of an architecture of expression all his own, the answer is, surely it came not from any trained preparation in meter-making or in phrase-building, but simply that, having abandoned himself to the Supreme Mind, he was caught up into the life of the Universe, and became possessed of thought "passionate and alive," which perforce burst forth into fit forms and meters, having an architecture of their own. And the natural result is that his "speech is thunder, and his thought is law and his words are universally intelligible."

WOULD it not be worthwhile to turn now to at least a few noteworthy compositions of the Prophet in which his speech "is thunder and his thoughts are law?" What could be more timely than Mormonism's Cry to the Nations, a pleading which, though an hundred years unheeded, could even yet save the world would it but listen today. Harken to the agonized plea of a kind and yearning Parent and Savior (see Doc. and Cov., Section forty-three):

"O, ye nations of the earth,
How often I would have gathered you
together
As a hen gathereth her chickens
But ye would not!

IN THE WRITINGS OF JOSEPH SMITH

By ISAAC B. BALL

"How oft have I called you
By the mouth of my servants,
And by the ministering of angels,
And by mine own voice;
And by the voice of thunderings,
And by the voice of lightnings,
And by the voice of tempests,
And by the voice of earthquakes, and
great hailstorms,
And by the voice of famines and pestilences of every kind;
And by the sound of a trumpet,
And by the voice of judgment;
And by the voice of mercy all the day long,
And by the voice of glory and honor—
And the riches of eternal life,
And would have saved you
With an everlasting salvation
But ye would not."

What pathos in those last sad words, "But ye would not." O, foolish world!

Our second selection might be called, *The Divine Affinity of the Eight Virtues*. Notice the precise expressiveness of the verbs here used. Could anyone reading this and the preceding quotation fail to be impressed with the distinct and lovely architecture of the compositions? Hear these measured phrases (see verses 40 and 41, section 88):

"For intelligence cleaveth unto intelligence,
Wisdom unto wisdom;
Truth embraceth truth,
Virtue loveth virtue,
Light cleaveth unto light;
Mercy hath compassion on mercy
And claimeth her own;
Justice continueth its course
And claimeth its own;
Judgment goeth before the face of him
Who sitteth upon the throne,
And governeth and executeth all things;
And all things are before him,
And all things are round about him,
And he is above all things, and in all things,
And is round about all things,
And all things are by him and of him,
Even God, for ever and ever."

It has been declared that "things more excellent than every image are expressed through images." May we not add that excellent things are also expressed through parables, since in parables the individual stands for the universal

ISAAC B. BALL is a Californian at present although he once lived in Utah. In this brief article he has caught the up-swing of the Prophet's philosophy to such an extent that one cannot read these two pages of cold type without sensing the flame of a great soul thrilled to the center with the magnificence of a long-range vision. Joseph Smith was a poet at heart, a philosopher whose inspired mind could be at home in time and space—those two staggering conceptions—as few men's minds have found themselves at home.

On December 23, the Church will celebrate the Prophet Joseph's one hundred-thirtieth anniversary.

and Truth is shadowed forth where else the full light would perhaps tend to obscure the details to imperfect mortal vision. Joseph, the poet-seer, left us this almost perfect example of the parable, here seen in its true function of bearing home a moral lesson (see section 38):

"And let every man esteem his brother as himself and practice virtue and holiness before me.

"And again I say unto you, let every man esteem his brother as himself.

"For what man among you having twelve sons and is no respecter of them, and they serve him obediently and he saith unto the one, Be thou clothed in robes and sit thou here; and to the other: Be thou clothed in rags and sit thou there—and looketh upon his sons and saith, I am just?"

"Behold, this I have given unto you as a parable, and it is even as I am. I say unto you, be one; and if ye are not one, ye are not mine."

TRULY it can be asserted that unconscious poetry and "large and melodious thoughts" literally drip from the pen of Joseph the Seer. As just one illustration of prose-poetry consider the Seer's tribute to The Constitution of the United States:

"The Constitution of the United States is a glorious standard; it is founded in the wisdom of God. It is a heavenly banner; it is to all those who are privileged with the sweets of its liberty, like the cooling shades and refreshing water of a great

rock in a thirsty and weary land. It is like a great tree under whose branches men of every clime can be shielded from the burning rays of the sun."

For examples of "large and melodious thoughts," thoughts so sublime in theme and in scope that they actually "disturb one with the joy of elevated thoughts" as Wordsworth confessed his thoughts affected him sometimes, we turn to our Book of Doctrine and Covenants, the ninety-third section:

"Ye were also in the beginning with the Father,
That which is Spirit, even the Spirit of Truth.

"And Truth is knowledge of things as they are,
And as they were, and as they are to come.

"He that keepeth his commandments
Receiveth truth and light
Until he is glorified in truth and knoweth all things.

"Man was in the beginning with God;
Intelligence or the light of truth was not created or made,
Neither indeed can be.

"The elements are eternal;
Spirit and element inseparably connected
Receive a fulness of joy. And when separated
Man cannot receive a fulness of joy.

"The glory of God is intelligence,
Or in other words, light and truth."

"Great thoughts find us young and always keep us so." Joseph Smith's writings witness that the Latter-day Saints as a people have ever possessed the high visions of youth, and ever will keep young in heart and soul, for they live daily with the greatest thoughts ever conceived by the mind of man and revealed through the inspiration of our Father.

The poetic quality in which the Prophet's sentiments seem so naturally to fall are but one more evidence of the truth that "great and melodious" thoughts always find for themselves a beauty of expression aptly called by Emerson "an architecture all its own."

CHRIST ON



Top: Madonna and the Christ Child of Bavaria; Christ being carried on St. Christopher's shoulder on coat of arms.

Middle: Statue of Christ on the boundary of Chile and Argentina; St. Anthony's vision of the Christ Child—Portugal.

Bottom: The Holy Family—Roumania; Madonna and the Christ Child of Bavaria.

SINCE postage stamps were first issued, nearly a century ago, in 1840, to date over 150,000 different varieties of these "little bits of printed paper" have made their appearance from every nation of the world.

Of that number more than 85,000 of these postal adhesives have a different individual design. Every picture on each of the postage stamps is carefully chosen for commemorative or historic importance and depicts an endless array of many and varied designs. Persons, places, and objects are the basic illustrations appearing on stamps, and their range runs from kings to natives and from palaces to mud huts. But of all the numerous designs appearing on the postage stamps of the world religious portraiture commands, and holds, a very fitting high place.

The face, the figure, the mystical presence, and the symbols of Jesus Christ and His name of Savior constitute one of the dominating subjects appearing on religious stamp issues. The actual portrait of Jesus Christ appears 22 times on the postage stamps of 13 different nations, and one colony; Jesus Christ, the Babe, appears 14 times; as a Boy 3 times; Christ, the Man, appears 4 times and once the dead Christ is shown.

Christ's mystical presence in the

sacrament of the Lord's Supper is portrayed twice and symbolized five times on stamps. The name of Savior is to be found many times on various stamps of the world and appears on every postal issue of the Republic of Salvador. The emblem of the Christian faith—the Holy Cross—appears universally on hundreds of postage stamps of the world. And if one takes into consideration all the designs on stamps which automatically bring to mind the thought of the Redeemer, the list of religious portraiture issues could be greatly extended, for the number is legion. To name but a very few that would come under the latter heading:—postage stamps picturing churches, monasteries, saints, monks, nuns, crusaders, priests, monuments, leaders of the laity, church officials and Biblical scenes and themes.

POSTAGE stamps have been used by various countries for almost one hundred years. At first, though, they were looked upon as being mere receipts for postage paid—but now, because there are stamp collectors and because men in high places have ideas of beauty and art, they sometimes represent carefully prepared scenes and drawings. In this article the reader is introduced to a number of stamps upon which the figure of the Master—Boy and Man—is to be seen.

PORTUGAL, under the monarchy, in 1895, issued the first postage stamp portraying in the central design a picture of Christ. The stamp was one of a series issued in commemoration of St. Anthony of Padua and the subject is that of St. Anthony's vision of Christ as a baby, with His little hand upraised in blessing.

A quarter of a century later in the great Catholic triangle of Hungary, Bavaria and Liechtenstein, there appeared among the 1920 postal issues of these three countries the next postage stamps picturing Christ. Hungary's issue portrayed Madonna and the Christ Child of Hungary; Bavaria, Madonna and the Christ Child of Bavaria; and Liechtenstein, Madonna and the Christ Child of Liechtenstein. All of the stamps, of course, were different in both design and color. Of the three issues, however, the one of Liechtenstein, commemorating the 80th anniversary of the birth of Prince John II, is the most attractive, portraying an appealing picture of the baby Christ smiling up at His mother with His chubby arm snuggling at her bosom.

Roumania was next to contribute to the portraiture of Christ on stamps, when in 1921 she issued a special semi-postal issue directed for fund-raising for "Social Aid." This particular stamp portraying the entire Holy family shows a family grouped about a couch. Mary in a girlish pose is seen resting on her knees on the couch, with Christ as a small boy before the couch appealingly reaching up for Mary to take him, while Joseph at the left, with sleeves rolled up as though he had just turned aside a moment from his carpenter's bench, looks affectionately on.

That same year Central Lithuania, which had just been recaptured from Russia by the Polish Army, issued her first postal effort, consisting of a stamp portraying the Coat-of-Arms of Central Lithuania. The Coat-of-Arms is made up of a four part shield, and the heart point of it depicts St. Christopher fording the river Jordan carrying the Infant Christ on his left shoulder.

The third centenary of the found-

POSTAGE STAMPS

By Richard Albert Hardie

ing of the Society for Propagation of the Faith, by Pope Gregory XV, in 1623, at Rome, occurred in 1923 and Italy very fittingly commemorated the event with the issuance of a series of four special stamps, all being of the same religious design. The portrait on the stamps originated from the Gospel of St. Mark, Chapter 16, verses 14-15: "At length He appeared to the eleven as they were at table . . . and He said to them, 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature.'" Of this text the last six words appear in Latin at the base of the stamp, thus: "Prædicata evangelium omni creaturæ." The central design is that of the transfigured Christ of the Resurrection and shows Him charging His disciples with the last mission they received direct from His own lips. Around Him are grouped the eleven apostles with Peter directly in the center foreground, as a symbol of his primacy.

The Saar Territory in 1925 issued a stamp portraying the grimest scene in the life of Christ, and the only portrayal of the crucifixion on a postage stamp. It is the Pieta, or Madonna of Blieskastel, with the agonized Virgin holding in her arms the dead, broken and bleeding body of her Son. This stamp was not issued with religious aspects in mind, as it would denote, but rather political reasons prompted its issuance. It will be recalled that this was only four years after the Treaty of Versailles was signed, which severed the Saar from Germany, and it takes but little imagination to grasp the subtle significance of this stamp. For through this postal adhesive, issued by German influence, Germany informed the world in general of what she considers a gross injustice—the taking of the Saar from her. Again in 1929 the Saar returned to the religious theme on its postage stamps, and in its semi-postal charity issue of that year she produced a stamp on which appeared as the central figure Ferruzzi's symbolization of Madonna with the Christ Child in modern dress. This stamp, incidentally, is the only one

to depict a religious design in which Christ appears in modern form and garb.

JUST before the recent Plebiscite that was held in the Saar on January 13, 1935, to determine whether the territory was to remain under the supervision of the League of Nations, as it had been, return to Germany, or remain with

The four famous "studies" by Low Countries' Masters of Painting.



Top: Christ as a Babe.

Middle Row: Christ being carried by St. Christopher; the crowned virgin holding the Baby; Christ as a Boy with a dog.

Below: Christ in the manger.

France, she issued a new form of the 1925 Saar stamp, "Madonna of Blieskastel." These stamps first appeared in the autumn of 1934 and carried the overprint "Plebiscite 1935" in German, in commemoration of the event, which everyone knows turned out so successfully—for Germany. Incidentally, immediately following the report on the results of the election, on January 14, 1935, Germany, who had won, issued a victory stamp portraying a German mother embracing her long lost child (representing the Saar), with the words "The Saar Returns Home" across the top. While this latter issue is not of a religious nature it is very significant in that it parallels the Saar's crucifixion stamp issue, which designated the loss of the Saar.

One of the main details of the

Coat-of-Arms of the Province of Drente, (In Drenthe Netherlands) depicts in miniature the crowned Virgin holding in her one hand a scepter while the Baby Christ rests in her other arm. This very design was used on the special charity issue the Netherlands produced in late 1927 with an additional surtax the proceeds of which went for the benefit of the Child Welfare Societies of the country.

The Netherlands again in 1930, along with also Peru and Spain, added additional portrayals of Christ to the annals of philately. The Netherlands issue of that year being the most notable of the three. It was a set of four stamps comprising

four of the famous studies of the Low Countries' masters, of Christ as a Babe, Infant, and little Boy, as the main designs, and was issued, as the 1927 one, for the benefit of the Child Welfare Societies in Holland. On one of the stamps the "first-born" Son is shown wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, while another shows Christ being ferried across the River Jordan on the broad shoulders of St. Christopher.

Spain's 1930 issue in the religious category was a combination commemorative, airmail, and propaganda stamp all in one. The issue was privately produced but the promoters presented a quantity of them to the Spanish post office authorities who in turn placed them on public sale and accepted them for cancellation for a period of three days, retaining all the proceeds of the sales, thus making the stamp issue absolutely official. In the center of this stamp we see a perspective view of Uspallate Pass on the boundary of Chile and the Argentine Republic. In the foreground is Mateo Alonzo's famous statue in colossal size of Christ as the preacher of "peace on earth to men of good will." Against the sky is seen a rising airplane and

in a medallion at the lower left of the stamp is a portrait of the great aviator hero of Spain, Dagoberto Godoy. Across the top of the design reads an inscription, "For the Spanish-American Union, Seville, 1930."

Peru's issue of that year was in commemoration of the Sixth Pan-American Congress for Child Welfare, and carries the conventionalized design of Madonna and the Christ Child.

The next year, 1931, Spain came forth with another religious stamp, this time in honor of the 900th anniversary of the completion of the Monastery of Montserrat in 1031 and also the 100th anniversary of the crowning of the Virgin by Pope Leo XIII in 1831. The issue carries a reproduction of the famous "Black Virgin of Mont Serrat," which is unique among the Christ Child portraits. It shows the Boy in profile, seated on the lap of Mary robed as Queen of Heaven, and holding in her outstretched hand, the world, for Him to bless.

Portugal and Italy, for centuries friendly, rival claimants of Saint Anthony as their own patron saint, born in Lisbon, Portugal, in 1195, and died in Padua, Italy, in 1231, both simultaneously issued elaborate pictorial commemorative stamps on the saint's 7th centenary, comprising thirteen episodes and scenes of the 36 crowded years of his life. Oddly enough, two of the stamps picturing Christ are nearly the same in design, although both are issued by separate countries. Each show St. Anthony with the Infant Christ in his arms engaged on one of his many missions to the poor.

Strung along in the background of South America's most colorful city, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, is the great Carioca Mountain range. At the summit of the mountain's highest peak, Mount Corcovado (the Hunchback mountain), which towers 2,329 feet above Botafogo Bay and the beautiful Avenida Beira-Mar is one of the most colossal statues of Christ in the world. This statue of Christ shows Him standing with His arms outstretched laterally in blessing, and from a great distance in perspective it resembles a gigantic Cross on top of the mountain. The statue's great size is best exemplified in that it is visible many miles out in the Atlantic, and from any



MADONNA AND THE CHRIST CHILD OF LIECHTENSTEIN

point of the city of Rio de Janeiro or its magnificent harbor.

This statue makes up the principal subject of the commemorative stamp issued by the Brazilian government in honor of the visit of Eugenio Cardinal Oacelli, Papal secretary of state, to Brazil in the fall of 1934, enroute as Papal legate to the XXXII International Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires, accompanied by Cardinal Cerejeirs, Patriarch of Lisbon, Portugal. This is one of the very few times in postal history when a Prince of the Church was honored on a stamp.

The Corcovado Christ statue was completed and dedicated in 1931 and while it is not by any means as well known as its twin, the Christ of the Andes monument, it already is bidding for world fame, which it will no doubt gain; this particular postage stamp is aiding materially.

The postal gallery of portraits of Christ ended, for the present at least, last Christmas, 1934, with the Republic of Argentine's, commemorative issue also in connection with the XXXII International Eucharistic Congress. As its main design the stamp bears a reproduction of "El Cristo de los Andes"—the Christ of the Andes—a heroic image of Christ which stands on one of the high peaks in the Andes Mountains on the boundary line between Chile and the Argentine Republic, erected as a lasting symbol of eternal peace between the two nations. The massive mountains silhouetting the statue in the background in the after-glow of a beautiful sunset, makes this stamp probably the prettiest ever issued portraying our Redeemer.

Such a collection of "Christ on Postage Stamps," made by either stamp collector or non-collector, will be found of immense interest whenever shown for none of the persons shown on the postage stamps of the world are as deserving of a place on these little adhesives as is Jesus Christ.

"GERMAN AMAZON,"
BY HAMPTON H. TRAY-
NOR, LIEGNITZ, GER-
MANY

Taken 2:30 p. m. Stop
6.3, 1/20 Second



"GARDEN IN SILESIA,"
BY HAMPTON H. TRAY-
NOR, GERMANY

Taken 2 p. m. Stop
6.3, Time 1/20 Second

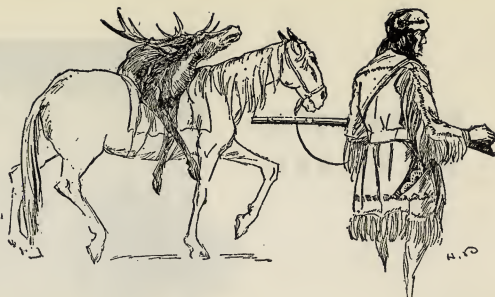
CHRISTMAS DINNER, 1840

By OSBORNE RUSSELL
(Submitted by Judge W. H. Reeder)

DEC. 20th, 1840—We moved along the borders of the lake about ten miles and encamped on a considerable stream running into it called Weaver's River. At this place the valley is about ten miles wide, intersected with numerous springs of salt and fresh hot and cold water, which rise at the foot of the mountain and run through the valley into the river and lake. Weaver's River is well timbered along its banks, principally with cottonwood and box elder. There are also large groves of sugar maple, pine and some oak growing in the ravines about the mountains. We also found large numbers of elk which had left the mountains to winter among the thickets of wood and brush along the river.

"CHRISTMAS

"December 25th—It was agreed on by the party to prepare a Christmas dinner, but I shall first endeavor to describe the party and then the dinner. I have already said the man who was the proprietor of the lodge in which I staid was a Frenchman with a Flathead wife and one child. The inmates of the next lodge were a halfbreed Iowa, a Nez Perce wife and two children, his wife's brother and another halfbreed; next lodge was a halfbreed Cree, his wife (a Nez Perce) two children and a Snake Indian. The inmates of the third lodge was a halfbreed Snake, his wife (a Nez Perce) and two children. The remainder were fifteen lodges of Snake Indians. Three of the party spoke English



SINCE, in the language of Judge Reeder, "... this is the first trapper account in any of the journals of a Christmas dinner in the Great Basin, so far as I know," we thought it would be interesting to our readers.

but very broken, therefore that language was made but little use of, as I was familiar with the Canadian French and Indian tongue.

"About ten o'clock we sat down to dinner in the lodge where I staid, which was the most spacious, being about thirty-six feet in circumference at the base, with a fire built in the center. Around this sat on clean epishemores all who claimed kin to the white man (or to use their own expression, all who were *gen d'esprit*), with their legs crossed in true Turkish style, and now for the dinner.

THE first dish that came on was a large tin pan eighteen inches in diameter, rounding full of stewed elk meat. The next dish was similar to the first, heaped up with boiled deer meat (or as the whites would call it, venison, a term not used in the mountains). The third and fourth dishes were equal in size to the first, containing a boiled flour pudding, prepared with dried fruit, accompanied by four quarts of sauce made of the

juice of sour berries and sugar. Then came the cakes, followed by about six gallons of strong coffee ready sweetened, with tin cups and pans to drink out of, large chips or pieces of bark supplying the places of plates. On being ready, the butcher knives were drawn and the eating commenced at the word given by the landlady. As all dinners are accompanied by conversation, this was not deficient in that respect. The principal topic which was discussed was the political affairs of the Rocky Mountains, the state of governments among the different tribes, the personal characters of the most distinguished warrior chiefs, etc. One remarked that the Snake chief Pahda-hewakunda, was becoming very unpopular and it was the opinion of the Snakes in general that Moh-woom-hah, his brother, would be at the head of affairs before twelve months, as his village already amounted to more than three hundred lodges, and moreover, he was supported by the bravest men in the nation, among whom were Ink-a-tosh-a-pop, Fibe-bo-un-to-wat-see and Who-sha-kik, who were the pillars of the nation and at whose names the Blackfeet quaked with fear. In like manner were the characters of the principal chiefs of the Bannock, Nez Perce, Flathead and Crow nations and the policy of their respective nations commented upon by the descendants of Shem and Japheth with as much affected dignity as if they could have read their own names when written, or distinguish the letter B from bull's foot.

"Dinner being over, the tobacco pipes were filled and lighted, while the squaws and children cleared away the remains of the feast to one side of the lodge, where they held a sociable tete-a-tete over the fragments. After the pipes were extinguished all agreed to have a frolic shooting at a mark, which occupied the remainder of the day."



By CLAIRES W. NOALL

PART IV

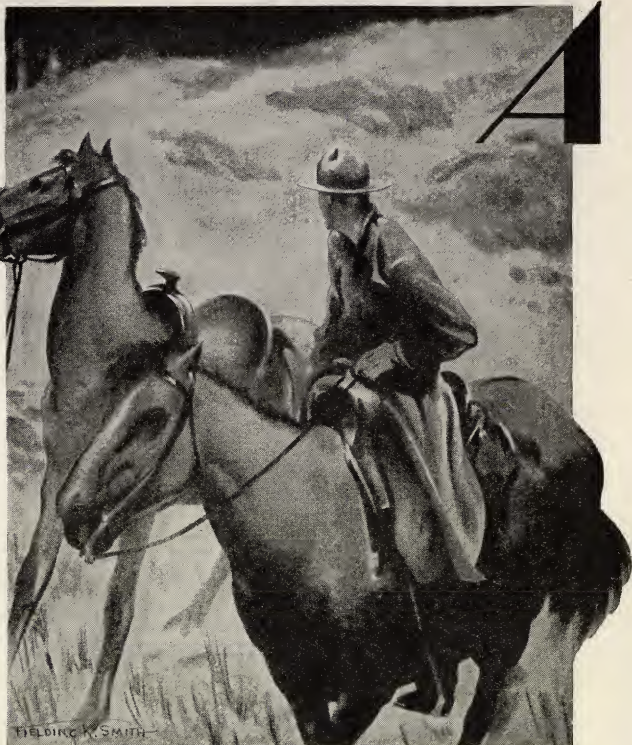
Synopsis: Tom Reynolds, having lost his fortune, takes his family from their New York home to a dude ranch in Utah bordering the Uinta Mountains, which he had deeded to his daughter, Eileen, just before his financial crash. The title is threatened by an accusation of intent to defraud. To save the ranch, Tom must establish the fact that the deed was made in good faith. Eileen sees Brent Baring, forest ranger, in the office of the forest supervisor, Dave Morley, after she comes to Utah, but Baring is not interested. They meet again in a lonely spot on her ranch. This time she thinks she is not interested, but that remains to be seen. The Reynolds family establish a summer camp at the end of the motor road at Mirror Lake in the Uintas to supply pack trains and guide fishermen into the interior of the high Uintas. Eileen is wondering why she has not heard from Wayne, her sweetheart in New York, as she rides through the forest toward Mt. Agassiz. Intending to take a bird's-eye view of the region in order to be of more help to her father, she disobeys the law of the forest and climbs alone to a high point on this steep peak. Being overtaken by a terrific rain and snow storm, she slips on the wet rocks as she is making her way down the mountain and faints just as night closes in.

MORLEY left Camp Reynolds with a growing respect for Tom's wood-nymph. Breakfast in the chill morning air had been another heartening experience. Rolling his sleeping-bag, he lashed it behind his saddle and slung his knapsack of concentrated foods into place.

With a farewell gesture, he called a rollicking "So long," and ambled down the trail toward Rainbow on his piebald pony, Clute, short for Clutie, Scotch devil. He had explained the name with a twinkle in his eye. "Just for the fun of it and love o' the hoss," he said. The woods closed behind him as though he had never entered.

But Brent was expecting him at his ranger's quarters on the shore of the lake.

After a long jaunt over a band



of brown running through the green grass and under the enclosing pines of a natural park, he entered the steep defile of the North Fork of the Duchesne river. Here, Clute picked his way carefully over a crumbling trail high on the inside wall of the gorge. Emerging at last, he cantered through a forest of aspen and pine to come eventually upon the open mouth of a great horseshoe ravine, green with timber, rising omnipotently to the highline, forever separating the north rim from the mountain floor. He paused for a moment and gazed into the heart of this green bowl. Its silence crept through his being. His blithe spirits were hushed—Morley never failed to respond to the kinship of his beloved woods. And then, a deep-throated breeze broke the silence to carry its morning message from the depth of the ravine to its topmost height over the dark, emerald branches of the pines which swayed to a shimmering

BRENT CROSSED A ROCKY RIB IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SOUND, AND THERE HE SAW A MAHOGANY-COATED THOROUGHbred, A WHITE STAR ON HER FOREHEAD, STAMPING AND SNORTING IN A FRENZY OF DISTRESS.

paleness in their rhythmic motion.

Finally, entering a valley of lakes, Morley and his pony edged an outstretched girdle of shining waters. They passed one sparkling lake after another—like so many irregular silver coins, set in sections of jade. Crossing the grassy link that brought them to Rainbow's shore, twelve miles from Camp Reynolds, Baring's tent came into view like a white handkerchief, spread on the grass to bleach.

MORLEY found Brent sheltered in masculine security against the wind and the weather and a few ribbons of snow that stubbornly defied the June sun by hiding under the outspread branches of the spruce and pines. Books were his boon companions

SILVER GIRDLE

ILLUSTRATED BY
FIELDING K. SMITH

in this solitary dell, and carefully mounted specimens showed his interest in every botanical species that came to life in this high altitude.

"Hi there!" shouted Morley, rousing him from a microscopic study of wood-rings.

"Hi there!" shouted Brent. "What's been eating you; I thought you'd be here yesterday!"

"Didn't get started in time. Where do you think I spent the night?"

"Under a log, back yonder!"

"Wrong again! In a new camp at Mirror. Friend o' mine named Reynolds has brought his family up. He's going to do the fisherman's guide stunt and bring parties in here on horseback and pack."

"Reynolds — Reynolds? The woods are full of that breed."

"Unh uh—this man's a great geezer. We knew each other when we were so high. He made a pile out o' sheep and oil, but Wall Street busted 'm, and he's come back where he know's he's welcome!"

"Well, it's not the first time I've heard that name in these parts."

"You'll take a shine to these folks fer sartin. Old Tom's got a little wife what's likely never seen a real mountain before; but you oughta see 'er pick up sticks. And say! he's got a gal."

"A girl!"

"Yeah. She rides a beautiful nag. Like as not you'll be seein' 'er over here, if you don't get back there right pronto. She goes 'round a lot. She's going t' help her pappy bring folks in. You'n Tom'll have t' hook up on these anglers."

Brent was nonplussed. Though he wouldn't cross a mountain to avoid a girl he had never crossed a rill to meet one. There was a firmness about his well-knit presence that denied feminine charm. The forest fed his soul. And the first person he had met on the other side of the mountains was a slip of a girl named Reynolds—but she was a rancher! And now, here was another—come to invade his forest! Were the Uintas infested? The thought rankled.

After he and Morley had gone over the forestry situation and had eaten a bachelor's bite, Morley rode on toward Granddaddy Lake.

"So long," he said, "I might be back to keep you company tonight."

"Okay, I'll be looking for you!"

BRENT climbed his watchtower to scan the forests and mountains in every direction. The open meadows were green with a swaying carpet of new grass. The lily pads seen on so many of the lakes looked like saucy tokens from his high perch. His powerful binoculars brought each distant mountain that came within his



MORLEY

range nearer by many times. "For the love of Mike! What's crawling up Agassiz's flank?" he speculated half aloud as he perused this mighty monument, a bird's long flight to the northwest from Rainbow, and across many a yawning chasm at that. He focused steadily on the great sand-colored buttress sloping up from the edge of the forest. "It can't be—but it is. There's a human fly on that old boy as sure as I'm a foot high. And I didn't know there was a soul in these mountains besides Morley and myself! I'll be a son-of-a-gun—the Reynolds outfit of course!"

Brent looked for other moving objects on Agassiz. He saw none; he scrunched his nose, puzzled. Descending the ladder, he went back to his studies.

He was deeply absorbed and entirely unaware when the change came about, but all at once he

noticed a strange hushed silence—like time suspended. It was uncanny. The aspens ceased their constant quivering. He looked out over Rainbow; the surface was as smooth as dull satin. A creepy feeling stole over him. And then a little whistling breeze crept over the lake, across the grass, and shimmered up the pearly trunks of the aspens where it caught the nervous leaves and set them trembling again.

Brent was uneasy. Once more he climbed the ladder of his tower and looked about. The forest was at peace—the sky clear. But he knew the signs of the weather. He gazed off toward Agassiz and ran his eye up and down, forward and back over the lofty summit. He saw no one. He paused to wait for the clouds. They had to come. The first appeared—a white plume, back of the broken ridges. Another came, platinum gray, and another. Brent watched them gather. He took a wild joy in a mountain storm.

Again, he examined Agassiz through the glasses. Underneath the cornice of an overhanging cliff came a tiny figure, still crawling upward, and still solitary.

"Could anyone be so foolish as to try that mountain alone?" he spoke aloud. "Reynolds must be a mountain goat—but he doesn't know the weather."

Brent heard the muted rumble of distant thunder. "I'm going over yonder! That bird might need some assistance."

He dashed away on his brindle pony. Agassiz was nearly ten miles from Rainbow by trail, even by the shortest route. "It's a deuce of a long way up there, but he can't know these mountains as I do or he wouldn't be scaling one of them right now."

Brent headed north for the high-line. Rainbow is far enough east of the great horseshoe ravine for the trail to circle the abyss. Up the steep path his pony toiled. "Get along Rock—get along, you little cayuse!" He dug his heels into the panting beast and struck his shoulder with his quirt to urge him forward and upward. "This might be pure foolishness, but a

(Continued on page 778)

By
**ADAH
ROBERTS
NAYLOR**

THE BIBLE AS RECREATIONAL READING

"For like a child, sent with a fluttering light,
To feel his way across a gusty night
Man walks the world. Again and yet again
The lamp shall be, by fits of passion slain.
But shall not he, who sent him from the door
Relight the lamp, once more and yet once more?"

ALL mortals bring into the world with them a spark of divine light. For the few it burns steadily; holding it high they light their way, and stand as the great moral leaders of the world. But for the many it burns with a "fluttering flame" that comes and goes, and is "by fits of passion slain," so if the many are to make their journey across the world, their light must be from time to time rekindled by God. One of the ways in which God renews the light is by His Word, which is to be found in that collection of books known to us as the Holy Bible.

To the present generation the Bible is known mostly as a reference book, a source of texts for sermons. They feel that to read the Bible is to be old-fashioned and sanctimonious, and so they have not learned that it has more good reading, and more interesting reading in it, than any other book in the world. If we treat it as merely a book among books it is still the most thrilling one ever written. It is a living thing—a powerful dramatic story of a vital, passionate people—a desert people who lived on the burning sand under a blazing sun—a people who thought in pictures and visualized their emotions. It is a story filled with faith and hope, with friendship and treachery, with loving and sinning, with fierce battle and death. And yet running through it is always the clear thought that right is right, and wrong is wrong; we see evil destroy itself and right expand and sanctify all that it touches. In this day of moral confusion, when modern literature leaves one with a

FROM her great and understanding sire, President Brigham H. Roberts, Mrs. Naylor acquired the seeing eye and the understanding heart. In this brief bit of poetic prose she reveals many of the beauties which are to be found in the book of books—the Bible.

Mrs. Naylor now resides in California, but her heart is with her people and her father's people.

feeling that vice is not so bad any more, and virtue not so very good, we need to grow old-fashioned and get back to the straight-forward thinking that is to be found in the Bible. Written by a multitude of men, over a period of many centuries, and being the history of not a few people, but of a race, it necessarily contains all types of literature—poetry, allegory, history, folk-lore, law, ballads, and drama—and so it is that no matter what particular line of reading you may prefer you will find it in your Bible.

IF you are interested in grandeur of thought, and would be lifted up by the wings of imagination, read in the first chapter of Genesis that sublime hymn of creation—"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." In order to get the full force and beauty of it, you must recognize it as a poem written in six stanzas, each stanza ending with the refrain, "And the evening and the morning were the—day!" Unfortunately the men who gave us our version of the English Bible did not understand the Hebrew structure of poetry—a structure that depends upon the recurrence of thought rather than recurrence of sound for rhythm, and so it is that we lose much of this great poem if we read it as if it were written in straight prose.

If you prefer the simple lyric form of poetry, read in the Songs of Solomon that lovely Spring

"My beloved spake, and said unto me:
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away,
For lo, the Winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth; the time
of singing of birds has come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in
the land."

If you are looking for drama, read Job. Carlyle says, "I call the Book of Job, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with a pen."

Most critics will tell you that the Book of Ruth is the most beautifully told story in all literature, "the daintiest of love idylls," says Goethe. It has an unusual theme, the love of a girl for her mother-in-law, her devotion, her fine sense of duty, and her reward. No more beautiful pen picture has ever been made than the one of Ruth gleaming with the other maidens in the fields, where, by her industry and gracious ways, she attracts the attention of Boaz, the rich land owner.

How delicately the author tells us of Ruth's visit to him in the evening after he has eaten and rested! How keen is Naomi's understanding of human nature and how wise her counsel! And so Ruth and Boaz are married, and I like to think that they lived happily ever after—for unto Ruth was born a son whom she named Obed, and unto Obed was born Jesse, and unto Jesse, David, the great king of Israel. And through the line of David came Mary, the mother of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

TIMES and customs change, but the desires of the human heart, the elemental emotions of love and hate, joy and sorrow, know no change—it is as Goethe says, "Mankind is always advancing, but man is always the same." And so it is that in the fascinating story of the beautiful Rebekah of Nahor recorded in Genesis, we see the same impulses and desires actu-

ating this maid as stir in the hearts of the maidens today. Note the joy with which she receives the gifts of jewelry brought by the servant of Abraham to Nahor where he has come in search of a wife for the beloved son, Isaac; her willingness to leave home and loved ones and go into a strange land to find a mate, then the sweet thought of her mother who would hold her for a few days longer. But Rebekah does not tarry; she goes straightway with the servant back to the home of Abraham. And Isaac—it must have been spring time when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, for we find him walking in the fields at eventide, evidently watching for the servant's return, for, "he lifted up his eyes and saw, and, behold

the great men of all time—a man beloved by God—David, the great king of Israel. There is no richer romance than this story of a shepherd boy who became king; fair to look upon, strong in body, a musician and a poet, a warrior and a ruler, a great lover, and sad to say, a great sinner; he passed through most of the experiences that come to mortal man.

While I live I shall always remember the thrill that came to me as a child, when my father, prefacing and explaining would read the account of David's encounter with Goliath. There were King Saul and the men of Israel arrayed in battle against the Philistines. And there was Jesse the Bethlehemite whose three sons were encamped with the Army of Israel,

a man that we may fight together." There was the fear of Saul and his men, and David's "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the Living God? I will go forth and fight this giant." And then the human touch, the envy and jealousy that were kindled in the eldest brother's heart. There was the audience with the king and the humorous incident of Saul trying to fit his huge armor on the daring youth, and David's splendid determination to trust in God and go as he was, smooth stones in bag and sling in hand. Then came the great moment, Goliath of Gath drew near, and out stepped the young shepherd boy, so straight of limb, so strong of arm, so stout of heart, and upon hearing the curses



"WHEN LOVE REIGNS," BY NATHAN STRUTT
Photo by C. C. Pierce.

the camels were coming." Rebekah when she saw him "lighted off the camel" and stood before him shy and lovely, and he took her into the tent of his mother, Sarah. And she became his wife and he loved her dearly. Beautifully and simply it is told and all quite as stirring as it must have been when it was first recorded some four thousand years ago.

IF your taste runs to biography turn to the Book of Samuel and read there the life story of three men, one of whom ranks among

and who, anxious for news from the front, called his youngest son David from where he was feeding the sheep in the hills about Bethlehem, and sent him with corn and bread to visit his brethren. And there was David arriving at the camp just as the armies were going forth to "fight and shout for battle." There was the giant Goliath coming out of the camp of the Philistines saying, "I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me

of the astonished, armored champion he spoke to him in words spirited enough to stun any man.

"Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite, and take thy head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that

(Continued on page 745)

IN MARK TWAIN'S OWN KINGDOM

MARK TWAIN, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Puddin' Head Wilson—what magic names! On November 30 the entire nation celebrated the one hundredth birthday of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, who signed himself Mark Twain and created for us the famous lads—Huck Finn, Puddin' Head Wilson, Tom Sawyer—and many other important literary masterpieces.

THE eyes of American boys will always turn to the little city of Hannibal, on the banks of the Mississippi, for here it was that Mark Twain had his fairy kingdom and directed his bold adventurers in deeds of daring that thrill the youthful heart.

As this year marks the 100th anniversary of the birth of this celebrated American writer, it is timely to go back to the spots where he spent his happy boyhood days and had many of the wonderful experiences that he has recorded for us in his glowing pages.

Mark Twain, or little Sammy Clemens, was born in the small country town of Florida, Missouri. It was a bleak day in the late autumn, the last day of November, that the tiny Sam first lifted his voice in what appeared to be lamentation. No palace was in readiness to shelter him at his birth. Instead, it was only a two-story house with a lean-to kitchen, but in it he thrived, as most healthy boys will.

It was not long until John Clemens moved his family to Hannibal, where they formed one of the liveliest features of that sleepy city. Mark Twain always remembered it with affection as "the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer morning, the great Mississippi, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along . . . the dense forest away on the other side."

Across the street from the home of Tom Sawyer lived Becky Thatcher—in real life Laura Hawkins—his sweetheart whom Tom thought to be the essence of all that is charming in womanhood. Tom was the best speller in school, but



IN THIS CAVE MARK TWAIN, AS A BOY, PASSED MANY AN HOUR

when he was on the floor against Becky, his gallantry triumphed. Losing a spelling match to Becky by leaving the first "t" out of February that he could have spelled backwards along with the names of all the other months, was a grand occasion for Tom. It made school almost worth while for the restless boy. Tom vowed never to love anyone else and always coming to school and going home they were

to walk together. One day when Tom was playing with Laura he dropped a brick on her finger, and he cried the louder and the longer of the two.

The back yard of the Clemens home was the scene of many a happy and amusing episode in young Sam's life. Here is where Jim Wolf, undertaking to shoo away the cats, fell through the grape trellis and landed on hot candy which Pamela, Sam's sister, had put there to cool. Here was the window of Tom's and his brother Sid's bedroom. There he would often lie awake at night and wait in restless impatience until he was satisfied that "time had ceased and eternity begun." He would wait until Aunt Polly and his brother were fast asleep and then slip out of the window, across the roof to the woodshed at the back and down the little flight of steps to meet some of his gang for one of their late prowls.

There was the old board fence that Tom got paid handsomely for allowing his pals to coat and recoat elaborately with whitewash while he sat on a barrel in the shade nearby. "He had discovered a great law of human action—without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to obtain."

From his earliest days young Sam took to the water. His only worry was to keep his mother from discovering that his shirt was damp and that he probably hadn't been to school. It was hard to keep Sam away from the Mississippi. Often on a summer evening he and his gang would swim across to Jackson Island and after playing for an hour or so on the sand bar at the head of the island swim back in the dusk, stemming the swift Mississippi current without the slightest dread or fatigue. One day a negro girl pulled Tom from the water limp and half-drowned. His mother gave him some medicine and put him to bed, saying that there was not much danger as people born to be hanged were safe in water.



By
GEORGE F. PAUL



LAW OFFICE OF JOHN M. CLEMENS, FATHER OF MARK TWAIN, HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

HANNIBAL was proud of its location, of the lordly bluffs that rose in a great sweep that carried them high up above the river. To the north was Holliday's Hill, to the south was Lovers' Leap. To the east lay the great river, bearing onward to the Gulf. Rafts floated lazily by. Steamboats woke the echoes with their powerful whistles and spoke of a world of romance that was waiting on down the river. Only a hundred miles to the south lay the city of St. Louis, whose waterfront was crowded with panting steamboats.

The hills and woods around Hannibal where the young Mark Twain roamed with his playmates were most alluring. There was Bear Creek where he learned the mysteries of the paddle stroke and soon thrashed around in the water like a stern wheeler. There was the cave with all its allurements—black, silent, spooky, mysterious—just the place to snuggle down near the entrance and talk in whispers of what might be lurking even at that very moment back in the black shadows. What a spot for adventure with a flaring torch to guide the way!

And then there was the river—that golden pathway to his older dreams. It lured him with its majesty and power. There was a sense of strength about the powerful current that swept along the marvelous steamboats into the haze of a fairyland off to the south that



IN MARK TWAIN'S OWN COUNTRY A STATUE TO TOM SAWYER AND HUCKLEBERRY FINN

kept calling, calling to the youth.

Little wonder that the tousle-headed boy would sit for hours gazing wistfully, longingly at every craft that dotted the river's broad expanse. Maybe he was dreaming of the days that were to come when he would be wearing a uniform in the pilot house and swinging the big boat round at a jolly clip to make a landing. Golden days and golden dreams for the man who was to make ten million boys firm and fast friends of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn!

The Bible as Recreational Reading

(Continued from page 743)

all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

Then flinging a stone, he struck the giant between the eyes, and he fell upon his face to the earth. No more thrilling adventure has ever been told.

David's whole life was filled with adventure; there were thrilling days when as Captain of an outlaw band he lived in the wilderness, evading Saul who sought to kill him. And there were the days as king when he led the army of Israel to victory. He was the king of the sword and the king of song—he ruled well and "lifted up his people." But with wealth and power came the terrible sin; his punishment was great, but never did he harden his heart or turn from God. The last days were sorrowful ones: there was disruption and intrigue in his family, and pestilence upon the land—"And now David was old and stricken with years, and they covered him with clothes, but he got no heat." I always weep when I read these lines and wish that he might have died at the height of his power; but "Our times are in His hands," sings Ben Ezra. God, the potter, binds our clay fast to the whirling wheel of life, until we are finally shaped into a perfect vessel fit to do service in His kingdom. These are a few of the many stories to be found in the Bible—perfect in diction and beautifully told. And through them all is heard the voice of God, directing, rebuking, and loving his children.

When Will This Day Come?

(See picture, page 743)

THEN the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together;
And a little child shall lead them.
And the cow and the bear shall feed;
Their young ones shall lie down together;
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox;
And the nursing child shall play on the hole of the asp,
And the weaned child shall put his hand on the viper's nest.
They shall not hurt or destroy.
In all my holy mountain;
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord
As the waters cover the sea."



PRESIDENT REINHOLD STOOFT AND FAMILY

"... Hearken ye people from afar, and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together. For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape, and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated. . . . And the voice of warning shall be unto all people, by the mouths of my disciples, whom I have chosen in these last days. And they shall go forth and none shall stay them, for I the Lord have commanded them." (Doctrine and Covenants, Section 1:1-5.)

TRULY the sixty-four day trip on board the sail-ship *Henry Kelsey* must have proved disagreeable to Elders Parley P. Pratt and Rufus Allen enroute to South America during the season of 1851. Undoubtedly they sensed more disappointment when they disembarked at Valparaiso, Chili, and learned that revolution and civil war had destroyed unnumbered thousands of persons. Ignorance predominated! Reading and writing among the populace were not appreciated. The clergy prohibited the reading of the sacred scriptures even to those who were able. Yet, these pioneer missionaries preached and defended their truthful convictions until they returned to the United States in May of 1852. It seemed as though the disciples of the Lord would be kept from raising their voices in the great southern wing of the Americas. So it was for a brief period.

Nearly seventy-five years elapsed during which time more revolutions and more civil wars caused great changes in the governmental regime of South America. Republics, noteworthy for their capable and educational influence with the people, were established.

Three-quarters of a century spanned the many events of pre-

A HISTORICAL RESUME:

UNDoubtedly the eyes of the Church will turn more and more to the great South American continent—the land of Lehi and of Nephi—as the years go by. Ten years ago this Christmas the land was dedicated by Elder Melvin J. Ballard, a member of the Council of the Twelve, in preparation for the preaching of the Gospel in that land. Missionaries are at present down beyond the equator teaching the people of South America the Gospel and carrying to them the Book of Mormon, a volume which contains their ancient history.

G. Wallace Fox is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Fox and a grandson of Ruth May Fox of Salt Lake City. He is one of the elders now laboring in the land of the Southern Cross. Mention was made of the going of the elders to South America by Marc T. Greene, world-traveler and journalist in his article in *The Improvement Era* last month — "The Amazing Argentine."

paration which took place throughout the Americas. And there was raised up a descendant of that sturdy pioneer missionary Parley P. Pratt. Elder Rey L. Pratt was called to carry anew the influence of his worthy grandfather into the American southlands. This disciple of the Lord and his companion, Rulon S. Wells, were diligent servants in the First Council of Seventy when on September 3, 1925, they accepted the call to accompany Elder Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, to South America. At a regular meeting of the First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles, the following month, these brethren were set apart for their mission.

Days filled with the joy of friendly associations and farewells closely followed each other until that memorable moment in New York on November 14th at Hoboken Pier. Many missionaries of the Eastern States Mission accompanied by Sister Brigham H. Roberts sang various hymns of Zion as the British S. S. *Voltaire* slipped away on its southern voyage, perhaps the most important voyage of its entire service. Three men, thrilled with the inspiration of their calling, were humbly grateful for

the support and interest shown by that group of singing missionaries.

Pleasant weather aided these brethren to evade all causes and effects of sea-sickness. They visited the port of Barbados, situated as the principal entrance to an Island inhabited by negroes. Also, the ports of major importance such as, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and Montevideo, Uruguay, were visited. The entire voyage was made even more appreciable due to the friendly invitations offered these "Mormon" Elders to participate in conducting religious services on board the *Voltaire*. Twenty-one days of delightful sailing and interesting study passed before dis-



EL RIO DE LAS CANCHAS WHERE BAPTISMS ARE PERFORMED

embarkation in Buenos Aires, one of the world's most renowned commercial export and import trade centers.

Brothers Wilhelm Friedrichs, Emil Hoppe, their wives (all of whom had been members of the Church in Germany), and several persons who had been interested in the Gospel by them, met the "three missionaries" at the port on the morning of December 6. The same day a cottage meeting was held in the home of an investigator.

By G. WALLACE FOX

MISSIONS OF SOUTH AMERICA

ARGENTINA—BRAZIL, 1925-1935

How different this reception as compared to the one experienced fifteen and three-score years before in Valparaiso, Chili, by the first pair of Elders! And how different the change in modes of transportation as compared with that sixty-four day sail boat trip on the *Henry Kelsey*.

"And they shall go forth and none shall stay them, for I the Lord have commanded them." And as the Lord has commanded so is His word fulfilled. Within six days after the arrival of Elders Ballard, Pratt, and Wells, half a

strengthened the plans ready to be carried forward.

CHRISTMAS DAY in the Park "3 de Febrero," a place near the river and within a natural grove of weeping willow trees was selected for the dedicatory services. At 7:00 a. m. three voices sent forth the prophetic words and the harmonies of "The Morning Breaks," "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning," and "An Angel from on High." Elder Rey L. Pratt read from the Book of Mormon, I Nephi 13; II Nephi 31, and III Nephi 21. Elder Rulon S. Wells read Genesis 49:22-26. Elder Melvin J. Ballard offered the dedicatory prayer of which but a part is inserted here:

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. In the name of Jesus Christ, Thy well beloved Son, we Thy servants, approach Thee on this beautiful Christmas morning, in this secluded spot, in the City of Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America; in the land far distant from our mountain home, but in a country which Thou hast called a part of the Land of Zion.

"We are very thankful for our safe arrival, after a voyage of twenty-one days on the seas, without a moment's sickness. We do acknowledge that Thou didst temper the elements for our good, and that Thy protecting care has been over us in our travels, both upon the land and the sea; and for health, and strength to labor for Thee and Thy cause.

"We are grateful that we have been chosen by Thy servant, President Heber J. Grant, to come to this great land of South America, to unlock the door for the preaching of the Gospel, to all peoples of the South American nations; to search out the blood of Israel that has sifted among the Gentile nations, many of whom, influenced by the spirit of gathering, have assembled in this land.

"... And we also pray, that we may see, the beginning of the fulfillment of Thy promises, contained in the Book of Mormon, to the Indian of this land, who is a descendant of Lehi; millions of whom reside in this country; who have been downtrodden, and have borne many afflictions, and suffered because of sin and transgression; even as the Prophets of the Book of Mormon did foretell. But Thou didst inspire those Prophets to promise their descendants that Thou wouldst bring forth in the latter-days, the records of their fathers. And that when these records,

were presented to their children, they would begin to believe, and when they would do this, Thy favor would return unto them. And then Thou wouldst remember the promises made to their fathers that if their descendants would repent, and receive the Gospel, they would begin to be prospered, and blessed on the land.

"... Bless the presidents, governors and leading officials of these South American countries, that they may kindly receive us, and give us permission to open the doors of salvation, to the peoples of these lands. May they be blessed in administering the affairs of their several offices, that great good may come unto the people. That peace may be upon these nations, that Thou hast made free, through Thy blessings upon the valiant liberators of these lands; that righteousness may obtain, and full liberty for the preaching of Thy Gospel prevail. Stay the power of evil that it shall not triumph over Thy work, but that all Thy enemies shall be subdued, and Thy truth be triumphant.

"... And now, O Father, by authority of the blessing and appointment, of Thy servant, the President of the Church, and by the authority of the Holy Apostleship, which I hold, I do turn the key, unlock and open the door, for the preaching of the Gospel, in all these South American nations; and do rebuke, and command to be stayed, every power that would oppose the preaching of the Gospel. And we do all this, that salvation may come, to all men, and that Thy name, may be honored and glorified, in this part of the Land of Zion.

"... Help us to bring men to Thee, and Thy Son, and speed the day, when He shall come, to rule as King of Kings and Lord of lords. And for all Thy blessings which shall bring success to our labors, we shall ascribe honor, and power and glory to Thee for ever and ever. Amen."

ILLNESS caused Elder Rulon S. Wells to return home in January of 1926. Elders Ballard and Pratt



RELIEF SOCIETY ON DATE OF ORGANIZATION

dozen persons were taken into the waters of baptism. They were the first baptisms performed in South America during the present dispensation. Sunday, December 13, the first sacrament meeting was held. Those who had been baptized the day previous were confirmed and the two German brethren, Friedrichs and Hoppe, were ordained Priests. Two children were blessed. A testimony meeting was included during the services and a glorious spirit was manifest by all who bore testimonies.

Ten days after their arrival Elders Ballard, Pratt, and Wells called upon Doctor C. M. Noel, Mayor of Buenos Aires, who graciously received them and assured them full liberty to establish a mission. Further assurance was given them that there would not be any hindrance on the part of the government. Such confirmation



M. I. A. PICNIC

carried on and by June were well established in promulgating the Gospel among the Latin American people. Spanish Sunday Schools and German meetings were held regularly with good attendances. Liniers, a Villa located on the outskirts of the Capital, Buenos Aires, from the start became a center of activity.

The first Mission Home and meeting hall situated on the world's longest and most crooked street, Rivadavia 8968-72, was three-quarters of an hour's brisk walking distance from the Villa of Liniers. At 5:00 p. m. regular sacrament meetings were held there. In this hall Elder Reinhold Stooft, his wife, Sister Ella Stooft, and two missionaries, Elders Vernon Sharp and Waldo Stoddard, were introduced to the people of Argentina into whose country they had arrived but two hours before, on June 6. At this meeting Elder Reinhold Stooft who never before had any experience with the Spanish language received an interesting testimony. During the time that one of the missionaries was speaking in Castilian, Elder Stooft was able to translate it and did so by writing it in German shorthand, after which he arose and bore testimony that the Lord had enlightened his understanding so as to comprehend the words spoken.

On the fifteenth of July Elder Melvin J. Ballard placed the affairs of the Mission in the hands of Elder Stooft. Eight days later Elders Pratt and Ballard bade farewell to the many friends and members whom they had been instrumental in organizing into a part of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The Lord's servants had accomplished the establishment of a foothold for His work in one of the ripest parts of the vineyard. Pruners and laborers were needed. They came! By March of 1927 nine more Elders had arrived and readily "thrust in their sickles with might" to aid in the reaping of an early harvest.

Elders Vernon Sharp, Douglas B. Merrell, and Louis E. Christian were appointed to enter the province of Jujuy in northern Argentina where work was to be started among the Indians. Street meetings were first held in Jujuy. Protection was granted by the Chief of Police to the Elders throughout their labors. This was the first

time a permit to hold street meetings had ever been granted to any religion in Jujuy, or even in Argentina as a whole.

Near the close of April, however, two of the Elders returned to Buenos Aires and Elder Sharp, honorably released from his mission, traveled into La Paz, Bolivia, then to Cuzco, Peru. It was disappointing to the three Elders to leave Jujuy; yet stifled by opposition there was no choice. Elder Sharp's experiences, visiting La Paz, Bolivia, and the ruins in Cuzco, Peru, proved interesting. Indians in that city (La Paz) distinguish themselves from other tribes by manner of speech and dress. Their complexion is lighter than that of their more southern relatives. The altitude and climate of Bolivia in general are very healthy and the Indians of that section are not downtrodden in any sense.

In May Elders Reinhold Stooft and Waldo Stoddard made a sixteen day trip into the Chaco region of northern Argentina to investigate the conditions among free Indian tribes there. They were kindly received, but were at a disadvantage to present their message inasmuch as the Indian tribesmen had no knowledge of Spanish and very little ability to speak other than their own tribal tongue.

ANOTHER trip was taken by these missionaries near the close of the year into Southern Brazil. After several days of tracting and investigation throughout small farming districts and the more centralized villages, a successful meeting was held in the little town of Joinville, Santa Catharina. One hundred forty-two persons attended the first "Mormon" meeting held in Brazil. Two days later one hundred twenty-two interested and attentive persons of Joinville came to an illustrated lecture on "Mormonism." The season of 1928 was rich and inviting to laborers who would work among the German speaking people.

It was with humble gratitude that Elders Stooft and Stoddard returned from their investigation in Brazil for the possibilities of founding missionary service among the inhabitants there. The urging desire to visit again in Joinville influenced President Stooft until the Steamer *Madrid* on the twelfth of

September carried him and his companions, Elders William F. Heinz and Emil Schindler to the port of San Francisco do Sul. Here they disembarked and went immediately to Joinville. Once again working under the influence of inspiration these brethren prepared and presented an illustrated lecture on "Utah and Its People." A record crowd of four hundred persons attended the lecture. Necessary arrangements were made for the future development of the work in Brazil and President Stooft returned to Argentina.

Stamina and determination renewed the efforts of those who labored in the vineyard. As a result of the first three years of diligent performance of service in the South American Mission the Elders were enabled to organize a Spanish Branch with local members carrying offices of responsibility. This organization was effected on the twenty-fifth of November, 1928, with humble thanksgiving, followed the next month by a Christmas program. Christmas in South America, though it be differently celebrated from the Yuletide season customary to other nations, is a day of rejoicing, peace, goodwill and appreciation among the Latter-day Saints.

In 1929 a burst of progress enveloped the activities in Brazil. Four baptisms were performed and two children blessed. A Protestant Minister who held meetings four hours' walking distance from Joinville refused to continue meetings among the members of his flock. Emil Schindler, a Mormon missionary, accepted the invitation of the people to teach them the Gospel within their own schoolhouse.

THE next year, 1930, Brazil progressed rapidly. Early in July President Stooft made another visit to Joinville where a branch was organized. This added stimulus to the faithfulness of the members there. Within a period of three months President Stooft, accompanied by his wife, made a special return trip into Brazil for the purpose of purchasing a lot where a suitable meeting house could be erected to care for the needs of the increasing number of Saints. It was during this visit that they encountered various delays and difficulties because of the short revolution that occurred in Porto Alegre,

State of Rio Grande do Sul. Dissatisfaction had arisen among the people of Brazil because Getulio Vargas carried the election. He is today, however, the President of a great Republic.

Meanwhile, advancement of missionary work was assured in Argentina. In April a semi-monthly four page mission publication "La Estrella del Sur" was originated, followed two months later by the organization of part-time local missionary service. This work and the M. I. A., organized November 27, were gladly welcomed by the diligent members who had readily taken to the necessity of spreading the Gospel over larger fields.

January 14, 1931, a faithful sister in Argentina felt inspired to send a Book of Mormon to President Jose F. Uriburu, who had successfully conducted the affairs of the Republic since the revolution of 1930. President Uriburu personally sent a letter of gratitude to Sister Zeferia Jaraquionis. He accepted appreciatively her kind presentation.

The construction and dedication of two chapels were also outstanding events of this season. The erection of the meetinghouse in Brazil started July 30. In May President Stooft had visited the people of that growing "Mormon Community" and made arrangements for the actual construction work to begin. It was with abundant joy that he was able to return again and hold services with the people on October 25 for the purpose of dedicating the first Church-owned meetinghouse in South America. The chapel in Argentina on which construction had started September eighteenth was dedicated November 15 by President Stooft.

A disrespectful article about "Mormon Baptism" appeared in one of the leading magazines published in Argentina. No permission for justification was granted. An Elder was attacked and robbed as he returned home from a meeting. The Saints were tried! But they were staunch and faithful. Particularly in Brazil did work seem to flourish. A Sunday School three-act play presented in December attracted an appreciative crowd of five hundred persons and a request was made that the play be presented anew.

IN 1933 and 1934 two seasons of important history in South America claimed the attention of the world. A Pan-American Conference was held in Montevideo, Capitol of Uruguay, during December of 1933. Delegates from many nations sat in conference. The eyes of the world were turned upon this body of representatives. The eyes of the Latter-day Saints in South America were upon J. Reuben Clark, Jr., of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints who had been chosen by Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States, to act as a delegate at the Pan-American Conference. The eyes of the Saints in Argentina beheld that their "representative" was a "man among men." He visited them and held a special meeting with them. Gratitude for this attention given them by one of the Lord's chosen servants continues to be manifest.

An outstanding event of '34 was the Eucharistic Congress held by the Catholic Church in Buenos Aires, Argentina. The eyes of the world were turned this time upon a marvelous display of grandeur. Thousands of persons from remote places in the world attended the religious gatherings and festivities in October.

This year marked also rapid advancement in the L. D. S. Mission. A Relief Society was organized on the fourteenth of February. The ladies of the mission delight in having an organization which complies with their every need. Publications about the progress of the mission were made twice in July by the *Buenos Aires Herald*, largest circulating English newspaper in South America.

The major event of the year was experienced on the Ninth Anniversary date of the mission. Christmas Day the sun was just as

brilliant and the weather as comfortably warm as it was nine years before when Elders Ballard, Pratt, and Wells held the dedicatory services. Near a group of weeping willow trees along the edge of "El Rio de las Canchas" nine persons gathered to enter the waters of baptism. Christmas was a day of rejoicing. A new vitality and vigor were added to the growing momentum of Mormonism in Argentina.

Until the present date, this season of 1935, more than forty baptisms have been performed. The one Argentine chapel located in the Liniers Branch can no longer comfortably accommodate the members of that branch. Two other branches of Haedo and Villa Devoto respectively are always well attended.

An interesting announcement was made early in the current year by the First Presidency. The responsibilities which had been courageously carried and directed throughout nine years by President Reinhold Stooft were divided. Argentina and Brazil, extensive Republics and fruitful vineyards of the Lord, were made into separate Missions headed by Elders W. Ernest Young and Rulon S. Howells as their respective presidents.

The nine years of service diligently and faithfully completed in the South American Mission by Elder Reinhold Stooft and Sister Ella Stooft must remain as pillars in the supporting structure of all organization and missionary work that will be carried on in future years. Elder Stooft and his wife are esteemed as "father and mother" of nearly three hundred converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints throughout South America. They are worthy and happy parents of six strong, healthy, bright-eyed children. Melvin, Delia, Elsa, Edla, Maria and little Jose Moroni all came to bless the "Mission Home," and those who lived or entered therein during the nine years that their parents unselfishly devoted themselves to the cause of "Building Up Zion" in South America.

Opportunity greets all persons who may be called to missionary labors in the new and growing Missions of Argentina and Brazil. "... They shall go forth and none shall stay them, for I the Lord have commanded them."

Perfection

By Celia Larsen

TWILIGHT—a cheery fire—
A cozy chair—a book well loved,
One of fairies, kings, and things,
Or poetry and fantasy.

Outside, snow is falling,
Huge, soft flakes of silvery down
In a world of twilight blue.
Blue envelops everything,
But the light across the snow
Gleaming golden invitation,
All is peace—inside and out.
This is living.

POETRY

The World's First Christmas

By Mrs. C. W. Wayland

ONE silver star, an incandescent flame
Above a stable where a baby lay,
Hung low to light the dark and lonely way
Of Shepherds, as they left their flocks and
came

Across Judean Plains—to Bethlehem.
An Angel of the Lord had come to them
From out a blazing sky that night to say,—
"Fear not—for unto you is born this day
A Savior—who is Christ—your Lord—
and King!"

They found him in a lowly manger bed,
(There was no other place to lay his
head),

Too young to know the joy his birth
would bring.

The World's first Christmas came thus
to the earth,
While Angels sang hosannas to his birth.
Through changing centuries, we still ac-
claim
Him—our Savior—and bless his holy
name.

To the Shepherds

By Sylvia Probst

YOURS, the solitude of hills and quiet
days,
A simple life, devoid of worldly price,
Yet princes might have envied you that
night
When Heaven's glory opened to your
eyes.

Forever in your heart you must have held
The sacredness of that immortal song,
The radiance of a star, and infinite skies,
The glory of a herald angel throng.

You must have lived that hour o'er and
o'er
When in the stable you knelt worshipping,
You, Heaven favored, chosen out of all,
The first to find and greet the new-born
king.

What mattered after that if days were
hard,
If coming years were filled with pain and
strife?
The awe-filled rapture of that holy night—
Enough for life!

Prayers

By Rebecca Helman

EVERY moment there is a prayer
Mounting upward on heaven's stair;
Every moment a word of gold,
A crystal phrase, a plea unfold.
(But when a prayer of thanks goes by
A long light blazes down the sky.)

God looks down from Over-all
He hears the loud, the bitter call;
The timid cry too fragile far
To reach the lowest-hanging star.
Then to each one a comforting hand
He stretches out . . . "I understand . . ."

(But to His heart God claps in love
His children sending thanks above!)

750

Name a Light For Me

By Julia W. Wolfe

OH, I shall hang no silver cord
Upon my Christmas tree,
But only candles, gay and bold,
Each for a friendship rich and rare,
That makes the world for me.

And at the top, the very top,
And nearest to the star,
I'll name the ones I love the best,
And fill my life with joy and zest,
And, dearest, there you are.
And should you have a Christmas Tree,
Oh, won't you name a light for me?

Mediator

By Blanche Kendall McKey

WHEN I am a little white wraith
And mortals can't see me at all,
On Christmas Eve I'll don a robe,
Snow-drop soft with a classical fall,
And red as the dripping candles,
Red as the holly itself,
Then I'll gambol down to the singing
earth,

A little white wraith turned into an elf.

The singing earth! Ah, the carols
Faint but clear on the far-blown breeze,
From far, far lights, like a Mardi Gras—
The red and green of a billion trees.
The singing earth! Oh, I'll listen,
With eyes for love of Christ grown dim;
I'll gather a million songs to my heart
And carry them straight to Him!

On a Long Day

By Ardyth Kennelly

A FIRE is company. A clock, a kettle
are company.

Sometimes a fire goes tossing and laughing
The way I remember you on silly April
days.

It sputters and sings, too, with orange-
colored
Thick bright tongues, and I listen and
listen

Because it talks about you and I want to
hear
Every word.

All afternoon the kettle whispers to me
Little green misty words that I do not un-
derstand
But I am pleased and interested and I
listen
For they are about you.

A clock is nice company, only it goes too
loud
It talks about you going far off and not
coming back.

Fires and clocks and kettles are kind quiet
company
To a girl who sits crying and crying,
Huddled in a chair with her head in her
hands,
When it's nearly dusk and a brown rain
pounds
And splashes on the windows.

Snow

By Rena Stotenburg Travels

I HEARD the rain and did not count it
dreary,
For God sends rain to bless the thirsty
land;
And I shall find in shifting snows a beauty,
Why is it some will never understand
A Wisdom greater than our own bestows
The gift of brooding clouds and falling
snows?

I saw the frost-brown grass and found it
lovely,
The rivulets that trickled dark and
chill;
I did not murmur that the skies were
leaden,
And leafless maples crowned the win-
d-sweet hill;
So now I'll trust Omnipotence that
knows
Why earth has need of all these drifting
snows.

The Sacred Grove

By Alice R. Rich

APPROACH its welcome shade
With reverent step.
Let no disturbing sound
Mar the quiet calm
And sacred hush
Here in nature's cool retreat.

Speak softly;
Lose not a single note
Of sweet-voiced meadowlark
And mocking-bird,
And hum of busy bee.

Beneath this tree
The trusting Joseph
Knelt in humble prayer.
'Twas here
The Father and the Son
Appeared
And promise gave
Of opening up the Gospel Truths
In Latter Days.

Pause here,
With heart and soul
To sacred thoughts attained.
Surely on hallowed ground
We stand.

Violin

By Miranda Walton

FROM out of space the Master spoke
to me
On wings of song, majestic melody;
My troubled heart grew calm, although
my eyes were dim,
From my responsive soul I answered
Him.

On ether waves of melody, all things I
heard,
The sigh of moonlit pines, the lilting
of a bird;
Rare visions of all ages I could see
When through your violin, God talked
to me.

STARTLING STATISTICS

By ELIZABETH COLE

STARTLING STATISTICS brings home to us the fact that we are permitting much more suffering and greater economic loss than is at all necessary. Early diagnosis of tuberculosis—and sanatorium care will solve our problem.

If we would make full use of the instruments at hand for diagnosis—the tuberculin test and the chest X-ray—and with the story these things will tell, go to our legislatures and ask for the Sanatoria we need, the tuberculosis problem will be on its way to solution.—*Ada Taylor Graham, Executive Secretary Utah Tuberculosis Association.*

IN spite of the economic situation and the continued necessity for relief, death rates from many of the important death-taking diseases are steadily decreasing. Tuberculosis used to take more people of all ages than any other sickness. Heart disease, cancer, nephritis, pneumonia, cerebral hemorrhage, and accidents, all have higher death rates today for all ages of the population.

But tuberculosis is, nevertheless, still a serious problem. It is the leading cause of death between the ages of 15 and 24. Moreover in this decade of life more than one-fifth of all deaths which occur are due to tuberculosis. This is indeed a startling situation.

Recent statistics show that every year in this country there are over 5,000 deaths of boys and young men and 8,500 deaths of girls and young women from 15 to 25 years of age. In other words, the rate of mortality for girls is 76 per 100,000 of the female population and 49 per 100,000 of the male population at these ages.

The fact that so many boys and girls break down just as they are reaching maturity can be combated in two ways. First, children must be better equipped to build up resistance and second, their physical health should be more carefully checked at regular intervals. Of course, our present-day pace affects children as well as grown-ups—they do not always have sufficient rest, nourishing food regularly, and proper chances for ex-

ercise and sunshine. Yet we are so much more health conscious today than our forefathers were. We have a far better chance of making our children a healthier group of citizens than our grandparents.

As for the regular physical examinations that are necessary so

we can find tuberculosis cases early and thereby get control of the disease—we may as well all make up our minds that check-ups on health have to become a part of our routine just as much as overhauling our automobiles and fixing

(Continued on page 755)



Protect them - -

"These are my jewels," said Cornelia, presenting her two sons, the Gracii. Through the ages her proud boast has been the symbol of parental love. Today one of the duties of that love is to protect children from their arch foe, tuberculosis—the greatest cause of death between the ages of fifteen and forty-five. Christmas Seals help you protect your "jewels" from this disease.



BUY
CHRISTMAS
SEALS

The National, State and Local
Tuberculosis Associations of the United States

EDITORIAL

Christmas Gift!

CHRISTMAS gifts should be in memory of the divine gift, the life of Jesus the Christ. His gift gave us eternal life; our gifts should enliven with joy those who receive. His gift was the sacrifice of His earthly life; our gifts should represent personal sacrifices on our part.

It is easy to give to our own, those whom we love. Their gladness becomes our joy. We are not quite so ready to give to others, even if they are in need, for their happiness does not seem so necessary to our happiness. It appears yet more difficult to give to the Lord, for we are prone to believe that He must give and ask nothing in return.

We have foolishly reversed the proper order. Our first gift at Christmas should be to the Lord; next to the friend or stranger by our gate; then, surcharged with the effulgence from such giving, we would enhance the value of our gifts to our very own. A selfish gift leaves a scar upon the soul, and it is but half a gift.

How can we give to the Lord? What shall we give to Him? Every kind word to our own, every help given them, are as gifts to God, whose chief concern is the welfare of His children. Every gentle deed to our neighbor, every kindness to the poor and suffering, are gifts to the Lord, before whom all mankind are equal. Every conformity to the Lord's plan of salvation—and this is of first importance—is a direct gift to God, for thereby we fit ourselves more nearly for our divinely planned destiny.

The desire and effort to give to the Lord, born of the surrender of man to the plan of salvation, stamp every Christmas gift with genuine value. They who identify themselves with the plan, who do not resist it, who earnestly seek to tread the path of the plan, are true givers to the Lord, and their gifts to men come with the flavor of heaven. The Lord and His plan must have place in our Christmas celebration.

Do we give intelligent obedience to the laws of the Gospel—obedience based upon sober study and trial of the practises of the Church? If our giving is without such obedience, it is away from the Lord, not towards Him. Do we stand ready to sacrifice for the cause of the Lord, in the unpaid services of the Church? That is, are our time, talents, and means at the disposal of those who administer the Lord's work? Great is the gift from such a hand.

Do we look upon the progress of the purposes of the Lord, by feeble human instruments, through eyes of love? Love looks deep into the soul, beyond superficialities; the loving husband does not sense that age is stealing upon the sweetheart of his youth; the member who loves the Church dwells upon the likeness of man to

God, forgets human imperfections, and does not find fault. These are tests of the higher, richer giving at Christmas. Obedience, sacrifice, love—once these tests have been met, the gifts of Christmas, small or great, become more pleasing to the Lord, by a subtle, spiritual sense, more acceptable to the recipient, and leave permanent joy with the giver.

Would it not be well this Christmas, to give first to the Lord, directly through obedience, sacrifice, and love, and then to give to Him indirectly through gifts to friends and those in need as well as to our own? Should we do this, perhaps many of us would discover a new Christmas joy.—J. A. W.

A Family Christmas

CHRISTMAS with all its attendant joys is at hand. Christmas!—it is a word to conjure with—to live with—to grow with! Mirth and jollity hold sway. Half-tones may do for the rest of the winter season, but now there must be riotously gay colors for everyone. Fairies re-enter the hearts of even the most stolid and repaint this fair world more beautifully than it has ever been tinted before.

Adults dare to be childish in their enthusiasm. The chance meeting of an old acquaintance on the street, the warm handclasp of a dear friend, the surreptitious whisperings and scurrings of members of the family—all become more glamorous at Christmas time and make it the gala season of the whole year.

Each member of the family will do his best to make this the most memorable of the Christmases celebrated in the household. The older members can plan games in which all may participate. They can also make candy and cookies. The younger ones can pop the corn and make cocoa. Then family unity will be fostered and love will loosen the cockles of the heart.

Underneath all the external bustle of good cheer, gaiety, and abandon, Latter-day Saints should strike a deeper note of true joy and of lasting happiness. The friendliness and love which permeate the air during this season should be diffused throughout the year. This can be accomplished, not by eliminating the amount of jollity in evidence at Christmas but by increasing the exposure to Christian philosophy during this season.

Christmas has its greatest significance in family life. Family life to Latter-day Saints has an eternal value. God is the Father of our spirits; Christ is our elder brother whose birthday we are celebrating. It seems that we should not be quite fair if we took all the pleasure of the day without remembering Christ in some particular way. Since, however, He is not visible to most

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of us, we could honor Him by selecting some especially pleasing picture of Him to which we can give the place of honor in the house for this season. Any family can also recreate, in visible form, the scene of the nativity or perhaps some other scene which will make the Christ a member of the festivities.

Christmas, then, can be a reminder of our eternal family relationship with God and His Son, Jesus Christ. Our laughter, play, work, and lives should be such that we can retain our membership in Their household.—*M. C. J.*

Spirituality—Happiness

SINCE spirituality and happiness are both by-products of right living, obviously what we mean by our slogan, "We stand for spirituality and happiness in the home," is "We stand for living the kind of life which brings as a desirable by-product, spirituality and happiness to the home."

A person cannot by saying I am spiritual be spiritual; neither can he by saying I am happy be happy. If he could, without doubt all of us would be both spiritual and happy. Both of these divine conditions grow out of the heart and unless our hearts be right we cannot possess them; if our hearts are right, and we find ourselves in a society where all hearts are right, no one can bar them from us.

Spirituality is an attitude of mind which, if it be possessed, manifests itself in all of our acts. It is not an abstract condition unconnected with the acts of life. Paul, the great religious letter-writer, comes close to defining spirituality in his immortal Thirteenth chapter of his first letter to the Corinthian Saints. Think of the joy that would come to one living in a society where every person is right with God and man and where abideth Faith, Hope, and Love! That would be both a spiritual and a happy society.

The home which expects to invite these two conditions as abiding residents must have in it father, mother, and children who are active in

good works both in and outside of the home. They must be helpful, not selfish; tolerant, not fault-finding; cheerful, not sour; trustful, not skeptical; kind, not harsh; long-suffering, not impatient; honest, not dishonest; sweet, not bitter; loving, not hating; open, not secretive; liberal, not mercenary; healthy, not ill; purposeful, not namby pamby; praiseful, not critical of others; willing to serve, not always asking service; community-minded, not indifferent; prepared, not useless.

These home folk who wish as their abiding guests Spirituality and Happiness must be interested in all other homes of the community and, to a lesser degree, all homes everywhere. They must also be ready and willing to support and defend the institutions which have been set up to aid in maintaining homes of fine quality—schools, governments, churches. If we are to be properly spiritually minded we must re-examine all of these agencies frequently in order to see that they are serving to build up and strengthen rather than to tear down and destroy the home, and thereby the individual.

Though prayer is desirable and even necessary if we are to maintain our communication with God, we must not forget that our spirituality is not determined by our prayers or our ecstasies during a fine sermon or our presence in Church altogether; it is determined by our deeds. Jesus was insistent upon that. "Feed my sheep," said He. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Do unto others . . ." "love thy neighbor as thyself . . ." "He who would be great among you let him become the servant. . ."

Spirituality and Happiness are closely bound up together. Spirituality, indeed, is a Godly happiness—Happiness is a state of mind brought on by fine service and a feeling that all is well with the soul.

And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, these three and where they abide, happiness must also abide as she is a bosom companion of the other three.—*H. R. M.*



DOWN TO THE FAIR IN A WIND- JAMMER



THE CREW—SEA SCOUTS

STAND by to set the main royal," the Captain sings out.

The Sea Scouts fall to, all hands on deck letting out the buntlines while those on the royal yard arm 165 feet above the deck, loosen and make up the gaskets. "Overhaul the buntlines and get off the yard," the Captain calls out. The acre and a half of sails are set and the blue-black waters of San Pedro begin to slip alongside as the ship gathers headway before the freshening breeze.

The 300 foot *Pacific Queen*, born in a Scotland shipyard forty-nine years ago and christened the *Balclutha*, is off to San Diego, proudly aware of her own stately dignity, lifting her three 170 foot masts to the sky where the seagulls fly. San Diego or Australia—it is all the same to the *Pacific Queen*, built of steel and as seaworthy a ship as ever rounded the horn or posed for a movie shot at Catalina.

Several months before the trip, the writer asked and received permission to furnish the crew for the trip, having in mind the Sea Scouts of the Riverside Ward of the San Bernardino Stake of which he is Skipper. As far as can be determined this is the first time a crew of Sea Scouts has sailed a full rigged ship under the supervision of a Sea Scout Skipper. Captain Roy Moyes was in command and stood by to direct the work when necessary. The writer acted as first mate and took charge of the Starboard watch. Sea Scout John Lunde, of Vallejo, California, acted as second mate and took charge of the Port watch.

The anchor had been lifted by hand, a great red-rusted anchor that came away with a groan as 19 Sea Scouts and the Mates were double-quick around the capstan.

"That's something you may never see again," the Captain re-

HERE is a trip that was a trip—especially for Sea Scouts! What an experience to float along under the power of the wind through the mighty Pacific Ocean! This brief account by the First Mate of the *Pacific Queen* will quicken the heart even of a land lubber. Sea Scouts, ahoy!

marked, and the Captain was right. They were strong men—those old sailors, hard of muscle and bronzed of face, courageous men with a weather eye as keen as an eagle's. With never a thought of their own courage, they climbed a mast with a sure footing to outwit the storm and wind.

Eleven Sea Scouts from Riverside Ward, two from Huntington Park, four from Vallejo, one from San Diego, and the Captain's son made up the crew. It is fifty-two hours from San Pedro to San Diego, fifty-two hours of blistering work on the only full rigged ship



THE WINDJAMMER

in active commission flying the United States flag. This is romance and adventure, the kind you read about but never expect to experience. "Farmers gone to sea," thought I as the Sea Scouts came aboard and gazed with astonishment at the maze of rigging. But willing boys learn fast and before the trip was finished they

were ordinary seamen on a full rigged sailing vessel, a rare title in this day of steam and diesel power.

Frank Kessinger bought the ship called the *Star of Alaska*, from the Alaskan Packers Inc., about two years ago and he swore at the time that when the *Pacific Queen* moved she would move with the wind. She has no motors now and never will have. A few hours out and you know why, at least while the winds are gentle. No throb of motor cuts the air; there is only the silent beauty of the clear stars and of the moon which rocks gently as the ship drifts forward like a leaf on a slow-moving stream. There is nothing to be done unless you lie on your back and wonder at the strength of the acres of sails, giant kites that fill with the winds. No stop signs, no traffic interference, only the great liners and curious yachts come close to wonder at the glory of a type of ship that has gone never to come again.

A FEW hours out of San Pedro and land drops away. All sails have been set and the crew divided into watches. The boys have built a roaring fire in their galley forward and have cooked one of those all-around mulligans that are talked about after fishing trips when one eats with the appetite of a goat. Forward and aft the time advances, clear-toned bells sound the hours. A sailor dawdles at the wheel turning it smoothly. Navy boats, including two great airplane carriers, cruise across the sailing ship's course. Fishing boats chug alongside to answer a megaphone hail to check bearings. A huge freighter, pouring black smoke from her funnels, gives three vibrant moans of her whistle.

"She's saying hello to you, boy," says the Captain turning to a shirtless Sea Scout. "Wave to her."

Not only the ships but even the fish are friendly. They swim alongside, scoffing at the bacon rind of-

By DON HEATH

TOP: AT ANCHOR IN SAN DIEGO HARBOR—
ONE SIDE PAINTED FOR "MUTINY ON THE
BOUNTY"

MIDDLE: LOOKING UP AT THE MAIN MAST.

BOTTOM: UNDER FULL SAIL.

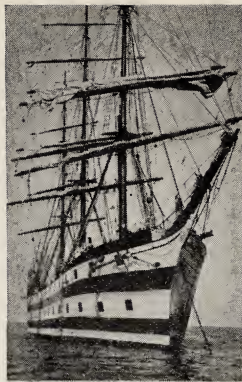
ferred to them on the end of a hook. Three yellow tails glow in the sun as they dart through the water. They tag along from ten o'clock one morning until one o'clock in the afternoon waiting for something more appetizing than a piece of bacon or a piece of leftover toast from breakfast. A shark gives a smart wriggle of his tail to make fun of our slow progress. But the happiest fish and the most purposeful are the porpoises, or the big black boys may have been blackfish. A porpoise has a grand idea that he is going somewhere in a hurry, arching his oily back out of the water like the curve of a bow, and diving under again to progress like a wheel that isn't round. A school of several hundred, cutting up the surface of the sea with a myriad of turbulent splashings, dive under the bow of the boat and away.

A few hours out of San Diego harbor the seagulls join the cruise, perching companionably atop the high masts and talking in typewriter defying notes to say that they prefer sailing ships.

Reaching Point Loma after an afternoon, two nights, and two days of sailing, means clewing up the sails and making ready to drop anchor, with the red and white lights of San Diego beaming in the fading sunset. Dead ahead is a small fishing boat moored without lights which we miss, and the good ship *Pacific Queen* has sailed into another harbor.

Frank Kessinger, the owner, will keep the ship in San Diego until after the exposition. He has had her fitted with glass tanks in which he will exhibit a startling number of deep sea monstrosities and unusual fish to delight the school children and anyone else who ever dropped a sardine over the wharf or cast a fly into an icy pool.

Now again the ship will star in a movie. For fifteen days she anchored at Catalina Island to play a stellar role in the forth-coming



production, "Mutiny on the Bounty." One of her sides is paralleled with black and white paint bands which are surmounted with imitation cannons which will look like the real thing in the picture.

Of steel construction throughout and in good condition, the *Pacific Queen* will not dock for many years if the plans of Mr. Kessinger and Captain Moyes are realized. It may become a center of interest for Sea Scouts all over the United States.

So now we're back home again to our dry land meetings and make-believe ship still talking of the time we sailed a windjammer down to the San Diego Exposition.

Startling Statistics

(Continued from page 751)

up our clothes and houses at regular periods during the year.

TO return to statistics again—it has been found from a study of tuberculosis cases in sanatoria that only 16 per cent were in the early or incipient stage of the disease upon entrance. The remainder were so sick that they will have to remain much longer under treatment and their chance for recovery is far less likely.

It was revealed in a recent study that 71 per cent of the women in a group of sanatorium patients were under thirty years of age on admission; 53 per cent of the men were under thirty. Half of the women had been admitted before they were thirty-five. Because of their youth their chance for recovery is better on the whole but when we realize that tuberculosis is a needless waste of lives—that it may be controlled and probably will be as unusual as smallpox fifty years from now, we certainly should do our part and give our children more intelligent protection.

The education campaign of the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated associations has gone far in making a healthier nation, with people better equipped to fight sickness. We can well afford to support them by buying and using their Christmas Seals sold annually in December—their work indeed has been worthwhile and they deserve to receive the continued help of thinking men and women.

CHURCH MOVES ON

Dr. Eyring's Physics Text Book to be Published

A TEXT BOOK in Physics for lower division college students written by Dr. Carl F. Eyring, Dean of the College of Arts and Letters at Brigham Young University, has been accepted for publication next year by one of the large book companies of America. Dr. Eyring is a physicist of excellent training and many years of experience.

Dr. M. Lynn Bennion To Supervise Seminaries

DR. M. LYNN BENNION, son of Dr. Milton Bennion, Dean of Education at the University of Utah and a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, has been appointed supervisor of the Senior Seminaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Dr. Bennion was graduated from the University of Utah and later, with a Ph. D. degree, from the University of California. He has had a number of years' experience as a principal of a seminary. He will be in the department of education under the direction of Dr. Franklin L. West, commissioner of Education of the Church.

Lee's Ferry Celebration

THE First Annual Celebration of the crossing of the Mormon Pioneers at Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River was celebrated October 11, 12, 13, 1935. President Heber J. Grant, the Governor of Arizona, and Superintendent Charles Skidmore, representing the Governor of Utah who could not attend, were present and spoke on the program. The chair-

man of the assembly was Benjamin Cammeron, of Panguitch, Utah. Among other notables who were present were Willard Smith, son of Lot Smith and Joe Lee, grandson of John D. Lee. A number of people who crossed at the ferry, "the only place up and down the river for 200 miles where a crossing could be made," according to one pioneer, in 1877, 1878, and 1879, were present at the celebration. President Grant remained over-night at the Ferry and spoke both on Friday and Saturday.

The committee in charge of the celebration hopes that it may become an annual affair. The roads this year from Navajo Bridge to the Ferry were not too good, but the historic spot was most interesting to those who had not visited it before. Several groups of Indians—Navajos, Hopis, Piutes, and Utes—were present.

Manuscript Books Being Photographed

MANY of the precious manuscripts held in the Church Historian's Office are being photographed by the photographic department of Brigham Young University in order that there may be no danger of losing them.

Foreign Language Newspapers Discontinued

THE "Bikuben," established 60 years ago; the "Utah Posten," established 35 years ago; the "Salt Lake City Beobachter," established 44 years ago, and "De Utah Nederlander," established 22 years ago, were all discontinued on Thursday, Oct. 3, 1935, as Church publications.

Chapel Built in Texas Mission

JAMES M. PETERSON, president of the Texas Mission, reports that a chapel has been built at Farmersville, La., and also one at Dallas, Texas.

Brimhall Building Dedicated

ON October 16, 1935, the sixtieth anniversary of Founder's Day at Brigham Young University was celebrated. President Heber J. Grant dedicated the new science and arts building, giving it the name of the George H. Brimhall building in honor of the late Dr. George H. Brimhall, third president of the institution. The new building is of latest fire-proof construction, three stories high.

Bishop Emery Made Patriarch

BISHOP WILFORD W. EMERY, who has served as Bishop for 25 years in the 29th Ward, was honorably released and N. Owen Catmull was sustained as Bishop in his stead. Bishop Emery was ordained a patriarch.

Park City Ward Divided

THE Park City Ward has been divided into the Park City First Ward and the Park City Second Ward. John Edward Hollands was sustained as Bishop of the First Ward and Lloyd A. Olsen was sustained as Bishop of the Second Ward.

Fountain Green Has New Bishop

IRVIN P. OLDROYD was sustained as Bishop of the Fountain Green Ward.

Ely Ward Reorganized

JOHN M. LORENSON was sustained as Bishop of the Ely Ward, Nevada Stake.

The Bonneville Stake Reorganized

THE Bonneville Stake was organized with Joseph L. Wirthlin as president and Walter Creed Haymond as first counselor and Owen G. Reichman as second counselor. This stake is taken from the Liberty Stake and consists of the following Wards: Emigration, LeGrande, Thirty-Third, and Yale. This makes the 115th Stake in the Church.



GROUP OF PIONEERS WHO CROSSED THE COLORADO RIVER AT LEE'S FERRY AT THE CALL OF BRIGHAM YOUNG TO SETTLE IN ARIZONA

First row: Howard H. Hale, Salt Lake City; Chissie Yezzie, Tuba, Arizona; H. Nelson, Tucson, Arizona; John A. Call, Bountiful; W. J. Flake, Snowflake, Arizona; James Petersen, Standard, Arizona; V. O. Call, Bountiful.

Second row: Margaret Mackelbrang, Johnson, Utah; C. C. Compton, Flagstaff, Arizona; Mrs. Compton, Flagstaff, Arizona; D. A. Brinkerhoff, Fillmore; Mrs. Brinkerhoff, Fillmore; Mrs. John M. Ford, Kanab; Israel Call, Bountiful, Utah; Brigham F. Duffin, Salt Lake; Mrs. Frank Johnson, Hurricane; James M. Flake, Snowflake, Arizona; Frank Johnson, Hurricane; Phoebe B. Petersen, Standard, Arizona; Israel B. Call, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Melissa P. Smith, Holbrook, Idaho; Willard R. Smith, Holbrook, Idaho; Mrs. E. A. Foutz, Ogden; Mr. E. A. Foutz, Ogden; B. A. Cameron, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Third row: Mrs. Ada Lee Humphries, Hurricane, Utah; Jos. H. Lee, Jr., Tuba, Arizona; Mrs. Lola Lee Cornelius, Virgin, Utah; W. W. Lee, St. George, Utah; J. M. Hinton, Hurricane, Utah; George B. Wilson, Hurricane, Utah; A. C. Peterson, Flagstaff, Arizona.

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

Contributed by **FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.**

Graduate Student in Physics, B. Y. U.

Moab Mastodon Pictograph

PHOTOGRAPHS of pictographs or rock carvings of a mastodon or elephant from three miles down the Colorado Canyon below Moab, Utah, are given in the October, 1935, *Scientific Monthly*. According to the author it represents considerable work on the part of the primitive artists and "it appears to be an authentic link between aboriginal man and the elephant or mastodon, for it is highly improbable that any primitive artist could have achieved so good a likeness without having seen such a creature or having at least seen a picture of one done by some fellow artist."

New Map of Hispanic America

ONE of the largest and most fruitful and practical cooperative undertakings in science is a new map of Hispanic America on the scale of one to a million. This map is to be ready for the engraver at the end of 1935. Being compiled by the American Geographical Society with international cooperation, it was begun in 1920, with ten men a year working upon it, not counting the cooperation of hundreds of persons and all the governments of Pan America.—*Science*, October 10, 1935.

Vitamin E

AT the meeting of the American College of Surgeons in San Francisco 1000 milligrams of the precious pure reproductive Vitamin E were exhibited by Dr. Herbert Evans, of the University of California. The Vitamin E, whose isolation was reported in the November *Era*, was extracted from cottonseed oil and wheat-germ oil. The minute white spike shaped crystals filled two bottles, each about the size of a little finger. This small amount, because of its potency, is enough for many experiments.

Alcohol and Motor Traffic

THE effect of alcohol on the automobile driver was the problem in a scientific investigation by Paul Bahnen and K. Vedel-Peterson of the Psychotechnical Institute, Copenhagen, Denmark. They selected the four of fourteen experiments with greatest similarity to those functions which play an important part in driving. The results indicated that a person who had had .6 of a cubic centi-

meter of alcohol was 9.7 per cent slower on selective reaction to a stimulus, that is, it would take him five to eight feet longer to stop driving at forty miles an hour. Further results showed the "alcohol" group was 17.4 per cent slower on muscular reaction; they made 35.3 per cent more errors on concentration of attention, and 59.7 more errors on a test measuring coordination. (*Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1935.)

Exhaustive American experiments showed "tests of speech, of speed of eye movement, of body sway as the subject stood still with his eyes closed, all revealed decreased motor control after the drinking of very moderate doses of alcohol. Tests showed that learning was slower after drinking and memory less sure; that ability to distinguish between noises and between colors diminished after drinking. Tests of attention and concentration confirmed the findings of the Danish experimenters. Tests of reasoning and thinking showed measurable losses in ability."

Campaign on Mental Disease

PUBLIC health workers are preparing for a fight to the finish on mental illness. (*Science*, October 11, 1935.) The American Public Health Association at Milwaukee, at an annual meeting was told to try to promote mental health in children, where physicians and teachers hold key positions. Mental disease is mainly acquired in childhood. Two of the points presented by Dr. Frederick Patry emphasized the importance of attention by the school physician to children failing in school or who are misfitted, and unhappy, and that the home is the most important institution of society with respect to mental health.

Half Cell Without Nuclei Develops to Many Celled Stage

YOUNGER development-stages of a sea urchin have been produced from halves of eggs, from which the maternal nucleus had been excluded and which were never fertilized. That is literally life without either father or mother.

Dr. Ethel Browne Harvey reported in *Science*, September 20, that by whirling the unfertilized eggs in a centrifuge, developing 10,000 times the force of gravity she was able to divide the eggs. Transferring the half eggs with nuclei to sea-water with

certain chemicals, she found that the cells actually divided until forming aggregates of as many as a hundred cells. It has been a basic idea in biology that the cell-protoplasm's activities are in some way controlled by the nucleus.

Oil Fires Put Out by Fine Spray of Water

WATER is being used successfully to fight oil fires by forcing the water through special nozzles in sprinkler pipes or in a hose to form a fine spray. (*Science News Letter*, October 12, 1935.) The droplets must be of a certain size, neither too large nor too small, to be successful. The spray acts by reducing the temperature of the oil below the flame point, dilution of the combustible vapor, and cooling by the evaporation of the water to steam. The drops must be shot sufficiently hard to reach the blazing surface.

Noise Causes Deafness By Damage to Nerve

CONTINUOUS exposure to constant noise of sufficient loudness will cause deafness due to nerve damage according to Dr. M. H. Lurie (*Science*, Sept. 27, 1935). Dr. Lurie and associates concluded that deafness can be caused in adult life by neglect of mild ear trouble in childhood; by exposure to loud noises for long periods of time which causes the death of sensitive hearing cells in the ear; by certain diseases and drugs as typhoid fever, mumps, influenza, quinine, and alcohol which cause actual destruction of the nerve ending in the middle ear; by explosions; and by unregulated noise over long periods.

Victory Over Two Plagues in Sweden

DR. EINAR RIETZ, health commissioner of Stockholm, reports (*Science News Letter*, Oct. 19, 1935), the practical eradication in Sweden of the two venereal diseases, syphilis and gonorrhea, which cause more suffering and disability than any other communicable disease.

The Swedish method provides for free medical and hospital care and medicine to any patient who has syphilis in the infection stage. All patients must take treatment; those who do not are subject to severe penalties including hard labor. Cases must be reported as with any other communicable disease, but they are reported without the patient's name.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Singing Hearts"

(By Eva Willes Wangsgaard, The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho; pp. 130; \$2.00.)

HERE is a volume which comes out of the singing heart of one of our western girls. The lyrics within it suggest the spirit of the birds and flowers, the sage-spread hills and vales," writes Dr. Howard R. Driggs in a foreword printed in the volume. He has caught the flavor of the pages in those words.

In every poem of the volume the sweetness and wholesomeness of rural life are to be found. Here are tender sunshine, few showers; bird warblings and little sorrow or even the shadow of sorrow.

Eva Willes Wangsgaard resides in Ogden, Utah, where she sings at her work of making a happy home. Several of her verses appear in "Utah Sings," a Volume of Contemporary Verse," which was published last year by the Utah Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.—H. R. M.

"Mormonism and Masonry"

(By E. Cecil McGavin, Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City; pp. 87.)

IN this little book, well printed and bound in cloth, E. Cecil McGavin, principal of the Spanish Fork L. D. S. Seminary, gives a comprehensive review of the relationship of Joseph Smith to Masonry and disproves, if one accepts his documented evidence, the charge that the Prophet joined Masonry only long enough to become well acquainted with its symbols, rituals, and robes in order to use them in the temple ceremony. Mr. McGavin has done considerable reading on the subject and presents his case in order that those who were met with these charges of plagiarism on the part of the Prophet Joseph Smith, as he was in his youth, may have the facts as they were, laid before them.

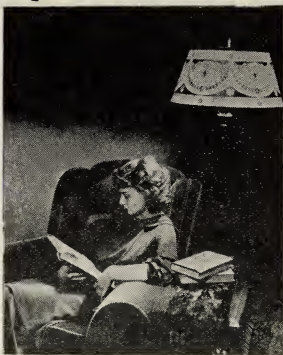
The book was projected long before the volume under the same title by President A. W. Ivins came from the press, but was withheld when the author learned of President Ivins' purpose.

Church Historian, Joseph Fielding Smith, Dr. John A. Widtsoe, a member of the council of the Twelve Apostles, and others read the manuscript and approved it before it was published, according to a foreword by Mr. McGavin.—H. R. M.

Life's Origin

(Horst Scharif, Utah Publishing Company, Box 1664, Salt Lake City, Utah, price \$1.00.)

WHEN the world is moving forward so rapidly and there are



A WAY OF MAKING THE HOLIDAYS COUNT FOR GROWTH

Books For Everyone

WHEN the Christmas wrappings drop to the floor and the crinkling of paper adds mystery to the ecstatic gasps of joy, be sure that a goodly number of unwrapped packages reveal Christmas books for the entire family. Christmas without books will be like a stocking without candy. Books will give more comfort than even the candy because sweets may give physical discomfort, whereas books will offer food for thought for many days to come.

Reading will add zest to the Christmas celebration and will carry an impetus for living into the new year.

The editors of the "Era" hope that you will solve the momentous question of what for whom by using some of the books listed on this page.

no reticences concerning sacred things, it is advisable to have some book at hand which will help create in the minds of children the sanctity which attaches to life's origin.

The book besides being decidedly readable and informational has an added feature in that it can be given a chapter at a time to children so that they may read for themselves. Each chapter has been finished in such a way that it can be given as a unit to the child at the age when he needs it. He need not then be burdened with other parts of the books for which he may not have an interest.

The author is a Latter-day Saint convert from Germany and has furnished an exceptionally commendable book which will prove of value in any home where there are children who should be told in the right way about the mystery and the wonder of life. —M. C. J.

"The Story of the Bible"

(By Walter Russell Bowie; The Abingdon Press, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York; pp. 550; \$3.)

THIS book is the story of the Bible "retold from Genesis to Revelations in the light of present knowledge for both young and old," according to an announcement made on the jacket. It will be found to be interesting to Adults and Seniors in connection with their "Reading Course," building background for reading. Dr. Bowie is rector of Grace Church in the City of New York. The volume contains twenty-one lovely illustrations in full color. —H. R. M.

Sunday the True Sabbath of God

(By Samuel Walter Gamble, The Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, \$1.25.)

THE Sabbath Day, Saturday or Sunday, is the topic treated in this book. It has run through its tenth edition and, therefore, is well known by hundreds of readers. It will be of special interest to missionaries and all those who are at all troubled about the propriety of worshipping on Sunday instead of on Saturday. Mr. Gamble, a student of Hebrew practices, proves rather conclusively that the Sabbath did not fall on Saturday always but was a fixed day, according to Hebrew law falling on various days of the week during various years. The book contains a chart of the Sabbaths showing this variation from year to year.

—H. R. M.

Mark Twain Wit and Wisdom

(Edited by Cyril Clemens, Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1935.)

MARK TWAIN centennial in America is being celebrated this year, to commemorate his birth November 30, 1835. His genial spirit and his keen intuition have made him recognized as a great spirit in literature and a popular writer for all kinds of people.

All lovers of his work will welcome this little volume of the wit and wisdom of the man with whom their childhood was so fortunately spent. To those who have not discovered the rare soul that was Mark Twain, this book will serve as an appetizer for the full banquet which he spreads in his works.

The spontaneous wit which was his has given rise to innumerable stories which have gravitated to his name,

even though undoubtedly some of them were not his originally. His ability to capitalize on the commonplace makes him the envy of most people.—*M. C. J.*

Youth's Captain

(Hildegard Hawthorne, Longmans, Green and Company, 1935, price \$2.00.)

TO one who has suffered from a mania for books, the statement from *Youth's Captain* comes home with striking force, "You buy too many books, William." This cryptic remark should be laid aside when it comes to a consideration of buying this particular book.

Although written primarily for a younger audience, *Youth's Captain* has an equal appeal to the mature mind. Its interest is especially great to one who has been made thoroughly conversant with the rich qualities of the mature Ralph Waldo Emerson's mind. The biography is written in a manner which invites those who open the book to finish with all possible dispatch.

The wholesomeness of this story of a boy who grew into manhood as the inspiration of countless people in their search for truth deserves to be recommended to all people, both old and young, for their education and enjoyment.—*M. C. J.*

The Pony Express Goes Through

An American Saga Told By Its Heroes

(By Howard R. Driggs, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, \$2.50.)

THIS book of 208 pages was written by Dr. Howard R. Driggs, professor of English-Education at New York University, a native Utahn who has been an important factor in preserving the old trails and landmarks of the West. He is at present, and has been for several years, president of the Oregon Trail Association.

Interest is lent to this book by means of illustrations in color and in black and white by William H. Jackson, pioneer photographer and artist who traveled the great plains in the days when he had to make his own wet plates in order to photograph the wild scenes he beheld.

A comprehensive map showing the old Pony Express Trail is printed in front and back of the book.

The volume is made up of stories told to Dr. Driggs by the pony express men themselves, most if not all of whom have now passed away. These tales were gathered painstakingly by the author over a period of years.

Of course the book is much more than these stories, for Dr. Driggs adds to the tales historical data which give the reader a rather complete picture of Pony Express Days and of the hardships and dangers encountered by the daring men who carried the mail on horseback over miles and miles of "howling" wilderness.

This would be a good book for the home—especially of those people who admire the manhood of the past and enjoy the romance of an era that is rapidly fading.

Dr. Driggs' best known book, perhaps, is his "White Indian Boy."—*H. R. M.*

Good Manners

(By Beth Bailey McLean, The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Illinois, price \$1.00.)

WITH today's interest in doing the correct thing, *Good Manners*, by Beth Bailey McLean, will prove of undoubted interest among the young people who are intent on improving their company behavior.

As with charity so with courtesy, the beginning must be made at home. The very first chapter is titled "Good Manners at Home." While it is true that young people do not care to be preached at, they do like to know by insinuation just what is good to do. The wise parent will avoid tempests in teapots by the purchase of this book which can then be left in a conspicuous place for the perusal by eager inquiring youth. Teachers who are using the Art of Hospitality in Gleaner classes will find it a helpful, inexpensive, supplementary book.—*M. C. J.*

Yankee Arms Maker

The Incredible Career of Samuel Colt

(By Jack Rohan, Harper and Brothers, 1935, \$3.00.)

ALL westerners have heard of the Colt revolver and of other arms manufactured by the Colt Company, but few of them know much about the man who invented the gun which became the defender of law and order as well as, sometimes, a vicious opponent of the law.

This story of Samuel Colt is another tale of a man who could not be stopped—of a boy who had ideas and insisted upon displaying them regardless of parental objection or physical handicaps in the way of money.

It is interesting to note that Samuel Colt believed in the leadership of Brigham Young and sent the great leader a pair of his finest gift revolvers. He said of President Young, "He is the one really great leader

living. . . ." "A true statesman who knows how to rule and does so. . . ." "A builder and a man who can vision the future." Of course, he was selling arms and succeeded in doing so, for President Young recognized in the new Colt revolver a remarkable weapon both for defense and offense.

The book is interesting reading, contains 301 pages, and several photographs of early Colt arms.—*H. R. M.*

All Sail Set

A Romance of the Flying Cloud

(By Armstrong Sperry, John C. Winston Company, Chicago, \$2.00.)

ENOCH THACHER, a lad who had been born with a tang of the sea in his blood, became a member of the crew of the *Flying Cloud*, a new-type sailing vessel built by Donald McKay. Enoch sailed before the mast in her around the Horn to San Francisco. The voyage was full of stirring adventure. Here is a book, especially for boys (and I was young enough to enjoy it) that is wholesome and yet exciting. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. The lad who reads it will come away from it with pulses racing and a better understanding of a sailing vessel than he has ever had before.—*H. R. M.*

Mary Hale Woolsey's Songs That Reach the Heart

(Containing 15 Choice Waltz Songs, Freeman Music Co., Cortland, N. Y.)

MARY HALE WOOLSEY, writer of the words of that ever popular "When It's Spring Time in the Rockies," has been featured in this volume of songs, popular sheet-music size, containing words and music of five of her songs and ten other popular numbers by other writers. Mrs. Woolsey's picture appears on the cover and a sketch of her life appears on the table of contents.

Her included songs are: "When It's Twilight in the Valley of My Dreams," music by Lon Healy; "Wyoming Sweetheart of Mine," music by Helen Davis and Carolyn Freeman; "Little Old-Fashioned Home," music by Carolyn Freeman and Lon Healy; "Colorado Skies," Milt Taggart, co-author of the words, Jack Glenn Brown, author of the music; "Dream Kisses," Ona Victoria La Monte, co-author of words and music by William Bowman and Carolyn Freeman.

The folio is made up of those lilting waltz melodies that are always popular. Mrs. Woolsey's words possess the charm found in all of her songs.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS



FROM "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

FROM "STORMY"

We Would Like to Know Your Favorites

PLEASE fill out the following blank, or one like it, and mail it to us accompanied by a letter of from 25 to 50 words. You may receive a cash reward for so doing and in that case you will help us materially. Do not delay.

RULES

1. Open to everybody. We solicit replies.

2. Clip this coupon or fill out a similar form and send it in by January 25, 1936.

3. For the best letter of between twenty-five and fifty words telling why you like some particular movie best, *The Improvement Era* will give five dollars, three dollars for second prize, two one dollar prizes.

4. The letter must be accompanied by the blank below or one similar filled out in full.

5. The letter is to be signed by a nom de plume, the real name and the address of the sender to be inclosed in a sealed envelope or piece of folded paper bearing on the outside the nom de plume.

Since this is a means we are using to see what kind of shows our patrons like and whether we are serving them well by publishing *Lights and Shadows On The Screen* we shall appreciate it if you will reply, whether or not you are interested in the prizes.



ABOVE: FROM "IN OLD KENTUCKY"
BELOW: FROM "ROSE OF THE RANCHO"

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (Warner Bros.-First National): Excellent. All should see it.

METROPOLITAN (20th Century-Fox): Certain of wide appeal is this melodious comedy which is distinguished by the magnificent voice and personality of Lawrence Tibbett, a rich variety of characterizations and lovely settings. Never before has Tibbett been so thoroughly captivating on the screen. Not to be missed. All ages (story poor).

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (M. G. M.): So great a drama of the sea that it takes on certain epic qualities. Everything that the screen can offer has been piled to overflowing in this

picture, a thrilling story of the fight with the sea, of human suffering and cruelty, as well as human heroism and sympathy, of that strange romance that mingled the blood of England with the blood of the South Seas to found the curious settlement of Pitcairn's Island—a little hidden away colony that violated the law yet kept Christian traditions. *Family*, except that the cruelty of some of the scenes will prove too much for sensitive adults or children.

CHARLIE CHAN'S SECRET (20th Century-Fox): A characteristic Chan tale with many threads of plot and suspicion woven into an excellent detective story. Some spooky scenes.

Dir.: Gordon Wiles. **Cast:** Warner Oland, Charles Quigley, Henrietta Crosman, Rosita Lawrence, Herbert Mundin.

SHOW THEM NO MERCY (20th Century-Fox): Tense scenes of family anguish following a kidnapping, and conferences with Federal men, regarding ransom payment, move swiftly into relentless pursuit of the kidnapers. Reminiscent of the Weyerhaeuser case in outline, the capture is effected through the serial numbers of the ransom bank notes.

Dir.: George Marshall. **Cast:** Rochelle Hudson, Bruce Cabot, Cesar Romero, Edward Norris, Warren Hymer. *Adults*.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (R. K. O.-Radio): Robust and colorful melodrama with enough of historical background and enough of high romance to keep it in fine balance.

Dir.: Rowland V. Lee. **From** the novel by Alexander Dumas. **Cast:** Walter Abel, Paul Lukas, Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Ralph Forbes, Moroni Olson. *Family*.

ANNIE OAKLEY (R. K. O.-Radio): The romance of the great woman expert shot, who flashed into world fame in connection with Buffalo Bill's show. Annie was a notable figure of her day. She is portrayed with a

(Continued on page 783)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA,

50 North Main St.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Editor *Lights and Shadows on the Screen*:

The five best movies mentioned in *The Improvement Era* during the last year which I have seen are: 1..... 2.....

3..... 4..... 5.....

The best work I have seen done on the screen by any movie actor during the past year was done by the following five actors: 1..... 2.....

3..... 4..... 5.....

The best work done by women actresses was done by: 1.....

2..... 3..... 4..... 5.....

Please check one:

Your page is helpful.....

Your page is not helpful.....

Sincerely,
(Signed).....

WARD TEACHING

Ward Teacher's Message, Jan., 1936

"The Obligations of Parents"

SOME years ago the counsel and advice contained herein were published by the First Presidency of the Church, consisting at that time of Presidents Joseph F. Smith, Anthon H. Lund, and Charles W. Penrose. Later they were republished by Presidents Heber J. Grant, Anthony W. Ivins, and Chas. W. Nibley. As these suggestions apply with equal force today they are again published with the recommendation that Ward Teachers throughout the Church urge parents to comply with the commandments:

"We counsel the Latter-day Saints to observe more closely the commandment of the Lord given in the 68th section of the Doctrine and Covenants,

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism, and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents:

"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her Stakes which are organized;

"And their children shall be baptized for the remission of their sins when eight years old, and receive the laying on of hands;

"And they shall also teach their chil-

dren to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

"The children of Zion should also observe more fully the commandment of the Lord given to ancient Israel, and reiterated to the Latter-day Saints: 'Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'

"These revelations apply with great force to the Latter-day Saints, and it is required of fathers and mothers in this Church that these commandments shall be taught and applied in their homes.

"If the Saints obey this counsel, we promise that great blessings will result. Love at home and obedience to parents will increase. Faith will be developed in the hearts of the youth of Israel, and they will gain power to combat the evil influences and temptations which beset them."

Parents should take occasion every evening as far as practicable to inquire into their children's activities of the day. They should encourage them in good habits, tell them of statements made or experiences that are faith-promoting and good-habit forming. They should encourage them in proper associations. They should know with whom their children mingle, and what character and training their associates have. They should train their children to avoid temptation and to avoid being away during late hours. They should help them to develop moral courage and will power to choose the right course.

Ward Teachers' Message For 1936

SUBJECTS for the monthly messages of the Ward Teachers for the year 1936 have been announced by the Presiding Bishopric. The subjects selected are intended to direct the attention of all members of the Church to the application of gospel principles and Church standards in their daily lives.

The outlines are prepared as suggestions for Ward Teachers and not as the whole of the subject matter to be discussed. It is intended that when Teachers receive the messages they should use the printed message as a guide, read the references when such are given and then through prayerful study prepare themselves to go into the homes of the Saints and teach that phase of the Gospel selected for the month.

It is not intended that the printed messages should be left in the homes and none are provided for that purpose.

The subjects selected and the months in which they are to be discussed are as follows:

- January—The Obligations of Parents.
- February—Respect for Authority.
- March—Law Observance.
- April—Be Ye Clean.
- May—The Law of Tithing.
- June—"Honor the Sabbath Day."
- July—Spirituality and the Word of Wisdom.
- August—True Happiness.
- September—Honesty.
- October—"Lead Us Not Into Temptation."
- November—Thrift.
- December—Inventory Time.

The Teacher's Calling

It is quite evident that from the very beginning the Lord intended His children to grow in knowledge and power, as they grow in stature. To provide for this natural growth His plans were so arranged that each individual would have opportunity to grow and serve, spiritual growth being measured only by the individual's desire to gain knowledge.

Enoch was called in his youth and was led upon the mount where he received instruction which qualified

him to go among the people and preach repentance.

Joseph, who was sold into Egypt by his brethren, took advantage of his opportunity which came to him to grow in a knowledge of the country and people, and not forgetting the teachings of his father—having respect for the promises of God—became ruler of Egypt under Pharaoh.

Moses was preserved by the Lord and taken into the home of Pharaoh, where he had the advantage of the instruction of the learned men of the land. The mother of Moses, not being known to Pharaoh, was employed as a nurse, and with her spirituality and faith taught him to fear God and prepare for service in his kingdom. How well Moses responded to these teachings you can see through a study of the work he accomplished.

And thus we can refer to the history of the prophets of Israel to show that each in his turn was given opportunity in his youth to grow and develop. The Savior of the world was taught in his youth, and through his annual visits to the temple had opportunity to meet with the people and discuss with them the principles of the Gospel.

RESULTS OF FERVENT PRAYER

In this dispensation Joseph Smith, whose father belonged to one church and his mother to another, not knowing which church to join, and having faith in the promises of the Lord, went to Him in prayer, desiring to know what he should do. The result of this prayer should be known to every teacher in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Through Joseph Smith a summary of the duties of the teacher has been given to us, as follows:

"The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always, and be with and strengthen them;

"And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, back-biting, nor evil speaking;

"And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all members do their duty."

SPIRITUAL GROWTH

Thus we see how well the Lord has provided for our early spiritual growth. The privilege of visiting the homes of the members should afford opportunity to express our thoughts, to get acquainted with the Church members, and to cooperate with them in overcoming evil and building up the Church of God in the earth. We cannot gain salvation in ignorance of divine laws. Priesthood bearers must be advancing in knowledge faster than any others in order to properly fulfil our responsibilities.

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

Instructions to Presiding Officers in the Melchizedek Priesthood

THE Prophet Joseph Smith said by the spirit of revelation that "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance."—D. and C. 131:6.

The meaning of this expression is that a man cannot be saved in ignorance of the saving principles of the Gospel. That we may not be ignorant of these things the Lord has commanded us to study the scriptures and make ourselves familiar with doctrine, history and principle, in the law of the Gospel, in the following words:

"Also I give unto you a commandment that ye shall continue in prayer and fasting from this time forth.

"And I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom.

"Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the Gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand;

"Of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms."—D. and C. 88:76-79.

This is not a matter of option on the part of those holding the Priesthood, but the Lord has made it mandatory, and the field of research has been made very broad. Not only are we under obligation to study the Gospel in theory and practice but to become familiar with history past and present including the wars, rumors, and perplexities among the nations.

Our first duty, of course, is to know the will of the Lord as it is made manifest for our guidance. We must know the principles of the Gospel and understand the plan of salvation. We must make ourselves familiar with the dealings of the Almighty in all ages of the world. We are to understand, as well as it is possible, the writings of the ancient prophets. We are to know the words of prophecy, especially as they apply to our time and the present condition of the world. All of this knowledge will help to fortify us against the evils of our day. We are living in perilous times which have been predicted by our Savior and the ancient prophets. We have been commanded to study these conditions especially in their relationship to the restored Gospel and the purposes of the Lord as they are about to be fulfilled. Momentous

things are before us both in the Church and among the nations of the world. Events are moving rapidly; the prophecies of the Lord are being fulfilled. Preparations are being made for His coming. The world is becoming ripe in iniquity and our labor in trying to carry the Gospel to the people is increased.

There are too many of the brethren holding the Priesthood who are, apparently, indifferent to the dangers which surround us. We fail to comprehend the signs of the times because of the lack of background which is given in the sayings of the prophets. The Prophet Joseph Smith has said: "Salvation cannot come without revelation; it is in vain for anyone to minister without it. No man is a minister of Jesus Christ without being a prophet. No man can be a minister of Jesus Christ except he has the testimony of Jesus; and this is the spirit of prophecy. Whenever salvation has been administered it has been by testimony.—*History of the Church* 3:389-390.

The spirit of prophecy is to understand what has been given in the past as well as to receive the personal testimony in the present day. There is no excuse for men holding the Priesthood being ignorant of the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. Quorums of Priesthood are organized in part for the purpose of imparting instruction. When this duty is neglected and a spirit of indifference is shown by men who have been clothed with the Priesthood, the Spirit of the Lord withdraws from them and the knowledge they once had of spiritual things is taken away. Instead of knowing the things of the kingdom they are left in darkness. Alma has stated this truth in these words:

"And therefore, he that will harden his heart, the same receiveth the lesser portion of the word; and he that will not harden his heart, to him is given the greater portion of the word, until it is given unto him to know the mysteries of God until he know them in full.

"And they that will harden their hearts, to them is given the lesser portion of the word until they know nothing concerning his mysteries; and then they are taken captive by the devil, and led by his will down to destruction. Now this is what is meant by the chains of hell."—Alma 12:10-11.

Knowledge of the sciences, of art, literature or any secular learning, cannot compensate for the loss of spiritual truth. No matter how well educated men may be, if they neglect their duties in the Priesthood and refuse to seek learning of the things of God by "study and by faith," they will become subject to the power of the adversary and will fail to comprehend

the principles of the Gospel and darkness will take the place of light in their souls. They will be bound by the chains of hell.

The following suggestions were published for the benefit of the Priesthood in 1929. They are worthy of careful study at this time.

1. The Lord in all ages of the world has been willing to give instructions and guidance to the people by revelation if they would receive them.
2. To Adam was the Gospel taught, and by him his children were instructed in a "language which was pure and undefiled," and it was the purpose of the Lord that these teachings, with additional instruction, be given from generation to generation that the people might walk in the truth.
3. It was through transgression and apostasy that the knowledge of the Gospel was lost by the people.
4. The Lord has been under the necessity, from time to time, of restoring the truth, after its rejection by the people.
5. The Lord has spoken in all dispensations through his servants, the prophets, and records have been kept by divine commandment. These records are known as scripture. The Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price, are scripture. These books are the standards in doctrine for the Church.
6. In the teaching of the principles of the Gospel and the history of the Church, the teacher should both know his subject and be converted to its truth.
7. Without the influence of the Holy Ghost, no teacher is qualified to teach.
8. Faith in the principles of the Gospel and the doctrines of the Church are worth far more than scholastic training. Such training, without faith and conviction in these principles, is destructive of faith in the hearts of those who are taught.
9. Faith in God, in the atonement of Jesus Christ, in the mission of Joseph Smith as a prophet and restorer of divine truth, is essential to full fellowship in the Church.
10. Every incident bearing on the divinity of Jesus Christ should be sought for in the study of the history and doctrine of the Church.
11. Every incident bearing on the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith should be sought for in the study of the history and doctrines of the Church.

12. Joseph Smith, as a restorer, received the keys of—
 - a. The gathering of Israel.
 - b. Elijah's Priesthood.
 - c. Of the Dispensation of Abraham.
 - d. Of all dispensations from Adam to the Fullness of Times. (Doc. and Cov. 128:19, 21; Eph. 1:10.)
13. The revelation of Joseph Smith anticipated the discoveries of science. (Examples: Doc. and Cov. 88:34-45, and Sec. 89.)
14. Some of the prophecies of Joseph Smith have been fulfilled. (Examples: Doc. and Cov. Sec. 87; 2 Nephi 10.)
15. Students should be encouraged to confirm the doctrines of the Church and the facts of history through their own observance, faith, and direction by the Spirit of the Lord. Remember the Savior said: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

"TAPS" IN FLANDERS' FIELD

By O. F. URSENBACH, Liege, Belgium

Flanders' Field

By O. F. Ursenbach

IN Flanders' Field once poppies grew
Between the crosses row on row,
To mark the place. But here tonight,
Strong crosses made of marble white
Mark well the place.

America's Dead, who peaceful lie—
Who fought our fight—who dared
to die,
Ye shall yet feel the glow—the dawn,
When, on the resurrection morn
Ye shall arise—ye shall return
From Flanders' Field.

NEAR the little Flemish town of Waereghem, on the famed battlefield of Flanders, the American Government has established a rare and beautiful cemetery in which repose the bodies of 368 American soldier heroes who fell in the great war.

It will be remembered that the little town of Waereghem was literally destroyed, but today it is rebuilt and is quite modern.

Sponsored by the American Overseas Association, the observance of 1935 Memorial Day goes into history as an epochal event, especially to the thousands who were privileged to attend. The organization had generously provided free bus transportation, restricted to American citizens, from Brussels to the Cemetery and return, a distance of about one hundred kilometers.

The ever-changing pastoral vistas en route—fields, farms, gardens, foliage, and villages presented poetic tableaux to surpass the rarest imagination.

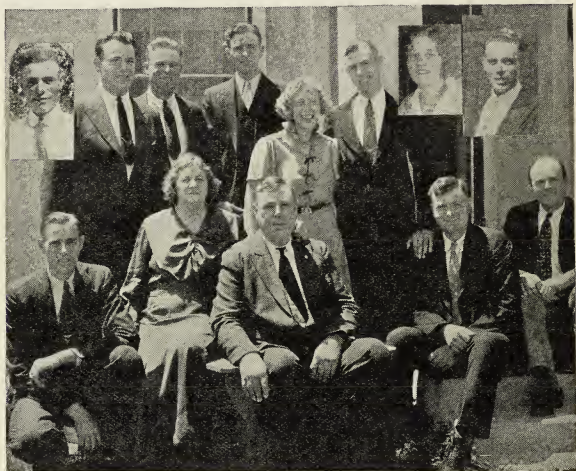
Five heavily loaded buses, carrying about two hundred Americans, arrived at the cemetery after a rapid three hour journey.

Besides the American caravan, there were military attaches from England, France, Italy, Belgium, and America, plus a heavy delegation of the Canadian Legion. There were in all in excess of two thousand people, mostly from Waereghem and vicinity, all having gathered to pay homage to America's dead.

As one enters the huge gates leading to the sacred burial ground, the first thing to greet the eye is "Old Glory" floating unsullied by the breeze. In the center of the tract stands a huge stone memorial, on the outside of which is inscribed: "Greet Them Ever With Grateful Hearts." On the inside are several very beautiful tributes, one of which reads: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave—I will redeem them from death." On the inner walls are tablets bearing the names of America's fallen heroes.

The program concluded with two thousand people standing, with heads bowed while from the distance, as though coming from a battlefield, the bugle corps sounded "Taps."

Missionaries from Paris, Liege, Brussels, Charleroi, Saraing, and Verviers were invited guests, each of whom was treated with courtesy. Those present were Octave F., Hannah, and Jocile Ursenbach, Boyd Van Noy, Ray M. Reeder, E. E. Perry, Donald Andrew, Arthur Aylworth, Don C. Brown, Mae Bean, Max Wheelwright, and Robert Moyle.



THE JOHNSONS, PRESCOTT, ARIZONA—AN ARIZONA MISSIONARY FAMILY

This entire family except two, and one of those died in infancy, have filled missions for the Church, and the father, Samuel Johnson, is Branch President.

Front row, left to right: Bernard LaVern, California Mission, Sacramento District; Cora May Alfred Johnson, the mother; Samuel J. Johnson, the father, president Prescott, Arizona Branch; Joseph Elbert, Southern States Mission, Mississippi; Ernest Fielding, Northern States Mission. Back row: Benjamin Redden, Southern States Mission, Alabama District, died 1926; Rufert Melvin, Southern States Mission, Florida District; James Gerlad, Southern States Mission, Kentucky District; Milford Ivan, Eastern States Mission, Pennsylvania District; Verna, California Mission; Lloyd Douglas, Australian Mission; Eldora, married James M. Shumway who filled a mission in Lloyd Mission; Samuel Glen, San Diego, California; Cyril, died in infancy.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

Training for the Priesthood

AN important part of the work of the Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors is the plan provided by the Presiding Bishopric for contacting eleven year old boys and preparing them to receive the Priesthood. It becomes the responsibility of the Bishopric and the ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee to see that every twelve year old boy is properly trained, prepared and worthy to receive the Priesthood when he becomes twelve years of age. During the period between his eleventh and twelfth birthdays every boy in the Church should be contacted by the Supervisor of the Deacons who should encourage his attendance at the Primary Association meetings and supplement this work with special training in preparation for the time when the boy will be eligible to receive this great honor.

The Primary Association has recently issued a very illuminating report giving the number of eleven year old L. D. S. Boys in practically all the stakes of the Church and the number who have graduated from the course designed to assist them in preparing for the Aaronic Priesthood. This report has been printed and sent to all stakes of the Church.

From reports received by the Presiding Bishopric it appears that not all of the wards of the Church are following the recommended plan with a result that many of these boys who have graduated from the Primary at twelve years of age and who have had excellent preparation for the Priesthood are not properly contacted by Supervisors and consequently are not made Deacons in the Aaronic Priesthood. It is urged that each stake and ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee give immediate and special attention to the plan of close co-operation with the Primary Association in receiving these boys as they graduate from the Primary class.

The plan also provides for the supervisors supplementing the work of the Primary Association in preparing the boy for ordination.

Excerpts from the Primary Survey Report are given herewith:

Quoting from the booklet "Aaronic Priesthood—Organization, Duties, and Standards," published by the Presiding Bishopric:

"For some months, at least, previous to the time when a person is selected for ordination to an office in the Aaronic Priesthood, the Bishopric and ward supervisors should have such person in training. He should have shown an appreciation of the privilege. He should have manifested faith in the Gospel, and evidenced

good habits. He should have shown willingness to do the things that may be asked of him. Before his name is presented, the Bishopric should be assured that he is prepared to fulfill these requirements. No one should be ordained to any office who does not understand the duties and responsibilities thereof. The Primary Association course for boys from eleven to twelve is designed to assist in this preparation for the priesthood. Close cooperation is urged between the supervisor of deacons and the leader of the Guide Class in the Primary Association, both in providing proper instruction and preparing for the ordination ceremony. It should be understood that although the Primary Associations are assisting in the preparation of young men for ordination, the responsibility still rests with the bishopric and supervisors to prepare the candidate for the priesthood as outlined above. When the bishopric is satisfied that the candidate is prepared to receive, or to be advanced in the priesthood, his name should be submitted to the congregations of the saints for approval."

Program

THE above mentioned program provides that a boy must meet the following requirements in order to be graduated from the Primary Association:

1. A boy must be twelve years of age or over.
2. He must have been baptized and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. (Exceptions might be made in case of non-members of the Church who wish to enter only the scout work.)
3. He should know all the Articles of Faith and be able to tell a little about each in his own words.
4. He should know the story of Aaron from the Bible and the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood in these latter days.
5. He should know what Priesthood means and show reverence and respect for those who hold it.
6. He should be able to open or close a meeting with prayer.
7. He should know something about the Word of Wisdom and be living it.
8. He should know the names of the authorities of the Church, general and in his own stake and ward, and their relationship to each other.
9. He should know something about the Law of Tithing and if a wage earner, he should be a tithing payer.
10. He should be ready to meet the Tenderfoot Requirements to become a Scout.

Branch Teaching

ONE of the important duties for the local priesthood in any branch is the assignment, under the direction of the branch presidency, of a pair of teachers to visit a certain number of families, (preferably not more than eight) of the saints each month, to encourage them to attend the various meetings, to present any message and instructions from the mission president, district president and branch presidency, to urge them to be faithful in the observance of their duties and to learn of any changes in the family or of any conditions needing the attention of the branch presidency. The faithful performance of this work of teaching each month among all the families is one of the most effective means of promoting faith and unity and peace among all members.

If possible, every family should be visited once a month. As this important duty is part of the duties of the Aaronic Priesthood, every person holding that priesthood should, as far as practicable, be called to assist in visiting the saints in their homes.

In every organized branch the presidency of the branch and the acting teachers should meet once a month at such time as will enable the presidency to report to the mission president immediately after the close of the month. This meeting might be held in connection with the last weekly priesthood meeting of the month. However, it is desirable to obtain each week in Priesthood meeting a brief report of progress. This need not require more than five minutes time.

Branch teacher's monthly report books will be furnished from the Presiding Bishop's Office on application, one for each pair of visiting teachers.

At the Branch Teachers' Monthly Report Meeting each pair of teachers should hand in the report sheet torn out from the report book. This should be in the larger branches, preferably be presented through the presiding teachers. With this sheet should be furnished, also, any other information obtained. For instance, there should be listed the names and addresses of any families that have moved into the branch and from what branch or ward, the names of persons removed and to what branch, ward or district, births, deaths, and marriages, cases of sickness, distress and trouble. If any of the teachers have any questions or suggestions they should be encouraged to present them.

Reports

FOR the year beginning September, 1934, and ending September, 1935, we received reports from one hundred and two of the stakes in the

Church. These reports in a condensed form are as follows:

1 STAKE	2 Total No. of 11 year old L. D. S. boys in stake	3 No. boys ac- tively follow- ing Guide Course of Study, result- ing in Graduation	4 No. boys baptized through Guide work
Alberta	59	57	
Alpine	68	64	
Bannock	28	24	
Bear Lake	57	57	
Bear River	92	84	1
Beaver	53	36	
Benson	114	100	2
Big Horn	40	32	
Blackfoot	58	37	
Blaine	17	16	1
Boise	93	50	1
Box Elder	126	110	2
Burley	65	54	
Cache	73	71	
Carbon	37	33	
Cassia	19	14	
Cottonwood	120	111	2
Curlew	4	1	
Deseret	66	59	
Duchesne			
East Jordan	99	51	
Emery	73	53	
Ensign	111	90	3
Franklin	74	73	
Garfield	44	44	
Granite	159	149	3
Grant	132	114	9
Gridley	19	18	2
Gunnison	49	40	
Hollywood	47	41	2
Hyrum	80	75	
Idaho	10	9	
Idaho Falls	133	112	2
Juab	42	39	
Juarez			
Kanab	27	13	
Kolob	45	42	2
Lehi	45	44	
Lethbridge	35	29	
Liberty	219	176	6
Logan	108	104	9
Los Angeles	74	50	6
Lost River	14	6	
Lyman	16	11	
Malad	52	45	1
Maricopa	116	106	
Millard	54	50	
Minidoka	63	49	
Moapa			
Montpelier	37	33	
Morgan	28	27	
Moroni	15	15	
Mt. Ogden	127	80	2
No. Idaho Falls..(Included in Idaho Falls)			
New York			
Nebo	68	53	
Nevada			
North Davis	71	67	
No. Sanpete	55	55	1
North Sevier	39	32	
North Weber	31	31	
Oahu			
Oakland			
Ogden	135	109	1
Oneida	63	61	
Oquirrh	78	67	3
Palmyra	90	84	1
Panguitch			
Parowan	40	36	1
Pioneer	110	27	5
Pocatello	126	103	7
Portneuf	39	26	

Raft River	15	14	
Rexburg	134	124	1
Rigby	88	76	
Roosevelt	36	29	
Sacramento	13	5	
Salt Lake	115	97	2
San Bernardino..	44	37	
San Francisco ..	33	31	
San Juan	29	26	
San Luis	43	43	
Sevier	29	26	
Sharon	53	48	
Shelley	73	63	3
Snowflake	42	42	
South Davis	69	61	
South Sanpete ..	41	41	
South Sevier	58	50	
South Summit ..	34	34	
Star Valley	53	47	
St. George	29	29	1
St. Johns			
St. Joseph	23	18	4
Summit	55	55	1
Taylor	43	43	
Teton	30	29	
Timpanogos	27	14	
Tintic	57	52	
Tooele	43	21	
Twin Falls	89	88	
Uintah	33	32	1
Union	137	106	2
Utah	43	39	
Wasatch	24	24	
Wayne	106	106	
Weber	145	112	7
Wells	81	57	
West Jordan	40	32	
Woodruff	56	50	
Yellowstone	14	14	
Young	41	31	
Zion Park			

Suggestions For Better Branch Teaching

THE work of branch teaching is one of the most important duties in the Church. No other labor requires greater tact, wisdom, charity, enthusiasm and inspiration to secure real success. It is important that all who hold the office of a teacher or any higher office in the priesthood should have the training and the labor of an acting teacher.

In connection with the weekly progress report, it is important that the effectiveness of branch teaching as

well as the extent of visits made shall be stressed. This, therefore, requires careful thought and attention on the part of the branch presidency. At each meeting some detail should be discussed that will be helpful to the teachers in securing the best results. Such detail should be correlated in such a way that every phase of branch teaching shall be considered in its order. Not only members of the branch presidency but also various branch teachers and Aaronic Priesthood supervisors should be appointed for different meetings to discuss some particular phase of the work.

Among other things to be considered under this heading are the qualifications which a branch teacher should develop, such as: love of fellowmen; love of the Gospel; knowledge of the Gospel; obedience to principles; persistence; tact; kindness; the importance of being clean—physically and morally. The teachers should seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit; pray together as companions before visiting; be prepared on special messages of Mission President and branch presidency; learn the instructions of the authorities and confine the discussion to the topics under consideration. They should not speculate, nor give a dissertation on some pet subject, nor discuss other people.

Ideals and principles are the main things to present. Make visits short and worth while. Make the visit convenient to each family; study each family and each individual; develop friendship for everyone visited; endeavor to meet each member of the family; invite brief discussion on the matters presented; leave a blessing in every home; obtain information of any changes in the family; if any dissatisfaction exists, try to remedy the same, if any trouble or distress prevails, express proper sympathy, and report to branch presidency in order that they may provide means of relief. If family is not at home, leave card advising of visit and inviting them to meetings. Seek the welfare of every family at all times. Make visits so brief and interesting that the families will appreciate a return visit. Keep careful record of visits made and report promptly.

MONUMENT TO PIONEERS OF BIG HORN BASIN AND AARONIC PRIESTHOOD, BIG HORN STAKE



MUTUAL



MESSAGES

General Superintendency

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

General Offices Y. M. I. A.
50 NORTH MAIN STREET
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General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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

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

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

For the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand

THIS inspiring theme of our conventions this year has touched the hearts of many. It has, we trust, brought renewed encouragement and hope to our officers and given them in a new way a vision of our great objective—to build up the Church of Christ by increasing faith and knowledge in the lives of its members.

That a literal Kingdom of Heaven is to be set up and that the King will come in glory to preside over that Kingdom there can be no doubt. How soon this great event will occur we may not say, but we are assured that it will come. This should bring comfort and hope to each one of us for ourselves, for the Church, and for the world.

And until this blessed time arrives, the Kingdom of Heaven may be with us in spirit if we but will it so. Through obedience to the laws of the kingdom, through service, through a constant seeking for truth and beauty and goodness, we may find an inner peace that only children of the King may know.

In a very practical way M. I. A. officers may inject this spirit into our program. Let us gently and joyously lead our members to be obedient to Gospel principles; let us point out opportunities for them to render serv-

ice to one another and to their fellows; let us help them to fill their days with the fine beautiful things life holds. Thus shall we give them a foretaste here and now of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is at hand; it is available for all who seek it.

Welcome the New Members and Visitors

ONE of the pleasant features inaugurated by M. I. A. ward officers is the appointing of certain members of the executive or department groups to receive and welcome the members as they come to the evening meeting. This makes for good cheer and comradeship and is the best possible beginning to the evening's program.

Yet, notwithstanding this thoughtful provision, occasionally a newcomer or visitor fails to receive the welcoming greeting. Recently we talked with a young girl who said, "I am a new member of my ward; twice I have been to Mutual and no one has spoken a word to me. I shall not go again." We invite all such not to be rebuffed by seeming inattention, but to go again and again and to make themselves acquainted with the good M. I. A. folks. At the same time we urge officers to be even more

careful than heretofore, to make special effort to meet strangers and the timid, backward people and extend to them a hearty greeting.

Gleaner Girls these days are thinking and talking about the Art of Hospitality and applying it to the home. But it is not confined to the home or to larger social functions; the true spirit of hospitality should pervade our religious gatherings as well. Latter-day Saints above all people are eager to reach out the hand of friendship and brotherhood to all who desire to join them in worship or play.

Social Events

THERE is a friendly, sociable spirit throughout the associations this year which is most gratifying. Everywhere reports are coming in of groups getting together for informal luncheons, receptions, "teas" or parties. (The Mormon "tea" by the way is conspicuous for the absence of that beverage. Can anyone suggest a better name?) We commend this spirit of sociability and the giving of these functions but suggest that as far as possible they be simple and inexpensive. They should always be held on a week-day evening or afternoon. The M. I. A. slogan of 1914, "We stand for a sacred Sabbath," is still our slogan. Let us keep Sun-

ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE MOWBRAY
M. I. A. CAPE DISTRICT OF SOUTH AFRICAN
MISSION AT CAPE TOWN



day different from the ordinary day. It is the Lord's day, primarily for worship and rest.

December Seventeenth

ALL officers are asked to keep in mind the three evenings set aside for presentation of our recreational activities—Music, Drama, Dancing. One of these, October 29, has passed but the two remaining—December 17 and March 31, should receive immediate attention. Make these outstanding events. These are your opportunities to enjoy the fine plays featured in this year's Drama program, the choruses—male, ladies, mixed—which it is hoped every ward is promoting, or the opera, "And It Rained," the special music feature; and the two lovely M. I. A. Dances. The latter might be taught on these occasions to your entire membership.

Suggestions For Opening Programs

THE opening program provides an excellent opportunity for the Community Activity Committee to function on Tuesday evening. Under the Executives this Committee has the responsibility and opportunity of utilizing the first twenty minutes to the best possible advantage.

They will wish to feature—First, the three major activities; and, second, the activities connected with the cultural courses in the departments, etc.

In this brief opening period there is time for one or more of the following:

A male, ladies' or mixed chorus, or singing of the M. I. A. Songs.

A brief scene from a play, (the regular M. I. A. plays or one from Junior Department).

A demonstration of one of the M. I. A. dances, or a phase of the Junior course in dancing.

One or more stories from the joint M Men-Gleaner department.

Speeches from the M Men Department.

Demonstration from "The Art of Hospitality," from the Gleaner Department.

A book review or the reading of a poem from the reading group.

A demonstration or description of a hobby.

A review of current events.

The order of program may be varied. Usually a spirited M. I. A. song or hymn precedes the prayer; or, the meeting may be opened with prayer, this followed by a chorus, reading or dramatic scene, and the congregational hymn or song sung just before the separation for departments. When the program is correlated through a continuity of

thought, its effectiveness is increased.

Care should be taken that these programs do not cover more than about twenty minutes so as not to interfere with department work.

The Missions

MORE and more the mission Mutual Improvement Associations are excelling in their work. Each week brings to the General Offices encouraging reports of accomplishments. The European Missions this year, more than ever before, are carrying on the regular program under the same plan as the stakes. Elder Aaron G. Nelson writes from Sweden:

"I am very happy to report to you that we are all ready to start with the M. I. A. work here in the Swedish mission on the 12th of Sept. It is the custom for the M. I. A. to hold their meetings on Thursday evenings instead of Tuesday evenings, as they are at home; this causes the two day difference. But we have things in pretty good condition and I feel very much encouraged.

"We have received the Manuals and instructions you sent us and are very thankful for the same. Some, quite a bit, has been translated so that is of use to our people now and more will be a little later on. The members of the Mission Board can read and understand a little English, too, so that will help a lot."

This is typical of other missions both in the United States and abroad.

General Board members, enroute to stakes, have visited points in the California, Northwestern, Central, and Northern States.

Adults

WE are approaching the mid-season of our Mutual work. It will not be amiss to mention again some of the main objectives of our Adult M. I. A. group. We are endeavoring to "learn to live joyously." In our case this involves the active participation of every member of our various groups in our mutual sessions. Are we all active?

Check your organization: at least

two class discussion leaders, one for the discussion on "Brigham Young," and one for discussion on "Reading;" a committee of two or more to increase membership in the Adult class, to call on absent ones who are or have been enrolled, and to do active missionary work in bringing new members to class—members or non-members of our Church. This committee may be a revolving one and give every member of the group a chance to participate on it during the season.

"He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul." (Prov. 15:32.)

It behooves the adult members of this Church to follow the Prophet's admonition, to "study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people" (Doctrine and Covenants 90:15; 93:53); to "seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith." (Doctrine and Covenants 88:118.)

We have spoken much about the changing social order and the speed of modern times; we have discussed the problem of keeping abreast of the hosts of young people whom we send to our high schools and colleges; we have wondered over our inability to understand and adjust the problems and attitudes of youth. It is not impossible to make our changing social order an opportunity for the development of a real culture the like of which has never been known in the history of the world's civilizations. It is not impossible to keep abreast of the main ideas of our public education. It is not impossible for adults to bridge the gap between youth and maturity, for the fathers and mothers set the standards for their children to follow and show the way. It does not take so much money or wealth to become truly educated; it does take a high purpose and constant effort. We are to work with our youth to "prove all things; (and) hold fast that which is good." (1 Thess. 5:21.) We are not to shut our minds and our souls to this present method of study.

We know that it requires almost superhuman effort to carry out our high purposes because of the many demands of our daily life. It is good to meet together often to bolster up each other in our search for truth and therefore we do well to take advantage of the many opportunities our M. I. A. offers.

Have a committee on socials, to study the social needs of the group and plan such activities as can be brought to successful completion; to make every member feel at home in the group, and to make each member feel acquainted with every other mem-



ber; to prepare for special programs, the Adult banquet, preparation for the Hobby Show; also to prepare for little informal surprises during regular evenings—a suitable game to close the hour's study, a light refreshment to celebrate a season of joy (just a glass of lemonade or a piece of pie), fifteen minutes with our favorite jokes.

Also have a committee for the encouragement of reading, including a librarian for the group, who will be responsible for the books and papers collected by the group. Could not a nucleus for an Adult Class library be made by having members donate some volumes they have that would be profitable for others in the group to read? Could not some bring their *Reader's Digests* and their *Eras* for use or reference by the group after they have read them? How many other articles are available? How about a class scrap book for news clippings? Remember, "whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come." (Doctrine and Covenants, 130:18, 19.)

We as a people are perhaps as good as any other group there is; if we could combine with that goodness, by our study, a knowledge and culture as great as some other groups have attained, we should indeed be outstanding beacons for a world to follow. That is our aim.

"Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body. As by the one health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated, by the other virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished and confirmed."—Addison.

"Books are waste paper unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from them."—Washington.

"Learn to live joyously."

SUCCESS

By Bessie A. Stanley

He has achieved Success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men, the trust of pure womanhood and the love of little children; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has looked for the best in others and given them the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, his memory a benediction.

Senior

Merry Christmas

MAY joy come to you at this holiday time. May His peace be with you and yours and may you find in Him solace.

Modern Prose

AND here come Christmas and the holidays!

Long evenings under the reading lamp for many people, little groups around the fire place or stove, good books, good magazines, good folk tales told by relatives and friends!

On December 3, if mutuals are on schedule, "The Enjoyment of Modern Prose" will be discussed in the Senior class. Then, if the mutuals run according to schedule, there will be no other reading course lesson until January as our two Tuesday evenings fall on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve. This class then should serve as a stimulant for holiday reading in both prose and poetry. We hope that more books will enter the homes of our people this year via the Christmas tree than ever before.

Here are three books highly recommended: "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh," by Franz Werfel, "The Pumpkin Coach," by Louis Paul, a delightful story of America; "Jane Addams," by Winifred Wise, one of the recent biographies of a great woman; "North to the Orient," by Ann Morrow Lindbergh, a travel book that will take the reader to thrilling adventure; "Will Rogers," Ambassador of Good Will, Prince of Wit and Wisdom, by P. J. O'Brien; "Brazilian Adventure," by Peter Fleming, if you wish to visit South America.

While reading these books, if you do read them, or any book, use your pencil and mark those passages which reveal the author's mastery of words and his originality in expressing ideas or presenting a picture.

By the way, did you read Adah Roberts Naylor's brief article in the November *Era*: "Books are Masters?" Mrs. Naylor does something fine there. Don't miss it. What have you read that really touches the soul? May we not know?

A Superior Culture

YOUR one lesson from the manual in December, if you follow the outlined program, will be, "Conditions

The Historian Speaks

By Claire Stewart Boyer

I WOULD dig gold
from the mountains of courage
And scatter the gold dust
on the trails of the weary;

I would pan gold in the
streams of faith
And bring my nuggets to
the doubtful;

I would gather gold from
the hearts of humanity
And coin it for future
ages.

Necessary for the Development of a Superior Culture."

Dr. Geddes, author of the text, has pointed out some needs if a community is to develop a superior culture. He has pointed out, however, that nothing can be accomplished well without the cooperation of the people in a community. Have you cooperated? Are you really doing anything to make your community better?

In many sections of the Church there are urban communities surrounded by smaller towns and communities. Those communities might well read suggestion No. 4 on page 63 and actually do something about it. For instance, light, water, gas, books, magazines, lectures, night classes, picture shows, and many other things might be made available by means of the proper kind of cooperation.

The Senior Committee of the General Board are eager to see this class this winter bear fruit in the form of better communities in which our people may live. They would like to know of any changes for the better that may have been made as a result of this work in the Senior Department. They hope that class members will add to their faith works.

M Men-Cleaner

The Story As Illustration

MEN-CLEANER who have come along this far in the use of the short story no doubt have at their command lists of stories which may be held in reserve for every occasion. They should have.

Six centuries before Christ a man lived who furnished scores of these illustrative stories. His name was Aesop, and his name has been a household word for generations. His stories have become so well known that no longer do we need to tell them—we merely have to refer to them by their titles to make ourselves understood. They are still useful as illustrative stories. It might be interesting to get a book of Aesop's Fables and review some of them.

In illustrating what is meant by difference in point of view, how many times has the old story about the six blind men and the elephant been told? You will remember it, no doubt. Six blind men went to visit the elephant and each came away with a different tale to tell of what an elephant is like because each had touched the beast at a different place, and all were right. One said he is like a fan; one that he is like a tree; one that he is like a rope; one that he is like a wall; one that he is like a huge snake; and one that he is like a bar.

Dr. George H. Brimhall was ever an adept at bringing into his speeches

and conversation little stories of everyday life which illustrated what he wished to say. In showing the difference between a person who is grateful enough to pray and one who is not, he told the story of the lark and the worm; in illustrating what he had to say about pretending to be going in one direction and actually going in another, he illustrated by telling a story of the man who was walking towards the rear of a moving freight train on top of the cars while it was in motion. These stories of his, as has been suggested before, are to be found in the book, "Long and Short Range Arrows."

Expertness in using stories for illustration—presenting the known in explanation of the unknown—comes with practice. This course will not help those much who do not actually put their teaching into practice and thereby get training in the art.

Gleaners

TO Gleaner Leaders: In teaching the Art of Hospitality the true test of your leadership will lie in the artful way in which you have the girls demonstrate the material which is to be learned. During this month every girl in the class should be searching for games and entertainment which could be successfully used at a home party. Committees should be assigned to plan and work up games to be conducted within the class on this Gleaner night. Surely every Gleaner leader can remember one evening at someone's home where she played a game that made her put that event down as a red letter memory. Bring those games to life again. Where Public Libraries are available there will be found on the bookshelves books of all kinds and descriptions pertaining to parties and functions of different kinds. The energetic Gleaner Leader will search these out and bring them to her class. Let the girls play them as if it were a party in their own homes. One Gleaner class leader, Miss Margaret Sorenson in Salt Lake Stake, has watched her group of Gleaner Girls grow week by week from a membership of 13 to 39. Sister Sorenson does not stand before her group and tell them about the use of games in entertainment, nor does she extol the benefits of game playing, but each night she makes assignments, being very careful to use different girls each time, fully to prepare in activity and demonstration the suggested work.

On the night "When Friends Drop In" a committee of this group decided to conduct the affair down in the kitchen of their ward just as if it were in one of their own homes. They made candy, and pulled it; they had a mother come in, just as if she were the mother in the home, and she talk-

ed to them about how she felt in regard to her daughter's friends, and then one of the girls in conversational style, told the members of her class just how she felt girls should treat their parents when their friends dropped in.

On the night of January 21, the subject matter is "The Life of the Party." A committee of three should be appointed to conduct the program. Let that committee have as many helpers as are needed; let them plan table games; let them actually make introductions. It might be a good beginning to the evening's work if the Gleaner teacher would lead in a short discussion of just what the individual's responsibility is, when in the company of others, toward making the evening a success.

These parties that are held on Gleaner night must not incur any expense, and with a little ingenuity on the part of the teacher, a little wise directing, and a few helpful suggestions she can be, without making it too apparent, the ideal example of a charming hostess who makes every Gleaner girl in her class feel that she is necessary to success of the evening.

Inasmuch as the subject matter for this evening is "The Life of the Party," the leader must be particularly careful to guard against having one or two shining lights who usurp the entire attention. Actually the life and the spirit of the entire evening may be kept at full swing, only if every girl has a chance to participate, and if not conduct her own favorite game, at least be an active participant in the games which are played.

Teach the girls by example the courtesy of expressing gratitude for having a delightful time. Remind them that no gracious guest ever leaves the home of her hostess without also acknowledging to the parents of the hostess that she has appreciated their kind hospitality. Do not talk about things which should be done in the Art of Hospitality, but let the Gleaner Girls have the benefit of practice in doing them. This is the best way to give them poise and self-confidence which are two of the requisites in the charming hostess.



Juniors

December 10th— "Attuned to Nature"

THIS evening's lesson offers us a chance to learn while we play. We refer you to the nature games to be found in the Bee-Keepers' Handbook. If you live in a part of the country that is under a blanket of snow this time of year, pictures of trees and leaves will have to be used in place of real ones.

We hope everyone has been working on the assignment made last week. Two members of the Junior Committee have already thought about it and submit the following:

THE DAWN WIND

At two o'clock in the morning if you will open your window and listen, You will hear the feet of the wind that is going to call the sun, And the trees in the shadow rustle and the trees in the moonlight glisten, And though it is deep dark night, you feel that the night is done.

Back comes the wind full strength,
With a blow like an angel's song—
Gently, but waking the world as he shouts

"The Sun! The Sun!"
And the light floods over the fields
And the buds begin to sing,
And the wind dies down in the grass,
It is day and his work is done.

—Rudyard Kipling.

"THE MORNING BREAKS"

"The Morning Breaks" — that's what I heard the choir singin' about once, an' I just got to wonderin' what made it break. I've often thought I'd like to go over the mountain where it comes from an' see if there's somebody there that breaks it. It don't seem exactly like it would just naturally break itself every day an' never miss.

"An' I wonder, too, how it feels about breakin'." I heard Sis a sayin' when Bob went away as how her heart was a breakin' an' she sure wouldn't want to be agoin' through it every morning, I'm thinkin', the way she acted over it just that once. Of course, maybe mornings ain't like hearts, but I've noticed that the sky gets all red just as the breakin' begins, an' I wonder if it could be the life-blood of the morning that's floodin' out an' tingin' the whole east.

"Say, an' what do you suppose the good in all this breakin' is, anyway? I get out nigh every morning to see it break, an' I've just about made up my mind it's mostly done to make the sky beautiful for us to look at. The red comes first—just in little pinkish touches an' then they get redder an'

redder an' spread out over the whole wide of the sky, an' while they are doin that, bars of silver an' gold begin to sort of shootin' into it till they crowd the red all out an' just melt into one great shinin' glory an' then the sun pops up an' it's day.

"I never thought of it before, but maybe the morning breaks just to get a pretty pathway ready for the day to come in, 'cause I don't suppose the day would want to come a stumblin' along in the dark. An' maybe it likes to have folks know it's just about here so when the morning breaks it's a sort of introduction for it.

"I guess there ain't much use a wonderin' all these things, but how can a fellow help it when he knows the morning's breakin' every day an' yet he's never seen it bust!"—*Bertha Roberts.*

Explorers and Scouts

Explorer Troop 268 Has Outstanding Record

WITH music as one of its major "expeditions," but with a splendid record in all of its activities, Explorer Troop 268 of Wilford Ward in Grant Stake is an outstanding example of the Explorer troops of the Y. M. M. I. A. This fine group has within its ranks Eagles and other Scouts of high rank and conducts its affairs in complete harmony with the best traditions of Scouting.

During the past year Troop 268 has furnished the music for sessions of the M. I. A. June Conference, has given several contests and was selected as a singing troop to go to the Silver Jubilee Jamboree at Washington. When the Jamboree was postponed, a large number of the boys joined in the Jamboree trip to New York and brought much favorable publicity to the Salt Lake Council contingent.

Raymond Christopher, Eagle Scout, is conductor of the chorus and every member of the troop sings in the group. There has been no selection of voices. Nearly a hundred engagements have been filled in the last year. The group is shown in the picture as it appeared at the M. I. A. June Conference with Dr. George J. Fisher, Deputy Chief Scout Executive of the National Council as the guest of honor.

Bee-Hive Girls

WE are sending hearty wishes,
But we owe so much to you,
For your loyal cheery service
That a million more are due.

May the best of all life's blessings,

The warmth of Christmas cheer
Be yours for this glad season

And throughout the coming year.
Let our religious thought for the month be the story of Jesus. Each evening before beginning activities or as the girls sit preparing Christmas gifts, let the Bee-Keeper or members of the group, previously assigned, read or tell scenes from the life of the Master. See especially Matthew, Chapters 2 and 3, and Luke, Chapter 2. If time permits, stories of His later life may also be used.

Remembering those likely to be forgotten at Christmas time would make Christmas more what it should be. The forgotten ones are not always the poor, but often the lonely and those away from home. A kindly gift, a simple card, word, or happy song may cast a vast amount of cheer.

Have you ever tried caroling with your Bee-Hive Girls? Did you ever prepare food and clothing for a poor family? One Swarm made a warm quilt for a lonely blind man, each girl making a block. They were repaid when they saw him caress each block. Another Swarm made Christmas cards and sent them like fairies with good wishes to the lonely. Another provided a trimmed tree for a needy family. See the November *Era* and *Hand Craft* for *Every Woman*, by Glenn J. Beeley, for Christmas gift making.

You will want to get together for a frolic during the holidays. See December *Era*, 1934. Here is a party suggestion:

"It's not exactly what you say
But how you say it,
Nor yet exactly what you play,
But how you play it,
And life is not how long you live,
But how you live it.
A party isn't what you give
But how you give it."

Invitation sent by Bee-Keeper to the Bee-Hive Girls:

EXPLORER TROOP NO. 268, WILFORD WARD,
GRANITE DISTRICT



Just for Christmas we have resolved to be children once more with a Christmas tree, and we want you Bee-Hive Girls to dress like toys such as clowns, teddy bears, woolly lambs. Each is to wear a card marked with "love from" and the name. The girls may carry toy fives, drums, whistles, mouth organs, combs. The Bee-Keeper will dress like little girls with rag dolls. The toys will act their parts as stiff mechanical toys. Old-fashioned romping games can be played, such as musical chairs, spin the plate. Prizes will be given for the best characters.

A few suggestions for the tables:

Place cards are red cardboard stockings, containing an assortment of gifts cut from magazines. These can be made to create much merriment. The centerpiece is a fat red stocking of leatherette trimmed with cotton, holly and snow. It is brimming with small favors, each attached to a ribbon connected with the small stocking place cards. Nursery rhymes and jingles may have a place in your table program. In your menu don't forget animal cookies, suckers, Santa.

A Game—On the Christmas Tree:

The articles must be on the tree so it will be easier to guess.

1. John Barleycorn's father.
2. A metal and a word meaning "to vend."
3. A container and a meadow.
4. A title, a letter and digit.
5. A strip and a French word meaning "good."
6. A popular drama of several seasons ago.
7. The name of a famous inventor.
8. A synonym for "here."
9. A famous old depository.
10. A bed and a measure.
11. This has its points.
12. This is something base.
13. This is often the root of things.
14. This is a sound idea.
15. This might be a telegram.
16. This is an aid to walking.

Answers:

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| 1. Popcorn | 9. Stocking |
| 2. Tinsel | 10. Cotton |
| 3. Candle | 11. Star |
| 4. Mistletoe | 12. Ball |
| 5. Ribbon | 13. Electric Bulb |
| 6. Rain | 14. Horn |
| 7. Bell | 15. Wire |
| 8. Present | 16. Cane |

From the Field

MOTHERS' and Daughters' Party given by Swandena Swarm of Guardians of Richards Ward, Granite Stake.

Our object was to fill a Bee-Line in putting over our Mothers' and Daughters' Party. In looking over the Bee-Lines we found in the field of Home, Bee-Lines No. 22. We asked each girl to hand in a Menu for a five-course dinner. We selected that which we thought would be the cheapest and easiest to serve.

Menu:

Fruit Cocktail.
Cream tomato soup—crackers.
Pear and cheese salad—wafers.
Meat loaf, mashed potatoes, gravy, peas and carrots, rolls, relish, beef pickles.
Chocolate wafer roll.

For favors, the girls made celluloid dolls for their mothers (a celluloid doll with crocheted yarn dress and cap). Our special guests also received a doll. These were made during the summer season. To finance the dinner we sold dance tickets on commission, and the girls furnished something of about 25c in value.

In setting the table we had a gold bee-hive in the center with blue and brown streamers going to each doll, and gold candles. The place cards were made by one of the Bee-Hive Girls (a small bee-hive painted gold and brown), tied on the arm of each doll. The girls served the dinner, three girls to each course. The two bee-keepers cooked it. We had a short introductory program, in the side room before the dinner was served. Musical numbers were furnished by the girls, during the dinner.

During the past summer all the girls have earned their 14 honor badges. When this winter's work is completed the girls will have the distinction of all being Honor Bees.—*Lenora Fox, Gladys Gudmundson, Bee-Keepers.*

"Fer Oncl"

(Continued from page 733)

A whimper from the bedroom caught her sharp ears. In an instant she was beside Helen's bed. There was a pallor on the little cheeks that even the sickly oil lamp could in no way account for. In sudden panic she set the lamp on a chair and dropped to her knees beside the bed. Her accustomed eyes caught the faint fluttering of the pulse in the little throat. She knelt, breath suspended, watching, watching—a long, long minute, then the fluttering became more regular, the breathing easier. The child presently opened her eyes.

"Mama."

"Yes, darling," bending her head to catch the faint sound.

"I dreamed Santa Claus came and brought me a doll with real hair. He was dressed—in white—an'—had wings with spangles on 'em."

"No, no, darling! not with wings, not with wings."

"I didn't hear you, Mama."

"Go—to sleep. That's—that's a good girl. Santa will come with your doll."

When the breathing was normal she went to the boys' bed. They were both awake.

"Has Santa come yet?" Ben asked, sniffing inquisitively.

"No, an' he won't if you don't go to sleep."

The youngster buried his head in the bedclothes.

"Ma, is Helen bad?" Joe asked anxiously. Susie swallowed hard.

"She's restless. I wish you'd get into my bed so you can watch her."

The boy slipped out of his bed and patted across the cold floor. He snuggled in beside Baby but turned his face toward his sister's crib. Susie tucked them in.

"I'll leave the light," she whispered, "An' if she changes call me."

Turning the light low she placed it on the bureau and tip-toed out.

What could she do—what could she do? If he would only have sense enough to stay at Jolly's—but he wouldn't. If he got that far nothing would keep him back. Peeping into the bedroom first to be sure all was well, she slipped into some overalls and put on a coat. Opening the door she slipped through and closed it behind her. For a moment she pressed hard against it, struggling to stand. Then clutching the wall for support she felt her way to the corner of the house. As she stepped from its shelter the wind struck, tooth and nail, cutting her face with its sharp, blinding icicles and driving them ruthlessly up her sleeves and under her collar. Remembrances of other such storms paralyzed her reason. Panic leapt suddenly and overwhelmed her. Out there, somewhere on that moaning flat was Jim—and Helen's doll. She must go meet him, find him, do something. If she rode Nell maybe she could find him. The stable was only a little way. Turning she started toward it. With her coat for a canvas the wind made short work of the distance. There—the stable—was—somewhere—here.

Out of the blackness hands suddenly clutched at her coat. She jerked back with a terrifying scream that muffled out in embarrassment. A woman her age, and screaming over the pasture fence; but, that meant she had missed the corral entirely. Holding to the wire for support she tried to think. If she couldn't keep her bearings for two hundred yards what could she do on the flat? There was no use trying. She must think of something else.

She turned into the face of the storm and with a grim prayer for help fought her way step by step back up the slope. She hoped she was going in the right direction but wasn't sure of it. Every two or three steps she turned her back to the wind to ease her breathing. Distances are greater in a storm but surely the house should be—near. Then way to the right she saw light from an open doorway. Dimly it called to her through the madly driving flakes. When she reached it Joe was standing there, whitefaced and shivering.

"Is Helen—"

"She ain't no worse," he stammered, teeth chattering with cold.



"but I was scared—I heard you go out—," but she was reaching for the match box.

"I got an idee," she cried feverishly. "I got an idee. You stay here an' watch Helen."

"Whur you goin'?" he whimpered. "You can't go out—it's too black—."

"I'm goin' to set fire to that there old chicken house—."

"But, Ma, you can't. Dad'll be

sore. All his new fence posts are in there."

"That's the reason—that open door give me an idee."

"It won't burn in this storm."

"Maybe not, but I'm tryin' it. I'm going crazy doin' nothin'." As she talked she had lighted the lantern and taken from back of the door a coal oil can.

"Push the door to after me," she told Joe breathlessly, "an' watch Helen and keep the fire goin'."

She made her way to a small dilapidated shed where were stored some quaken asp posts cut for fencing. It was only a few rods from the house, but, she remembered, the wind was right. Against the shed was a pile of small branches and trimmings from the posts. Groping her way inside she found the shed quite dry; the trimmings had sheltered it.

AIDED by the faint glow from the lantern she gathered some dry chips and piled them against the posts. On the chips she laid sticks of wood. Then opening her oil can she saturated her pile. After repeated efforts with matches she got a flare that caught the oil soaked wood. The draft fanned it to a blaze. Carefully she twisted a dozen posts so their one end was in the fire. Over the whole she flung more oil. More quickly than she had dared hope the place was in flames and she had to retreat. Vaguely outlined against its uncertain glare she watched and waited. Her fingers were stiff with cold, her

feet and legs had long since lost all feeling. The wind whipped and tore at her shabby coat. Her breath, rasping in her throat, rose and fell spasmodically.

If the storm didn't put the fire out—if Jim wasn't already down—if the glow could be seen through this storm curtain—if it would burn long enough—oh, dear God, if—.

Pushing back to the door she stood with her back to it and watched the blaze mount slowly, slowly, hesitatingly, and then enthusiastically. The posts meant Jim's every spare minute for the entire summer and fall. Sheep would ruin the crop again—it couldn't be helped—it didn't matter—nothing mattered except that point of light—and a doll with real hair. He should come now—he must come now, while the flame is its brightest. If he didn't—if the snow put the fire out too soon—it couldn't! It must find him; but things didn't usually turn that way for them. This time the breaks had to be with them. Joe, who had come out and was watching with his hand in hers writhed under the grip of her fingers.

"Git to bed," she told him hoarsely.

"I'll watch with you."

Now the wall of the shed was gone. The pile of trimmings were catching; they were burning—no, the snow on them was putting the fire out. Snatching the broom she rushed out with a wild idea of sweeping the snow away. It was too icy, too deep. With the broom handle she tried to stir the fire, she tried to pry up half burned posts and branches. She blew lustily as if to fan the embers. The wind gleefully, maliciously snatched her puny effort and hurled it into nothingness across the flat; then with damp finality smothered her fire.

"Ma," from the doorway.

No answer.

"Ma, you can't do any more. Come in. Please come in, Ma. I'm freezing."

She stood, rooted to the spot; the cold creeping up and up over her numb feet, through her limbs to her tired, helpless will.

"Mother," the boy was weeping wildly. "Come on in. Come in—you've done all you can." He stumbled toward her whimpering with tear at this vision of agonized defeat. Even as he put out his

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Christmas
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hand to touch her she poised, electrified. One spring and she was around the fire facing the inky blankness. Then Joe heard it, a faint, uncertain "hoo-oo." He rushed inside and dropping by the stove sobbed brokenly, "He's come—he's come."

Loudly, persistently Susie's guiding cry went tearing through the storm. Faintly, persistently, more loudly, more closely the answer came. Threshing heavily the man emerged from the night. Joe opened the door for them. The man dropped exhausted to a chair while she swept some of the hard crust from his boots and overalls. Joe took the bundle from his nerveless fingers and laid it gingerly on the table. Then Susie turned to him. "You can go to bed now."

THRILLED with the warmth and thankfulness of her voice Joe scampered back to her bed. When the bedroom door had closed the man raised his gaunt head.

"I smelled the smoke even 'fore I saw the light. I wasn't fur away but guess I'd been goin' in circles.

I left the team to Jolly's, I knew they'd never make it."

"Did you—why didn't you stay there?"

"Well," slowly, "I knowed you'd be waitin'."

Her fingers were fumbling with the frozen knot in the flour sack. She drew forth a package stamped, addressed, plastered with labels.

"Why, it's—"

"Yeh. It's from your Ma. I went to the post office the first thing and the parcel was there. I tore a hole in one end to make sure about the doll. Mrs. Jolly give me the sack to carry it in." He fished in an inner pocket and drew forth a paper dollar. "Here's yer money; an' give me somethin' to eat. I ain't had a bite since I left here."

But Susie did not hear him. Her eyes were devouring the gorgeous vision she'd taken from the package. Not in all her dreams had she visioned anything so beautiful. Her voice thickened with throaty sobs.

"Fer onct," she whispered brokenly, "she can have jest what she wants. Fer onct!"

A Scientist Looks at the Mysteries

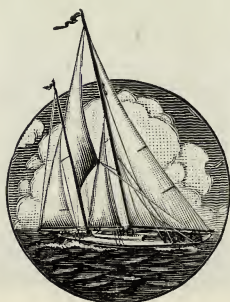
(Continued from page 727)

than to believe in a God, which belief I cannot explain. Such a belief in God was intellectually much easier when little was known about this physical universe.

THE facts of astronomy, and I have had sufficient contact with them to convince me without a doubt that they are real, tell us that the distances to the planets are hundreds of millions of miles, although light comes from them in just a few minutes. Yet the light from the nearest stars take years to reach us, and that from the farthest stars millions of years—and all of these stars belong to our universe! The great nebulae which we can see lie beyond our universe forming great separate universes, and we are now told there are millions of these separate universes. The mind is just lost in trying to comprehend this fact. If one is honest in his thinking he cannot help but ask the question, "Where is God located in this vast

expanse?" There is no satisfactory answer.

Contemplate the infinitely small world among the atoms and electrons and you will discover that each atom is a tiny universe, containing a nucleus which has been found to have a very complicated structure. About the nucleus rotate from 1 to 100 electrons like planets revolving around the sun. The distance to the electrons compared to the diameter of the nucleus is about the same as the distance to the planets compared with



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the diameter of the sun. Therefore it is appropriate to call each atom a tiny solar system. Billions of these tiny solar systems can be laid side by side on the top of a pinhead, and each one has its separate identity and takes its place

and carries out its function in forming the matter with which we are concerned every day. In most solids these tiny systems line up in a systematic order forming beautiful crystalline structures with which you are familiar. One might ask, "Is God located somewhere among these tiny worlds where such order and system prevails?" The question may sound foolish but it seems to me just as logical as the former question about His place in the larger universes. The very nature of God makes it impossible to answer such questions. One can easily work himself into a very disturbing state of mind by such thinking whether he has or has not a belief in God. However, because we cannot answer these questions it would be foolish to conclude there is no such Being. So we see there are difficulties, either in believing or in not believing in a God, no matter which way we turn if logical thinking is our only guide.

Fortunately there are other things that come to our assistance when logic fails us. One of these is "love that passeth understanding," spoken of earlier; and the other is faith in things we cannot understand. We understand some of the processes that cultivate these subtle influences, but why they should form such an important part of the lives of those who live life abundantly is a mystery which God alone understands. Let me emphasize that once one has established a firm faith in the three

things I have been talking about, namely, Jesus the Man God, Jesus the resurrected, and God the Father of us all, then the step to the rest that Mormonism teaches is to my mind a simple and logical one.

THIS brings me to the second part of my subject, namely, the purpose of life for man. Lehi, that great character in the Book of Mormon, in giving his last blessing and advice to Jacob, his son, among other things told him that "Men are that they might have joy." I am proud to be a Mormon when I realize it has brought out such a statement as this. It is one of the briefest and most definite statements of the grand objectives of Christian living ever written. God in his wisdom has seen fit to make faith in God and love of fellowmen play an important role in fulfilling this purpose of life. I shall not try to tell you why, but I testify that these two subtle influences have enriched every day of my life and without either of them life would be empty indeed.

As referred to earlier, Adam was placed on earth to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and this purpose applies to all of his descendants, and is one of the prime purposes of life. It is necessary to work and work hard (do not forget the sweat on the brow to provide for food, clothing, and shelter for yourself and family). Sometimes I have heard some of our good brethren condemn themselves somewhat because they did not drop their everyday work and devote themselves entirely to God's work, thinking that what they do on Sunday is the only work which is God's work. If any of you feel that way, remember in doing your daily work you are fulfilling one of God's first commandments, and also one of the prime purposes of life.

This new revelation enlarges the original command and says that in doing this our daily work, we can get joy out of life instead of drudgery, if we but apply the proper principles. The details of how to do this would require another paper, but the fundamental principles that enter are love and faith. These two words, together with the one just discussed, namely, work, when put together give the proper guide for attaining

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the joy which was intended for each of us. These three words were fastened in my mind one night in such a way that I shall never forget them.

It happened some time ago, before I realized the great import of the lesson taught by the story of the prodigal son. I was still expecting rewards for my good deeds, rather doting on them, and had had a great disappointment. I had received unjust censure when I had expected praise, and I lay awake most of the night following the incident, pondering upon the injustices of the world. It did not seem to pay to be good. I even doubted the wisdom of striving for any of the Christian virtues, even that simple honesty is the best policy, and then concluded if these are true then life is not worth living. It was toward the early hours of the morning when all the daily activities of living were quieted when I had reached this pessimistic state of mind. Then there came to me these words so forcibly that they have formed sort of a slogan for me since that time. They are as follows: approach your problems with *Love* in your heart for those concerned; work; have faith that God will give you ample reward.

You cannot expect to get the greatest joy in this life if in your everyday work you are compelled to trample upon or injure someone else to earn bread for yourself and your family, if you cannot by the nature of your work have love in your heart for those with whom you come in contact. You say that is a very high ideal and quite impractical in business! Indeed, it is, for I am talking of high ideals. The amount of joy which was intended for you which you actually receive will depend upon how near you can approach the ideal. I can have considerable sympathy for you who have been entrenched in a certain line of work so long that it is almost impossible to change even though you have found conditions such that it is hard to attain the happy condition in life to which I have been referring. To such, let me say, that you can do much to change conditions if you go about it with attitudes I have described. You will be surprised to find how contagious a "love your neighbor as yourself" attitude becomes when exercise in the practical affairs of life.

TO those who are just venturing into world affairs, who are ambitious to be successful, let me say: consider well how you will earn your daily bread. If your job is such that faith and love cannot be cultivated, stop and consider, see if you cannot find another situation in which you can better fulfil the purpose of life.

Thus we see that life still contains mysteries which the human mind cannot understand. Some of these are involved in the fundamental facts and doctrines of our Church in particular, and Christianity in general. A belief in them is essential for a full rich life, that is, for fulfilling the purposes of life. This belief can only be arrived at by faith in God, and will not be achieved by logical thinking alone. There seems to be a divine purpose in closing some of these things to our understanding and thus permitting faith to play the important role that it does in life. Although life holds these mysteries its purposes for man on this earth are clear and definite and may be summed up in three great words: Love! Work! Faith!

It is my firm belief that he who will live by the principles implied by these three words will surely find purpose in life and experience great joy in realizing that he is doing well the part planned for him in the great scheme of things.

It is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas when its mighty Founder was a child Himself.—*Dickens.*

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I WILL honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year.—Charles Dickens.

Christmas Knight

(Continued from page 729)

of buying presents for the school children. Eileen had furnished him with a list—so many books, a couple of pocket knives, bead necklaces, and dolls. He hoped that everything he bought wouldn't be in poor taste and was quite sure that it would be.

THE weather observer cheerfully predicted "a real Christmas snowstorm" for the next day so Bob arose early in order to make a good start. A heavy snowstorm seen through a window from before an open grate was very delightful. Struggling through one in the canyon was an entirely different matter.

By noon he had reached "Martin's place" about two-thirds of the distance home. Martin was a man in his fifties who lived all alone. He had never been married and declared that he never wanted to be. For company he had two dogs and a radio which he maintained could be shut off at will and that was more than you could say of a wife. He was surprisingly well read and Bob had always enjoyed spending an hour or so with him when he was passing through the canyon.

He decided to stop now to rest and feed his horses and get a bite of hot lunch for himself. The wind had been blowing flurries of snow in his face rather lavishly and he was chilled through.

Martin was genuinely glad to see him. He enjoyed occasional company but said that he needed too much elbow room to live in town, even in a town where the houses were likely to be half a mile apart.

The horses were cared for first and then Bob was invited to a steaming hot dinner. He enjoyed it as only a person can who is chilled and hungry. He would have liked to linger for a while by the warm fire but the growing storm outside made him apprehensive. In less than an hour he arose and began drawing on his wraps.

Martin looked up in surprise. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Your horses are all right."

mas. This would give him one full day in Marquard for his business and shopping and he would be back home again on Christmas Eve in plenty of time for the school party.

Bob had never seen the snow-covered mountains so dazzlingly beautiful before—the dark pines so majestic in their drapings of white or the winter sky so blue, but then he had never before driven through the canyon when he was in love. In fact, he had previously considered it merely thirty miles of road to be covered as quickly as possible.

He reached the city in good time, arranged for the care of his horses, and had his supper. Afterwards he went "window shopping." The entire city was like fairyland with its brightly colored lights and tinsel trimmed windows. The displays were alluring and he tramped up and down for a couple of hours trying to decide which gift would be most suitable for the loveliest girl in the world.

At last he saw it in the window of a jewelry store, a necklace of gold, antique in design, and set with sapphires as blue and sparkling as her eyes. He turned back to his hotel satisfied. The first thing in the morning the necklace would be in his possession.

Bob was tingling with excitement as he entered the store. He couldn't remember having felt exactly like this even when he was a small boy bursting with joyous anticipation for Santa's visit. The clerk held the necklace against a piece of black velvet. It was rich and glowing but would be even more so around Eileen's white throat. It was expertly wrapped in a gay holiday box and was soon safe in Bob's inner pocket.

In comparison with this momentous purchase, his father's business seemed very trifling but Bob disposed of it with seemingly good grace and then turned to the task



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"Sure, I know it," replied Bob, "but I must get going."

Martin drew his feet from the oven door where they had been comfortably thawing. "You don't mean to say you're going to drive on home tonight?"

"Sure I am. I've got to. It's Christmas Eve and I have all the presents for the school party."

"Well, I'm thinking the presents will have to wait until some other eve. It's drifting right now and you'll never in the world get your team through this road today."

"Then I'll have to leave my team and borrow some snowshoes. They're depending on me and I can't disappoint them." Bob was impatient with the old man. What was ten miles over the snow compared to disappointing those youngsters? What was ten miles compared to not being able to give to a girl a necklace with sapphires that matched her eyes?

"I've a good notion not to let you have any snowshoes," said Martin in a final effort.

"All right then—I'll go without," responded Bob cheerfully.

Martin brought in the snowshoes as Bob put the toys into a flour sack and adjusted it to his back.

"Well, you've got St. Nick's bag all right," the old man said, "but you could use the sleigh that flies through the air to a lot better advantage."

"I could at that," agreed Bob.

"I kinda wish you could carry a gun," suggested Martin thoughtfully, "but I guess you can't."

"No, I couldn't possibly. But I'll be all right. Wild animals are usually just as much afraid of a man as he is of them."

"Yes—usually. I'll tell you what though," said Martin. "You take this hunting knife. It won't be in your way and you'll feel kind of safer to have it along."

"Well, then, I guess I'm ready," said Bob, pulling on his heavy gloves. "I'll be back in a few days for the team. Thanks a lot—and merry Christmas!"

Martin glanced apprehensively at the drifting snow as Bob went out of the door but called cheerfully, "Goodbye, Sir Galahad, and good luck."

THE first hour Bob made rather good time. He was rested and warm and tingling with the spirit of adventure. He knew that

he had gone more than a mile and figured that if he could keep up the pace nearly this well he would reach home by dark. The Christmas party would begin at seven and he must reach home by that time if it was at all possible.

In the next mile the going was harder. The snow kept blowing in his face, wetting it and making him thoroughly uncomfortable. The bag on his back grew heavier. He began to think that perhaps he had been a fool to risk his life to bring some kids a few toys. Risk his life! that was silly. There was no need to grow dramatic over it just because Martin had suggested a gun. Of course there were always coyotes about but they had never been known to attack a man, and wolves were not numerous through here.

He began to get chilled and thought enviously of Martin's cozy, warm room. Never mind—there was warmth at the end of his trip too, only another five miles away now. Five miles wasn't so far and he would be out of the canyon for the last two of them.

He struggled on over great drifts of snow. The road was completely obliterated by now, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except that he must go on and on. How much easier to stop—the snow looked soft and warm, but it wasn't. It was cold and cruel. It drove at your eyes so that you couldn't see. It caught at your feet and tried to draw you deeper into its

treacherous softness. It sent the cold into your hands so that they became numb and you were swinging arms that tapered off somewhere midway down. It attempted to hide grey forms that slunk

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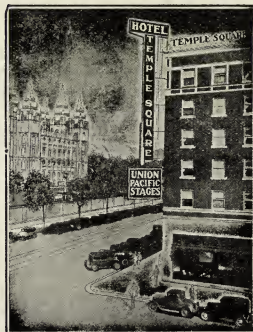
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along through the pines on the side of the mountain.

Dusk was falling. If he could only get out of the canyon before dark. He must do it. He summoned every ounce of energy left and stumbled blindly on.

He was almost exhausted when he reached the mouth of the can-

yon. Another two miles to go and it was long since dark. He couldn't possibly make it. Bert Tanner's farm was a quarter of a mile away. He would stop there—if he could get that far—and let them take his pack on to the party.

He was almost to their gate when he heard their sleighbells. They were driving out. What if they missed him! They must not. He couldn't stand that after all he had been through.

He shouted. It was too feeble. No one could hear that and they would never see him in the falling snow. He reached the road just a minute before they swung into it and waited there. The horses stopped before Mr. Tanner realized why. He jumped out and removing Bob's snowshoes and bag of toys, pulled the half frozen lad into the sleigh.

WHEN they reached the school they helped Bob into the Peabody house across the street where Eileen boarded. He urged them to leave him alone, that he would be all right as soon as he warmed up a little—just to tell Miss Moore that the toys had come.

He was pacing the room trying to drive some of the ache out of his limbs when Eileen hurried in followed by Santa Claus. Bob indi-

cated the toys and she thrust the bag into Santa's hands.

"Here," she said, "give these out. Just use your judgment as to whom they go—and the candy and nuts are in the rear closet. I'll be back after awhile."

After Santa had left she tried to cover both Bob's cold hands with her small warm ones.

"Why—why did you do it?" she asked tremulously. "You might never have come through."

"And would it have mattered?" asked Bob with a catch in his own voice.

"Yes—very much," she admitted, lifting the blue eyes to his for a moment and then hastily looking down again.

Half an hour later Denny left the party and came over to Peabody's to see what had become of the teacher. She had promised to dance a Virginia Reel with him. He stopped at the window and looked in. Then his mouth opened and he stared in amazement.

There was the teacher and Bob—the big stiff—sitting on a couch and Bob had his arms around the teacher. She had a new gold chain around her neck and was looking all misty and starry-eyed.

He stared at them for a few minutes and then turned slowly back to the schoolhouse. He guessed he would go and dance with Rosie Mitchell after all.

A Silver Girdle

(Continued from page 741)

job's a job, and something tells me that fellow's taking chances."

AS he reached an altitude of nearly eleven thousand feet, he struck the blazed trail marking the highline running east and west. Brent turned and rode into the face of the sun, but he could see the clouds piling into the sky. He could do no more than wheedle Rock into a fast walk; the horse's breath came too hard for him to lope. Only the remarkable stamina of the pony kept him going at this pace. Brent passed the head of the great ravine; it dropped off to a nauseating depth to one less used to the sight. The trail laced the edge of the timber line, running in and out of the forest. Finally it cleared the woods to trace the base of a mound of

gray stone, Agassiz's footstool. An eerie light had gradually enveloped the whole area as the forester neared Agassiz. The pure rock of the mountain had taken on a sickly lemon hue in the shadow of the black clouds that were swooping over its brow. Suddenly, the murky yellow light of the sun was damped. The thunder crashed over Brent's head. The lightning struck the peak and glanced off the terraced edge with a menacing snap. Involuntarily Brent hunched his shoulders and drew in his head although he had been in these mountain storms before. Quickly, he unlashed his slicker at the back of his saddle and got into it. He struck Rock. As the pony jumped forward the rain began to fall in torrents. A sudden drop in the temperature sent a cold shiver over him. "Go on, Rock, go on," he hurried his unwilling pony across the wide base of Agassiz to the mountain's approachable side.

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ARDEN DAIRY

Like a weird undertone to the crashing of the storm, he heard a horse whinny and snort, a note of panic in the sound. Again and again, louder and more distinctly, and so nervous it was pitiful to hear.

Brent crossed a rocky rib in the direction of the sound, and there he saw a mahogany-coated Thoroughbred, a white star on her forehead, stamping and snorting in a frenzy of distress.

"By Jove, if I haven't seen that animal before I'll eat my hat! I'd know that horse anywhere! And I might have known there's only one person on earth crazy enough to climb that mountain alone—that Gypsy—Reynolds! That beast senses her peril as well as I do!"

He tethered Rock; Nitana shied. And then the horses cowered against the trunk of a tree like friends in distress as Brent hastened toward the mountain. The rain turned to hail, hard and punishing. But the icy hailstones softened as he scrambled over the slippery rocks. They were transmuted into sky-scrolls of swirling flakes. Darkness gradually crept up from the depths below.

He made a funnel of his hands and called "Hello—o—o," but his tone was muffled. The crag tossed back the thickened sound of his voice as if in derision. "Where in heaven's name is she? If she had come down that horse wouldn't be there!"

The storm increased to a raging blizzard. Brent's teeth chattered. He had once heard a mountaineer tell how he had been caught in a terrific snowstorm on Agassiz in the middle of July, but the actual experience was frightful. His form contracted with cold in spite of his exertion in ascending the mountain. His breath came in short, heavy gasps, but he didn't stop. Like a panther creeping to its lair, he clung to the rocks and made his way upward.

THE light was growing very dim. Time and again he had shouted and called, but no answer came to lighten his struggle. The search seemed infinite and hopeless, but his training and manhood gave him the sheer courage to persist. Silently he prayed for help to find this girl. He realized he might have missed her, but he knew he had followed the only approach

up the otherwise almost vertical face leading to the sharp summit of this stern mountain. And, although it was hours before, he had seen her come this way. He couldn't give up—the night would be too terrifying if she were still here.

Then, in the last snowy glimmer of day, about four times his height above him and off to the right, he saw a snow-covered outline, barely distinguishable, but softer than that which any rock could make. Hand over hand he climbed. Cradled in the angle of two slabs of stone he found Eileen, stiff and blue; her hat had tumbled off, the crown was filled with snow. He turned on his flashlight and propping it in a rock, he raised her eyelids and listened for her pulse—there was life. He brushed the snow from her, and went to work swiftly and methodically. He was trained for emergencies. He held a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, which he always carried in his first-aid kit, to her nose. He breathed into her mouth, pried her teeth open, and poured a few drops of brandy between her lips. He slowly flexed her arms and massaged her whole body. After another whiff of ammonia she opened her eyes; they closed again.

"And I don't even know your name, Miss—Gypsy—Reynolds—Reynolds—Reynolds!" he said insistently. Eileen's eyes opened again.

"Can you hear me, Miss Reynolds? Tell me your name!"

"Name?" Eileen repeated groggily, and then lapsed again.

Brent held the ammonia to her nose and forced some more brandy between her lips. "Yes, your name," he urged, and began to coax her circulation again with his systematic massaging.

The blue cast above her upper lip that showed even in the ghostly light of the flash faded; her nostrils became less pinched. Gradually she was restored. And then a deep frown creased her forehead as she felt the pain in her ankle.

"Tell me your name," he said.

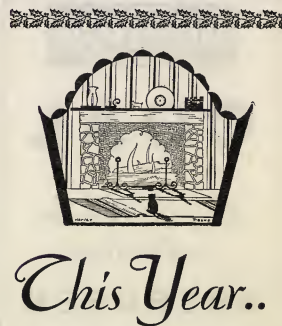
"My name? Eileen," she responded, and then faded out again.

"Eileen! Eileen, wake up! I'm going to help you to get down the mountain," he said quietly as he revived her once more with the ammonia.

A look of intelligence possessed her features as consciousness



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MAIL ORDERS GIVEN
PROMPT ATTENTION

The Desert
News Press

29 Richards Street, Salt Lake City

"Pioneer Printers of the West"

slowly returned. In the yellow light of the flash, and through the falling snow, she saw Brent's fine eyes; not steel-gray, but dark and luminous. "Brent Baring, forest ranger," she whispered, "how strange—."

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"Come," he said, "we must get down from here."

The crescendo of the storm had attained its full volume and was diminishing to a quiet pianissimo.

But when Eileen tried to stand she crumpled. The pressure of her boot was unbearable.

"What is it? What hurts you?"

"My ankle," she gasped in a throaty voice.

He lifted her foot slightly, "Hm, sprained!" And he knew that his problem was manifoldly increased. He released the pressure a little by loosening the lace. "But," he said, "I can't do anything for your ankle now. We'll have to leave your boot on until we get to your camp; we don't want the ankle to swell right out of bounds," he said kindly, "and you'll need the boot for warmth and support."

GOING down was so difficult, the descent was almost beyond both of them. Brent used the flashlight to get his bearings. Eileen tried to carry it when he had to carry her, but both her hands were in use as well as his, the way was so steep. At times she slid down the rocky masses, holding herself back with her two hands and her good foot. In places Brent lifted her down from dangerous heights, and then, again, with his assistance she could make her way over huge boulders, but only at the cost of hideous pain. The wet and snowy darkness was a treacherous

accompaniment to their groping over the precipitous rocks. Although Eileen suffered excruciatingly, she endured. Brent revived her with the spirits of ammonia and a tiny sip of water when the weakness and pain mastered her. It was a tortuous ordeal to reach the base of Agassiz.

As they neared the foot of the mountain, the snow was no longer falling, and everything was absolutely black with night. But suddenly, the clouds parted in the southern sky. The rift grew wide, and scalloped margins were silvered from behind. In a welled depth, Mars gleamed orange-red. Eileen saw this vision through her pain. Her emotions quickened. And then, as the moon floated into openings of lighted clouds, a feeling of great magnitude embraced her, like a promise of life after she had been so near death.

They had a level stretch to cross before they reached the horses; Brent carried her. He had spoken no word of reproach or surprise. Strangely enough, not an expression of gratitude had come from Eileen—it would have seemed maudlin. Their situation was still overwhelmingly serious and her feelings went too deep for words. The knowledge that he had saved her life gave them understanding.

A sound penetrated the darkness. "Oooo hoooo—oooo hoooo," long and sustained.

"It's Daddy!" exclaimed Eileen in a glad but shaken voice. "Oooo hooo," she called, but the sound trailed off obliquely in a thin and tremulous slant.

"Oooo hooo," hollaed Brent. Putting Eileen down so she could lean against him, he flashed his light up and down and back and forth, the mountaineer's signal for "all is well."

Tom answered with his own.

Brent had sensed the position of the horses. The answering call from Tom and the light helped him to locate them exactly. His life in the woods had sensitized him acutely in searching for a landmark in the blackness of a mountain night where eyes are as useless as those of the blind fish of some stygian cave. It was not surprising that he could make his way toward the location of the horses. Tom's light verified their position.

Mr. Reynolds hurried forward to meet them, "Eileen!"

"Daddy!"

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He saw by the flashlight that she was being carried, and her voice revealed her condition.

"Dad!" She reached out to him in the dark, exhausted, her reserve strength consumed. "This is Brent Baring, the forest ranger. He came for me—he brought me down the mountain! He says he saw someone up there with his glasses from his station at Rainbow, before the storm. I've turned my ankle; I can't stand."

"Baring!" exclaimed Reynolds, taking Eileen in his own arms. "Morley's told me about you. Thank heaven, you got here in time! How did you know?"

"I didn't know it was your daughter; I only knew that someone was on that mountain alone and that these peaks were brewing a storm. Old Agassiz hasn't had much to do with humans—and there are times when even friendly mountains are dangerous. I thought I'd better come over here."

"I wanted to help you, Dad, by getting a look-out from up there."

"Let me direct your help after this, Eileen. No more bolting. When your mother told me where you'd gone I could hardly believe it. I thought you'd wait for me to climb Agassiz. I made for the highline as fast as I could, but it was snowing on the mountain before I left camp. It was dark before I got over here, but I heard the horses champing, and I had seen your flashlight. When I found two horses I knew someone was with you, but I couldn't think past Morley. The next thing is to get you home, my dear. Your mother will be out of her mind if we keep her in suspense much longer."

"Poor Mom! I guess she thinks I'm as wild as a regular product of the Old West. She must be awfully worried."

Eileen tried to sit her horse, but she sickened and almost fell. Her father put her behind him on Onesta; Nitana followed, nickering now and then knowingly. Brent led the way through the forest. He knew his way about, even in the night, but Rock could have tracked the short cut without his rider.

THE storm had shortened the day, and Dadai was beside herself with fear and anxiety. The men had come from the hatchery. She didn't let them pitch

their own tent, but told them they could share Slim's and Squint's. They kept watch with her during the terrible hours of suspense, but they couldn't honestly try to allay her fears. They merely helped to pass the time away with an effort at conversation.

Finally the barking of the dogs announced the approach. Dadai snatched a lantern and rushed from the tent to learn the news. When she saw Tom lifting Eileen from Onesta's back, her knees gave way and she almost sank to the ground.

"She's all right, Mother." Tom seldom called her by that name; it sounded heavenly to Dadai now. "A sprained ankle, and a frightful exposure, but Mr. Baring, here, saw someone on the mountain from his station at Rainbow Lake and went after her. He saved her life."

"Mr. Baring—another friend! People are so kind out here. I haven't met many, but how wonderfully good they have all been! Won't you come in?" The tears streamed from Dadai's eyes now that she was released from the great tension she had endured.

She had hot drinks ready and a good fire going. The tent was warm and dry. Eileen soaked her ankle in a hot solution of Epsom salts. After it had been rubbed with liniment and bound, her father helped her into bed in the sheep-wagon, where she fell into an exhausted sleep. Before she dropped off she at last tried to find words to thank Brent.

"Please," he said, "I'm a forest ranger, not a hero."

He stayed in camp that night, but when Eileen opened her eyes the next morning, he was gone—back to his duties at Rainbow.

For two long weeks her adventuresome spirits were trapped; not

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a tether's length from camp could she move. She whiled away some of the time by sitting on a stool with her foot propped on the sawed end of a narrow section of log, practicing fly casting in a tub of water Slim had arranged especially for the purpose.

"Look, Jimmie," she said, "move your rod in a straight line to cast. Make a hinge out of your wrist and keep your pole in a vertical plane."

"Huh?" What d'yu mean, vertical plane?"

"See! This way. Move your rod straight up and down. Get your action from your shoulder."

"Gee! You must'a been readin' some fancy instructions," laughed Slim. "It's practice, not readin' that counts when you get on the edge of a fishin' hole. Let me show yu, Jim."

"Just because you saw me with a copy of *Field and Stream* in my hand is no sign I have been doing any fancy reading. Let me show Jim where to hold his rod and how to press his reel. Now look, Jim, this is how you move your hand; up and down on the hinge of your wrist—and *this* is a vertical plane—and *this* is how you get your action from your shoulder. Now watch my fly strike that floating leaf."

"Aw shucks! Yu got it loaded," scoffed Slim.

"Sure I have, but not with a butterfly. That's a fishing fly, and I've been practicing accuracy, so there! Now you try," and she handed the rod to Jim.

But Eileen's thoughts were often at Rainbow while her wrist made its vertical motion.

And then came a letter from Wayne!

(To be Continued)





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Lights and Shadows

(Continued from page 760)

charming genuineness and simplicity. The career of Buffalo Bill, both here and in Europe, is swiftly painted and the humor of the *Sitting Bull* episode is delightful. A good evening's entertainment. *Family*.

MOONLIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE (Warner Bros.): Beauty background and rhythmic flow characterize this out-of-doors drama of the early West. The ingredients of all good westerners are here highlighted by beautiful horses, backgrounds, and singing, with an interesting "feel" of early frontier days.

Dir.: D. Ross Lederman. Cast: Dick Foran, Sheila Manners, George E. Stone, Dickie Jones. *Family*.

His **NIGHT OUT** (*Universal*): A "timid soul" has an amusing fling of adventure and self-assertion, and Edward Everett Horton has a role just made-to-order for his brand of kindly humor.

Dir.: William Nigh. Cast: Edward Everett Horton, Irene Hervey, Robert McWade, Jack La Rue, Willard Robertson.

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT (*Columbia*): An extremely practical ex-racketeer is bequeathed the job of "taming" a scatter-brained Park Avenue family. An "It Happened One Night" kind of comedy-drama, with chief interest centering on situation and dialogue, and personality contrasts. Amusing of its type, with-

out plausibility but swiftly paced to comedy and light in its emphasis. *Adults and young people*.

Dir.: Ray Garnett. Cast: George Raft, Joan Bennett, Billie Burke, Walter Connolly, Ivan Lebedeff.

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN (*Universal*): Again the rich old woman who has missed the joy of life and finds the truer satisfaction in her old age through her genuine relations with three children of the poor. Excellent of its kind, with delightful absurdities introduced by Henry Armetta as a little barber who has got into scrapes. *Family*.

Dir.: Edward Ludwig. Cast: May Robson, Frankie Darro, Henry Armetta, William Benedict, Billy Burrud, Charlotte Henry.

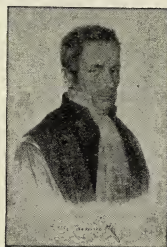
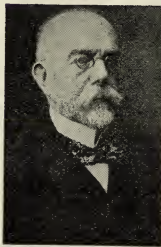
PADDY O'DAY (*20th Century-Fox*): The Irish waif, as an immigrant Irish waif, is natural and amusing in this story which mingles pathos with laughter and music. Pinky Tomlin's songs and the Fanon dances are among the best of the numbers. *Family*.

Dir.: Lew Seiler. Cast: Jane Withers, Pinky Tomlin, Ritz Casino, Michael Visaroff.

STORMY (*Universal*): Again a beautiful horse becomes the leader of a wandering band of wild horses, but finds his love for his human master stronger than the pull of his own kind. The Painted Desert of Arizona, beautifully photographed, is a fine background for the charm of the love story and of the animal life. *Good Family*.

Dir.: Louis Friedlander. From novel by Cherrie Wilson. Cast: Noah Beery, Jr., Jean Rogers, Fred Kohler, J. Farrell MacDonald, Raymond Hatton.

ANSWER TO THE RED CROSS ROLL CALL That Will Be An Act Worthy Of Christmas



MEDICAL IMMORTALS

Successful progress in the fight against tuberculosis is made possible chiefly by the discoveries of these three men. Robert Koch (left) noted German research worker, discovered the tubercle bacillus and proved it was the cause of tuberculosis in 1882. Rene Theophile Hyacinthe Laennec (center) young French medical genius, invented the stethoscope in 1815. When only 45 he became a victim of the disease he did so much to help conquer. Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen (right) noted German physicist, discovered in 1885 what is probably the most important diagnostic aid in modern medicine—the X-ray.

YOUR PAGE AND OURS

An Editor Passes One On

"The October issue of the *Era* at hand," writes C. Frank Steele, editor of the *Lethbridge Herald*. "I like your new dress. The silver cover is striking and the type used is an interesting change. Congratulations."

Thanks, C. Frank for the kind words.

An Arizonian Sees Northern Eyes Looking South

"Since President Heber J. Grant was at Lee's Ferry celebration honoring pioneers that crossed that mighty river in the only place up and down it for 200 miles that it could be crossed, is something, in my opinion, that will attract the public to your sister state on the south," writes Andrew L. Rogers, formerly of Arizona but now of Salt Lake City. . . .

"With that road open there will be a highway from Cana to Mexico running right along through the wonders of the Southwest. Many tourists will go over that road and will enjoy Bryce, Zion, the Painted Desert and the Grand Canyon."

Era Poetry Pleases Wyoming Writer

"I like the *Improvement Era* very much, especially your many fine poems." Eugenia Funi, Evanston, Wyoming voices her appreciation. "Being a writer of verse I wish that more magazines published poetry that was musical, technically correct, and beautiful in thought and form. You see, I have been advisor for two poetry groups for years and, I suppose, that is why I so dislike the modern, shallow, uncadenced prose, misnamed poetry."

Swedish Missionary Writes

Svartensgatan 3.
Stockholm, Sweden

Dear Editor:

As a missionary in Sweden I enjoy the *Era* and wish to submit a snapshot, if you care to print it. No. 1 is the Royal Palace of the King used before the government was estab-



ROYAL PALACE OF THE KING
BUILT IN THE 16TH CENTURY

EARLY SUMMER, VASTERAS,
SWEDEN

Photos by Harvey Dahl.

lished in Stockholm. It was built in the sixteenth century in Kalmar, Sweden; No. 2 is early summer in Vasteras, Sweden. The photographs were taken by the writer.

Truly yours,

Harvey A. Dahl.

We hope our elders in foreign lands who write to us will be careful of the spelling of foreign names used and that the various letters, especially if written in long hand, are clear.

Twin Falls Holds Second Annual Improvement Era Commencement Ball

"Again this year the Stake M. I. A., is starting the wards out by having our Second Annual *Improvement Era* Commencement Ball," writes Mrs. Alice J. Richins, of Twin Falls, Idaho. The Stake Presidency, the M. I. A. Stake Board, and the Stake *Era* Director are putting this ball on for the purpose of making the Stake *Era* minded. It also gives many non-members who always mingle with us in our dances a chance of earning their *Era* subscriptions. It also gives many of our young people who are going away to colleges and universities a last social before leaving, also a chance to

earn an *Era* subscription to take with them. Many of our young people did this last year.

"I am thrilled with *The Improvement Era* magazine; through its pages it offers us such truly educational material—yesterday, today, and tomorrow privileges. After feeling its great influence in our home for thirty-eight years we should feel a decided loss both spiritually and financially without it."

The annual ball netted Twin Falls Stake 100 subscriptions.

A San Fernando Has a Reservation

Dr. J. H. Kienke writes: "We are fond of the *Era*. The covers are of outstanding beauty (except February), and the reading matter is so satisfying and worthwhile."

"A friend glancing over the July number requests me to get one for him. Enclosed find 20c stamps for same. More power to you and the wonderful magazine you are putting out."

Sorry there had to be a reservation, but then an eleventh-twelfth note of appreciation is pleasing. We'll make it twelve this year, if we can.

Grace Kaye Writes From Massachusetts

"Good morning, Editors—I just came to a fragment of my letter inserted in *The Improvement Era*, and again I keep wondering if E. T. B., poetry editor is well. I miss her name from the staff—and I'd so appreciate knowing her health is not impaired. *The Improvement Era* was again a joy. . . . I enjoyed Ethel Romig Fuller's poetic contribution and felt proud to be included with so notable a writer."

Era Causes Woman To Burst Into Song

From Bakersfield, California, came a letter from Mrs. Clover J. Sanders in which she stated that reading the *Era* had caused her also to sing. "I just read a lovely poem, 'in the *October Era*," said she, "and although I have never written a poem in my life, the following is the result of reading Grace P. Newton's poem, 'At Rest.'"

I READ A POEM

I read a poem the other day:

"'Twas just a little thing
Down in the corner of the page,
And yet it made me sing.

I cried a little just at first:

"'Twas so pathetic yet so clear
That there is peace and joy for us
When we're called and leave friends here.

To the poetry lady (mentioned by Harrison R. Merrill) whose criticism I value:

Your worthy comment came to me,
And though my harp is broken
I'll sing a vocal melody
For those *frank words* you've spoken
And should an oil well ever spill
For me, its wondrous treasure
I'll never sell a drop until
YOU get a generous measure!

Would Miss the Era

1261 Drake Ave.,
Burlingame, Calif.

Dear Editor:

At last I am renewing my subscription to the magazine which has become more than just a magazine to me. It is a most vital force in my life now and has been my only contact with the Church and Church activities for the past year. I should miss it greatly if I were deprived of it.

May the year's work prove to be successful. I shall miss Mrs. Brandley; ever since I met her briefly at a Mutual Conference she has been with me.

Thank you all for such a grand magazine.

Yours truly,

Ruth E. Beaver.

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