

# The Improvement **ERA**



**JULY, 1935**

Volume 38 Number 7

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

# *“Reading maketh a full man”*



RANCIS BACON made that statement three hundred years ago when books were young and few. What would he say to-day? The Sage would likely make the statement that in a land of so many magazines and books of various kinds a reader must choose carefully or find himself “full” of the wrong commodity.

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**During the Coming Months It Will Carry To Its Readers Some Splendid Articles and Stories. No Home, Especially Latter-day Saint Home, Can Afford To Be Without It**

Articles of the immediate future will include: “Plans and Objectives,” by Albert E. Bowen, general superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A., in which Superintendent Bowen points the way to better M. I. A. work; an article about Governor Henry H. Blood in which the author gives intimate glimpses of the man who sits in the Governor’s chair in Utah; “Christ on Postage Stamps,” a most interesting article reviewing the use of the Master’s picture—boy and man—on postage stamps; “Fathers and Sons,” another of those stimulating articles by Earl J. Glade, manager of KSL; “The Articles of Faith,” another of the series now being prepared by Dr. John A. Widtsoe; a complete story of the Silver Jubilee, Boy Scouts of America, by the Era’s own reporter; a memorial to Samuel P. Cowley; and many other things which no one can afford to miss.

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## **The Improvement Era**

50 North Main Street

Salt Lake City, Utah

***A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY***



## "The Undeified American Ideal"

"We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common Defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."



## The Covered Wagon

By C. N. Lund

INTO the West the covered wagon went  
In quest of all humanity had dreamed.  
Across uncharted wilds it stately rolled  
And pushed to sunset seas the last frontier,—  
A modern Argo sailing desert sands  
And searching for a harvest fleece of gold;  
A guiding Salus cleaving the unknown  
And bravely fronting Time's new burst of dawn.

It was a bearer of the covenant,  
The undefiled American ideal.  
It carried freedom across the new world  
And lighted civilization's holy fires.  
It was a lone voice crying a New Day  
To sterile wastes of sage and savage men.  
It was a herald of great things to come,  
The foregleam of the empire of the West.

It was torch-bearer to the wilderness,  
And it carved new stars for a stainless flag.  
It lifted high the beacon-light of hope  
For common men with common purposes.  
It was a life-giver to the parched plains,  
Unlocker of the secrets of the hills.  
It plowed straight furrows to the Golden Gate  
And wrought new anchors for a nation's faith.

It showered the prairies with deathless dreams  
And mountain-tops with prophecy fulfilled.  
Its Midas touch brought gold from seams and sands  
And forged the key for peoples yet unborn.  
It was the Ark of plodding pioneers,  
A shrine for Argonauts of destiny,  
A cradle rocking with creative life,  
Pilgrim of dust and migrant of the stars.

A nursing of the storms that make the oak  
'Twas forbear of the wonder things to be,  
A poem of man's passion to be free  
And high desire to make great dreams come true.  
In museums of the ages shined should be  
The covered wagon of heroic days  
Whose onward sweep brought man into his own,  
And on whose pathway God was marching on!



"SPRING GREEN," BY OLAF MOLLER

## "SPRING GREEN"

OLAF MOLLER, painter of the exquisite picture presented here, lives in Rupert, Idaho. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, May 21, 1903, but came to New York City at the age of four months and, later, with his parents, moved to Salt Lake City, where he attended the city schools. From Salt Lake City the family moved to Boise, Idaho, and later Olaf went to Rupert, Idaho, to make his home.

Mr. Moller has studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art and with a number of prominent private teachers including N. C. Wyeth, George Harding, Philip Hale, and John Harkeson. His paintings have won a number of prizes including second prize in the exhibit at the Academy.

Since 1930 the artist has been painting in the West, particularly in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. While in the East studying he carved and designed picture frames and has furnished frames for some of the leading artists of America.

Mr. Moller expects to spend this summer painting in the New England states.

"Spring Green" is a typical scene at a high elevation in the West. The tender green, verging on to yellow lends to the painting a delightful freshness that makes it one of the most charming paintings in the recent exhibition of national art at the Springville High School. It is the sort of picture one can enjoy repeatedly, for it is a bit of the sun-brightened out-of-doors brought inside to refresh and stimulate.



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## July—A Month of Rededication

THE month of July to an American Mormon is a month of rededication to his country and to his Church. To Mormons living under other flags, it is a month of rededication to the Church, only; but we hope that the brotherhood of nations will develop such friendliness that we of one nation may celebrate the birthday of another in perfect good will praying that all may grow stronger in righteousness.

As a sort of preamble to this July number we quote here a few lines from "The Exiles," by Professor Alfred Osmond:

"Sing I not of myths and monsters,  
But I sing of human beings. . . .

"Sing I not of ancient legends. . . .  
No, I sing of men and women  
Who moved out to meet adventure  
On the deserts and the prairies,  
In the valleys on the mountains . . .

"If you love to read of hazards  
In the struggle for existence . . .  
Read the stories of the exiles. . . ."

# The Improvement Era

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

# The Articles of Faith

By  
DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

*A Member of the Council of the  
Twelve Apostles*

*This is the third in this series upon "The Articles of Faith." Those who do not bind their "Eras" might do well to clip these articles and keep them for future reference and study.*

## III. THE SUPREMACY OF THE WILL

(Read the Second Article of Faith)

THE story, meaning, and consequences of the so-called transgression of Adam, often known as "The Fall," can be read and understood only in terms of the origin and nature of man.

Man is eternal. That is, he has existed from the dim beginning, and he will continue to exist forever into the future. In the language of modern revelation, man was "in the beginning with God," and also, "he shall be for everlasting to everlasting." In short, he is an indestructible unit of the universe, whose immortality extends back into the past as forward into the future.

Such a view implies that man, as an intelligent being, lived before he came upon earth, that is, that he has a pre-existent history; and that life on earth must have a definite connection with pre-existent life. Indeed, pre-existence and the continuity of life, unbroken throughout the generations of time, are settled doctrines of the restored gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The pre-existence of man is really an old but forgotten doctrine. Jesus, the Christ, confirmed the belief to the open-eyed reader in the words of his exalted prayer, "And now, O Father, glorify Thou me with Thine own self with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." If one person, however great, may have had a pre-existent life, all the hosts of men may have lived before they came upon earth. Moreover, it baffles thought to believe that intelligent man, who is the increasing commander of universal forces, has but transient existence, while inanimate nature has persisted and will persist forever. It makes the servant greater than the master. Per-

versions of truth appear to have succeeded in eliminating pre-existence from most Christian philosophies of life.

MANY thinkers of all ages have been led to accept the doctrines of pre-existence. For example, it appears again and again in the philosophy of Plato, four hundred years before Christ.

### ARTICLES OF FAITH *Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*

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

Poets have sung of it, as the poet Vaughan, in "The Retreat,"

"Happy those early days, when I  
Shined in my angel infancy!  
Before I understood this place  
Appointed for my second race."

Or in the words of Traherne,

"How like an angel came I down!  
How bright are all things here!  
When first among His works I did appear  
O how their glory me did crown!  
The world resembled his Eternity  
In which my soul did walk;  
And everything that I did see  
Did with me talk."

The lines from the latter poet, Wordsworth, are better known,

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:  
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar—  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home."

Poets of other nations have likewise sung of man's pre-existence.

MAN was an intelligent being in the pre-existent life. He could gather knowledge, think, and act, as in this life. He possessed also that most fundamental of human qualities, a will, by which he could use his powers, accept or reject, move upward or downward. Then as now, true intelligence, a compound of knowledge and the proper use of knowledge, was conditioned by the will. By the righteous use of his will pre-existent man moved forward, throughout long ages of time. By the same use of his will he was lifted upward, along the path of progression. Perhaps it may be said that in the last analysis man and his will are synonymous.

The pre-existent beings did not use their wills alike. Some, by the better use of their powers, progressed more rapidly than others. There was not a dead monotony among the hosts of heaven. The words of Abraham give a picture of pre-existent conditions.

"Now, the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these there were many of the noble and great ones; and God saw these souls that they were good, and He stood in the midst of them, and he said, These will I make my rulers; for He stood among those that were spirits and He saw that they were good; and He said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born."

God, the Father, moved in that pre-existent world among His spirit children. He led, taught, opened the view to progress, even as man on earth is guided by the Lord. The progress of an intelligent being is accelerated by the help of some one superior in knowledge and power, who knows the path and its problems. Such a teacher was the Father to pre-existent man. Plans and programs for advancement were no doubt formulated and presented by the Great Teacher to His children.

THE time came when pre-existent, progressive man could profit by an earth-career and the experiences of temporal life. The plan for this purpose, formulated by the Father, was accepted by all who have been, are, or shall be upon earth. Only those who had fitted themselves by steady progression, a product of the will, were eligible for the earth-adventure. Only those who willingly, without compulsion, accepted the plan were permitted to come upon earth. This throws a clear light upon earth-life. Man has earned the right to come upon earth, and is here because he desired to come. He may well look the world in the face proudly and unflinchingly. He desired to come, and he had earned the right to come upon earth.

Someone had to come on earth, first. Among the assembled hosts, Adam and Eve were chosen. If Abraham were among "the noble and great ones" we may be sure that our First Parents stood with the greatest in that hopeful throng. They must have conquered their wills for mighty righteousness! It was a part of the plan of salvation (to be discussed in another article) that the eternal, deathless spirit of man should inhabit, on earth, a body subject to disease and death. Adam and Eve undertook to begin the earth-program for the waiting spirits, and to subject their own eternal spirits to earth conditions. As a shadow only do we understand the details of the sacrifice thus

made by Adam and Eve. They performed their mission gladly, for their wills were under control, and ready to obey the good plans of the Father for His children.

The so-called transgression of Adam was that he subjected his deathless spirit to the conditions of a body that must of necessity suffer death. But, this subjection was indispensable, if the waiting spirits should secure the desired experiences on earth, in harmony with the plan of the Lord. The breaking of the bonds with the spirit world was the "Sin of Adam." Sin in its larger meaning is the breaking of a law. In this instance, however, a lesser law was broken that a greater law might be fulfilled. This happens often in daily life. A beautiful crystal is broken and melted so that the iron, copper, or silver which forms part of its composition may be obtained. To save another, many a person has rushed into a burning house, sometimes to his death. Through the "transgression" of Adam, all mankind has been placed upon the road of eternal progression, and thereby have been blessed. Our first parents who dared to endure the pain of initiating the eternal plan must be rated as the great hero and heroine of all time. The human race has descended from worthy parents. The obloquy which has been cast upon Adam and Eve has been unjust and prompted by ignorance of the Gospel plan.



Photo by H. R. M.  
DECORATION ON THE CORNER OF AN ANCIENT  
PYRAMID OUT FROM MEXICO CITY

ADAM and Eve learned to understand that out of their act, whatever error on their part it involved, great good would come. Note the words of Moses:

"And in that day Adam blessed God and was filled, and began to prophesy concerning all the families of the earth saying: Blessed be the name of God, for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy, and again in the flesh I shall see God. And Eve, his wife, heard all these things and was glad, saying: Were it not for our transgression we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption, and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient."

This conception frees Adam and Eve from the charge that they by sin brought upon man the miseries of life. Let it be remembered that every person who comes into the world from the pre-existent state, accepted the plan proposed by the Father, including the mission of Adam and Eve. Indeed, all men became parties in that sense to Adam's "transgression," and are in part as much to blame or to praise as Adam himself. He was our agent. There can be no serious talk, therefore, of being punished for Adam's transgression.

BESIDES, though Adam had sinned, his children should not be punished therefore. Such procedure would violate the love and justice of God. Since, even in man-made courts, the criminal is punished, not his children; how much larger would be the justice administered by a divine Judge! An attempt to punish the innocent for the crimes of the guilty is abhorrent, and belongs to evil or barbaric people and conditions. True it is, that one man's fault may injure others. That is too evident in our man-made society. But there is an eternity of difference between suffering for the mistakes of others and being punished for the sins of others.

The essence of God's law, as of man's, is that he who breaks the law must suffer the consequences of the violation committed. That is the fundamental principle of the plan of salvation. The plan has been laid out for all persons; its metes and bounds, its regulations and requirements, have been established. They who know and obey the plan rise toward salvation; they

(Continued on page 450)

# From ENGLAND to SALT

By RUTH MAY FOX

MUCH has been said and written about crossing the great Plains, but not so much about crossing the ocean, which in itself was a real adventure in 1867.

As far back as I can remember a vision of plowing the turbulent waters, walking hundreds of miles over mountain and plain, and finally reaching Zion was constantly before me. I was too young to think about trials and hardships, but I am quite sure that travel and romance were appealing to my nature. The conversations I often heard and the songs my father and others used to sing no doubt served to glint my dream of glory. The following lines:

*Cross the plains with Ruth May Fox, President of the General Board of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, and you will find that the great trek was not all sorrow even though it might be all hardship. In those days, the author had that priceless possession—Youth—to hold her up and rob the way of bad memories.*

"O Babylon, O Babylon, We bid thee  
farewell.  
We're going to the mountains of Eph-  
raim to dwell."

stirred my childish emotions great-  
ly. Again, the hymn—

"O Zion, when I think of Thee.  
I long for pinions like a dove;  
And moan to think that I should be  
So distant from the land I love,"

thrilled my soul with ecstasy.  
Perhaps even more romantic was  
the following love song:

(The man).  
Will you come along with me,  
Bonnie Lassie O,  
Far away across the sea,  
Bonnie Lassie O.  
Though the ocean's far and wide,  
Never fear in wind nor tide  
I shall have thee by my side,  
Bonnie Lassie O.

(The woman)  
We've our business and our home,  
Bonnie Laddie O,  
Then whither wouldst thee roam?  
Bonnie Laddie O.  
Does thy country thee not please  
Or some sorrow vex and tease,  
Or thine heart is not at ease?  
Bonnie Laddie O?

(The Man)  
Yonder temple rising high,  
Bonnie Lassie O;  
With its towers in the sky,  
Bonnie Lassie O;  
Where the Lord hath said  
He'll bless  
Those that in humbleness  
Unto thy porches press,  
Bonnie Lassie O.

(The Woman)  
Then I'll go along with thee,  
Bonnie Laddie O;  
You've been always true to me,  
Bonnie Laddie O.  
So I'll not forsake thee now  
But to God's command we'll bow  
And the wave we'll gladly plow,  
Bonnie Laddie O.

WHATEVER the reason, when  
the time came for our de-  
parture, I was in the seventh  
heaven. The lady who was to be  
my stepmother, and her daughter—

RUTH MAY FOX



# LAKE VALLEY in 1867

who was about my own age—and myself left our home under cover of darkness to avoid the curiosity of the neighbors. Could anything be more thrilling? After a walk of four or five miles under the stars we boarded the train to Liverpool. Arriving there, some necessities, peculiar to steerage passengers, had to be purchased and then came the novelty of climbing into a great steamship. To stand on a floating city and gradually pull away from the wharf with hundreds of people waving their hats or handkerchiefs in a fond adieu and hearty “God-speed you,” is an event never to be forgotten.

We had secured berths in the steerage which meant that we must

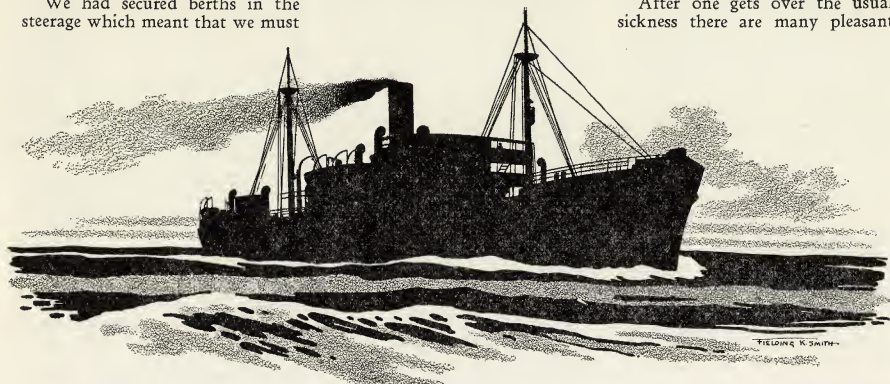
concerned. Of course, we were free to sit or walk, even lie down on the deck if we were fortunate enough to be able to make the climb, so no dissatisfaction was voiced by our little family, we got what we paid for. It happened that an old gentleman from Lancashire and his wife occupied berths next to ours. They were going to join their son in that Mecca of freedom and opportunity to which so many hopeful hearts turned to escape some of the miseries of the Old World.

MAN fashion, this passenger was very much interested in his meals and every day for at least

I wish I were whoam! I wish I were whoam! I canna tarry here! I canna tarry here!” Whereupon her husband shouted: “Owd thee noise with thee; how canst thee be whoam when thees in th’ middle of th’ ocean!”

The old ship rolled and tossed, but I have no recollection of being afraid. We had brought a bottle of bitters with us which happened to be under my pillow, so to avoid sea-sickness I occasionally took a swig at the bottle. But fear—I had none. We were Mormons, our family at least, going to Zion, and no ship would think of going down with such a precious cargo.

After one gets over the usual sickness there are many pleasant



OUR ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THE "LOUISIANA"

descend through a trap door to our quarters below deck. The sleeping accommodations consisted of a large shelf or platform on either side of the vessel which, by means of boards, could be divided into spaces just large enough to accommodate one person. If a family preferred to sleep closer together the boards could be removed, thus giving more room and perhaps more comfort, if comfort could be thought of under such conditions. As I remember, there was absolutely no privacy, no provision even to hang up a pair of hose for protection from the eyes of the curious. On the same level were great long tables where we sat to eat our meals, the usual menu being soup, rice, hardtack, and sour biscuits. This, then, was to be our abode so far as eating and sleeping were

half an hour before the soup was served, he would entertain himself and annoy the rest of us by hammering his hardtack into little bits so that it would eventually absorb sufficient soup to make its passage down the esophagus more easy.

Everybody used to have a storm at sea. Indeed, what would a sea voyage be without one? So one night we had ours, which meant that steerage passengers were locked down and told to be comfortable, everything would be all right. This same old gentleman resented this kind of treatment and paced the floor frantically, declaring that “somebody ought to be up on deck.” Meanwhile, his good wife sat up in her berth swaying to and fro crying out, “I canna tarry here!

occasions to be enjoyed on board a ship. One makes friends and acquaintances, takes walks with them from end to end of the vessel if it be possible to keep one's equilibrium. And then the wonder of it all! The vast expanse of water, the mystery of the starry sky, waves rolling mountains high and splashing over onto the deck, while passengers scrambled to avoid a wetting, and then to have a great calm when the water is so still that not a ripple breaks on its surface and the great craft appears to be sailing on a sea of glass and three long weeks are almost ended. What's that we hear? Oh Joy, “Land in sight!”

NOW for thrills! Everybody must see land, and joyously watch the vessel going nearer and

nearer to the shore. But things must be gathered up and packed. Trunks must be brought up from the hold. Good-byes must be spoken. Everybody is busy and excited, each vying with the other in seeing who shall leave the old ship first. At last we are landed at Castle Gardens and there we must stay until friends or relatives learn that the "Louisiana" is in port. Meanwhile, a dozen officers are opening trunks, sometimes turning the contents out to be sure that no smuggling is in evidence, while others are O. K'd. without opening them. All but one of our trunks were thus passed.

It was late evening and quite dark save for the lamp-light when through the crowd I heard my father say, "There she is. Bless her dear little face."

We immediately boarded a train for Manayunk, a manufacturing town a few miles out of Philadelphia, where father had provided rooms for us—he had preceded us five months—and there the marriage knot was tied and we settled down to family life. My new sister and I, though not yet twelve years old—and I was small for my age—went to work in a cotton mill which, I am sure, was no place for good girls.

However, we soon moved to Philadelphia and found employment, most of the time with families. My wage was a dollar a week and board. Thus we began to save and prepare for the journey to the Valley.

IN July, 1867, we started for North Platte, which was then the terminal of the railroad and the

outfitting place for those who were going West. It took us nine days to reach our destination. Emigrant trains did not travel very fast in those days; then, too, they were switched off on every possible occasion. We had to change trains at Niagara Falls and to our delight had a few hours' stay near that awe-inspiring torrent which is forever dashing over the brink to the foaming depths below.

One night we spent on a cattle boat sailing up the Missouri River. The cattle, judging from their bellowing, seemed not to enjoy our company any better than we enjoyed theirs.

Arriving at North Platte, which was then a little railroad town, we found that the company would be delayed one month. This situation was a serious one: every day meant loss of time and means. Several excuses were given for the delay. One was that some of the brethren were in the east on business. They had been detained, and must return to the Valley with this company. Another was that the Indians had burned a train-load of provisions and more supplies must be purchased. Still another was that here was fine grazing and the cattle must start out in good condition.

Meanwhile, there we were with our trunks and traps. The full quota of wagons had not yet been purchased and the housing of men, women, and children was a real problem. Finally the railroad people tendered us the use of a great barn of a building which happened to be empty, and here we set up some kind of housekeeping for the coming weeks.

At night we made our beds on

the floor, and with gratitude let me say, we could hang up a protection from wandering eyes. My father, after deducting other expenses, found that he had only money enough to buy one yoke of cattle and two yoke were necessary to pull the heavily loaded wagons across the rough way.

IT so happened that a certain brother had a wagon and one yoke of cattle, so the bargain was made that father join his cattle to this outfit and drive all the way for his share in the wagon. The owner of the outfit had a wife and seven children. Our little family consisted of five, as father was bringing a little girl across the plains to join her relatives in Salt Lake City. So you see there were fourteen persons with all their worldly possessions in that one wagon. The owners of the wagon used it for a sleeping apartment and my father bought a small tent, just large enough for the five of us to lie down in side by side like sardines in a can. This we unstrapped every night and fastened again to the wagon each morning.

Imagine if you can these would-be drivers, who had, perhaps, never seen a Texas steer before, go through the procedure for the first time of yoking their cattle. Truly no rodeo could match the scene. The men had to be instructed in this art and some did not learn very quickly. The same was true of the use of firearms. Every man was supposed to have his own gun and ammunition though he had never fired a shot in his life.

Indeed there were many things for an immigrant to learn. He must be willing to understand and accept the discipline of the camp, become used to having his flour, potatoes and bacon measured out to him each day according to the number in his family.

THE captain of a company must be a real dictator. What he says must go. One crack of his or his assistant's whip on the tent or wagon cover meant "Get up quickly!" which we did and made hurried preparations to start. So now everything is in readiness, the command is given and our sixty wagons—fifty of them belonging to Scandinavian Saints—are on the way, and we could sing:



Great-Grand-Triples—Merrill, Marilyn and Melvin, children of Grant W. and Mary Taylor Maxfield



"WESTWARD, HO"

"We've left the realms of Babylon and crossed the mighty seas; We've left the good old ship where we walked about at ease. And now's the time for starting boys, We'll jog on if you please. So gee up; my lads, Gee whoa! Push on my lads, Heigh Ho! For there's none can lead, a life like we merry Mormons do."

Other than one birth and an accidental death by a bullet when men were shooting sage-hens, our journey across the plains seems to have been rather lacking in perilous adventure but was always interesting.

We camped once more where there were trees and water. I do not remember the name of the place, but I do remember this incident: It was quite late at night when one of the brethren thought he could hear someone stealthily moving among the bushes. You must know that everyone was a little watchful of Indians. So this brother took out his pistol and three times he gave the warning, "Speak or I'll shoot! Speak or I'll shoot! Speak or I'll shoot!" and then off went the gun. This, however, caused some merriment as it was discovered later—that it was merely the wind playing with the leaves.

AFTER we left civilization the first place we came to was Julesburg, which was nothing more than a trading post but at least it broke the monotony of the journey.

One of the diversions of the plains was picking up buffalo chips for fuel. This task fell to the women and girls who wore aprons in which to gather and carry them. Once in a while a few Indians would come into camp when

we were eating and offer to barter trinkets for food.

One day we had an Indian scare. Someone thought he saw a few Indians on the hills not far away. Every man was ordered to take out his gun and carry it on his left shoulder as he drove, with his right hand. This, too, proved to be a false alarm. I think there was no dancing in our company. Occasionally we were called to evening prayer with the tune of "Do What is Right," played from a bugle in the hands of Brother Stephen Hales.

The Platte is a very winding river so we crossed it many times without much inconvenience, as the Scandinavian brothers would take us girls on their backs and carry us across the stream. Sometimes the distance traveled would be only eight miles a day because of heavy sandy roads. One night we pitched our tent in this sand when lo the wind blew and the rain descended and beat upon that tent and great was the fall thereof. Mother was hurried to the wagon of a friend and we girls held up the tent while father tried to drive in the pins, which was an almost hopeless task. This situation gave us sympathy for the man of Bible fame, but after all, situations are just the way you take them. If we had thought shower baths instead of cold rain running down our backs and arms the occasion would have been a delightful one. However, as we trudged along the next day we sang lustily:

"We may get wet a little when we have a shower of rain. The heat may skin our noses, but they'll soon get well again. And when we think of Zion's land, we'll forget the wet and pain

So, Gee up! my lads, Gee whoa!  
Push on my lads, Heigh Ho!  
For there's none can lead, a life like we merry Mormons do."

WE had not completed one-half of our journey, when we discovered a shortness of food in camp, but it happened that a government post, I think it was named Fort Platte, had been ordered to evacuate. So we were able to buy some supplies from the soldiers.

One has to be accustomed to the western air and atmosphere before he really can have any idea of distances. In our camp was a man named San Givans who had crossed the plains many times. Walking along by his side one day as we were coming in view of Scot's Bluffs, I asked how long before we would reach them. His answer was, "Oh, two or three hours." But to my astonishment it took us one day and a half before we passed through the openings between those bluffs.

Fort Laramie was another place where some needed supplies could be bought, and oh, what a joy it was when we discovered wild berries and ground cherries growing there! Now we were getting into the Rocky Mountain region, and I remember that once at least we had to descend a hill so steep the cattle had to be unhooked and the wagons let down by ropes and manpower. Chimney Rock and Independence Rock had both contributed to our recreational activity but no one but those who have walked over prairies and deserts for days, where water is so scarce that the creeks were reduced to little puddles of alkali water, can imagine

(Continued on page 450)

"O H Mother, it simply *must* be chiffon."

Janice's big blue eyes pleaded as eloquently at twenty as they had when she was a chubby child of three, and worked as much havoc with Mrs. Staitman's kind, motherly heart.

It is hard to refuse an only child anything, especially when one is a widow and one's every thought of every waking hour is for that child.

In this particular instance, however, Mrs. Staitman resolutely banished the pleading of the blue eyes and assumed her most forbidding air.

"Chiffon isn't serviceable, Janice. Now a nice crisp organdie could be worn dozens of times and still launder to look like new."

"Ob, Mother!" Janice's voice was bleak with protest. "Who ever heard of a wedding dress being serviceable!"

Affectionately, she resorted to her little-girl tactics. Slipping onto her mother's ample lap and twining white arms about her plump neck, she continued the argument. She could almost see the maternal defenses fast crumbling about her.

"In the first place, I never, never expect to need a wedding dress more than once. If anything happens to Bill, I'll just fold up and be a nice respectable widow the rest of my natural life."

"Janice dear," her mother expostulated in a scandalized tone, "I didn't mean that I expect you to be married in it more than once!"

Janice burrowed her golden head into the folds of the plump neck.

"I know you didn't Mom. But, some way, I don't like your term 'serviceable.' It isn't appropriate. It sounds like blue serge or checked gingham. I want to be beautiful



# SATISFACTORILY

By IRENE

for Bill, Mom. I want to just take his breath away."

A tremulous smile played around the older woman's mouth and tears of happy remembrance that dated back some twenty-two years before glistened in her eyes. She, too, had had that same desire to be beautiful for Janice's father. She felt her last defense crumbling.

"I only meant," she put in a last dignified effort to stand her ground, "that you could wear organdie to parties afterward."

"But we won't be going to parties," Janice discouraged promptly. "If we were going to live here, it would be different. But Bill's being transferred to Chicago makes matters altogether different. We won't know a soul to invite us to parties. Being married in chiffon will sort of make up to me for not having a June wedding, Mother.

You know how I've had my heart set on that. But now with Bill insisting, in October of all times, on rushing the wedding so I can go with him when he is transferred—well, I just have to have chiffon, that's all."

"I suppose every mother knows the joy of being wheedled out of things by her tyrannical children," Mrs. Staitman sputtered as she dumped Janice unceremoniously on the floor and reached for a pile of patterns. "Well, chiffon it is, then. I wish we could buy a lovely dress all ready made, Dear," she added yearningly.

"I wouldn't buy it for the world. I'll love every stitch I put into it. And your part," Janice



HE EYED HER DISINTERESTEDLY  
AND SAID COOLLY, "WELL!"

# SERVICEABLE DUNLAP

tyrannized lovingly, "is to make at least a dozen of your very cunningest clusters of rosebuds. Pink buds with Alice blue ribbon. I can't think of anything more dainty for trimming."

THE next two weeks went by on glamorous wings. Of course, once wheedled into the idea of the filmy chiffon, Mrs. Staitman put her efficiency to the task with characteristic energy. Her deft fingers fashioned clever trimmings while Janice tucked tiny dainty stitches among the soft folds of the material that seemed to leap into loveliness like something alive.

Bill protestingly argued that Janice was more interested in

the dress than she was in him. "I know you'll be a dream in it, Honey," he reasoned one evening when Janice pleaded that she must sew or she wouldn't be ready in time, "but you are a dream to me in anything. I'd rather have you wear something you already have and have more time to spend with me. I'm positively jealous of that dress."

"Oh, Bill darling, not have a new dress to be married in! Why, a lovely wedding dress is the dream of every girl's life. But, Bill, every stitch I put in is twined about a dream of our life together. You wouldn't deprive me of happy dreams, would you?"

"Of course not, Foolish," Bill's tone was very tender as he answered, "I'm going around in a dream myself."

A week later Janice's blue eyes

were wide and serious and Bill's young face was white and tense as they took their marriage vows. Life was serious as the age-old words rang out, "I pronounce you man and wife."

Bill caught his breath as Janice turned the full glory of her golden beauty on him. She might have stepped out of a story-book. A golden princess—her regal gown, a cloud of white chiffon—her crown, a coronet of rose-buds hung with tulle.

"I'll keep her always like this," he swore to himself fiercely. "She shant work and lose her youth and loveliness."

The trip to Chicago was a revelation to Janice who had lived all her life in the West. As the Western mountains disappeared in the distance behind her and they traversed mile after mile of level prairie country, she had her first premonition of the difference between the life she was leaving and the life she was entering upon. She knew a moment's feeling that was akin to fear—this strange country, this unknown life with Bill.

But then Bill smiled at her and the world ceased to hold fear.

Soon they crossed the border of Illinois and for a distance the track ran parallel to a burst of glory that Easterners call a woods! She was seeing the middle West at the very loveliest time of the year.

"Look, Dear," she exclaimed, gazing rapturously out of the window, "did you ever see such a gorgeous sight?"

Janice caught her breath in sheer ecstasy at the wealth of beauty they were passing. Gnarled sprawling oaks with their yellow-flecked leaves. Elms proud and stately bearing their golden burden aloft in superb defiance of the November winds that must so soon come to rob them of their splendor. Slim, soft-barked hickories. Sturdy wal-

(Continued on page 453)

# THE LATTER-DAY SAINT INSTITUTES

By  
J. WYLEY SESSIONS

*Director Pocatello L. D. S. Institute*

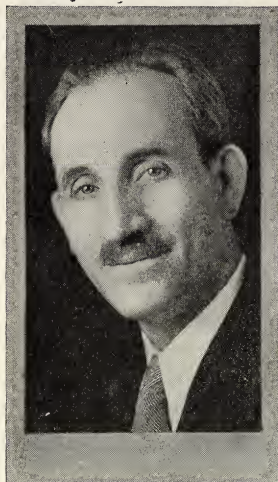
THE motive of education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been responsible for the development of several definite efforts to provide practical application of its familiar slogan, "The Glory of God is Intelligence."

In early Utah history, the Church found it necessary to establish and maintain simple elementary schools. When the state became sufficiently developed to assume the responsibility of its first public schools, the Church looked ahead and established Academies or High Schools and later Junior Colleges throughout Utah and other states where there were large enough Latter-day Saint communities to justify them.

These schools were maintained by the Church with the idea of meeting the standard requirements of secondary education, and at the same time, providing the religious information, training, experience, and atmosphere it considered necessary for the development and character of the young people. As other agencies adequately supplied the secondary schools and made them available for all, the Church was relieved of the responsibility of secular education.

With these developments a new problem appeared, and the Church was confronted with the necessity of providing ways and means of contacting the pupils and giving them daily religious instruction in connection with their high school curriculum. The solution of this problem came in the establishment of the now popular High School Seminaries.

EDUCATION, however, does not stop here; it is a continuous process and students move on into institutions of higher learning. If



J. WYLEY SESSIONS

religion is to be interpreted in terms of practical life and living, it must also grow in thought and experience with other lines of study. It must be discussed and expressed in terms which are otherwise full of meaning to the student. Religion is practical in life and living. It is not theory, but is absolutely necessary to a complete and well-rounded education. There can be no complete education without religious training. It must not, therefore, be crowded out, but a place for it must be left or made in an educational program and it must be kept alive, healthy, and growing.

The Church Board of Education recognized this and accepted the challenge. It acted upon the conviction that the principles and doctrines of religion were founded on fundamental laws and could be subjected to scientific investigation and studied with an exactness and discipline comparable to those used in other fields of human thought and research.

It was at Moscow, Idaho, in

1926 that the Church began its first experiment in religious education at a State University. It established what is now called the Latter-day Saint Institute.

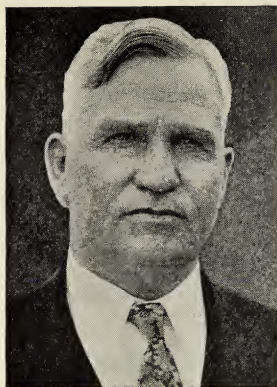
The faculty of the University of Idaho specified conditions and standards under which the State Institutions could cooperate and grant credit for college courses in religious philosophy and Bible history given in schools of religion maintained by the various Christian denominations. The faculty recommendations were approved by the State Board of Education and are as follows:

## CONDITIONS

1. That courses in religious education submitted for credit in the University of Idaho shall be offered in Moscow by an incorporated organization which assumes full responsibility for the selection of its instructors and the maintenance of its work in a physical plant adequate for instruction of University grade.
2. That courses offered for University credit shall at all times conform to the following constitutional provision under which the University of Idaho operates: "No instruction either sectarian in religion or partisan in politics shall ever be allowed in any department of the University."
3. That University elective credit of not to exceed eight semester hours may be allowed for such courses.
4. That students desiring credit for such courses shall secure the consent of the dean of their college at the time of registration and that the number of credits for which they are registered be reduced so that the total number of credits taken, including those in religious education, shall conform to the University standards.
5. That credit for these courses be granted only upon the recommendation of the Committee on Advanced Standing.

## STANDARDS

1. The instructor shall have a master's degree or its equivalent and shall possess such maturity of scholarship as is required for appointment to the position of full professor in the University of Idaho.
2. The courses offered shall conform to University standards in library requirements and in method and rigor of their conduct.
3. None but students enrolled in the University shall be admitted to these courses, or such other students as are



THOMAS C. ROMNEY  
Director of the Logan L. D. S. Institute



GEORGE S. TANNER  
Director Moscow L. D. S. Institute



LOWELL L. BENNION  
Director Salt Lake City L. D. S. Institute

rated by the Registrar of the University as entitled to University standing.

4. Classes in religious education shall conform to the University Calendar and to University standards as to length of period.
5. Approval of courses in religious education shall not be granted until they are adequately financed and there is a likelihood of their permanency.
6. Approval of such courses shall be continued to Foundations maintaining at least one instructor devoting not less than half time to such work.
7. The University reserves the right to assure itself from time to time that these conditions and standards are being met.

### *First Institute Class to be Graduated, May 26, 1935*

ON May 26, 1935, the first class in the history of the L. D. S. Institutes—collegiate rank—was graduated from the Logan L. D. S. Institute of which Thomas C. Romney, Ph. D., is director. President Heber J. Grant was present, gave the address, and conferred upon them their diplomas. Franklin L. West, Assistant Commissioner of Education of the Church, was present at the exercises.

THE Church accepted this proposed plan and purchased a plot of ground on one of the main student thoroughfares and convenient to the campus. Here a beautiful building was constructed at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. The building was large enough to meet the particular requirements of the religious educational project and to accommodate the various activities characteristic of university group houses.

The house has three stories. On the main floor are two class rooms.



LOGAN L. D. S. SEMINARY GRADUATING CLASS

Front row, left to right: Clyde Hopkins, Sylvan Needham, Dr. Frank L. West, Mrs. Heber J. Grant, President Heber J. Grant, Mrs. Mary Judd, Director T. C. Romney, Horace C. Carlson.

Second row: Israel C. Heaton, Verena Adams, Asia H. Bergeson, Elizabeth Darley, Luella Ward Hathcock, Orville S. Lee, William W. Reeder, Ralph Stahle, Ralph Toleman, T. Rex Lowe.

Third row: D. Max Smith, Margaret Olson, Gaye Perry, Minette Carlson, Seth L. Stewart, Nephi Jorgenson, and Wallace Grandy.



POCATELLO L. D. S. INSTITUTE

SALT LAKE U. D. S. INSTITUTE UNIVERSITY WARD CHAPEL

LOGAN L. D. S. INSTITUTE

MOSCOW, IDAHO, L. D. S. INSTITUTE

a reception room, office, library, and chapel. In the basement a ball room, rest rooms, serving kitchen, furnace, coal rooms, etc. The second floor is given to eleven nicely furnished dormitory rooms where twenty-two men can be accommodated. The architecture is of Tudor Gothic type and corresponds in quality and style with the nicer University buildings.

The experiment at Moscow was successful, largely because the cooperation was sincere on the part of both the University and the Church. An honest effort was made to provide a high grade program of religion, on college level, at a tax supported institution. In developing the project and directing the activities of the Institute, great care was exercised that it would in no way violate the traditional principle of the separation of Church and State, or otherwise become unworthy of its affiliation with the University. Three other Institutes have since been established.

THE Logan Latter-day Saint Institute was built in 1928. It is affiliated with the Utah State Agricultural College under a similar arrangement to that at Moscow. In 1929, the Pocatello Institute affiliated with the University of Idaho Southern Branch

was built, and the school year of 1934-35 marked the beginning of an Institute at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City.

The buildings and programs at each of these four Institutes are built to meet the particular requirements and needs of the students in the respective schools. The buildings are, therefore, not exactly alike, neither is there entire uniformity in the courses of study offered, nor in the programs of activity. The Moscow Institute is the only one that has the dormitory feature. The Chapel at Moscow serves not only the University students, but also the members of the Church living in that Branch of the North Western States Mission.

The population of Logan, Utah, is composed largely of Mormon people and ninety per cent of the studentbody belong to the Church. It is assumed that students will participate in the activities in the various wards of the city. The Institute, therefore, has large enrollment in week-day classes. These courses and a Sunday School for students who prefer the Institute to the Ward demand the major emphasis. Pocatello again meets an entirely different condition. Students are mostly of Junior College age. Only about one-third of the studentbody belong to the Latter-day Saint Church. Many of the students live on the campus and are restricted and influenced by campus regulations, others work in town for room and board. These conditions have brought about a development along three distinct lines: First, the week-day courses of study in the field of religion. Second, the regular ecclesiastical functions incident to worship and church practice. This includes a Sunday School, Sunday evening Service of worship called Vesper, and an M Men and Gleaner Girl organization. Third, a social program designed to stimulate wholesome association and build friendships among Latter-day Saint students. The Institutes have made places for themselves in the community life of the schools, and their buildings have become centers of campus activity. They are used for receptions, balls, teas, recitals, lectures, debates and other University functions.

THE Salt Lake Institute which commenced this year is housed in the beautiful University Ward Chapel located directly across the street from the University of Utah Union Building. The program consists of week day courses of instruction, seminars, and weekly discussion groups on current religious problems. A class especially organized for University students and taught by the Institute Director is held in connection with the University Ward Sunday School.

The courses of study at the various Institutes cannot be exactly uniform, yet they are similar. The following is a list of some of the courses offered and is typical of all:

1. An introduction to the History, Religion and Literature of the Old Testament.
2. Prophecy and the Prophets.
3. The History and Religion of the New Testament.
4. The Life of Paul, the Apostle.

5. Comparative Religion.
6. Religious Principles and Doctrines.
7. Church Practice and Religious Leadership.

At the University of Idaho, University of Idaho Southern Branch, Utah State Agricultural College, and University of Utah, full college credit is granted for courses in Bible study. Students register for Institute subjects in precisely the same manner as they register for University courses. The reports to the registrar are exactly the same for the Institute instructors as for the University faculty.

Institute groups have organized and received campus status. They take part in the inter-mural activities and scholarship competitions. In these extra-curricular activities they have made most creditable records.

THE following statements from some of the University officials indicate the pleasant and happy relationships between the Institute Directors and University Faculties:

"I am glad to add my very cordial endorsement of the purposes and the effectiveness of the L. D. S. Collegiate Institute at the University of Idaho at Moscow.

"This splendid building on the campus of the University is maintained as a dormitory, recreational and religious center for the L. D. S. students of the University. Its classrooms, library, and other facilities for religious instruction make it a very distinct addition to the religious and recreational life of the University.

"M. G. Neale, President,  
"University of Idaho."

"A generally accepted tradition among American State Universities is that religious education should be offered privately rather than by the State School itself. No such tradition can lessen the interest that many faculty members in the State Universities feel in the religious life of their students.

"The establishment of the Latter-day Saint Institute at the Southern Branch has proven of great value, not only to Latter-day Saint students, but to the entire campus. While the religious instruction offered has been largely confined to members of the Latter-day Saint Church, other students, faculty members and townspeople have made constant use of the social and recreational features of the building.

"I am glad to congratulate the Institute upon the service rendered to date. I am confident that the entire school is the gainer in many ways because of the fine program of the Institute.

"John R. Dyer, Executive Dean,  
"University of Idaho Southern Branch."

"It gives me real pleasure to have this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of what the Latter-day Saint Institute is doing for a large group of our young people here at the Southern Branch.

"The University, and particularly those who are

responsible for the social and recreational life of its students, may consider themselves fortunate in having on its campus such an Institute, where religious training can flower into gracious and fine living under the careful supervision of its directors.

"Marguerite P. Drew, Dean of Women,  
"Southern Branch of the University of Idaho."

THESE Institutes foster the idea that beauty is a good environment for religious stimulation, association, and general education. The buildings are artistic inside and outside and carefully planned lawns and gardens surround them. They are furnished with carpets, drapes and comfortable furniture. The buildings are used daily, almost hourly, by the students who enjoy and respect the privilege. An atmosphere seems to be cultivated which is often mentioned by even a casual visitor and which is often spoken of as "The Spirit of the Institute."

INTERIOR POCA-  
TELLO L. D. S.  
INSTITUTE

SAME INTERIOR  
FROM DIFFERENT  
ANGLE

CHAPEL, LOGAN L.  
D. S. INSTITUTE





By  
ANN  
ANDREWS

# ONE

SOMETHING about Bill appealed to Susan. Everything about Susan appealed to Bill. They were young, sincere and in love. It was the fall of the year, but the spring time of life. They were under a red and yellow maple tree and the voice which was speaking was deep and earnest.

"But, Susan, you can't refuse me, you can't, because—!"

"Because why, Billy, dear?" The voice which answered was sweet and demure.

"Because I love you, Susan. Isn't that reason enough?" Susan had to be firm with herself when he looked like that. "Yes, it is reason enough why I shouldn't refuse you, but I have."

"But you love me, Susan."

"Yes."

"Then why?"

"Listen, Bill. How many couples do we know that are happy? Life changes, love changes—," Susan had heard someone say this, "look at all the failures in matrimony; everyone starts out the same and nearly everyone ends the same—in the courts!"

"But, darling, we'll be different," insisted the forlorn suitor.

"Yes, I know. Everyone thinks that, but I have fully made up my mind never to marry. I want to do something worth while, something noble!"

"Well, wouldn't it be noble to save me? Honest, Susan, I can't live without you."

"Now, Billy, don't be a baby. I haven't heard of any fatalities among rejected suitors so far."

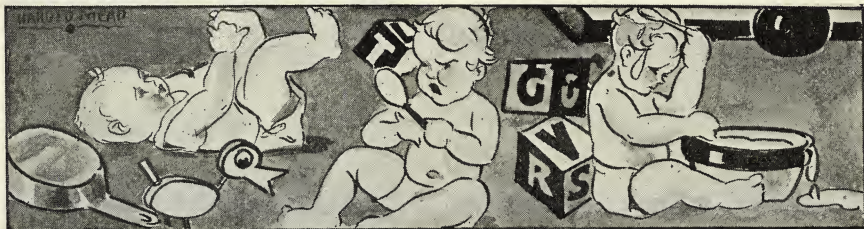
"Then tell me what you consider noble, if saving lives isn't?"

MY plan," Susan continued, "is to adopt two or three homeless babies and raise them. I've figured it all out. By careful planning and hard work I can keep them with the money grandpa left me."

"Adopt me then. You say I am a baby."

"Oh, don't be silly. I am serious!"

"So am I serious, Susan. If you will marry me and go to Europe with me, when we return we'll adopt the whole orphan asylum, or anything else you want. I promise we will."



# MONTH ON APPROVAL

"That's just it," Susan interrupted, "you have to go to Europe for three years. Bill, can't you see what I can do in that time?"

"I'll give up Europe!"

"You can't. It means your whole future."

"I'll hire someone to raise them until we get back," insisted Bill.

"No, no, no! I've decided, so don't argue. Do you think I'd trust my children to an inexperienced nurse-maid? Why, the future of a child depends upon its cradle training; besides, Bill, if you pay the money, and some one else raises them, where do I come in?"

"But, Susan!"

THIS was only a little of the pleading which William Marquette put forth to win his suit. Susan Brooks was firm and steadfast and when Susan made up her mind it took more than a little obstacle to sway her; and Bill was only an obstacle, bigger, perhaps, than she would admit to herself. She loved him, yes, she really did love him; but what is love in this generation compared with duty? She defied the saying, "Love to man is a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence." Today woman is man's equal in every respect and ambition and duty must come first. Susan had convinced herself of this.

She had heard much about orphans and it seemed a wonderful way to use Grandpa Brook's money. She would spend it upon children who would otherwise have no chance in life. She would give them a home and a real mother and raise them to be honorable men and women. Susan was a dreamer but she meant this dream to come true.

Bill was not easily daunted himself so he immediately set out to find a plan which would prove to Susan that he was as "much orphan" as she could handle. His first step consisted in calling upon Dr. Parks for sage advice. Dr. Parks was the family physician and there was a strong bond of friendship between the two men which had lasted from Billy's colic days through his college days. When Bill took up the study of medicine they became great pals; and now, as man to man, Bill related how he had been rejected.

"I'll never give her up, never! She admits she loves

me and yet refuses me all because of this scheme of hers to help humanity."

Dr. Parks rubbed his chin and said, "She must raise them herself."

"Yes," answered Bill pensively, "she thinks cradle days are most important and she wouldn't be doing her duty unless she took all the responsibility."

"And you want her to go to Europe with you?"

"Yes."

"We will have to work fast to bring her to our point of view. You leave in October; what day?"

"About the fifteenth."

"That gives us, let me see, about six weeks. Oh, well, leave it to me, old fellow. I think I have a cure even for ambition."

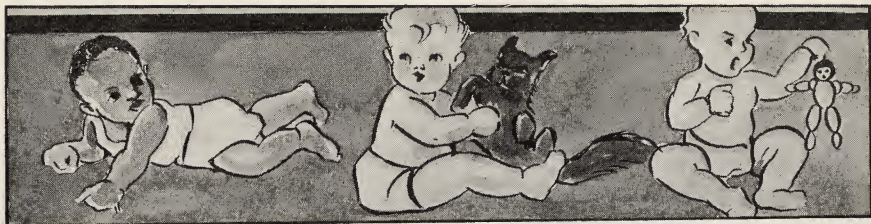
WHERE to get babies was Susan's real problem. It was to be solved much more quickly than she expected. She had been taught to ask for divine aid in weighty matters so she fervently prayed that the Lord would guide her and help her find homeless babies who needed care and a chance in life.

One night shortly after her talk with Bill, as she was drifting into sweet oblivion, she heard a loud ringing at the door and a faint cry. She sat up, listened for a moment, slid out of bed and hurried to the door. And there, actually there! A basket full of babies. A double answer to her petition. They were heavenly twins.

Susan gave a cry of joy. She did not know why the twins were crying but they cried and cried. Yes, cried all through the night! Susan carried the basket into the living room. Mrs. Brooks was awakened to help make food. Mellon's is supposed to make better babies but it did not seem to improve the twins a bit. Patty Brooks rocked one and Susan the other. Papa Brooks fixed hot water bottles and shook up pillows; and thus Susan began her career.

Next day, in spite of a sleepless night, the family began preparations for the newly arrived. Susan was astonished at the amount of work two children can make. Patty was kept busy sewing up flannel nighties and flannel "dudies" while mama converted the spare room into a nursery. Susan went into ecstasies over the two blue baby beds Mr. Brooks had sent out on the morning delivery.

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# THE WORD of WISDOM FROM THE



*The marvelous vital organs with which we are endowed are our only guarantee of life. In this revealing discussion Dr. Edmunds tells why the Word of Wisdom is really a word of wisdom.*

IN my opinion, and after due deliberation and study, I might state that there is nowhere a code or document which contains more sound principles of correct living than are contained in the so-called Word of Wisdom as we find it recorded in the 89th Section of the book of the Doctrine and Covenants of the "Mormon" Church. And the marvel of it all is that these principles were given to the world in the fore part of the last century and by a young man unlearned in the sciences of toxicology and of nutrition with which this Word of Wisdom deals; necessarily so, for in that day these sciences were in their infancy. Many of the truths expressed in this treatise have only recently been substantiated by scientific experiment, or are still to be investigated at further length, and in greater detail. Let us consider from a scientific viewpoint this so-called Word of Wisdom. It might more aptly be termed a volume of Wisdom.

Roughly, it might be said to be divided into two parts. The first is an admonition to refrain from certain things which we are informed are "not for man," or at least not to be taken into the body of man. Among these are specifically named Tobacco, Wine (except "pure Wine of the grape of the vine"), Strong Drinks and Hot Drinks. Among these latter are included the caffeinated beverages Tea and Coffee.

The second part of this document is essentially the reverse of the first, for it contains advice concerning what one *shall* take into his body. Included among these (foods) are "All wholesome herbs . . . every herb in the season thereof; . . . Flesh of beasts and of the fowls of the air . . . to be used sparingly . . . in times of winter, or of cold, or famine. All grain is ordained for the use of man and of beasts, to be the *staff of life*; . . . All grain is good for the food of man; as also the fruit of the vine; . . . Nevertheless *wheat* for

man, and corn for the ox, and oats for the horse, and rye for the fowls and for swine, etc." Concerning these we will say more later on. Let us now digress and consider the human body, which is ours, that we may better understand the subsequent discussion.

IT is a never-ending marvel to contemplate the human body and the inter-relationship of one part to another, one organ to another, and the beautiful harmony which exists among these organs in a state of health. On the other hand, it is also interesting, albeit not pleasurable, to study the sequence of events which follow disease of one or more of these parts or organs, and its extension directly or indirectly to involve other parts and organs. This discussion must necessarily be brief, and so we will choose for our consideration and study one of the most interesting and marvelous of all organs in our body, namely, the heart, with its vascular system, the blood vessels; and its closely allied organs, the kidneys.

The heart is unique. It is unlike any other organ in the body. It works all the time, even when we sleep; eight-tenths of a second are required to complete one cycle; that is, the heart works four-tenths of a second and rests the other four-tenths. But even when it rests, the blood vessels in its vascular system throughout the body keep working, by virtue of the natural elasticity of their muscle and elastic tissue fibers.

The heart weighs only ten ounces. In comparison with the liver, the latter is five times as heavy, and in comparison with the body as a whole, the latter weighs 205 times as much. Yet the amount of work the heart does is relatively colossal—and it dare not fail! It beats on an average of 72 times a

minute, and puts out about 2 gallons of blood in that time. A single drop of blood takes about 23 seconds to make a complete circuit of the body and requires from 26 to 28 beats of the heart. It passes twice through the heart in making this circuit, but only once through the body. Each day, even under resting conditions, the heart ejects several thousand pints of blood, and this may be increased by as much as 1000% during severe exercise!

To get a better understanding of what this means, let us make a few comparisons. The amount of work which the heart does in one day is equivalent to the additional energy expended by a man climbing half-way up Pike's Peak or shoveling 26 tons of coal up a three-foot incline. For the average man, this will equal an amount of energy sufficient to lift ninety tons three feet high; or the equivalent of lifting half a pound forty inches high with *each beat*! When the pulse is about 72 per minute, approximately eight pints of blood pass through the heart every minute. With moderate exercise, this is increased to about twenty pints; while during severe exercise, *all* the blood in the body (about eight pints) goes through the heart in about *twelve seconds*.

NOW let us consider it from another angle: Assuming that the heart beats about 70 times per minute, blood courses through the vessels at the rate of 207 yards per minute, seven miles an hour, 168 miles a day, and 61,320 miles a year, the heart beating about 50,000,000 times! Now multiply that figure by the proverbial "four-score-and-ten" (years) and the figures are staggering. A single corpuscule lives only about three to four weeks, but assuming that it were to live for the life-time of the

# STANDPOINT of SCIENCE

individual, and let us say the individual reaches the ripe age of 84 years; then this corpuscle would have traveled in that time nearly five and a quarter million miles. And may I reiterate that these figures deal with the heart that beats at the normal resting rate of about 70 per minute; consider the difference were the heart rate to be increased twenty to thirty percent by the simple ingestion of a few cups of coffee or other stimulant beverage at regular intervals throughout the day. But more of this later. The foregoing comparisons are taken from the medical publication "Hygeia."

And now a word about that much-talked-of thing, blood pressure. To more clearly understand this latter, let us make a rather homely comparison. Let us consider the heart a rubber ball filled with water; let us attach to it a straight tube. It will require a certain pressure on the ball to force the water through this tube. Now if we add a second tube, and here and there branching tubes; and if we bend these at different angles, and on several branches add other balls; and if these extend for a distance of about 70 inches, and then connect with similar branching tubes leading back to the rubber ball; it will require infinitely more pressure on the rubber ball to force the water throughout this closed circuit and back to the ball. What we have amounts to a double column of fluid about 70 inches in height. Let us transform this ball into the heart, the rigid tubes into elastic blood vessels, and the water into blood. The other balls mentioned we will replace with organs of the body, the liver, the lungs, kidneys, brain, etc.; and we have as a result a human power plant with its central pumping station (the heart) as the source of energy supply.

What part does the heart play in maintaining blood pressure? We have discussed that above in contemplating the amount of work performed by this organ. Let us

consider the part played by the blood vessels. Hardening of these vessels almost always causes high blood pressure. Normal blood pressure varies with the individual, but for general purposes, it might be said that a normal person of twenty years has a systolic (higher) pressure of about 120 (millimeters of mercury); and for each year increase in age, the pressure goes up half a millimeter, so that a person forty years of age would have a pressure of about 130. There are two readings, a higher and a lower reading. When the blood pressure is referred to ordinarily, only the higher reading is mentioned. While the heart is relaxing

and filling with blood, there still exists a certain amount of pressure, the Diastolic pressure, which is normally about two-thirds of the higher pressure. This is the pressure which the heart must overcome before the valves open and blood can be forced into the great vessels, while the difference between the two readings represents the power of the left ventricle of the heart in excess of the diastolic pressure. A high diastolic pressure is of serious import to the heart, and causes the greater concern to the physician, since it indicates increased resistance in the vascular system somewhere (the branching tubes of our crude example), and throws an added burden on the heart. Naturally we wish to know the reason for this increase in resistance, and, if possible, eradicate the cause.

High blood pressure is common in the United States. It is estimated that about 20% of the adult population, which in figures equals about five million persons, have it. It is further estimated that 140,000 die annually in this country as a result of this condition, about half of the deaths being due to heart failure as a complication. This condition therefore becomes one of extreme importance. And if there are ways of prevention, we are interested in knowing about them.

There are many factors which contribute toward raising the blood pressure in an individual. Some are transitory, others more lasting; and the transitory causes, as emotion, worry, etc., if frequently repeated, lead to a permanency of the situation. It may be said in general that there are five factors which cause this condition of hardening of the blood vessels, with subsequent high blood pressure: (1) Heredity; (2) Infections, particularly venereal infection; (3) the stress and strain of life, the so-called "wear and tear"; (4) Personal Habits, as overeating, overworking, worry, etc.; (5) In-

## *A Word of Wisdom*

A WORD OF WISDOM, for the benefit of the Council of High Priests, assembled in Kirtland, and church; and also the saints in Zion.

"To be sent greeting—not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days.

"Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called saints.

"Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days, I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation.

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him.

"And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make.

"And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.

"And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.

"And again, hot drinks are not for the body or belly. . . ."

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# A Builder of Boys and Girls

By GEORGE S. DIBBLE

GENTLEMEN, I would rather rear better boys and girls than raise better sheep and cattle."

The Board of Education of one of Utah's largest school districts was met in regular session. Facing them was a new superintendent; a quiet-mannered, intelligent man, young in appearance, old in experience. The board was demanding further economies in school expenditures. The new executive was proposing a program which had it not required the appropriation of additional moneys was in itself so revolutionary as to immediately earn a rebuff from the conservative members of the board. In his quiet, forceful way the superintendent was winning his case.

He succeeded so admirably and effectively in becoming a pioneer in what has been characterized a renaissance in the field of education that it was not at all remarkable when the National Child Welfare Association selected Dr. Francis W. Kirkham as educational director. His creed has always been:

"The greatest opportunity for service to one's country is to do something for its boys and girls."

THE name of Francis Kirkham is not a new one in educational circles of the nation. All his life he has sought the opportunity to promote the new ideal in education which would make of the student being sent from the school, not alone the product of the grinding mill proficient in the three "R's," but a well rounded individual trained in the art of living. He believes that good citizenship is a matter of character building and that a great responsibility rests upon the schools of the nation for the promotion of such a program.

When Mr. Kirkham assumed the leadership of the Granite School District he wasted no time proceeding to the traditional "brass tack."

"Gentlemen," he addressed his board, "did you ever stop to consider what your job is, what my job is? Do you know that it is our responsibility to guarantee equal opportunities to every child in this district? There are at the

*Here is a success story that ought to thrill every Latter-day Saint boy and girl who have set their feet upon the ladder which leads to great achievement.*



DR. FRANCIS W. KIRKHAM

present time a large number of boys and girls of compulsory school age who are not attending school. We are guilty of dire neglect if we choose to ignore these individuals. There are privileges which belong very properly to these boys and girls. I propose that we assume this real responsibility. For this purpose I am asking for an additional appropriation to cover the costs of a pupil accounting and character-building program."

The board weighed the advisability of increasing the already overloaded budget. The superintendent was obdurate. With the methodical thoroughness of the attorney that he is, he presented his case.

"The law requires us to spend money on all children of this district up to the age of eighteen years and to do it on a twelve months basis. Our problem becomes one of character building, of fitting the youth under our supervision to be

honorable, useful citizens who know how to make a living. Every one of you approves the plan of building up a superior strain of livestock. Shall we not do the same for our children? The 'problem' youth of today is our problem citizen of tomorrow."

THE board granted the increase. At an annual expenditure of \$700.00, a child-accounting system was established in the entire district. A study was made of delinquent cases. Under observation for special study were: (1) Those who had attended school less than twenty weeks during the school term; (2) those who had been absent the previous school year; (3) those who had failed in two or more school subjects the previous term. Teachers were engaged for a twelve month term to aid in carrying out the program. Pupils who were forced to remain away from school for economic reasons were aided in securing of worthwhile employment and the supervision of the school extended into his working hours as well as his leisure time. Juvenile delinquency in the Granite District was reduced to 20% or 25% in the short period of three years.

So successful was the plan that neighboring districts tried it with equally startling results. From a superintendent came this statement:

"Through a correlation of this work with the Boy Scout movement, we have enlisted every available candidate for the tenderfoot rank in scouting in our entire district."

In this work Mr. Kirkham received the hearty support of his co-workers, the Salt Lake Council, Boy Scouts of America, and ecclesiastic and civic organizations in his district.

BACK of the life story of this man is a never ceasing struggle to attain a goal he set for himself early in life.

When Francis was thirteen, his mother died in childbirth, leaving a large family. One week later his father left to perform a church mission. With his brother Jim who was eighteen years of age (Oscar A. was only ten) he worked to support the family and sent fifteen dollars to his father monthly, through the operation of a mercantile establishment. Two years later he entered the L. D. S. College, renting a room and preparing his own meals. Bread at that time sold for thirty loaves for a dollar. Not being able to afford milk, he at times substituted hot water and sugar when he had a craving for bread and milk.

Having completed one year's work at the college, he decided to continue scholastic work at Brigham Young University. Taking with him a camp-stove, some potatoes, salt pork, graham mush and some quilts he rented a room in an adobe house for four dollars per month. Besides carrying a heavy course in bookkeeping and stenography he studied the piano, practicing before classes in the morning. Quite frequently the room was so cold that technique was extremely difficult.

IN the usual time for acquiring a diploma Francis received two: one in stenography and one in bookkeeping. Realizing that his natural bent in-

clined to the teaching field, he returned to school. A year later at the age of nineteen he accepted a call to perform a mission to New Zealand.

The trip to New Zealand consumed twenty-seven days. As soon as the young missionary arrived he was sent among the Maoris without companions and left in this situation for six weeks. Not having a knowledge of the native tongue he suffered acutely the pangs of homesickness. To counteract this he applied himself diligently to the task of learning the Maori tongue. One day being especially lonely he had been praying fervently when he felt the comforting influence of his mother's presence. From that time forward his progress was

rapid and his homesickness never returned.

At the end of six weeks the presiding elder returned to hold a conference in the branch. At the conference the elder introduced a new missionary, announcing that he would speak through his own translation. Elder Kirkham immediately arose to his feet and to the great surprise of the other missionaries present, spoke to the Maoris in their own tongue. At this time the natives of the district were opposing the government and the new missionary was later instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation. He wrote and prepared a simplified grammar of the Maori tongue which has been an important factor in preserving the language as well as a practical aid for students of the tongue.

Returning home he fulfilled a brief mission for the Mutual Improvement Association in Idaho. Then the newly returned missionary armed himself with sample products of a knitting mill and mounted a bicycle. He decided to make his initial canvassing venture at American Fork, but arriving there his courage deserted him

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AS GEORGE S. DIBBLE SEES  
THE GIRL AND BOY BUILDER

# The ABUNDANT LIFE



By NEPHI JENSEN

*Who is there that would not like to find the true abundant life which brings a joy which passes understanding? That is the eternal quest. Judge Jensen, in this brief article, presents or defines or points out what, in his opinion, constitutes that life.*

FOR the last half dozen years or more the little phrase "the abundant life" has met my gaze in dozens of books, scores of magazine articles, newspaper stories and editorials. I have heard it spoken flippantly in the Sunday School class, on the lecture platform and from the pulpit.

It has come to be the name for about as many things as the little word "love," which has been made the label for almost everything from a mere bodily urge to the perfect altruism of the Son of God.

SOME of the conceptions of the fuller life remind me of a friend, who after listening to a discussion in a Sunday School class of a number of things as gospel, that were not really gospel, remarked laconically, "The gospel embraces all truth except the gospel." Paraphrasing this sally of wit it might be said that, judging from what is being said about it, the abundant life is all kinds of life except "the abundant life."

But it was just last night that I heard the first attempt to explain how one can get this richer life by the mere psychological devices of "attention" and "imagination" and the interplay of these two mental processes. It was in a class discussion.

The instructor, who knew a few psychological terms and seemed to like the scholastic sound of them better than the simple spiritual terminology of the Christ, attempted to induct his hearers into the joyous fulness of life by the psychological route.

His observations led me to meditate. Where did the phrase originate? What is this fulness of life? Just how does one get it?

THESE are vital questions. The persistent discussion of them is my excuse for obtruding these paragraphs upon the reader. I should not have permitted myself to be precipitated into print if I were not profoundly convinced that the

phrase has a very deep definite doctrinal significance; and that the distortion of its meaning is responsible for a great many people's failing to seek this most precious gift.

The Divine Master is the author of the phrase. It is a part of His beautiful, terse explanation of His saving mission. "I came," He said, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The Savior was always talking about life. "Eternal life," "everlasting life" and "life is more than meat," are phrases that were constantly upon His lips. The ennoblement of life was the very core of His philosophy. He spoke of "entering into life" as the highest attainment of man. Fulness of living and fulness of giving might be regarded as His conception of real success.

But we shall not catch His meaning unless we keep in mind that life in its highest and best aspects, as Jesus understood it, is something more than the mere work-a-day pleasure-seeking existence. He spoke of Himself as "the life of the world"—implying that He was in a special sense a giver of life. That He invested the word with deep spiritual significance is evident from the fact that He says, "If ye eat not of the flesh of the Son of God ye have not life in you."

The profoundest students of the Savior's spiritual philosophy understood that He was distinctively a sensitizer of life. Paul very impressively gives Him the appellation "Quickening Spirit."

But the Master's idea of the enrichment of life is quite different from that of the ordinary man. Two stories in contrast will aid us in discovering this difference.

ONE night a man of wealth sat in a local theater while a

drama, written by a noted literary craftsman, was being played by a company of real artists. It was one of those strong wholesome plays that depict the triumph of the truly heroic in human character. When the curtain went down for the last time the man who sat next to the capitalist turned and asked:

"How did you like it?"

"Oh, I don't have to pay for a Sunday School lesson," he snorted.

The story furnishes a classical illustration of the ordinary man's idea of getting away from the humdrum of existence. He looks to the object from which he gets his pleasure to furnish the excitement. He seeks excitement rather than incitement. So if any object from which he is seeking pleasure does not really please, he either strives to have it spiced up in some way, or he resorts to some other type of gratification. If plain food does not tickle his palate, instead of waiting for his appetite to become keener, he resorts to richer dishes. If a classical book seems dull, he picks up a wild story. If real art on the stage seems too tame, he goes to a questionable play. If clean sparkling wit does not evoke his risibility he calls for smut. Or, in other words, he constantly seeks to increase his pleasures through change and diversification instead of intensifying his powers to enjoy.

NOW the other story. The chill of winter had just turned to the genial warmth of spring. The ground was becoming dry. Three sub-teen girls were out on the sidewalk. Two of them were gleefully swinging a rope in the skip-the-rope fashion, to the merry accompaniment of a joyous spring song. The other girl, with heart beating in tune with the lively swish of the rope, was doing a

lively "salt, vinegar, mustard, pepper." The circumstance furnished inspiration for a bit of homely meter.

I haven't read the weather dope  
But the swish, swish of skipping  
rope  
Makes the girlies zip, zip and sing—  
Surely it must be coming spring.

What is the difference between this man of the world and these innocent playful girls? The right answer to this question will aid us in differentiating the Master's idea of living from the natural man's conception. This man of the world was trying to get more life through diversified gratification. The three little girls followed quite a different plan of happiness. They got intense and interminable joy out of a mere skipping rope. Why? Simply because they were intensely alive. Or, in other words, they got their joy out of the intensity of experience and not from newly invented excitements.

This is the Master's idea of increasing life. He holds that it is the intensification of life, rather than diversification that gives zest to existence. His whole philosophy of man's ennoblement is based upon the idea of the purification and sublimation of the human spirit.

That the Master was not talking about the ordinary aspects of the work-a-day and pleasure-seeking activities, when He referred to the fuller life, is evident from the fact that He came to bring the richer life. The life of the average mortal at the time of Christ was very much like it is today. People at that time worked, played, wedded, danced and drank and made merry. If the Savior had in mind these aspects of life, why did He say "I came that they might have life?" His contemporaries already had diversified life. What they lacked was a deeper and purer life.

IT is this intensity of life that gives real meaning to our ordinary experiences. Drinking a little cold water is a very ordinary experience. But I recall an occasion when it was a most exhilarating event. It occurred in Florida. While my companion and I were on our way to the Gulf Coast we got lost in the dense woods. For over eight hours we wandered about in the forest seeking for a road to the coast. It was extremely hot, and

we did not have a drop to drink all day. At about sunset we reached the little fishing village of Hudson; and walked eagerly, almost frantically, to the first home that came in sight and asked for a drink of water. We were shown to the bucket, and commenced to draw the bucket. Presently

"Dripping with coolness it rose from the well."

The homely words of the song had a real meaning for us that day not because of their rare suggestiveness, nor yet because the water was exceptionally cool. It was not very clear. And it was not very clear. Moreover, drinking water is a very commonplace thing. But we were intensely thirsty. The intensity of our thirst gave us unusual pleasure in the ordinary experience of drinking some water.

THIS idea of enhancing life through deepening it finds its finest exemplification in the higher

registers of experience. Colonel Robert G. Ingersol, he of the golden tongue, speaking at the funeral of his brother said, "In the presence of flowers he was touched to tears." This is a rare tribute to a rare soul. The one to whom it was paid was so intensely sensitive to the beautiful that he was deeply moved by the mere sight of commonplace flowers. The possession of this keen sense of esthetic delight adds infinitely more to the enrichment of life than enlarged opportunities of seeing landscapes, pictures and statuary.

As we pass from the esthetic up to the spiritual level the idea of enriching life by purification finds its finest expression. A few years ago, a young girl from a home of some little affluence joined the missionary ranks of one of our missions in the United States. She arrived at the headquarters of the mission attired

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## The Covered Wagon Crosses the Sea

THE Covered Wagon is actually to be enshrined in a park in Denmark far from the trail over which a part of it came many years ago. This wagon pictured here was reassembled and necessary new parts built in Utah and taken to Denmark by Andrew Jenson, veteran Assistant Church Historian, where it is to be presented to a park in Copenhagen, where it will be put on display. The presentation ceremony will occur July 4, 1935. It is interesting to note that Andrew Jenson, pictured with the wagon on the Temple Square in Salt Lake City, is 84 years of age and that he walked all the way across the plains from Wyoming, a small town on the banks of the Missouri River seven miles north of Nebraska City, to Salt Lake City. He began his hike on August 8, 1866, and arrived in Salt Lake City on October 8. He and his wagon, accompanied by his wife and daughter, made the return trip to Denmark in May and early June by train and ship in luxury the boy, while on the long walk, could not even picture in his mind.

# A ROMANCE OF

By DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

## CHAPTER 8

SIX days passed. Six days of suspense and joyful anticipation for the Lamanite, suspense and work for the Nephites. They were days of weary waiting for Zena and hopeful plotting for David—and then came the seventh.

A fateful day dedicated to secret preparation, crushing responsibility, heart-breaking uncertainty. The City's pulse was rapid, her voice taut, words short. Her years of misery; of insecurity; of slavery and starvation were pitted against the midnight hour. Which would win? Could she in the time allotted get far enough away? Would the Lamanites drink and stay drunk long enough. Would the great Jehovah whom she had disregarded so flagrantly in the past, direct them aright?

The night was dark and uncertain. Great rumbling clouds hung ominously low above the massive walls. Lightning, vivid and terrifying, cut through the blackness, speeding careless ones into places of concealment. In the corrals herds milled about and nervous herdsmen prayed fervently for the hastening of the hour. Jewels and family records brought from crypts in walls and beneath houses kept tryst with robes of purple and finetwined linens; and everywhere grain, baskets and bags of it, had mysteriously appeared to take honor place among the night's collections. People had not dreamed there was so much grain, even their bountiful harvest could not have produced it. For every family there was a generous allotment, enough to carry them to safety.

Fathers moved from one member of their family to another; assigning tasks here, giving a whisper of encouragement or caution there. Mothers clasped their little ones close in the tense dark, waiting, counted heads again and again that none might stray aside and be left.

THE eleventh hour came and passed; and breathlessly, hopefully, fearfully, excruciatingly

slow, the twelfth drew near. Could they make it? Oh, dear God, could they make it? Hearts beat rapidly, breath came unevenly and lips were set grimly, but determination stalked undaunted through the night. The time was ripe and they would escape or perish in the attempt. Prayers that came so easily to some, so hard to others, were on all lips and in all hearts. Poverty, sickness and now dependency had at last humbled the most stubborn



NANA-AHA'S FACE GREW DARKER. "WOULD YOU INSULT ME BEFORE MY MEN?" HE CRIED ANGRILY. "NO BRIDE REFUSES TO EAT OR DRINK."

TIELDING K. SMITH

# TWO CITIES

and proud; the name of the Mighty Jehovah had come to dwell permanently with them.

Through the tense waiting, through the dank darkness and above the threatening rumble of approaching storm, came the sound of the great gong on Noah's tower. One—two—three—oh, would there ever be another. Four—no one breathed—five! The way was clear—oh blessed Jehovah, lend now Thy strength, keep the Lamanites within their own walls.

Then—a rapid, staccato ding, dong-ding, dong, and every adult, every child of responsible age, snatched his allotted burden, sprang into the street and, taking his place in the family group, moved noiselessly and rapidly to the spot appointed to them in the swiftly moving procession. Corral bars were lowered, and cattle and sheep and goats—even they seemed to sense the danger—swung into the stride of march.

ONE entire wall of the hovel by the back gate had magically disappeared and into the void which was the secret pass the procession plunged unerringly and through it emerged to freedom. A sigh, a tear, a sob came from many hearts for those left behind in untimely graves. Young eyes, aged eyes, strong feet, weary feet, all turned hopefully toward that goal of freedom and peace—The City Beautiful. While all about and above them, the storm strode, growling, rumbling, lashing itself into fury; finally spewing in abandon over their defenseless heads. When at last its fury was spent, they were drenched and sodden, but no tracks, no traces were left; all had been obliterated. Verily, the help of the Gracious God had strode through the fury of the elements.

The eleventh hour—and from his seat in his huge assembly room, the Mighty One looked arrogantly about, looked without seeing. His thoughts were on the black mass that was his City. Sedition was abroad—of what nature Bithna had given him but an inkling. Those Nephites were not dependable as slaves; they were too restless, too proud. His brow knitted. That one who would steal his bride—and the others—he would ferret them out when the sign came. If they craved action tonight they should have it. He would show them the real

strength of their Lamanite overlord. Great peals of thunder reverberated through the huge room. He grew uneasy. He glanced about anxiously. Yes—his men were all here—two only, at each gate. The door to this place too, had a double guard without, so none could creep upon him unawares. Now, if the Priests would hurry and finish the ceremonies—if the Fair One were here where he could see her all would be well. Patience though, for with one so illustrious, it was befitting that the ceremonies be elaborate and lengthy.

He glanced about again, this time with a smile. What if the men had thrown themselves into an orgy of abandon, the occasion warranted it, and these walls were impregnable—let them laugh and shout. Let them throw dice with grotesquely somber faces. Let them guzzle wine and more wine—wine the Nephites had brought for taxes—they were drinking to him, their mighty leader, and it would be folly to send all such wine on to Shemlon. What if some of them were helpless with it—what if all of them were more or less in a stage of drunkenness, his guards without the doors were valiant and these walls would admit no intruders.

Through the confusion and din, the throb of a drum brought his thoughts quickly about. His eyes turned to the dividing doorway. His men came up standing. Now, at last, the final act in the elaborate marriage ceremonies was to be staged.

IN the passage stood a Priest beating time and advancing slowly. Behind him came the Great Priest, grotesquely painted and entirely nude. Surrounding him in triangle, were twenty-one lesser Priests; their bodies swaying, hands and feet moving in rhythm. They advanced, chanting melodiously.

After them came two Nephite men with Zena between them. They lifted her bodily over the threshold and set her within the triangle, then withdrew to where Isaac and his retinue were, they being the last of the procession to enter the room.

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# I CAME TO ZION



MY people were Mormon converts. I well recall the beautiful spring morning when two strangers stepped into the little red schoolhouse in northern Idaho where my mother was superintendent of a Sunday School and asked leave to speak. Momentous day! One of those men was a small man with a huge, drooping moustache whom I was later to know well. He was Elder Amos Hatch, then of Chesterfield, Idaho, later of Brigham City, Utah; at which town he passed away some years ago.

I was at that time eight years old, and my father was a stickler for the early to bed and early to rise maxim. We used to get up at four o'clock in the morning in the winter time so as to be sure we didn't miss anything when it grew light. But for some unaccountable reason I was allowed to sit up until after midnight to listen to the series of discussions which took place at our home between my mother and a number of elders. Several of them lasted all night.

My mother was a descendant of a long line of preachers. She was fully capable of filling, and did fill, the pulpit on many occasions. She was a skillful debater. She had been reared, as it were, with the Bible in one hand. Not one of those elders would even claim to be her equal in knowledge of the Scriptures. Their most powerful weapon, they admit candidly, was her own honesty and sincerity. In my mind a mental picture forms;

my mother and Elder James R. Smurthwaite of Baker City, Oregon, their heads bent low over their Bibles talking in low, earnest tones, Elder Hatch an interested listener, my father stalking back and forth across the kerosene-lighted room—(He was later to fill three missions himself, and he was then nearing fifty)—occasionally throwing in a dynamic question, or offering a word of encouragement to "Mary."

AFTER several weeks my parents were baptized by Elder Hatch. I sensed that a crisis hung over us; we had reached a milestone in our lives. Strange talk, to an eight year old, was uttered; phrases the meaning of which I sensed but dimly. "Gathering with the Saints," was the one most often heard. My father and Amos Hatch talked a great deal about Chesterfield, the place where Elder Hatch lived—Father with the greatest enthusiasm; Elder Hatch conservatively, warningly.

Somehow I realized that a move was necessary. Our social status was altered. The people where we lived made their living by chopping cordwood for the people of Moscow, and the farmers of the Palouse prairie. They were known locally as "wood rats." They were poor. Many of them were tough hombres; said to be fugitives from justice from the Blue Ridge mountains. Any one of them would have added a notch to his gun at any insult offered to my mother, but they couldn't understand. I

felt the changed atmosphere at school. My folks were literally "set apart."

What little we had was sold or bartered at a ridiculous price. Nothing mattered but to join that ideal people, "the Saints," and live their religion undisturbed. In course of time we got as far as La Grande and then Baker City, Oregon, then remote outposts of the Church. But my father's eyes were fixed upon Chesterfield as the eyes of a Moslem upon Mecca.

WE had a hard winter. Accidents befell our horses so that some of them died. There was no work so that others had to be sold. My oldest brother alone obtained a job, and then he was the victim of an accident which caused the loss of his right leg. But with the coming of spring we again prepared to move. My father, discontented with his surroundings, eager to reach his destination, was determined to be on his way.

My brother was still in the hospital. He couldn't be left alone, and my other brother now had his job. It was decided that Father was to go on by wagon, and I was to accompany him. Mother and the boys were to come later by train.

I was then ten years of age, unbelievably shy and awkward. No lust for adventure stirred my being and made me long for the trip. I was all too familiar with life in a covered wagon. I had been almost cradled in one.

We had two horses left, and all our worldly goods were stowed easily inside the wagon. We had, I believe, about fifteen dollars in cash. Our destination was nearly four hundred miles distant. There was then no paved highways; little except two gray ruts across a desert from which clouds of stifling dust arose to keep pace with our slow-moving vehicle. The alkali bit into our lips and made them sore. All during the nineteen days of our trip my own lips were swollen

# By FRANK C. ROBERTSON

*This man who has written scores of stories and more than thirty novels, pauses to tell of one western trip from the far-away pan-handle of Idaho to Chesterfield, west of Soda Springs, Idaho, that was not fiction.*

to twice their natural size. They scabbed and scabbed again. It was distressing to eat and painful to talk. Water was scarce across the Snake river desert. Twin Falls, the Magic City, was not even a dream at that time; the gigantic reclamation projects which later did so much for Idaho had not then been planned.

Our money was soon gone. Our meager belonging began to go, extra harness, odds and ends, our tent. We didn't need the latter anyway, for by this time there was room for us to sleep inside our wagon box. We were offered five dollars for my dog—and refused the offer.

My main memory of our migration was sore lips. Everything seemed to be subordinated to the need for securing camphorice, which at best afforded but temporary relief. But there was one red letter day when a kind-hearted lady gave us a quart of milk. Was ever nectar so sweet?

I recall our worst experience, when we became stuck in a mud-hole miles from any possible assistance. It was really a lake. Before we got out we had to unload everything from the wagon and carry it out through the water a distance of more than a hundred feet. Next the wagon box was unloaded and dragged out, and finally the front gears uncoupled from the back ones and taken out in that way. But once we were on our way my father was able to sing "Come, Come, Ye Saints," "Come all Ye Sons of Zion," or "Ye Elders of Israel," at the top of his voice. He knew where he was going, and he knew that he would get there.

BEFORE we reached our destination one of our horses gave out. There was no way to get another, and so there was but one thing to do. A stay-chain was hitched to the end of the double-tree behind one game, gallant old

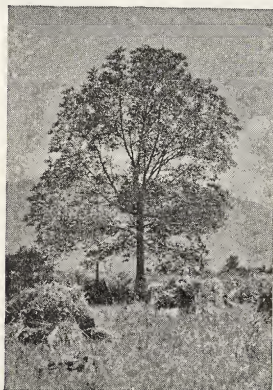
horse, and he pulled the wagon in alone the last fifty miles with his mate walking along beside him, tugs dangling, and only holding up one end of the neck-yoke. As a writer I have invented many fictional heroes, but never have I been able to ascribe such heroic qualities to them as was really possessed by that magnificent old black horse. He was then past twenty, yet gaunt and leg-weary as he was he drew that double load on each day until it seemed that he must drop from sheer weakness; yet never once was it necessary to urge him forward with the whip. Not all heroes are human by any means.

Then at last we reached the head of Portneuf canyon, and the drab, sagebrush flat of my father's dreams lay before us. Fifteen miles distant lay Chesterfield. Father stopped his team, took a long look, and turned to me.

"How do you like it?"

"I don't like it," I said.

The next moment I received a back-hand clip on the jaw that all but knocked me off the high spring



EARLY HARVEST IN CENTRAL UTAH

seat. My father was a direct and forceful man. "I'll learn you to like it," he declared.

He didn't "learn" me to like it, but I learned to love it for myself. There, today, my parents lie buried in their beloved Zion. At least once a year I go back. I have traveled all that long trek in almost a day in a high-powered automobile, and there is no sight in the world which can ever mean quite so much to me as those old, friendly hills back of Chesterfield, among which the best years of my life have been spent.

WE barged on. We made camp a few miles farther on, and it took us nearly all of the next day to reach Chesterfield. Many times we were obliged to stop and rest our given-out horse, now almost too weak to carry even half the neck-yoke. A kindly farmer, Mr. John Balfour, afterward my bishop, and now a resident of Salt Lake City, gave us hay. Chesterfield is upon a hill. Without that hay for our horses we could not have made it.

We drew up to a board gate, with a house sitting a considerable distance back. My father got down and started to the house. Before he had got half way, I saw a man running to meet him, a man in faded blue denim overalls and jumper. Elder Hatch! I had never seen him before except in a long, black Prince Albert coat and a derby hat. He shook my father's hand, embraced him, clapped him upon the back again and again.

Out from the house paraded three barefooted youngsters, all younger than myself.

"Are you a fruit peddler?" the oldest one asked.

"No," I replied dismally.

They returned to the house looking as disgrusted as I did dejected. Chesterfield is high and frosty, and raises no fruit. Such as they then obtained came by way of wagon from Brigham City. The visit of a fruit peddler's wagon was an event. No wonder the boys were disgrusted.

THE picture rises before me as though it were yesterday. A small boy, dirty, ragged, forlorn,

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*This article is especially prepared for married women and men and for those who expect to be married.*

# That Wrapped-in-Cellophane Look

By

VIRGINIA CANNON NELSON

IT is not so much the absence of a gold or platinum band on the third finger of her left hand that stamps a girl as unmarried, as it is that she wears about her a sort of "wrapped in cellophane" look. It is a look of glamor and allure; an appearance of pink and white daintiness and a becoming fragility. Like the cellophane wrapper which the corner drug store used in its window display to effectively dress up everything from a tooth brush to a package of stationery, this look seems to set a girl apart from the world as something a little more ornamental and precious.

This "wrapped in cellophane look" in a girl is a product of careful hair-grooming, smart looking clothes, trim foot gear, stylishly worn hats, and the right shade, if any, of lipstick. It is a look born of a conscious effort on the girl's part to act becomingly, to walk with an easy grace, and to be always at her fascinating best. This look does something to a man. It is provocative to his peace of mind. It changes him from a state of contented singleness to an emotional unstableness where he envisages the girl, in a gold and green effect, ornamenting his living room sofa. He is tormented with a desire to possess the fairy-like, cellophane-radiant creature.

But the "wrapped in cellophane" look, after a year or two of married life usually turns out to be as perishable as the cellophane wrapper itself. It somehow



needs only the relaxation to the security of matrimony to destroy all the glamor. The girl was, after all, no different.

Stripped of the pink and white

illusion, she turned out to be just another woman. In the event of a baby's being added to the family, the relaxed effect seems a little more realistic and abrupt. Of course, this isn't true of all wives. There are many mothers who look really younger than their grown-up daughters; mothers, who have smartness and style and with whom by contrast, their children look dowdy. There are mothers in abundance who have charm, vivacity and the desire to please constantly with them. But on the whole, isn't it true that the matter-of-factness of marriage tends to destroy the pretty front a girl displays to the world before her marriage and gives her a

slightly shopworn air?

The husband must feel defrauded when he finds that the glittering look of his best girl is just a fantasy that she doesn't bother to preserve after very long. Daily contact across the early morning breakfast table and night of soothing a colicky baby are effective ways of destroying the cellophane radiance. He must accept as a substitute for the picture of perfection in his girl that used to set his pulses racing, an excuse of "The baby was so cross today" or "I'm just too tired to get cleaned up tonight" and the barefaced fact of an unprepossessing appearance in his wife. The husband must soon realize that his wife's glamor was ephemeral, and her beauty not like that of the lilies of the field, to which the Master al-

luded, but very much a thing of toiling and spinning.

AND there is much to be said in justification of the wife. There are the obvious reasons for her lapse in splendor; reasons like less money, less time, and less incentive than she experienced before marriage. But there are also many other reasons, reasons less obvious, but deeper-rooted. Since time immemorial, man has talked of beauty in women, and by praising it, heaping platitudes about it, composing odes to it, fighting battles over it, and systematically glorifying it, they have almost convinced women that beauty is a prerequisite to woman; that it is her heritage and her distinctive duty to do everything within her power to encourage and preserve it. Men have been resourceful in this campaign for the belief in the necessity for beauty in women. They have conducted it always with the same zest, perseverance, and ingenuity that they are now displaying in radio advertising.

Is it any wonder that woman succumbs to man's presentation of the case and undertakes to keep it alive by employing all the arts known to women for the fostering of beauty? But after marriage, who can blame her for neglecting to curl her hair, or exercise her sluggish muscles, when she sees her husband, staunch advocate of beauty in women, himself getting baldheaded and paunchy without a qualm or a misgiving. His passive acceptance of the changes in himself, plus the habit of admiring Venus-like creatures, must convince all but the most hopelessly blinded, loyal consort that the proposition is hardly a fair one. The wife's judgment must soon tell her that man's energy in work, on one end of the scales is outweighed on the other end by the wife's duty to be both efficient and ornamental. So unless she be of the very vain type, she rebels and permits the husband his disillusionment. She experiences a stage in life when she really doesn't mind letting the man know that the "spick and span," out-of-a-bandbox air, is not a haphazard charm, but the result of painstaking, systematic and time-consuming labor.

IT is not enough, say these women, for the husbands merely to pass them a few well turned compliments, and then trot home for

dinner, perhaps, business acquaintances, whom they hope to impress to the point of signing a contract, by the perfection of their home and wife. There is not, for instance, a parallel attempt on the part of the husband to make himself the epitome of everything gracious and desirable when the wife's particular friends are about; he is usually satisfied with a grunt of preoccupation. There is a catch in the proposition, the feminine elements feel, when they are supposed to be cooks, dressmakers, nurses, and laundresses, yet maintain a crisply-waved appearance simply for the sake of a few ideals the male fondly cherished before he was married.

In fact, with the coming to the screen of Robert Montgomery and the late Rudolph Valentino, women have been convinced that there is something on the other side of the ledger, and that pulchritude in men may be as devastating and worshipful a thing in man as in woman, and a quality to be as stimulated and cherished. (And that, by the way, is I am sure, the secret of every husband's particular an-

tipathy to Robert Montgomery.) So to every woman, who at the footsteps of a male upon her stair, dashes to powder her nose, or arrange her locks, there are at least nine women now, who remain "as they were."

THERE are women, I am told, who make up their faces, when retiring to bed, more carefully and painstakingly than for daytime, simply to keep their respective husbands in a happy daze of illusionment. Think what effort it must cost them to keep the make-up unsmeared and unmussy through the relaxed positions of sleep. And it must cost them bitter moments to see the husband, relaxed and snoring, and suffering no self-reproach at woman's martyrdom. There are books which tell of beauty lore in the early mornings; of how the wise woman will awaken well enough ahead of her spouse to permit a freshening up of her appearance before he opens his eyes. But the books are written by men. More propaganda. The woman

(Continued on page 447)



"TABLE TALK," BY MARGUERITE F. PEARSON. A PAINTING THAT WAS EXHIBITED IN THE SPRINGVILLE ART EXHIBIT, 1935



Painting by J. B. Fairbanks

"AS BRIGHAM YOUNG SAW IT"

# PIONEER

By  
GEORGE A. MUIR

IT was an early Sunday morning. The spring air, mellowed by the morning sun, was fragrant with sifted canyon perfumes.

Riding along the upper east bench, Jim Howard eased his foot to the brake and the small car came to a stop.

He slumped down in the seat. One hand clutched and twisted at the periphery of the steering wheel as if he wanted to break a segment out.

His dark eyes flashed on the one who sat so still beside him. She was staring down, unseeing, while her nimble fingers twisted and knotted a handkerchief until it was a moist, wrinkled ball.

Sipping of life's bitters they had grimaced at the first quaff. It was all so unfair; their having to wait.

TWO weeks previous they had met at the Gold and Green Ball and had waltzed into each other's heart.

It all seemed so strange, so very, very strange that love had come to them so fully, so completely at their age. A ripe love, filled with understanding.

They would finish life together.

That was unquestioned. As soon as Jim found work.

As if continuing a long-broken conversation Jim said:

"It was the same everywhere, Jane. Some questioned; some didn't even bother. With all of them it was the same—my age. One or two asked me to return later. Just a bit of good natured encouragement, I guess."

Silence!

Jim reached over and snapped on the radio. The Tabernacle Organ was playing softly—then, voices.

"Come, come ye Saints."

"Look! Jane," Jim pointed, over the valley below, that was

veiled with a soft, bluish tint. "I wonder," he continued, "if Brigham Young didn't see it like that when he stopped here and said, 'This is the place.' A city, rising out of the mist."

Jane brightened. "Can't you almost hear them now? The Pioneers! The oxen straining at their yokes against the heavy loads; the creaking wheels."

"And there was work," Jim added dreamily. "Sixteen or sixty, there was work for all. A man could build a home for the one he loved."

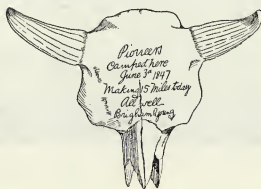
Jane leaned over close. "The ones that didn't give up built that city, Jim," she encouraged softly.

THEN the choir, strong and clear: "All is well, All is well."

Jim squeezed the hand that nestled in his. He squared his shoulders and breathed deeply—as a conqueror.

It was as if a load had been lifted. They laughed, joyously, and the song of the lark mixed in with their laughter.

"This week I will try again," Jim said firmly. "Age cannot hold me back. Wednesday I shall be seventeen."



# Poetry



## Worth

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

IF I shall plant a tree  
To serve the traveler in the days to be;  
Though I shall nothing gain  
I'm richer that I have not lived in vain.

If I shall till a field  
That gives for hungry men its fragrant  
yield,  
Lifted above the sod  
It shall bear witness for me, unto God.

If I shall grow one flower  
That cheers another in a lonely hour,  
And makes a better earth,  
I shall have proven that my life had worth.

## Not Alone

By Margaret Jane Cole

SHE is ready now to go,  
Life, since you will have it so:  
All the things she meant to do,  
All the tricks her body knew,  
All the subtleties of brain  
She need never use again.  
These are arts, these once were dear:  
She leaves them now without a fear.

It is time; her soul has rent  
The detaining ligament:  
Delight, desire, ambition, sleep,  
None of these she cares to keep;  
No regrets; naked and free  
She goes—and Life goes with her—she  
Not uncompanioned leaves her shell!  
All is well—all is well!

## Tradition

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

WE boast that we are free, but we are  
slaves  
Within the shackles of a tyrant rule;  
We stumble helplessly into our graves,  
As little children gaping at a fool.

We love and laugh, yet tremble at a dream,  
And follow in the narrow, beaten track,  
And him, whose eyes have dared to glimpse  
the gleam,  
We break beneath the cross upon his  
back;

And him we crown with thorns and  
crucify,  
And give him galled vinegar to drink,  
Then, rearing him against the dying sky,  
We stand and jeer, because he dared to  
think.

We boast that we are free, and yet we go  
Unquestioning in ways the years have  
trod,  
And all our little wisdom blinds us so  
That we mistake our glory for our god.

## Prayer for the Bridegroom

By Alberta H. Christensen

THIS is his wedding day, dear God; I  
mean  
The little boy, who yesterday it seems,  
Chased butterflies among the clover bloom.  
I cannot think that all his boyish dreams—  
The pirate hut, the grassy lanes of June,  
And bandaged toes—are memoried so soon!

I would not have it otherwise, dear God—  
It isn't that I grieve to have him go.  
But You who know the language of the  
heart  
Will read my meaning in this prayer, I  
know.

To honor's path I pray, help him be true—  
That this new height to which his young  
feet climb—  
This glistening bond which makes two  
hearts as one—  
May gleam untarnished to the end of time.

And when he blunders—and all mortals  
do—  
So far I'll be I cannot take his hand,  
Help her to be as wife and mother too—  
To more than love—God—let her un-  
derstand!

## Companioned

By Vesta Pierce Crauford

THAT each one walks the road of life  
alone—  
Someone has said, I know not why at all,  
For not a single day for me has gone  
Without an armored legion at my call.

That questing caravan who passed of old  
Along this shadowed hill and valley way  
Now rim my own rough path in phalanx  
bold—  
"File on! File on!" Their voices seem  
to say:

She whom they left in the prairie earth  
As the wagons rolled on to the West,  
And only her dreams had visioned the birth  
Of an empire reared on the mountain crest:

He who walked across the barrier plain,  
Long weary miles of solitude and sand  
He hoped each labored step would help  
to gain  
The shelter of that distant promised land.

They who turned the untamed desert sod,  
Who moved the rocks and clinging brush  
away,  
And rendered all the grateful praise to God  
For heavy wheat-heads reaped on harvest  
day.

I do not walk alone this road of mine,  
For lo, each day along the path I see  
The shining vanguard of that faithful line  
Who lift their blazoned shields aloft for  
me!

## Lamplighter

By Florence Hartman Townsend

WHEN I am laid beneath the dews and  
damps,  
If men shall say, "She merely lighted  
lamps—  
The lamp of truth in some dark lane of  
doubt,  
The lamp of hope where hope had flick-  
ered out,  
The lamp of joy where hearts were dim  
with grieving,  
The lamp of faith in some lost pilgrim's  
evening;"  
Oh, if they say, "Her life was like a flame,  
Lighting securely the darkness when she  
came,"  
Then shall my ashes lie content and still,  
And in my heart a glow death cannot kill.

## Last Straw

By Ardyth Kennelly

I WOULDN'T care if there had been no  
moon,  
No flower-colored moon up in the sky,  
But oh, there was—you see there?—and  
I thought  
I'd see it from the garden with you by.

I'd dressed so gay with foolish-beating  
heart  
In pearls and perfume and a gown of blue,  
And while I waited in the velvet dark  
I thought a little song to sing to you.

I wouldn't care if there had been no moon,  
No silly jonquil moon up in the sky,  
But oh, there was, my dearest love. Why  
else  
Should I begin so senselessly to cry?

## Sabbath

By Margaret Wheeler Ross

HOW kind of God to give us one rest  
day  
Between the six of labor, that we may  
Refresh ourselves, with sermon and with  
song,  
Cheering the wayside, as we walk along  
The path of life.

For in His house the heavy heart may find  
Sweet consolation, and the tired mind  
Get inspiration, and the hungry soul  
Feed on the fruits of His word, making  
whole  
The tattered life.

Oh, welcome glad and holy day of rest!  
One out of seven, to His service blest;  
May we direct our lives as God decreed  
For all mankind:  
Much work, a little rest, if we would lead  
The perfect life.

# Editorial



## Today I Have Seen Shadows

THE afternoon on which this is being written is a beautiful Sabbath in May—with bridal-wreath wreathed lacy boughs down with its wealth of bloom, and the air sweet with the scent of flowers and the song of birds. This morning it seemed to me that the world was the most glowingly happy place imaginable—that light and warmth and joy must be in every heart.

Now it is hours later, and I have seen shadows. To three girls, at least, bridal-wreath today is but a white mockery of what anything bridal could mean to them; flowers cannot blot out the disagreeable realization that all is not sweet, nor birds sing to peace the tumult in their souls. For three girls, this heavenly day in May, are seeing its glory through a veil of disenchantment and disillusion. They are girls who know that there is a world of difference between today and other Mays which have gone before.

Strange that there should be three girls in the same day with the same problem; but there are. One of them first told me her story a month or so ago; one about two weeks ago and the third one just today for the first time, coming with the second one to join our pitiful little discussion. Three girls have admitted, of their own volition, that for a moment's imagined thrill they have given up months of contentment. Their stories have enough in common to read almost like one story—except that each will end differently, in all probability. It is the old, old story of a girl who thought that love was all that mattered, and that love was largely physical. It is the story of the girl through the ages who has found ashes of bitterness in her soul in place of the molten gold she dreamed of melting from the ore of a too-intimate experience without the alchemy of marriage which carries power to render out the real gold.

No confidence is being violated in telling what they have told me; one of them asked me. "If what I've learned could serve to warn even one other girl, before it is too late, I'd feel that it had not all been so desperately in vain. Do you think it would help anyone if you should let them know what my feelings are?" . . . And I thought perhaps it would; perhaps it will. In their own words their little plea comes to you—girls of the Church who may be wondering if you are not missing something of excitement and experience.

"Can't *anyone* make girls understand that such experiences aren't worth the cost? For one short period of excitement I flung to the winds all chance of ever feeling decent within myself again.

Every story I read, movie I see, incident I hear of—has something in it to bring back my own utter stupidity with the shock of a hot iron being laid again on a wound not yet—or ever, perhaps, healed."

Said the other: "Whenever I let myself think about me, I find myself wondering, crazily, if sometime or other the blackness in my heart will ever seep into my veins—it wouldn't surprise me to find my skin a little darker after awhile, if I don't get away from this dreadful sense of uncleanliness—that won't wash away."

And again, from the first: "Girls who will listen—if there are any who can take another's word—each of you has an idea of what you consider the most desirable possession in life. One might think position—to be envied of others; one thinks of fame—to be known and admired by many; one of clothes and jewels—to make a striking appearance; one of knowledge—to be able to meet brilliant minds and flash back understanding; one longs for money for travel; one for popularity—

"But listen to me—you have to listen! You must! . . . I have known some of the things you think so wonderful; I have thought them wonderful too. I've had travel, education, good-looks and popularity—but I'd gladly give them up and give up any chance of ever having one of them again if I could but own once more that precious thing I gave away so thoughtlessly—sole possession of my own self—and pride in it."

"To have to live with a self you have cause to despise is like being shut up for life in a prison cell with a girl whose ideals are lower than yours, whose sincerity and strength you question, whose cleanliness of body and mind you are not sure of. You can't choose the family with whom you must live—but you can choose the *you*. And girls—choose a decent *you* whom you can like and pal with and talk over your affairs; not one whom you dare not question because you know the answer; not one whom you cannot look in the eyes, because you know what you will find there."

This is the message they have asked to bring to you, these girls whose bitterness of spirit is beyond imagination. To look at them and talk with them casually you would think them normal, happy girls; perhaps a bit cynical, but certainly no more than that.

Today I have seen shadows.

The value those shadows might have is to warn others to keep out in the sunlight of truth and strength and goodness; to test every value they have with the question, "Will it lighten or darken my life—and that of others?"—E. T. B.

## July 24—A Church Holiday

THOSE who look upon July 24, Pioneer Day, as merely a Utah holiday, have not thought carefully of the significance of that date. Though Utah may be the only state in the union which looks upon it as a holiday to be observed throughout the state, members of the Church, wherever they may be, cannot but experience a glow when that day dawns.

The young Church had become outcast; its prophet, only three years before, had been murdered; there were factions in the organization; a few members of a brave vanguard found themselves in a desolate wilderness surrounded by a thousand miles-radius—of almost waste, uninhabited land except for a few trappers and comparatively unknown tribes of Indians. On July Twenty-fourth Brigham Young and his lieutenants called that first group together on the site of what is now Salt Lake City and declared that that spot would mark the headquarters, the practical center of the Church.

By that act a crisis had been passed and July Twenty-fourth had taken its place along with April 6 as one of the dates of prime importance to the Church. It became important, politically, to the state of Utah as the birthday of that commonwealth, but it was more than that. It was the date of the new location and consequent center of the Church.

No matter where a Latter-day Saint may be residing, July Twenty-fourth becomes one of his sacred days—a day to be remembered, hallowed, celebrated. This year many different flags and union-jacks will fly over Latter-day Saint gatherings on the holiday, but invisible and among them will be one banner which floats over all the world—the ensign of God. It will not take the place of or do away with the flags of righteous nations, but it will wave over all as nations form into a magnificent brotherhood which will extend around the world.

Because the citizens who celebrated that first occasion in 1847 had their homes in covered wagons, the Covered Wagon has become the symbol of that holiday. In a very real sense, it was the castle of the Saint.

In a way, the Covered Wagon has become the symbol of all pioneers in every field of endeavor. Those prairie schooners, children of the old Mayflower, had more in them than mere household gods and people. They were loaded to the bows with dreams—great dreams of a new empire, built upon the foundation of Brotherly Love. No wonder our artists picture those men and women who followed the long trail with up-lifted chins and prophecy in their eyes! They were dreamers all—Millennium builders who beheld a new heaven and a new earth shining entrancingly through the gray-green hills of sage and the deep blue of the distant, misty mountains.

A few who expected immediate transformations—the men and women who only have the courage to “plant radishes” became discouraged and a few forsook their dreams; but the vast majority, those who could plant “acorns and wait for the oaks” stuck doggedly at their task of rearing a new society upon the reluctant soil. The sons and daughters of these men, many of them, have in their eyes the same fire, in their hearts the same faith, in their souls the same patience and are, figuratively, in their covered wagons today crossing over the many horizons into the new lands of science and art, but with them as a part of their equipment goes that invisible banner..

Covered wagon days are not over, can never be over as long as dreams form and hope lasts, and July Twenty-fourth will always stand as a day among days—a day to celebrate and upon which to praise God.—H. R. M.

## June Conference

THE June Conference just closed, like all others, may take its place among the best ever held. Unusually inspirational meetings were held in a city made lovely by sunshine and flowers and the ever smiling Utah skies.

A brief summary of the Conference is had in this magazine, but a more complete report will be given in August.

## Bee-Hive House and Lion House Marked

ON Sunday, June 10, markers which had been placed upon the Bee-Hive House, the Lion House, and the Office of the First Presidency used by Brigham Young and succeeding presidents before the present magnificent Church Office building was erected, were unveiled in the presence of a small crowd of interested Church members and citizens. Elder George Albert Smith, president of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association, presided.

President Heber J. Grant gave the history of the Presidency's office; President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., of the Bee-Hive House; and President David O. McKay, of the Lion House.

During the course of his remarks President McKay read a report from the United States Department of the Interior in which it was stated that the buildings had been designated as being among the historic structures of the nation which ought to be preserved and that, therefore, the Department had caused to be drawn up and filed in the Library of Congress complete descriptions and measurements of them which would enable architects to reproduce the buildings exactly should any catastrophe destroy them.—H. R. M.

*M. I. A. Slogan for 1935-36*

WE STAND FOR SPIRITUALITY AND HAPPINESS IN THE HOME

# The Challenge of Charm

## MAGIC

Some women have a magic way  
Of putting cheer into a room!

\* \* \*

I never see a woman's hands  
Move swiftly at their burnishings,  
But that they always seem to bear  
A likeness to white flying wings.  
They are so beautiful at giving  
A cheerful, happy look to living.  
—Grace Noll Crowell.

OLDERS, youngsters — tall, short—blondes, brunettes—married, single—all belong to the group called "Charming Ladies." The word "lady" seems quaint, an echo from a memory world. "Woman" has taken on new coloring—it is a composite of youth—age—type—personality. It may be plus or less—but still "woman." With a new appreciation for that word our memories remind us that nothing brought girls to time as quickly as Grandmother saying, as she raised a daintily poised finger, "Remember, my dear, you are a lady."

Creating women for a definite purpose, the Creator furnished the threads—colors—pattern, and then left to them the weaving of their own design. He expected a thing of beauty, loveliness. He did not ask for reproductions, but individual models. He expected different models or He would have made them alike. Like roses in a garden—all roses, but no two of them with the same coloring, perfume, petals, size, beauty.

### A Mirror Talks

GREETING the visitor as she enters the historic old Lion House, a popular social center for girls and women of Salt Lake City and vicinity, is an antique mirror, just opposite the great oak door. Inscribed thereon are the following words:

Preen

Yourselves Daintily\*

Tumble and twist those lustrous locks\*

Arrange them thus and so\*

Have the white teeth glisten as tiny pearls  
in a ruby miracle of curves\*

See to your eyes—modest but hiding  
infinite emotion\*

Forget not the frail rose for your cheeks\*  
And see that your slender neck is like ivory\*  
And your shoulders as smooth and round  
as a visioned Dione\*

## The Art of Being a Woman

By

KATIE C. JENSEN

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

To all who will stop and listen—the mirror speaks—friendly but frank and without favoritism. It asks the question, "Are you the you, you would like to be?" It reflects much more than a shiny nose, if one cares to pause and search its depths and ponder. It talks quietly and tempers truth with logic. I have imagined girls and women of my acquaintance passing before it—blondes—red heads—brunettes—little girls—coeds—brides—mothers—business women—society buds—teachers—stenographers. One by one they pass before it. "Come, Jane," I fancied I heard the mirror say. Jane is thirteen, tall, wondering, affectionate, forgetful, spontaneous, sensitive, lovable. "Where is your chin? It is such a nice chin and should be up so I can look into your eyes and feel your soul. Smile for me and smooth out the frown that shows at the top of your attractive nose. What if that teasing brother of yours did say your legs were long and your hands big, and that boys didn't like loud voices? Look up and love people, say nice things, be kind and friendly, your beauty will come from within and your shoulders will straighten with the joy of living."

"Just a minute please," to the tired school teacher who was dabbing a speck of powder on her nose. "What excuse have you for looking so?" "I am so tired of teaching school. I am getting old, children get on my nerves, I don't get enough pay, it doesn't matter how I look—nobody cares." "I care," said the mirror, "and I am only the reflection of what hundreds of people are seeing. You have so much to be beautiful with, eyes that can

see the first crocus of spring, the mountains, mauve at eventide, the purple of the dawn, the flicker of fireflies in the dusk, the trust in children's faces. You have ears to hear sweet music, the plaintive notes of evening birds, the patter of spring rains upon the roof, the voice of someone saying 'I love you.' You have feet to carry you into life, eagerly, expectantly, why are you taking life so seriously?"

Nona, eighteen, a crisp white bow at her throat, a hat becomingly perched upon one shell-like ear, supple waist, slender hips, white slippers below the ankles of a thoroughbred—paused, breathlessly. "Hello," cried the mirror, "in spite of your red lips I see a pair of tired eyes (too little sleep). There are some lines around your mouth that say you are a little dissatisfied and unhappy. Is it envy? Jealousy? Disappointment? Are you sulky?"

Nona smiled back at the mirror. "I know I am a part of the new world and I need to be brave. To be popular with my friends, to go over in life, I must have an interest in others more than myself. I will look out and up. I will forget the ugly things, honest I will. Next time I come you will see no tired eyes, no ugly lines, no selfishness, no doubt."

MRS. NELSON ascended the old stone steps heavily. "Please stay for a moment," said the mirror. "You are a good woman, a housewife. You have a husband and children. Why do you care so little for your appearance? I don't mind because your figure is matronly, but the spasmodic care you have given your face and your hair has done little toward enhancing your attractiveness. I can see you have had a permanent wave, but your skin is coarse and crows feet show that you worry over foolish things. Your mouth reveals that you scold and nag, you are sorry for yourself." "Be quiet," replied Mrs. Nelson. "My home, John and my children take all of my time. They will love me no

matter how I look or act, but if I only had regular hours like other women I—."

"O! my dear," said the mirror. "I know John loves you, but why not make him proud of you, too. Make the children happy to introduce their friends. Bring to yourself a lot of happiness. Before you married John you primped, bathed, curled, and powdered, to get him. What are you doing to hold him? You loved him enough to marry him and want to please him. Do you know how much that stray lock sticking straight out at the back of your neck disturbs him? Do you know that you are his banner? Under what colors are you waving? He did not marry a vacuum cleaner, he married for companionship. His love would be warmer and richer if you would pack your toothbrush and run away for a week-end with him. A smart blue dress doesn't cost any more than an indefinite drab one, a becoming hat will be just as appropriate as one built on matronly lines, a smart, perky bow will add a lettuce look to your appearance."

The mother smiled (she looked so young when she smiled). "I am grateful—I have been thinking only tired mothers were good mothers, that a mother who was self-sacrificing was fulfilling her mission—that John and the children liked a clean home and good cooking and—"

Definitely—directly in came the tired business girl. "Come, be more beautiful," said the mirror. "What excuse have you for looking as you do? You are efficient, but where is your charm?"

I AM busy, tired, serious, and so discouraged. Why only yesterday I lunched with an old friend. She married young, has enough money and the time to keep herself up. She is happy, gorgeous."

"Never mind," answered the mirror. "You must have enough business ability to make a business of showing up your own beauty and attractiveness. Shine up your fine points and cultivate an appreciation for beauty in life—people and things." Instantly the reflection of the little business girl was that of a smartly attired young woman—poised, radiant, murmuring to herself, "To be successful in life, I must feel fit, look fit, act fit."

As these acquaintances of mine passed along, the mirror mused,

"O! woman, you were never made to be understood—just to be loved. You each think that the other is the only one who has time or money to be lovely, charming. But listen all of you young women and girls of today—there is an old-fashioned charm about which this generation knows little, and should learn. I know you think that in years gone by women were considered charming because they blushed when someone said leg instead of limb, screamed and fainted when anything unusual happened, sat demurely in a corner feeling terribly wicked because they were thinking things they dare not say, and timidity was an asset and that today's girls can see no charm in that."

And you listen, you older women, who think today's daughters lack qualities of charm: Methods and tricks may vary with conditions, but fundamentals—never. They are the same today as yesterday. Today's charm is only an outgrowth of the loveliness of yesteryears. It is just as alluring, though not as subtle and hidden. Today, blushes are rubbed on—yesterday they were revealed through sensitive emotions. Today we know that happiness consists of courage, anticipation, enthusiasm, hope, eagerness, adventure in your heart, and we go out to capture it. Long ago, maidens and matrons waited for happiness to come into the home and find them. Each generation needs the other. Let us blend the old-fashioned sincerity, daintiness, virtue, consideration, modesty, exquisite femininity, with the modern tolerance, friendliness, frankness, tact, pride in personal appearance, speech and behavior. The more charming the woman, the happier the world, the better the men, the richer is life.

#### ENTHUSIASM—THE PLAIN WOMAN'S GLORY

IF your enthusiasm is dead, then you are old. Some people's tombstones should read—"died at 30, buried at 60." The woman of today is naturally charming because she is enthusiastic about life, people, things. Appreciation promotes enthusiasm. "Dumb bells" are out of date because they do not ring. Enthusiasm is the electricity of the soul. Vitality is typical of youth. Enthusiasm and vitality

are two of the most attractive attributes of charm. Any kind of enthusiasm calls forth attention. It is like a fire—it always draws a crowd. Life does not miss us; we let it pass us by, because we are not enthusiastic about it. Bliss Carman says, "A right good love affair will develop personality quicker than any other thing."

Have you ever noticed how a girl in love glows, sparkles, radiates charm? You forget her nose is long, her hair is colorless—for she has flashes of beauty that simply fascinate those who see her. Such beauty may come from enthusiasm as well.

The person who can be enthusiastic about the successes of others is the delightful personality.

HAVE you a pet enthusiasm? Some call it a hobby. A new enthusiasm often changes a personality. The meek little woman who found no place for herself in society decided to give up life with others and live by herself. She gathered old magazines, found herself cutting out paper dolls, finally making clay models, miniature men and women. Today she directs a toy shop in New York, has money and happiness. She found her life's work through an enthusiasm. What have you done with your gifts?

Strive to reach the bubbling point. Do not boil over (with temper I mean) but, respond to the interesting things in life and people. "Thou art enlarged by thine own shining." Enthusiasm gives life to everything it touches.

There are many women without enough expression in their faces, whose intonations are too monotonous. They should loosen up and become more expressive. But there are those who over-emphasize to the point of bad taste. Have a natural enthusiasm because you believe in a thing. Tune in with the better things of life and be enthusiastic, but do not "rave" about them.

THE question of just how enthusiastic one may be over a man, is a big question in the average woman's mind. The fitness of things, conditions, personalities, must all be taken into consideration. Good-taste at all times should regulate all demonstrations of friendship between men and

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# Jane Addams—World Citizen

By

MARY BEELEY

TO many people the name, Chicago, suggests only crime and Al Capone; to others it means social work and Jane Addams.

The casual visitor to this great metropolis would see only the massive buildings, the parks, and boulevards; but the more thoughtful person would ask for Number 806 Halsted Street, the location of America's first and most famous settlement and the home of Jane Addams, its head resident.

This famous social center is not approached through Chicago's well-known gold-coast. It is in the heart of the west-side slums where for the past forty or fifty years immigrant Poles, Russians, Greeks and Italians have made their homes in an effort to become Americans.

A settlement is a social center where people of all kinds gather in search of friendship and justice. Hull-House was the first settlement in the United States and was founded forty-five years ago by Jane Addams. It has been the means of improving many unsatisfactory conditions affecting the life of the poor in Chicago.

As a child, Jane Addams was required to travel abroad in the interest of her health. While in Europe she saw many things which later led her to establish a settlement on the west-side of Chicago. While in London she visited Toynbee Hall and saw food being auctioned off to the poor in the slums of Whitechapel. In Spain she saw peasant women carrying heavy vats of hot wine; sometimes the hot liquid would splash, leaving severe burns on their arms and faces. These experiences in early life impressed her very greatly and explain in part her later career as a social reformer.

DUE to the early death of her mother, Jane was thrown into intimate contact with her father. They became great companions. His outlook on life was a great force in molding Jane's character and ideas. Like all Quakers, Jane's father was an ardent pacifist. This ideal of peace, in fact, has been the central purpose and objective in all Miss Addams' later work.

One of the great achievements

*This essay written about one of America's greatest women and one of the world's noblest hearts, is by a young lady who sees in the matron of Hull-House a truly great world citizen. Since this article was put in type Jane Addams has passed away but her work goes on.*

for which Jane Addams and Hull-House are largely responsible in this country is the improvement in the conditions of child labor. Shortly after the establishment of Hull-House the problem of child labor was somewhat dramatically brought to her attention. In her first and best known book, "Twenty Years at Hull-House," Miss Addams says:

"Our very first Christmas at Hull-House, when we as yet knew nothing of child labor, a number of little girls refused the candy offered them as a part of the Christmas good cheer, saying simply that they 'worked in a candy factory and could not bear the sight of it.' We discovered that for six weeks they had worked from seven in the morning until nine at night; they were exhausted as well as satisfied. The sharp consciousness of stern economic conditions was thus thrust upon us in the season of good will." These and similar incidents led up to a series of reforms of factory conditions in Illinois.

ANOTHER achievement in the field of child welfare for which Jane Addams and her Hull-House friends must be credited, is the Juvenile Court movement. The Illinois law of 1899 created the Chicago Juvenile Court which was the first children's court in the United States, the famous Denver Court following soon after. More unique, perhaps, than the court was

the establishment ten years later of the Institute for Juvenile Research made famous by Dr. William Healy, but inspired in large part by Miss Addams. Her interest in juvenile delinquency grew out of her direct knowledge of the sordid influences which surround the youth of Chicago and other American cities. She saw the dance halls and the gin palaces commercializing joy and confusing gaiety with lust. In one of her famous books, "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," she says: "This stupid experiment of organizing work and failing to organize play has brought about a fine revenge." To help meet this problem she and her friends created the Juvenile Protective Association, an organization which has promoted many important reforms in the interest of youth.

One of the purposes of an American settlement is to help interpret our life and society to the immigrant. Another aim has been to protect the foreigner from those who would exploit him.

Miss Addams' sense of citizenship has known no limit as far as race and nationality are concerned. She is the symbol of altruism, peace, justice, and equality. Her travels abroad have made her directly acquainted with the life and labors of alien peoples in their native land; this enabled her to cope with their problems when they arrived in this country.

PROFESSOR LOVETT of the University of Chicago has said:

"Jane Addams may not have discovered the principles of internationalism through her experience at Hull-House, but it is easily within the bounds of truth to say that she could not have lived there without practicing them. There were, by count, a few years ago, a hundred different languages and dialects spoken in Chicago, and the most of them have been heard within the last thirty years in the streets that border the famous settlement. Hull-House thus came to represent an asylum for European nations—impartial, sympathetic, understanding; the America to which Europe instinctively turned for

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# Melchizedek Priesthood

## On Priesthood

By PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR

This is a continuation of last month's article. See June Era.

TO point out all the different laws, powers, and authorities in the Church, would be a thing impracticable; and to refer to all the different cases wherein it might be used, is not to be attempted. God has organized a priesthood, and that priesthood bears rule in all things pertaining to the earth and the heavens; one part of it exists in the heavens, another part on the earth; they both co-operate together for the building up of Zion, the redemption of the dead and the living, and the bringing to pass the "times of the restitution of all things;" and as they are thus closely united, it is necessary that there should be a communication between the one and the other, and that those on the earth should receive instructions from those in the heavens, who are acquainted with earthly as well as heavenly things, having had the experience of both, as they once officiated in the same priesthood on the earth. This being the case, it will be seen that it is a thing impossible to make different laws touching every case, but that it requires a living priesthood, and not a dead letter; the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life; and it is the intercourse and communication of the priesthood in heaven, that gives power, life, and efficacy to the living priesthood on the earth, and without which they would be as dead and withered branches. If any man has life, or power, it is the power and life of the priesthood; the gift and power of God communicated through the regular channels of the priesthood, both in heaven and on earth; and to seek it without, would be like a stream seeking to be supplied with water when its fountain was dried up; or like a branch seeking to obtain virtue when the trunk of the tree was cut off by the root; and to talk of a church without this is to talk of a thing of naught,—a dried fountain, a dead and withered tree.

The Bible is good; and Paul told Timothy to study it, that he might be a workman that need not be ashamed, and that he might be able to conduct himself aright before the living church,—*the pillar and ground of truth*. The church-mark, with Paul, was the foundation, the pillar, the ground of truth, the living church, not the dead letter. The Book of Mormon is good, and the Book of Doctrine and Cove-

nants, as landmarks; but a mariner who launches into the ocean, requires a more certain criterion; he must be acquainted with heavenly bodies, and take his observations from them, in order to steer his barque aright. Those books are good for example, precedent, and investigation, and for developing certain laws and principles; but they do not, they cannot touch every case required to be adjudicated and set in order; we require a living tree—a living fountain—living intelligence, proceeding from the living priesthood in heaven, through the living priesthood on earth.

No matter what was communicated to others, for them, it could not benefit us; and a living dog is better than a dead lion;—and from the time that Adam first received a communication from God, to the time that John, on the isle of Patmos, received his communication, or Joseph Smith had the heavens opened to him, it always required new revelations, adapted to the peculiar circumstances in which the churches or individuals were placed. Adam's revelation did not instruct Noah to build his ark; nor did Noah's revelation tell Lot to forsake Sodom; nor did either of these speak of the departure of the children of Israel from Egypt. These all had revelations for themselves, and so had Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Jesus, Peter, Paul, John, Joseph, and so must we, or we shall make a shipwreck.

Then, while we examine our books, and search them diligently, don't let us put those before the priesthood, but seek to support it in all its branches, that life, and health, and salvation may flow to us through the various branches or channels. I do not wish to be understood as despising those books, for they are good, and there are a great many useful revelations in them; and God will not deny himself, or contradict, without cause, his former revelations; and every principle of truth is eternal and cannot be changed. But I speak of them as I would of children's school-books, which a child studies to learn to read; but when it has learned to read, if its memory is good, it can dispense with. But I would here remark, that we are most of us children as yet, and, therefore, require to study our books. If there are any, however, who think themselves men, let them show it, not by vain glory or empty boasts, but by virtue, meekness, purity, faith, wisdom, intelligence, and knowledge, both of earthly and heavenly things.

To define the power of the priesthood would be impossible, for, as stated

before, it governs all things; but it does not here, neither can it at present, further than the laws of God and its authority is acknowledged. Jesus said, all power is given Me in heaven and on earth; yet He was rejected, cast out, and crucified. Paul explains this matter. "What is man that thou art mindful of him? or the Son of Man, that thou visited him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands: Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet. For in that he put all in subjection under him, he left nothing that is not put under him. But now we see not yet all things put under him." He was ordained to that power, but did not then possess it only in the church, and not until His second coming, and the binding of Satan would He possess it among the nations.

There are different councils and authorities in the Church, which are in some measure defined, together with some of their duties, in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, but which are not generally understood, and whose powers it would be impossible to define, and which I shall not here attempt to do, but briefly to show, in some few particulars, the relative position which they stand in to each other.

When Joseph Smith was living he was the president of all councils, and all authorities in the Church; he stood as prophet, seer and revelator, and apostle; the chief Apostle of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He stood before God as the representative of His Church on the earth. In his absence, the Twelve being next in authority, stepped in, not to deprive him of his place, which he still occupies in the heavens, but to fulfil their office and calling, and the relationship which they sustain to the Church; but why did not his counselors occupy his place? Because they were not ordained to that authority, and they, therefore, could not act in it no more than the king's cabinet could reign over the nation after the king's death.

On the demise of a king, it is necessary that another should be crowned in his stead, and this must be the rightful heir. It is not enough that he is his companion or counselor; and here let me remark that there is a material difference between a counselor and a president. There are some quorums in the Church, wherein so much difference does not exist, as the High Council and

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# Aaronic Priesthood

## 241,263 Assignments Filled in First Quarter

AGAINST a goal set at 250,000 assignments to be filled by members of the Aaronic Priesthood in the first three months of 1935, one-fourth of the quota for the year, 241,263 were reported.

Filling of one million assignments for the year is the major project of the Aaronic Priesthood. The standing of the stakes at the end of the first three months, showing the number of assignments filled with the quota for the year placed in parenthesis as follows:

Alberta, 2,714 (6,428); Alpine, 1,216 (6,601); Bannock, 1,215 (3,872); Bear Lake, 1,973 (6,228); Bear River, 1,677 (9,076); Beaver, 1,073 (5,850); Benson, 2,437 (12,881); Big Horn, 2,079 (5,851); Blackfoot, 2,353 (9,256); Blaine, 767 (5,219); Boise, 1,692 (9,358); Boxelder, 2,719 (12,918); Burley, 3,184 (6,898); Cache, 2,810 (9,440); Carbon, 2,692 (9,276); Cassia, 403 (2,307); Cottonwood, 3,146 (13,540); Curlew, 366 (2,307); Deseret, 1,857 (6,915); Duchesne, 557 (5,907); East Jordan, 11,318 (10,453); Emery, 2,580 (9,080); Ensign, 2,366 (16,372); Franklin, 1,667 (7,632); Fremont, 3,233 (11,008); Garfield, 657 (4,532); Granite, 8,443 (20,644); Grant, 4,910 (10,646); Gridley, 602 (2,944); Gunnison, 967 (4,624); Hollywood, 4,272 (12,683); Hyrum, 2311 (7,956); Idaho, 838 (3,072); Idaho Falls, 2,009 (12,382); Juab, 1,060 (5,409); Juarez, 902 (2,267); Kanab, 1,679 (4,152).

Kolob, 5,142 (7,054); Lehi, 2,102 (5,291); Lethbridge, 1,129 (4,844); Liberty, 7,200 (24,664); Logan, 3,238 (10,536); Los Angeles, 5,458 (13,945); Lost River, 528 (2,833); Lyman, 530 (4,176); Malad, 2,429 (7,584); Maricopa, 4,001 (9,316); Millard, 927 (6,019); Minidoka, 983 (5,009); Moapa, 1,283 (5,433); Montpelier, 1,257 (6,304); Morgan, 1,636 (3,619); Moroni, 558 (4,206); Mount Ogden, 3,750 (11,584); Nebo, 2,448 (8,381); Nevada, 1,102 (3,401); New York, 394; North Davis, 1,811 (8,505); North Sanpete, 1,542 (9,760); North Sevier, 438 (4,324); North Weber, 5,411 (10,113); Oakland, 963; Ogden, 4,016 (15,078); Oneida, 2,297 (6,872); Oquirrh, 3,790 (8,480); Palmyra, 2,192 (8,345); Panguitch, 1,819 (4,489); Parowan, 1,515 (9,126); Pioneer, 6,047 (11,964); Pocatello, 2,451 (10,636); Portneuf, 813 (5,506); Raft River, 438

623 (2,238); Rigby, 2,148 (9,456); Roosevelt, 1,610 (6,385).

Sacramento, 290 (2,960); St. George, 1,872 (7,656); St. Johns, 921 (3,987); St. Joseph, 1,603 (9,014); Salt Lake, 5,070 (17,316); San Bernardino, 159; San Francisco, 852 (6,086); San Juan, 1,187 (3,555); San Luis, 543 (3,657); Sevier, 1,933 (6,009); Sharon, 3,033 (5,567); Shelley, 1,080 (5,886); Snowflake, 1,991 (5,873); South Davis, 1,988 (9,048); South Sanpete, 1,723 (7,168); South Sevier, 2,086 (5,137); South Summit, 2,048 (5,300); Star Valley, 1,674 (6,846); Summit, 809 (5,316); Taylor, 1,592 (5,924); Teton, 3,166 (5,108); Timpanogos, 1,356 (4,793); Tintic, 1,230 (3,231); Tooele, 1,907 (7,992); Twin Falls, 1,185 (4,326); Uintah, 2,610 (7,476); Union, 638 (2,876); Utah, 6,421 (15,891); Wasatch, 1,658 (6,291); Wayne, 1,550 (3,491); Weber, 3,682 (12,102); Wells, 4,207 (15,334); West Jordan, 1,914 (8,819); Woodruff, 2,273 (5,884); Yellowstone, 1,292 (6,787); Young, 691 (2,592) and Zion Park, 895 (2,899).

## Aaronic Priesthood Restoration Celebration Interests Thousands

CELEBRATION on May 18 of the 106th Anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood which occurred May 15, 1829, attracted thousands of members to the various temples of the Church. This article describes the celebration at Salt Lake City. The August and September issues of the *Era* will tell of the celebrations at other temples.

More than 3,000 boys and young men between the ages of 12 and 19 met in Salt Lake May 18 for services commemorating the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood to the earth 106 years ago on May 15. The celebration in Salt Lake was typical of other similar services carried out in other centers where temples of the Church are located.

The celebration began at 8 a. m. at the grave of Brigham Young, where B. Spencer Young, Jr., a great-grandson of the famous pioneer leader, gave a brief sketch of the life and labors of the second President of the Church. Groups of 50 boys each entered the cemetery with bared heads, and in single file. At the grave they were greeted by N. Ross Beattie, a grandson

of Brigham Young, who told them incidents from the life of the President and of some of his family. Joseph Don Carlos Young, a son, who went to the cemetery for the opening services, greeted the boys at the offices of President Young, built in 1852.

From the Young family cemetery, the groups went to the Eagle gate, where this historic structure was explained to them, then to the Bee-Hive House and Lion House, and thence to the steps of the Church Office building, where leaders of the Church greeted them.

President Heber J. Grant said he was delighted to meet the assembled group and congratulated them on being present on this occasion. President David O. McKay, second counselor to President Grant, congratulated the young men on "having accepted the greatest responsibility that could come to you, the reception of the Holy Priesthood. This implies trust," he added, "and to be trusted is better than to be loved."

Elder Reed Smoot of the Council of the Twelve spoke next, saying that in no place else in the world could such a sight be witnessed as he saw before him—thousands of boys holding the Priesthood of God. "There is a work ahead for everyone in the Church," he said, "and the Church will never be too old to include you. I am delighted to see you."

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, said: "Amen to what has been said." Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon was introduced and said he would speak to the boys later in the Tabernacle at a special organ recital.

Following the meeting of the Aaronic Priesthood with the Church leaders, the group passed on to the Temple Block, where Elder George F. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve, and president of the Salt Lake Temple, addressed the boys.

President Richards was introduced by Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon. A public address system had been provided by the engineers of radio station KSL, and it was over this system that President Richards spoke, the buildings on the Temple Block echoing his voice.

## TEMPLE WORK IN THE LATTER DAYS

Notes on the speech of Elder George F. Richards, of the Council of the Twelve, delivered May 18, 1935, to about 3,000 members of the Aaronic Priesthood gathered at the east end of the Tabernacle on the Temple Block in commemoration of

the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood. Reported by Weston N. Nordgren of the *Deseret News Staff*.

I regard this as one of the greatest opportunities of my life, to deliver a message to thousands of boys and young men of the Church endowed with the Priesthood.

There is considerable temple work done in the Church. People of the world in every gospel dispensation have been temple builders. The Bible speaks of it; also the Book of Mormon. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized on the Sixth day of April, 1830, and before six years had passed the temple at Kirtland was completed and dedicated to the Lord.

On that occasion there was a veritable pentecost. The Lord Jesus Christ appeared and accepted the dedication of the temple, and gave valuable instructions. After he had departed Moses appeared and delivered the keys of the gathering and restoration of the ten tribes of Israel. Elias, a prophet of the days of Abraham, then appeared and brought with him the keys of the Abrahamic dispensation. Elijah, the prophet of whom Malachi spoke, then appeared and placing his hands upon the heads of Joseph Smith and Oliver

Cowdery, said: "Upon you I confer these keys."

On that day the spirit of Elijah began to operate on the hearts of men. Throughout the Church there has been diligent search made of genealogical material and libraries have been made accessible to Latter-day Saints who have the responsibility of obtaining knowledge of their ancestry and going to the temple to receive for them the ordinances of the gospel.

After the Latter-day Saints left Kirtland the temple was thrown open and it is said that cows went into the holy edifice and defiled it, and that they even bedded down in there. Later the Reorganized church rehabilitated the temple, and it is still in their hands.

The original temple lot at Independence, Jackson county, Missouri has been divided up, and the "Hedrikites" are now building a temple there. Other parts of the site are owned by the Reorganized church and by the Latter-day Saints. There is a friendly feeling between the Latter-day Saints and the "Hedrikites."

When the saints were driven from Independence to Farr West, a temple site was dedicated there. I have visited the cornerstones myself.

The Saints were driven into Illinois, and built the beautiful city of Nauvoo, the largest city in the state at that time. The beautiful temple there was finished and dedicated and many saints received their blessings there. The records of this temple are now in the Salt Lake Temple archives, and much valuable information is available in them.

This temple fell into the hands of

enemies and was burned by fire. Then a tornado struck the building, scattering the material of which it was built until not a stone remains.

The Saints came west and entered the Great Salt Lake Valley July 24, 1847. Six years had not gone by until they had undertaken to build a temple. The Salt Lake Temple was completed in 40 years.

During the first 20 years the stones were hauled from Little Cottonwood canyon by ox teams and carts. The people suffered hardships in transporting the stones weighing thousands of pounds over dirt roads in a new country. The roads were muddy in the spring and fall.

In 1873, after the railroad had entered the state, rails were laid from the canyon to the Temple site, and the stones were brought faster by rail.

On the sixth of April, 1892, a great gathering of saints many times larger than that formed by you boys and young men witnessed Pres. Wilford Woodruff lay the capstone of the temple by pressing an electric button.

Pres. Lorenzo Snow, who was then president of the Twelve, led the people in shouting Hosannah. An appeal was made to the people at that time to furnish funds for the finishing of the temple, so that it could be dedicated on April 6, 1893, a year later.

Dedicatory services were held in the Salt Lake Temple on the appointed day and for several days thereafter.

(Continued on page 440)

MEMBERS OF AARONIC PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS VISITING IMPORTANT CHURCH SHRINES IN SALT LAKE CITY DURING THE CELEBRATION



# Ward Teaching



Ward Teachers' Message, August, 1935

## The Ten Commandments

THESE words are contained in the last verse of the last section (136) of the Doctrine and Covenants:

"Be diligent in keeping all my commandments, lest judgments come upon you, and your faith fail you, and your enemies triumph over you."

Latter-day Saints should beware of those who teach that the Ten Commandments have been discarded and replaced by other instructions. We believe the Ten Commandments to be a revealed code of ethics and morals, given for the guidance of His people by our Father in heaven. They were given, not as advice and counsel, but as commandments. They are of as much force and effect today as commandments of God to the children of men as at any time since they were given to Moses on Mount Sinai. They

have not been changed, replaced or discarded.

To the Latter-day Saints the Ten Commandments are doubly binding. They are a part of the Bible which we as a Church accept and in addition they have been reiterated to us by our Church leaders and enjoined upon all members of the Church. At the last General Conference they were again commended to us.

It is folly to equivocate in such sacred matters. Latter-day Saints should accept the Ten Commandments unreservedly for what they really are—the Word of God to his people—and should order their lives according to their teachings.

Frequent reading of them and observance of their injunctions are recommended to and urged upon all Latter-day Saints. Such a course will bring happiness and the blessings of the Lord.

## ARE YOU A PACIFIST?

*Whether you live in Utah or in some other state, you should read this brief statement. Pasteur said: "It is in the power of man to make parasitic maladies disappear from the face of the globe."*

ARE you a complete pacifist or would you consider engaging in a war against disease? If you fight in this war, facts are ammunition and here are a few.

One hundred years ago the average life expectancy was 28 years, and about one-half the population had tuberculosis.

Today, life expectancy has climbed until any child may normally expect to live to 58 or 60 years; and while about half the population has some infection of tuberculosis, only about three persons of each thousand in the United States have the active disease.

In Salt Lake City, two persons out of each thousand have tuberculosis and the death reports of the State Board of Health indicate that only one person out of 100,000 has it in the State as a whole. But even this comparatively low rate means that at any given time, 500 persons are more or less incapacitated for living normal lives, and that each year about ninety of them will die.

The amazing thing about this

situation is the fact that it is quite unnecessary!

At the present time enough is known about the diagnosis and treatment of tuberculosis to permit us to eradicate it if we would only apply our knowledge.

The tuberculin test shows the presence of infection and the X-ray shows the presence of the disease. Case reporting, sputum examination, surgical treatment, and sanatoria, all play a part in controlling tuberculosis.

In Utah we have most of these weapons available, (except the Sanatoria) and with a citizenry really interested in the cure and prevention of this disease, which still kills more young people than any other, we could make Utah the first State in the Union to wipe out tuberculosis.

The Early Diagnosis Campaign of the Utah Tuberculosis Association never stops, but in the spring and early summer it is given special emphasis. Many communities will take this opportunity to ask the Association for a Chest Examination Clinic, or the tuberculin testing of their school. These are forward looking groups. Why not be one of them?

Write to the Utah Tuberculosis Association for their new pamphlets about tuberculosis, and take advantage of all the services they offer.

## Aaronic Priesthood

(Continued from page 339)

so that all persons worthy of the privilege could attend the services.

Why do the Mormon people build temples?

The salvation of mankind and the dead depends upon them. There are men in the spirit world who lived during the dark centuries of the world when men did not understand the ordinances of the temple. The ordinances were restored to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and are being continued today.

Nicodemus was told by the Savior that unless a man is born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. He was also told that this birth was baptism in water and of the spirit as Christ was baptized under the hands of John the Baptist. At the time of the Savior's baptism a voice spoke from heaven saying God was pleased with his Son and what he had done. Everyone, therefore must be born of the water and of the spirit.

Men who have lived since the days of Christ and died without a knowledge of the gospel are being preached to in the spirit world. The mercy of God reaches all. The law justifies men according to what they are. God will save men with Him. Those who heard not the gospel in life, will hereafter.

Christ suffered, the just for the unjust. Peter says for this cause was the gospel preached to them that are dead, that the ordinances of the temple might be performed for them. Ordinances were performed in temples in the primitive days of the Church.

Where there is no law, there is no judgment. The gospel must be taught to the dead, and the ordinances administered to them by proxy—by the living standing for the dead. When we get the names of our ancestors through research and have temple ordinances done for our dead, these ordinances will be accepted by those who accept the gospel in the spirit world.

I bear you my testimony, that I know the gospel has the power of God unto salvation. I promise you in the name of the Lord that if you are faithful you will receive the same witness by revelation from the Lord."

# Mutual Messages



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

## General Superintendency

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

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

50 NORTH MAIN STREET  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

## General Presidency

Y. W. M. I. A.  
RUTH MAY FOX,  
LUCY GRANT CANNON,  
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,  
ELSTIE HOGAN,  
*Secretary*

## To Stake Superintendents and Presidents:

ANOTHER June Conference of the Mutual Improvement Association has passed into history. It was a notable event, outstanding in many features and one long to be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to be in attendance. Friends everywhere, including General Authorities of the Church, have expressed their great delight in its success. We extend greetings and appreciation for the fine co-operation of the Stakes and Missions in assisting us in reaching this achievement.

The summer season is now upon us, Many of the Stakes following the suggestions of our folder and adapting these to local conditions, are already launched upon splendid summer programs. Reports of accomplishments will be appreciated.

We are now looking forward with pleasure to the coming of our annual Stake Conventions and Institutes. The folder, covering these events, giving

the detailed program will soon be in your hands.

There are a number of things which we have found in the past to be imperative to the success of these gatherings:

1. A complete organization—Will you kindly check through your Stake Board members at once and see that the organization is complete. There should be the following officers in the Y. M. M. I. A.: Stake Superintendent, two counselors, Stake Secretary, Stake Music Director, Drama Director, Dance Director, Stake Era Director, Chairman of Adult, Senior and M Men departments, a Commissioner for the Explorers and one for the Scouts. These men should be as carefully selected as possible. "Getting the right man for the right job is half the battle." A corresponding group of officers make up the Stake organization in the Young Women's M. I. A.

In like manner a careful check should be made on each ward organi-

zation; here a like personnel should be built up covering all departments of our work.

2. A definite plan guaranteeing attendance at the Annual Convention should be worked out.

3. The necessary literature covering the season's program should be purchased and in the hands of all of our workers sufficiently early for them to give it careful study before the commencement of the year.

The General Boards are making a special effort to prepare for these institutes. Committee meetings and institutes are being held in which all necessary arrangements and preparations are being made so that we may come to assist you efficiently.

We are very happy about the selection of our courses of study and our other materials for the season's work. With your full cooperation and the blessings of our Heavenly Father we feel that 1935-6 will be a most successful year for the M. I. A.

## Flashes from the Fortieth Annual June Conference-Convention

By Henry A. Smith, Special "Era" Reporter

HAVE you ever scanned an attractively arranged menu in an exclusive dining hall and found everything so appealing, so tempting that you were at a loss what to order? You did not want to make a choice of one because of all the other good things you would have to forego, so, when you finally had to choose, you selected at random.

That is somewhat of the problem confronting delegates to the Fortieth Annual June Conference of the Mutual Improvement Associations held in Salt Lake, June 7, 8 and 9.

This was particularly true on the first official day of the conference. A majority of the conference delegates were confronted with the problem of what to choose among the conference attractions of that day. The program told them of nine educational meetings—real fiestas in the many appealing sub-

jects. Which to choose was the question.

If one went to the drama meet, he would miss the treat provided in the story section. Hobbies had a fascination and all would like to have been in the social conduct or conversation department to enjoy these social events. The music section and dancing were equally appealing and the program in the speech or the reading meet beckoned strongly. So many good things to choose from. What a healthy sign of a good program well prepared!

It was a good program from the beginning Friday morning with the annual message of President Heber J. Grant, to the close Sunday evening with a message from President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. And in between, on Saturday, President David O. McKay delivered one of the principal addresses of the conference, thus bringing the

whole of the First Presidency into active participation in the conference features.

As you no doubt have concluded from the introduction, the writer considers the nine educational meets collectively as the feature of 1935's big conference. The work done in any one session was comparable with what could be done in any of the great universities. As a matter of fact most of the sessions were presenting not only university professors but also many nationally and locally prominent men and women as authorities in their various fields.

Drama stood out this year as the feature in the educational meets. This began on Thursday, June 6, under the direction of the drama committee of the General Board with Professor John Dolman, Jr., head of the drama department of the University of

Pennsylvania, as the guest artist. In addition to the splendid instruction by Professor Dolman and others on the program both Thursday and Friday, this meet was characterized by the presentation of "Fresh Fields" in the Victory Theater. This was perhaps the best drama done locally in many years and is comparable to most professional presentations.

It is impossible in these highlights to name all outstanding people who participated in the educational meets, but no story would be complete without the mention of two other participants, both in the story section. Orson Ryan, a former Utahn and now the educational representative of a prominent publishing house, stirred several hundred people with his love for books and the story. Just to hear him tell us that one should not want a book to read but should want to read a book, made all the difference in the world in our reading plans. Lethe Coleman, former Chautauqua superintendent, lecturer, and world traveler, speaking in this same section, won her audience by means of her sparkling personality and her art on the speaker's platform.

Hobbies, too, had a prominent program outlined. In one session hobby enthusiasts heard from the President of the Church, Elders George Albert Smith, and Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, and from Herbert S. Auerbach, prominent Salt Lake merchant and business man, whose hobby of collecting pioneer relics and history is attracting wide attention.

Speaking of the educational meets and appreciation courses, helps us to recall, very vividly, one of the outstanding features of the conference. It was an event to which not enough publicity had been given, although the Tabernacle was well filled Saturday evening. It was the first "Church-Wide Honor Night," carrying this feature of the ward and stake into the June conference for public recognition

of all stakes which had achieved 100 per cent participation of its wards in the activity events of the year.

After witnessing the presentation of Master M Men certificates to approximately 60 boys, the charter group of the Master M Men movement, and the recognition of approximately 60 stakes which had won the right of possessing one of the beautiful Gold and Green achievement banners, those present were permitted an acquaintance with the real heart of each of the cultural courses.

Going right down through the list of the appreciation course subjects, namely, dancing, conversation, social conduct, reading, public address, hobbies, story, drama, and music, an insight into the true value each has for the cultural advancement of Latter-day Saints was given in mural picture form. Each of the Salt Lake City stakes participated in this presentation under the committee in charge, of which W. O. Robinson was chairman. It was a colorful and entertaining presentation and surely the words of Paul before King Agrippa, took on new meaning to the listeners as they saw them dramatically portrayed as an example of public address. Heber Q. Hale was the reader.

Another attractive presentation worthy of special notation was the song dramatization of "Era Melodies" by the Thirty-first Ward of Liberty Stake. The contents of *The Improvement Era* were appealingly presented in song, all of which was original, music by Lorenzo Mitchell, and the words by Evelyn N. Wood.

The Saltair reception and dance festival drew a gigantic crowd. Perhaps the opportunity for greater participation was responsible for this. Approximately 500 couples were on the floor at one time, all dancing the same M. I. A. dances. It was a sight long to be

remembered by the thousands of on-lookers and a thrill of joy to the participants.

The reception of stake officers, saw approximately 2,000 of the visitors entertained at luncheon at Saltair as guests of the General Boards. The entire evening was spent in social activity and dancing.

Another high spot in the entertainment features was the organ recital in which thousands of delegates heard Winslow Cheney, former Utahn, at the console of the famous Tabernacle instrument. Professor Cheney clearly demonstrated that he is one of the nation's outstanding artists on the organ, and that he will do much himself to verify his statement that the organ is the concert instrument of the future. When one of the country's outstanding organists plays one of the world's greatest instruments it is a rare privilege to be numbered among the listeners.

This conference saw the participation for the first time in a June meet of the newly appointed Y. M. M. I. A. Superintendency and Board. Their power and influence was felt on all hands and particularly noteworthy was the message for spiritual planning in the M. I. A. program delivered Sunday morning in Barratt Hall by General Superintendent A. E. Bowen. His address revealed a wide knowledge of the purpose and ideals of the M. I. A. and outlined a general basic foundation upon which to build the program for the future. He said, among many other important things:

"The program of the M. I. A. and its lessons are but the instruments we use in the building of life and character. Our enterprise is mutual improvement. The test of our success is the degree of improvement that has been made in the lives of those whom we touch."

He stressed the need of spiritual guidance in all that is done under the name of M. I. A.

(Continued on page 458)

BANQUET AND BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT,  
NORTHWESTERN STATES MISSION  
(Write-up in May Era)





OGDEN EIGHTH WARD M MEN  
BASKETEERS

Ogden Eighth Ward is the capitol of the largest single-standard basketball league in the world. These M. I. A. basketballers won the all-Church M Men championship and set a new high standard of play in achieving this goal. The players are: Back row—Manager Hansen, Science Wangsgaard, Frank Tollurst, Earl Burton, Fred Turnquist, Lloyd Sparks and Coach O. Wangsgaard. Front row—Nate Tonnone, Blaine Steele, Lawrence Hunter and Ralph Wiggins.

# THE GREAT M MEN BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

By LES GOATES

*Sport Editor, Deseret News*

AS this year of grace, A. D., 1935, went down on the pages of time as another zero season in commercialized sport, the institution of M Men basketball with its lofty idealism and boundless enthusiasm, reached out to bring more young men under its influence than ever before.

Upward of 12,000 boys, M Men, and Vanguards, representing more than five hundred wards of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, played basketball during the recent season under the supervision of the M Men's committee. Not only were all records for mass participation in the Dr. Nainsmith game shattered, but a new high standard of competition established.

This work was projected to this unprecedented range of action by Homer C. Warner, veteran dean of basketball in the Church, assisted by Reed Richards, active supervisor and a splendid corps of co-workers. Stimulated by more liberal eligibility rules, Director Warner and

his helpers, succeeded in advancing the calibre of basketball played by the Mutual Improvement Association members to a high degree of perfection. Indeed, with the participation of former high school players permitted, the Mutual basketball shooters have improved to such an extent that they now compete successfully against the strongest independent and junior college teams. Increasing interest in the activity, improved organization within the stakes and the acquisition of better coaches, have contributed immeasurably toward the advancement of the sport.

To have a great number of young men taking part in basket-

ball and to develop a sporting spirit are two M Men ideals, but were these the only objectives, it is doubtful that the activity would continue to grow. The Mutual Improvement Association recognizes that this athletic competition is a healthful thing, intellectually and morally as well as physically and rather than decrease such competition, the wards and stakes tend to bring about a constantly increasing enthusiasm for the game. And so it continues to grow.

The honor of leading the largest single-standard basketball conference in the world this year, went to the Ogden Eighth Ward, one of the finest aggregations of basketballers

ever developed under the M Men banner. The Eighth Ward entry wasn't even champion of its own district, that honor going to Marriott, but Coach O. Wangsgaard had his boys coming on fast at the finish while most of the competition was beginning to slacken under the long grind. Ogden Eighth defeated Logan Seventh Ward in the big climactic finale and thus the first and second places in the big championship tournament went out of Salt Lake City for the first time since the advent of the great Wasatch Ward aggregation three years ago. Forest Dale of Granite Stake finished third and St. Johns of Arizona fourth. The other tournament participants came up to the finish in the following order: Milford, Salt Lake Fifteenth Ward, Springville First, and Roosevelt. The eight teams that lost two straight games were not rated. They were: Boise Second, Berkeley, Calif.; Raymond, Canada; Shelley, Idaho; Roosevelt, Elsinore, Rock Springs and Santa Ana. But even these teams, first and second round losers, were champions in their own right for the path to the Salt Lake tournament, was long and arduous. They had to be good to get even that far.

The tournament was an elaborate expression of a great ideal, so great in fact that further provisions must still be made for its realization.

At the conclusion of the meet Managing Editor Mark Peterson, for *The Deseret News*, presented the Ogden Eighth champions with a beautiful mahogany and bronze plaque. Logan Seventh received a similar trophy for winning second place.

The all-Church M Men basketball tournament produced a colorful array of brilliant basketball

## Progress of M Men Basketball Cham- pionship

### FIRST ROUND

Elsinore, 24—St. Johns, Ariz., 26.  
Logan Seventh, 59—Santa Ana, Calif., 23.  
Berkeley, Calif., 38—Raymond, Canada, 17.  
Shelley First, 16—Ogden Eighth, 48.  
Roosevelt, 16—Springville First, 43.  
Boise Second, 18—Forest Dale, 40.  
Salt Lake Fifteenth, 42—Rock Springs, 28.  
Marriott, 28; Milford, 17.

### SECOND ROUND

Forest Dale, 29—Berkeley, 15.  
Ogden Eighth, 28—Springville First, 26.  
Salt Lake Fifteenth, 21—St. Johns, Ariz., 19.  
Logan, 31—Marriott, 26.

### CONSOLATION

Boise Second, 27—Raymond, Canada, 24.  
Roosevelt, 42; Shelley First, 26.  
Rock Springs, 22—Elsinore, 20.  
Milford, 46—Santa Ana, 33.

### THIRD ROUND

Logan Seventh, 38—Salt Lake Fifteenth, 37.  
Ogden Eighth, 35—Forest Dale, 18.  
Springville First, 36—Berkeley, 26.

### CONSOLATION

Rock Springs, 28—Milford, 36.  
St. Johns, Ariz., 25—Marriott, 17.  
Boise Second, 21—Roosevelt, 43.

### FOURTH ROUND

Ogden Eighth, 34—Logan Seventh, 23.  
St. Johns, Ariz., 46—Springville First, 26.  
Salt Lake Fifteenth, 22; Forest Dale, 24.

### CONSOLATION

Milford, 32; Roosevelt, 29.

but there were five players who stood out in the series and they were named on the official *Deseret News* honor quintet for 1935. Coaches and officials assisted *Deseret News* sports writers in making the selection. The players chosen:

### FIRST TEAM

*Forwards*—LaMar Weight, Springville First; Roy Hull, Logan Seventh.

*Center*—Earl Burton, Ogden Eighth.

*Guards*—Parry Wilson, Salt Lake Fifteenth; Spence Wangsgaard, Ogden Eighth.

### SECOND TEAM

*Forwards*—Clarence Beuhner, Forest Dale; Ross Overson, St. Johns, Arizona.

*Center*—John Broberg, Logan Seventh.

*Guards*—Elmer Eldredge, Roosevelt; Leonard Harwood, Springville First.

### HONORABLE MENTION

*Forwards*—Claude Morton, Milford; Lloyd Roper, Berkeley; Rudy Moler, Rock Springs; Blaine Steele, Ogden Eighth, and Maughn Parkinson, Logan.

*Centers*—Max Gibbs, Berkeley; Clayton Dunford, Forest Dale, and C. Waite, St. Johns.

*Guards*—H. and F. Scholes, Logan Seventh; Fred Turnquist, Ogden Eighth; C. Wade and Paul Beuhner, Forest Dale; Lawrence Easton, Milford and Don Conover, Berkeley.

### THE ALL-CHURCH M MEN BASKETBALL TEAM

From a field of upward to 12,000 participants, it is no small honor to be selected as one of the five outstanding players. This honor was bestowed upon the five brilliant basketball players shown below, as a result of their dazzling performances in the all-Church M Men championships. The all-M Men honor quintet, left to right, is as follows: Parry Wilson, Salt Lake Fifteenth Ward; Earl Burton, Ogden Eighth; LaMar Weight, Springville First; Roy Hull, Logan Seventh, and Spence Wangsgaard, Ogden Eighth.



# Fourth Annual Vanball Championships

THE M Men, long supreme in the field of M. I. A. sports now find themselves being challenged for public interest by their younger brothers, the Vanguarders. When the Vanguard program was being developed the matter of athletic competition was given careful consideration. The committee was unanimous in the opinion that competitive basketball was not desirable for young men in the rapid growing age of the Vanguarders. The committee was also unanimous in the opinion that some active, lively athletic competition should have a place in the Vanguard program. The outcome was the development of a new game which is a combination of the attractive features of several other games, principally volleyball, basketball, soccer and tennis.

Vanball, as the new game was called, has now been in the program for four years. Each year has seen more enthusiasts develop and less resistance from those who, at first, thought it to be a "sissy" game. As hundreds of Vanguarders over the Church have taken it up they have found it to be an ideal game with plenty of action. In the past season, it is estimated, more than 3,000 Vanguarders participated in the Church-wide tournament.

The Church championships were conducted this year in Logan, in compliment to the Vanguarders who had, probably, taken up Vanball more generally than those of other councils. The development in skills, accuracy of passing and in new styles of plays, over a year ago, were so pronounced that the officials found themselves unable to estimate the length of games and the time required to run off the tournament. Where eleven playing hours had been planned, based upon the experience of three years of Vanguard play and many more of volleyball in dozens of tournaments, sixteen hours were required and midnight came on Saturday, the second day of the tournament with no winner selected.

The two outstanding teams, both from Cache Stake, had played such hard schedules during the two days that the officials decided that it would be unwise to insist upon another set. In addition the playoff would have carried the tournament into Sunday. The contest was therefore terminated at that point and the two teams which had won their way to the finals were declared to be the co-champions for the year 1935. The teams were Logan Fifth Ward and Logan Ninth Ward, both of Cache stake.

At a Vanguard rally held in the Logan Junior high school all players of both teams were awarded the official Vanguard sweaters by Dr. Frank L. West, second assistant superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. The players



VANGUARD TROOP NO 105, LOGAN 5TH WARD, CO-CHAMPIONS OF THE CHURCH  
Front row, left to right: Junior Murray, Walter Gardner, Elma Wilson, Richard Ryan, Bill Thomas, Reed Smith.  
Back row: Wayne Morgan, Irvin Fish, Assistant Leader; Henry K. Cubisher, Vanguard Leader; Dean Jells, Keldrith Neely.



VANGUARD TROOP 113, LOGAN 9TH WARD, CO-CHAMPIONS OF THE CHURCH  
Front row, left to right: Dean Stevenson, Charles Gunder, Niles Hess, James Skidmore, Max Rogers, Delmar Miller.  
Back row: Lorin Reese, Assistant Leader; Wesley Harris, Conway Sonne, W. C. Jacobsen, Leader; Alton Sorenson, Don Stevenson, Henry Skidmore, Assistant Leader and Coach.

were commended for their superior skill and the remarkable development they

had brought into the game as well as for their fine sportsmanship.

## On Priesthood

(Continued from page 437)

the Twelve, and with some few exceptions the seventies, high priests, elders, teachers, and deacons, but the bishops have their counselors, so had Joseph, and so have some of those others. The High Council, however, and Twelve, have not, farther than the whole quorums are counselors to each other and to their president.

And in relation to the Twelve, their president became such, not on account of election or choice, but because of seniority, or age, hence when Thos. B. Marsh was in good standing he was the oldest, and, consequently, the presiding officer; but when he apostatized the next oldest took it, which was President Brigham Young. He had the same priesthood before and the same authority, but was not the president or mouth-piece of the others, who are all presidents in all the world, without other ordinations, and in this respect differ from the council of Joseph, who had not. The Twelve standing next to Joseph, on his death the charge of the Church necessarily fell upon them, and President Young being their president, of course presided, and became the mouthpiece and president, not only of the Twelve but of the Church.

There has been, sometimes, a little feeling manifested between the Seventies and High Priests, as to who have the greatest authority, and some of the Seventies have manifested a desire to be united with the High Priests' quorum, thinking thereby to obtain a greater degree of Priesthood. This is folly, for, as I stated before, it is not the office but the magnifying of an office that makes a man honorable. But in relation to their offices, they are called to move in other spheres, and fulfil other callings, rather than possessing different power and authority.

Brother Carter thought that some of the Seventies were out of their place, because they were appointed to preside over conferences, whereas they have as much right to preside, when legally appointed, as an High Priest or an Apostle.

The Seventies have the High Priesthood, and many of them have received ordinances in the Temple, qualifying them to build up the kingdom of God, if every other officer were dead or killed, and so have the High Priests. So far, then, as authority is concerned, they both have authority, but it is the especial business of the Seventies to preach to all the world, introduce and spread the gospel; while it is the duty of the High Priests more especially to preside; yet a High Priest is not precluded from traveling and preaching,

and introducing the gospel (nor a Seventy from presiding).

You have your officers in the army and navy, they may be equal in authority but act in different callings. The military officer, if at sea, while the navy is engaged in a fight with an enemy, would assist with his men to vanquish the enemy; while on the other hand the naval officer would assist the military in storming a garrison and taking possession of territory. They are both engaged in the same cause, and are fighting for the interests of the same kingdom or government; and so it is with the High Priests and Seventies—they are both empowered to do good, and although their callings differ in some respects, they can both act legally in whatsoever situation they are placed by authority. And though it is the especial duty of the Seventies to preach, yet some of the High Priests are much more competent to do it than they; and although it is the especial duty of an High Priest, to preside, yet a wise man, who fulfils and magnifies his calling among the Seventies, is much more competent to preside than a foolish or ignorant High Priest, who does not magnify his calling.

I must, however, hasten to a close, as I have extended this article longer than I anticipated when I commenced. Let presidents while they magnify their calling, and maintain their standing and dignity, be kind and courteous to the Elders over whom they preside, and not assume authority because they

are called to preside over brethren of their own quorum, or in equal standing with them; for peradventure, their brethren may yet preside over them.

Let men deal with others as they would wish to be dealt with in similar circumstances; and, on the other hand, let not members of the same quorum reject the counsel of those of their own quorum who are called to preside, but esteem, honor, and sustain them in their office.

Finally brethren, let the officers be sustained in their office, and let every man magnify the calling whereunto he is called. To define all the laws of the priesthood would be impossible, for it is living power, not a dead letter, and although these instructions may be of general use, the living priesthood must regulate its own affairs. Let all seek the spirit of God, humble themselves before the Lord, work the work of righteousness, and study to build up the kingdom of God, and they will have his spirit to guide them into all truth.

They will add to their faith knowledge, brotherly love, kindness, charity, and be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of God and of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; and it we are found faithful in a few things we shall be made ruler over many things, and in due time reap our reward in the kingdom of our God, and possess thrones and principalities, powers, rule, exaltation, and dominion in the eternal kingdoms of our God, worlds without end. Amen.

## Jane Addams— World Citizen

(Continued from page 436)

help during the first months of the war. The trust and affection with which Miss Addams thus inspired in so many Europeans explains why she was selected as chairman of the International Congress of Women, which was the first concerted attempt to let reason and pity into the stupid and cruel chaos of a world at war."

Out of her interest in and knowledge of immigrant peoples has grown her work for international peace, the crowning effort of a life of devoted service to the weak and oppressed. In recent years, Miss Addams has traveled extensively in the interest of peace and freedom. When the World War broke out she was among the first to visit the countries at war, and to raise her voice in protest. She did her best to keep the United States from entering the war, but was

severely criticized as unpatriotic.

Whenever Americans travel abroad, they discover that Jane Addams is one of the best-known and best-loved Americans. She has presided many times over the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom in various parts of the world. It is probably safe to say that during the past twenty years she has spent the greater part of her time abroad.

It would be difficult to estimate the far-reaching influence of this great and noble character upon our life and time. Certainly, no woman has so consistently and with such effect defended the poor and the handicapped, promoted peace and international good will as she. At seventy-four years of age, she is today, perhaps, the best known woman in the western world. Her life of unselfish service has won for her a place in the hearts of men and women all over the world. She is more than an American; she belongs to the world. She is in very deed a world citizen.

## The Challenge of Charm

(Continued from page 435)

women. Many lovely associations have been made ugly because of women inviting intimacy. Most men (although some of them take advantage of it), despise it and the woman loses her charm. She is cheap instead of charming. Friendship approaches the danger line when self-respect hangs in the balance.

If he is your brother, father, husband, sweetheart, you may be as enthusiastic as you like. (But please do not love others with what Mr. Hopkins thinks, John says—

Father believes.) It is very charming to express appreciation for those whom we love. But if the man be an acquaintance, a friend—some other woman's fiance or husband, then the charming woman usually knows her place and keeps it. She never "paws" a man. She may be understanding, responsive, sympathetic, friendly, but she holds a distance of at least a "hand span," or the distance of self respect. Self respect to some may mean arms length—to others a hand-span—but let self respect temper your charm and good taste be your witness and the golden rule your guide post.

Good taste reminds us that no lady likes to be held at arms-length while dancing. It makes her feel

conspicuous and as if she is "dancing with her shadow." But neither does she enjoy being held so close that she is uncomfortable and ill at ease. It will flatter a man, no doubt, if a woman caresses and makes a fuss over him (and who knows, perhaps he really likes it), but if he is that kind, watch him flee to cover if someone finds him out. And little lady, what becomes of you? Never will you feel less charming. Nevertheless unbiased enthusiasm about people in general is safe, charming and worth while. People may be a hobby horse you dare ride in public. If you have one enthusiasm, find another. The more the better. It is the way to forget self and troubles and in self forgetfulness one is most charming.

## That Wrapped-in-Cellophane Look

(Continued from page 429)

might reflect on the calmly accepting state of mind in man that permits him to wear through the ages such unbecoming things as night-shirts, or such unimaginative things as his wardrobe largely consists of.

So it may be, that for all practical purposes, a woman is justified in losing her pink and white cellophane look, when she realizes, that at least for the time being, the struggle for man's favor is over and she may relax to the title of "Mrs." The competition that wore her thin devising captivating outfits, and clever lines of conversation; that made her alert to outwit and outclass her rivals; that stimulated her to extra endeavor along the lines of "his" interests—all this, at the sign of a wedding ring and a shared home gives way seemingly to relaxation and wrinkles.

At the advent of a baby, the woman passively accepts the fact that her figure is heavier, instead of fighting the tendency to added girth with the same vim that she used to swing Indian clubs in the high school gymnasium. Motherhood can't be so very disfiguring or disqualifying when actresses with families continue to satisfy on the screen the rigid tests of beauty and style; or when dancers, such as Ruth St. Denis can continue their excellence of technical performance.

And a swimming mother "bested" the English channel.

THE effects of this relaxed attitude as to personal appearance, one may often see, also in glimpses of life of the "four hundred." Accustomed to being social leaders and their word accepted as law, they carry it farther and assume everything about themselves flawlessly. Whereas, if style and perfection of appearance were the social guide, instead of wealth, then the pictures of society that we see in smart magazines, as posed on beaches of summer resorts, or in newsreels as wintering in Florida, would often be seen instead of young business women, whose job perhaps depends on their present-ability and attractiveness.

The position of the millionaire's wife to the world is in one respect of the same relation as that of a married woman; one of relaxation. The woman of wealth and social prestige needs to do no more to impress the world at large, than the

married woman does to impress her husband. They have that safe, assured, restful feeling. The result is that most stenographers could outdress and outshine most debutantes, if accorded their wealth and opportunities.

If a business man relaxes, his competitors take his customers. If an athlete relaxes, he is called a "has been." If an actress lies down on the job, she has a difficult time staging a comeback. So, when a dainty woman enters matrimony and forgets her "wrapped in cellophane" air, it is a difficult thing to recapture it. And recapture it, she must, as long as there are in the world Cleopatras and Helens of Troy, eternally vigilant and at their best.

The pink and white bride may find that after all, marriage is a mirage so far as security and relaxation are concerned. She may be forced to agree with Shakespeare that "all the world's a stage" and that the serene, impeccable cellophane-wrapper-look just serves to conceal hours of toil, anxiety, and experiment.

But the perfection of detail encountered in that fragile, dainty look of "wrapped in cellophane," we have noticed, affects the most stolid of men, and she may find it yet worth her while to cater to the male, when he lists as his requirements, his chewing gum encased diaphanously, his bacon enhanced with a crackly transparency, and his women—so help them—pink and white, dainty and fresh in a perpetual cellophane glamor.

## Moroni

By Nephi Jensen

IT'S just another piece of bronze  
Lifted to the coming dawns;  
It's just another gilded form  
Veiled in the sifting light of morn;  
But that image-crown on Temple spire  
Evokes the mystic's stirring lyre.

It is a heaven-sent token  
That Life's cycles are not broken.  
For his trumpet call speaks to me  
Of One back from the shoreless sea,  
To rekindle Faith's glowing flame  
And give Easter its olden fame.

# I Came to Zion

(Continued from page 427)

homesick; straggly hair, and sore lips. A stranger in a strange land.

We drive in.

"Wife," Elder Hatch says proudly, "this is Frank—the boy who knows by heart every hymn that we elders sang."

"God bless him! I know he is hungry."

I have always been self-conscious—being bashful, they called it then. I was hard to approach. Like some shy, half wild animal I preferred to cower under our wagon cover rather than meet these strangers. With patient, tender kindness Flora Hatch conquered my timidity; took me into the bosom of her own family. She passed away only a year or two ago. Perhaps she never knew the gratitude she inspired in a boy's heart.

We had just fifty cents when we arrived. A long month was to pass before the remainder of the family arrived. My brothers had taken the measles, one after the other, and during that time I lived with Elder Hatch and his family.

But at last came the great news. They, too, were coming to Zion. Father rented a two-room, log cabin, and we moved our meager effects into it. When we unloaded the stove I found under it a bright two-bit piece. We were wealthier than we had thought. But what comforts that quarter might have brought.

THEN the happy day! Father and I hitched our rested and recuperated team to the wagon and drove in the twelve miles to meet the train at the little town of Bancroft. Was ever a ten-year-old quite so eager?

"Is the train on time?"

"On the dot."

But there must be some mistake. We have waited for hours, and the train isn't in yet. But no—we have waited less than half an hour when the train thunders in and stops.

Down to the platform step my two tall brothers, the younger one—the closest friend I have ever had—came first. Then my oldest brother on crutches—an empty pant leg to me so horribly suggestive of tragedy. The last time



GRAIN IN THE SHOCK  
Photo by W. B. Hales

I had seen him he was lying upon a white cot in a hospital.

And then appears the beloved face of my mother. Always a little near-sighted she peers anxiously about through her thick-lensed spectacles.

Suddenly I cannot see very well either. Choking, blinding tears. I am sobbing:

"Mother!"

"My little son!"

The family had arrived in Zion.

## The Word of Wisdom ---

(Continued from page 419)

toxicants, as Alcohol, Tobacco, Lead, Caffeine, etc. No attempt has been made to list these in order of their importance.

CONCERNING heredity, we can do nothing except to order our lives so that those who come after us be not heirs of this condition.

Relative to infections, we can do more, particularly as regards the venereal infections. Verily, if only in this way, chastity has its reward.

Let us now consider the third factor, the wear and tear of life. We have already mentioned that the blood vessels enjoy no period of rest, but that constantly there is a ceaseless surge of blood through them at the rate of seven miles per

hour, and that the walls of the main vessels are subjected to a distending force of about twenty-five pounds to the square inch from sixty to eighty times per minute, or about 100,000 times in twenty-four hours.

I wish at this point to quote the eminent Sir William Osler: "Always somewhere is a weakest spot, and too often in the circulatory system. The tragedies of life are largely arterial. Represented in the old mythology as winged, Nemesis, the goddess of the Inevitable, may still be pictured with a wheel, the wheel of life, to the ceaseless revolutions of which the circulation ministers. How often does her fatal touch call away in their prime the best and bravest—men whose only fault has been the unselfish abuse of the body machine. Appearance of the individual may mean nothing. A robust, vigorous-looking man in the prime of life may have vessels in the most advanced stage of sclerosis. The active muscular business man of forty-five, who all his life has never had to spare himself and who has prided himself on his 'fitness' for everything, is shocked to find that there is something wrong with his machine; or to the young-old man who has reached the grand climacteric without a day's illness, Nemesis whispers, 'time is up.' Others go down rapidly and suddenly following a domestic shock or financial crisis. Some fail without any apparent cause."

Personal habits are important, particularly because they are within our own power to correct, if faulty. One of the most important is emotional strain, which includes fear, anxiety, anger, jealousy, etc. Not only do these affect the blood pressure, but they interfere with normal processes of digestion. It was Solomon who said, "Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." There is more wisdom in these words than pertains to the point in question.

Fear is more or less in a class by itself, and is experienced from childhood on. It's influence on the nervous system of the individual is, therefore, or at least may be, profound. Indirectly it affects the heart and blood vessels by periodically raising the blood pressure and, in some cases, maintaining it at a higher-than-normal level so

that the blood vessels first, and the heart second, suffer damage.

OVEREATING is another evil which is very prevalent in the United States, even in these stringent times. It has truly been stated that 'more people die from over-eating than from starvation.' It's effect is, of course, indirect, and it is two-fold in nature. In the first place, it adds to the body excess tissue—fatty tissue—which becomes a burden on the circulatory system. A reasonable amount of fat is needed to pad and protect certain organs, but in excess, this tissue is detrimental to the health and well-being of the individual.

It has been estimated that if all the blood vessels in a single pound of fat were placed end to end they would extend for the distance of five-sixths of a mile. Granting that this be true, thirty pounds excess weight in the form of fatty tissue would add twenty-five miles of vascular bed through which the heart would be required to pump blood! Consider the added burden even that much excess weight means to the heart; that heart which, as we have learned, already performs a miracle of labor in each twenty-four hours, and without cessation of activity.

Furthermore, by adding more than the necessary amount of food to our daily intake, we increase the burden of excretion of waste products by the kidneys, and tend to cause early degeneration in these vitally important organs. In our bodies, damage is certain to follow from the accumulation of waste and the disproportion between intake, output and the work done. This is particularly true of protein foods, for these are not stored as such in the body. That which is necessary to replace broken-down tissue of the body is used, while the excess must be thrown off by the kidneys. This is no easy task for these organs, and the fact that they stand up under such a burden so long is a tribute to their efficiency, and not a point in argument for the non-toxicity of these waste products.

Let us say a word more about the kidneys, for they, like the heart, are marvelous to contemplate in their activity. There are approximately two million filter plants to take care of the urine. Under ordinary conditions, only a relatively small percentage of these filters are

at work, possibly one in seven. That means that these organs, like the heart, have a store of reserve energy which may be called upon in times of stress, and *which should be made to function only in such times of need.* Otherwise, the sequence of events is that the blood vessels in these filters begin to harden, gradually lose their function, and the end-result may be likened to the heart pumping blood against *not* two million filters, but two million *dams*. This requires that the heart perform tremendously in excess of normal if the kidneys are to function in anything like a normal manner. The heart must enlarge to accomplish this task, and must call upon that reserve which should have been spared for emergencies. It often has to work overtime to accomplish its task. The laborer is paid extra for overtime; so also is the heart, and the rest of the body does the paying. And frequently it takes 'but a straw to break the camel's back,' and as we have already stated, the first symptom of such a sequence of events may be sudden death, often in what is called the prime of life.

In the reading course of M. I. A. for the parents' class is a book entitled "Life Begins at Forty." That is true only if we live properly. Let us not forget that life may suddenly end at forty, as well.

I HAVE mentioned that the food which throws the greatest burden

upon the kidneys is the nitrogenous food, or protein, and for the reason that, except for the amount required to actually replace used body tissue and to repair broken-down body tissue, the balance must be excreted by the kidneys. One of the richest sources of protein is meat. Marvel not, then, that we are admonished to partake *sparingly*, and chiefly in times of famine, of cold and in winter. Why at such times? Because in times of famine, where sufficient food is not taken into the body to supply the energy demands, body tissues are consumed to supply the needed energy and protein has its function in restoring this used, broken-down tissue, and *only* protein can do this. In winter and cold weather a similar situation prevails. The energy requirement of the body—to maintain normal temperature of the latter—is greater, and body tissues are used to some extent to supply this need. Therefore, protein food is more in demand than during the warmer months of the year.

But this is not the only reason that we are admonished to partake sparingly of meat. There is another cogent reason which is often overlooked and which is, I dare say, not generally known, even among the students of science. It is a point brought out by Dr. R. M. Moore, who showed that after a meal of meat, the increase in the heart rate regularly amounts to a rise of from twenty-five percent to fifty percent above the fasting level, and persists, to reach a total of many thousand extra beats! A protein meal thus throws an extra burden of work on the heart, which is comparable in extent to the heart's total performance during three or four hours under fasting conditions!

I ask you to *seriously* consider this angle of the meat question, and it will increase your respect for, and belief in, the words contained in that document known as the Word of Wisdom.

It might be of interest to learn why meat does increase the heart rate in such significant degree. Briefly, it is because among the end products of meat metabolism are certain so-called purine derivatives which, in their effect on the heart, are similar to a closely allied drug, Caffeine; hence the increase in the rate of heart action following a meal of meat.

(This discussion will be continued in a subsequent issue.)



THE IDAHO STATE FLOWER—THE SYRINGA

## The Articles of Faith

(Continued from page 405)

who know and disobey are left behind. In that sense man is engaged in the work of saving himself; the Father formulates the plan and places it within man's reach; man himself must accept or reject the plan. Salvation becomes a co-operative affair. The outcome depends upon man's will, as well as upon God's help.

To seek out law and to obey it when found is man's first and constant duty. They who obey the law find freedom; opposition to law results in bondage. Acceptance or rejection of law depends on the will of man. A fine and tempered will obeys; a weak and flabby will slinks away from duty. By the proper use of the will pre-existent

man rose to the privilege of earth-life. By the use of their wills Adam and Eve were made able to fulfill their mission. By the power of the will every man may be lifted into a state of salvation. The training of the will from infancy to old age, is and should be the chief business of life. True happiness is a product only of a will for righteousness. Upon his success in mastering his will a man's future will depend.

The word "punishment," used in the second Article of Faith, deserves consideration. When a law is broken, punishment follows, as effect follows cause in the ordinary experiences of life, natural or human. What is the punishment that follows the breaking of divine laws? Undoubtedly the slowing up of the rate of progression is the invariable result, but what particular form or degree does it take? The prophet, Joseph Smith, was concerned with this question, and

inquiring from the Lord, he received a luminous answer: "Eternal punishment is God's punishment. Endless punishment is God's punishment." He who is eternal and endless will determine the punishment to be meted out for human transgressions, and His judgments will be tempered with mercy. Yet, the solemn, fearful fact remains: as we sow we shall reap; as we disobey the law, we shall be punished; eternally we must pay some price for our acts.

Man's responsibility for his acts is set forth by the Lord in words that thrill the soul:

*"All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence, also, otherwise there is no intelligence. Behold, here is the agency of man, and here is the condemnation of man, because that which was from the beginning is plainly manifest unto them, and they receive not the light."*

## From England to Salt Lake Valley in 1867

(Continued from page 409)

the beauty and glory of a river. On the Sweetwater we rested, washed our clothing, went in bathing, and had a real jollification.

ON one of these few and far between occasions, father being very tired, having walked every step of the way; after he had unyoked his cattle, threw himself on the ground to rest when one of the brethren came along and asked, "Well, Brother May, how are you today?" Father answered quickly, "Oh! There isn't much the matter—I have a sick wife, two sore heels and two dummies, that's all."

I was one of the dummies.

At South Pass we had a snow-storm which delayed us two or three days and made the roads very muddy for pedestrians and hard for the cattle to pull their loads as part of the way was up hill.

When we were out of the Indian country Brigham Young, Jr., and his brother John W., and the other brethren who were returning from business trips or missions left us

for their homes in Utah as they could travel much more quickly with their horses and carriages; they were asked to report that provisions were again becoming scarce. As a result we were met at Coalville by Brother Samuel Hill who had been sent by President Brigham Young with a load of potatoes and other edibles enough to last until we reached Salt Lake. As we passed through Wanship I noticed a man standing in the doorway of a rock cabin. As he stood there he seemed to be as high as the roof, but nevertheless his dwelling looked good to me for I said: "That is not much to wish for, father, but I wish we had a place as good as

that to get into." This incident shows that my ambitions for a home were not very exalted.

At Echo Canyon we were joined by a couple of boys whose home was in Goshen. These lads offered to ride us girls through this rugged freak of nature, so lickety split we came down the narrow defile expecting every minute to be thrown from the rickety old light wagon and killed. This afforded great sport for the boys who knew no fear of the canyon and saw no dangers, but to emigrants who had never before seen such a sight it was breath-taking to say the least.

Our last pull was through Parley's and up to the top of the hill. This was accomplished at twilight and here we got our first glimpse of the little city of Salt Lake.

I have to admit some disappointment as I exclaimed: "Oh, have we come all this way for that?" We continued on to the campground that night. Next morning was the Sabbath.

The sky was blue and radiant. The valley fair and the grand old mountains proudly guarded the home of the prophets. The family took a bath in a wash basin, put on our best clothes and went to the tabernacle services. My dreams came true and all was well in Zion.

## Longing

By Lavenia B. Horsley

OH, the heart of me is longing  
For country lanes today,  
For scent of sweet wild clover,  
And a meadowlark's glad lay.

I want to see gold wheat fields,  
A-waving in the sun,  
I want to breathe the wild plum's breath  
That floats when day is done.

The whispering rills in woodlands,  
Bringing music to my soul,  
That's stifled in the city  
Where harsh noises swell and roll.

## One Month On Approval

(Continued from page 417)

Already she had glowing visions of the future of the children. One had taken Lindbergh's place and the other was surpassing "Red" Grange. Yes, they were boys. "Cunning Red Boys," as Patty exclaimed in the same breath with, "I speak to name them!"

Of course, Patty, at seventeen, could not realize the importance of a name and upon not being allowed to name them after the football heroes at school she sulked the rest of the day.

"I think Roderick and Robert Brooks are nice names, don't you, mama?" said Susan. "They are dignified and sound like twins. I want papa to bring me some darling woolly blankets to go with the beds. Oh, dear! What can be wrong now?" And Susan rushed off to comfort the weeping orphans.

Somehow they got through the excitement of the day and Susan concluded the joys of motherhood are unnumbered. She was right, for the next morning when Patty went out on the porch for the milk she returned with wide open eyes and a basket full of baby. A tiny blue-eyed girl—a very cross orphan. Susan ordered a pink bed for the morning delivery and Pat sewed flannel nighties.

Susan was bewildered. No prayer had ever been answered with such haste and plentitude before. Nor was this the end. On each succeeding morning for nearly two weeks the same thing occurred. Every day the morning delivery brought another bed. Susan was nearly frantic but each one was "so sweet and helpless" that she hadn't the heart to refuse it a home and

a mother, but she stopped praying.

"Mama," said Pat, "can't something be done about this? I mean all these kids, it's terrible! I'm tired and Susan is so cross. I never heard of such a busy stork." Mrs. Brooks laughed and Susan catching the end of the conversation said, "Well, I know one thing; one stork couldn't do all this. I must have The Stork Brothers Incorporated working for me."

The children ranged in age from one month to three years. On Saturday a little black one arrived, much to the consternation of the family. The load was getting too heavy for Susan, but after reading the pitiful little note and learning that its name was Bill it was welcomed into the household.

The stage was all set. The babies stopped arriving as suddenly as they had started when the number reached fifteen. Susan's hands were full, but what troubled her more, so were mama's and papa's, Patty's and the maid's. Susan had not meant to force motherhood on them.

WHILE these stirring events were taking place in the Brooks' home Bill was in Philadelphia at Jefferson Medical gathering together his credits and making arrangements for his prospective studies in Vienna. Two and a half of the six weeks had passed and he had received only one letter from Susan, but it contained all the startling news. On Wednesday he telegraphed Susan he would be home on the two o'clock and would like to see her in the evening.

He had scarcely entered his apartment when the telephone rang and a frightened, tearful voice came over the wire. "Hello, Bill, this is Susan. Will you come over, quick! Nancy's fallen down the clothes chute; and," her voice broke

and she started to sob again. Accompanying her Bill could hear wild wailing and screaming so he simply said, "Yes, sweetheart," and hung up.

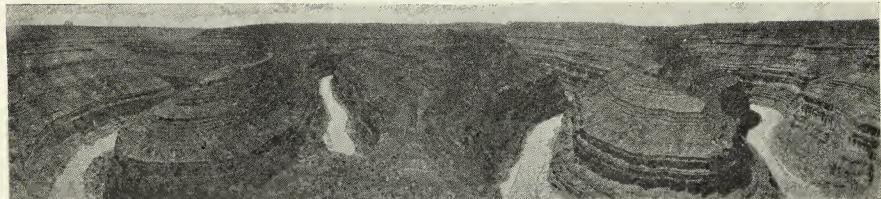
In five minutes he arrived at the Brooks home. When there was no response to his knock he entered and found Susan in the kitchen. She was hot, tired, disheveled, stirring baby food and weeping companionable tears with the babies. Babies! Bill simply gasped. Babies to right of him, babies to left of him, babies in front of him crying with fervor. He made his way to Susan and kissed her on the back of the neck. Susan sniffed, wiped her eyes on her apron and said, "Oh! Oh! Oh; Billy!" She could say no more but buried her face on his shoulder. After a moment she continued, "I'm so glad you are here, everything is just terrible and—"

"Where is the family?" shouted Bill.

"Mama and papa had to leave on business and Pat is going over to Aunt Mary's right after school. The maid wouldn't stay cause all the babies upstairs are broken out with something. Billy, you won't leave me, will you?" and Susan clung to his coat.

"No, never!" With this he picked up the nearest prodigy and spanked it on the spanking place. The din began to cease. All the babies opened their eyes and shut their mouths. Susan alone wept as she continued, "While I was getting Nancy out of the clothes chute Jackie tipped all the food over."

This was evident, for Jackie, in his best white dress, was paddling around in great glee; winking occasionally to keep the baby food, which was dripping from his golden topnot, from getting in his eyes. At this point Bill rescued Ophelia, the cat, that was strug-



THE GOOSE NECKS, SAN JUAN RIVER, SOUTHERN UTAH

Photo courtesy Zeke Johnson.

gluing desperately against Dicky's loving bear hug, vainly trying to hang onto its ninth life. "Let me take charge here, Susan. I'll stir the food and you change Jackie's clothes before Ophelia laps him up; I see her headed his way. Now you stop crying, you are just upset."

"But the food isn't even cooked yet; and the babies will be starved."

"Judging from the lusty sounds when I came in I am afraid they'll live. You get the bottles ready and I'll put the food to cool."

"Bill, do you think it can be smallpox they have? That's what Hannah said it was."

"More likely a rash, but we will see. How many have it?"

"Five, counting the black one."

Dr. Marquette examined the five and pronounced the malady measles. At once Susan's lips began to quiver and Bill could see more tears on the way.

"Don't get excited, it is only German measles. They'll be all right in a few days."

"How many nationalities do they come in?"

"Just one; the others come in colors, red and black."

"Will they all catch it?"

"Very likely, but don't worry," he held her by the shoulders and looked into her tearfully red face, "all they need is rest and quiet."

"Quiet," Susan laughed at that, "is it absolutely essential that they have quiet, doctor?"

"Impossible, I'd say. By the way, how is Nancy?"

"Oh, she is all right now. I believe the food is cool. Will you help me?"

In due time the food was ready, the babies all lined up. It was feeding time in the nursery. Bottles for the little ones, highchairs, bibs and eggies for the graduated ones.

During the lull Bill said, "Tell me, Susan, do you still think it's noble to help humanity?"

Susan smiled, "Yes, don't you? Aren't they sweet?"

"Yes, sweet, but you, darling, you're tired out."

"Oh, no, not now you are here. You are such a help."

THE words were said so sincerely that Bill's heart gave a little quiver and he caught Susan tightly in his arms and whispered, 452

"Let me help you always. Susan, I—I love you!"

"I know," she must not weaken now. "I mean, aren't you hungry?"

"No," he let her go impatiently.

"Well, I am."

"Darling, won't you?"

"Really, Bill, I can't be sentimental when I'm starved. I must wash my face, my nose is all red and I look a sight."

"You look wonderful!"

"Which proves love does not see very well," declared Susan; "come on before they get through eating or we won't have a chance."

They ate, but one bite never saw the next one. This is the way it went, bite one: Screaming from the nursery. Helen had dropped her bottle and when it was given to her she kept on throwing it on the floor to test her feminine right to attention; and she defied them, with lusty shrieks to ignore her. Bite two: Violent coughing and sneezing from the upper chamber. "Oh," wailed Susan, "now they're getting hay fever!" The hay fever proved to be pepper with which Jimmy, aged two, and smart for his age, was seasoning the youngest and tenderest of the orphans.

Susan and Bill gave up eating as Roderick got his head wedged in between the bars of the bed. Jackie put Susan's ivory nail set in the toilet along with Bill's hat. Maybe this incident should not be mentioned and there are many more which cannot be. At eight o'clock Mama Brooks came in much relieved to find Susan in her right mind; a thing she had not dared to expect.

It had been a hectic day. Bill slept soundly that night but he had undignified visions of Susan with a mush bowl on her head, a hot

water bottle on her stomach, dancing up and down in a baby crib refusing his heart and hand.

Similar days passed—poor Susan! And so the month went by—poor William! In another week the boat sailed and Susan had not relented. He would make one more attempt. One of the glories of youth is that it knows no defeat. He hummed, brushed his hair and tied his tie, Susan's favorite tie. Then he strode through the still, peaceful air to the Brooks home. Here all peace ended and he was put to work rocking Robert and amusing Bill, the black one, by making noises like a barnyard. Chickens seemed to be favored by the pickaninny so Bill clucked, cackled, and cock-a-doodle-doo-ud until Susan appeared.

"Susan I came—," he began, but she interrupted, "just a minute while I get Nancy a bottle. Pat, will you come and get Jackie?"

She disappeared and reappeared a full half hour later, flushed, excited, hurried. "Oh, is Bob asleep? Bless his heart! I'll take him. You have no idea, Bill, how it hurts a baby to cut teeth. Now will you help me undress the rest of them? It's way past their bed time."

At last they were all disposed of but Susan still sat singing Rock-a-bye-baby while Patty discussed with Bill her viewpoint on the care and raising of infants. He liked Pat of course, and as a little sister-in-law she was perfect, but—Finally he said, "Patty, can you sing?"

She gave him a sample.

"That's fine," he lied. "You go and sing to the babies. I want to talk with Susan."

After all babies are not music critics and might not even notice a flat note now and then. The exchange was made and Susan sat down with a sigh. Bill began cheerfully, "I just came over to say goodbye. I'm off in the morning, everything packed and—"

"Oh!" she gasped, "Not so soon! I thought—," she ended weakly.

"Well, you see, Helen Carter has asked me to spend a few days at her Long Island home before sailing, next Saturday. Old friends of the family, you know; and I couldn't very well refuse."

A WOMAN in the case, Susan's hope fell. She could only be truthful so she said,



B. Y. U. ATHLETES AT PLAY

"Billy, dear, I don't want you to go away."

"I don't want to go either, but then it won't be so bad, rather a jolly trip for a bachelor; and I will have my studies to take up my time."

"Billy," she could not look at him, "will you write to me?"

"Will I! Every day; and you can tell me all about the children; what they do, how they grow, how many teeth they get and everything they say. Just think, some of them will be in kindergarten when I return. Gee, Susan! How I wish you were going with me. I won't ask you, though, you are doing so much for humanity!"

"But Bil—"

"I have come to see it as you do. The first years are the most important because their future depends on their cradle training. What is the matter, Susan? You are crying!"

"Oh, I am so tired!"

"I know you are, darling, so I'll go. You have had a hard day with the children; and I have been here long enough to say goodbye. You must get some rest."

"No! No! Don't go!" pleaded Susan. "I don't want you to go—ever! Or—I mean—I want to go with you!"

"But Susan! The babies!"

"Oh, dear! I know I can't. I've tried so hard and I am afraid I'll never succeed without more help—have you a hanky?"

Bil wiped her eyes and nose and kissed her lips. "There, my little Susie, don't cry! Would you really go with me if it wasn't for the babies?"

"Yes, Bil, I want to go, but I have them—fifteen of them! And I love them so much. Oh, no, I can't!"

"Yes you can, I'll get a place for them! In fact they have a place. Dr. Parks sent them from the home. You know he is head physician at the children's home. They were given to you, One Month On Approval. All is fair in love and war!"

"William Marquette, you horrid thing! How could you? Does mother know this?"

Bil's face registered the fact that mother knew and he added, "But she was willing to help me, Susan, so was your father."

"But now I am all attached to them, and—"

"But not as much attached to them as I am to you. I'll leave money, Susan, with Doctor Parks, so they can have a motherly woman to take care of them and train them. When we get back you can see them every day. You will be their Cinderella Godmother. Say 'yes,' darling and on Saturday we will sail away, just we two on blue seas, under sunny skies! And we will be at the end of our troubles."

Susan did not answer but her kiss was an affirmative.

## Satisfactorily Serviceable

(Continued from page 411)

nuts already despoiled of their luscious nuts. The magnificent crimson of hard maples with here and there the glistening whiteness of the birch.

"Janice, it will be so different out here. Even the physical country, the climate are different. Do you think you'll like it—with me?" Bill's voice was anxious and fearful.

But Janice's voice was very sure. "I'll love it," she said simply, "with you."

IT was strange—that first month in Chicago. Strange for Bill to work into the new routine of the railroad shops there, and strange for Janice to play at keeping house in their tiny apartment and explore the great city that fascinated her with its mass of hurrying humanity and terrified her with its noise and confusion. It was fun to don a fluffy pink apron in the mornings and clean the apartment until it shone. It was a real education, she told herself,

## "My Babies"

By Mary B. Watkins

I HAVE a tiny garden  
More enchanting every day  
I nourish three sweet rosebuds.  
And watch them in their play.

I have a tiny jewel case  
A treasure therein lies,  
Six gorgeous shining sapphires  
That are my babies' eyes.

I have a tiny heaven  
Wherein three bright stars shine  
And as I gaze upon them  
I thank God they are mine.

to barter at the corner market for the best foods at the most economical prices. But the real thrill of the day came in having steaming food ready for Bill when he came in at six o'clock, and in telling and hearing the happenings of the hours since he had left home.

A month of that. A happy month during which Illinois' autumn woods lost their brilliance and fell a prey to cruel November winds that left only gaunt tree trunks in their wake. Cold gusts from the lake brought sleet and snow and Chicago shivered in the grasp of a hard winter.

And then Bill fell terribly ill!

It seemed to happen all in a few days' time. One day he was merely contracting an annoying cold—

"from not wearing your rubbers, young man, when the streets are a glaze of ice and sleet." Two days later the damp mist from the lake seemed to clutch his breath with icy fingers and leave him spent and gasping.

The doctor shook his head gravely. "You young people," he chided, "with your exuberant health. You take no precautions. You think life can't hurt you. But it can. It can hurt you terribly. He—your husband—is a very sick man."

Once that month Janice had seen the white caps on Lake Michigan claw at the shore under a storm. She felt their sharp fingers tearing at her now threatening with each fresh attack to completely submerge her.

Desperately she fought the waves. She didn't dare go under. She must keep her feet. Bill needed her.

But the doctor didn't seem to need her. He brushed her aside and installed a nurse.

"This case needs real care," was his only explanation.

Janice did the little things she could—but they seemed so futile. She envied the nurse her skill. No matter where she went about the house, Bill's white face haunted her and his racking cough sent tremors of fear through her.

It was like a nightmare—that time of waiting. Until the doctor, sitting patiently at Bill's bedside and watching his valiant fight, said, "He'll make it. You young people! What obstacles you can overcome."

It was only when Bill was safely past the crisis and she could busy herself with preparing light whole-

some foods for him, and hovering about to make him more comfortable, that Janice began to feel alive again. Bill's recovery, once he was back on the road to health, was remarkable. Long before she was willing to cease pampering him, Bill was determined to go back to work. She put him off a week. They'd get along some way. They could pay the doctor a little out of each payday. He couldn't do his work efficiently until he was stronger, she reasoned.

But one day she couldn't hold him back any longer. He was perfectly well, he argued. They wouldn't hold his job forever. Janice accused him of being glad to get away from the house. He looked so pleased when he turned to wave goodbye from the end of the walk. She was afraid to have him go. The doctor hadn't yet given his sanction.

Three hours later he was back, his face white with pain and worry.

"I—I haven't any job," he muttered miserably, "there's someone else in my place."

IT was nearing the end of January. There was more than the doctor's bill to worry about now. There was rent and food. The little savings account they had had to draw on was entirely gone. Worst of all, Bill looked like a shadow. The cough that he had never quite lost was developing alarmingly.

The doctor delivered an ultimatum. "Get this boy back out West. He isn't going to throw this off in Chicago's heavy damp air."

"Get this boy back out West." He might as well have suggested going to South America!

It would mean a hundred dollars for her to take him back home. A hundred dollars! A few weeks ago it wouldn't have seemed like so much. But now—, Why, a hundred dollars was—. She didn't have five.

She couldn't ask her mother for money. There was so little of her father's insurance left and her mother was making such a valiant effort to keep from being dependent on her and Bill.

Slowly Janice drew off her engagement ring. It would bring something. Nothing was too great a sacrifice for Bill.

She slipped into her powder blue knitted suit. Bill had told her it

made her eyes look like larkspurs. She noticed after she was dressed that the blue put some color into her white face.

It would be better to take the ring now without thinking about it long. Just before she was ready to leave, the thought occurred to her that she might be able to realize something on her other cherished possession—her wedding dress. A costume house might be interested in it.

She had a wild desire to cry out, "No, no, I can't give them up."

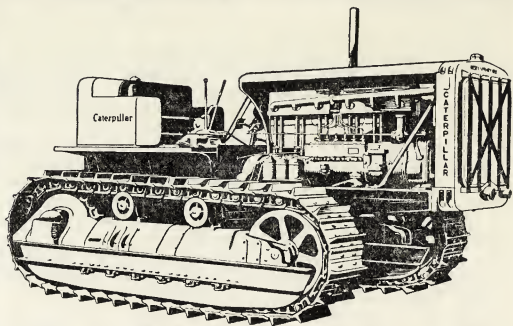
But just then Bill coughed in the other room—a hard racking

cough that couldn't be gotten rid of, the doctor said, in Chicago.

Quickly Janice wrapped the folds of chiffon, the veil, and the white satin slippers in tissue paper and slipped them into a box. She'd go immediately, while Bill was taking a nap. She could leave a note and Bill needn't know for a long long time how she had gotten the money to take them back to Utah.

All the way down town on the subway she had to keep repeating to herself, "It's for Bill. I couldn't bear to part with them otherwise."

For she would really have to give them up. Leaving Chicago meant



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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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## LANDES TRACTOR & EQUIPMENT CO.

Distributors

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that she could probably never redeem the diamond and the dress would surely have to be sold outright.

Janice had never been in a pawnshop. She didn't know quite what to expect. But when the proprietor said, "I'll give you ten dollars—not a cent more," she thought she must be losing her senses. Her lovely diamond, for which Bill had paid several hundred dollars, would bring ten dollars! How far would ten dollars go toward taking them back to Utah? No—she couldn't give it up at that price. She'd try elsewhere.

But when, after four attempts, she found that ten dollars was the most she could get, she grimly slipped the ring back on her finger. Ten dollars wouldn't solve her problem.

She found the same thing to be true of the dress. No one was the least bit interested in buying it. It was a blow to her pride as well as a heartsticking disappointment about the money. Her lovely chiffon dress that she had had to plead so hard for and on the making of which she had put such painstaking loving care—unwanted! Janice felt angry all over.

Then a strong grim determination overcame her anger. She wasn't ready to give up yet. The doctor had said Bill wouldn't get well in Chicago. Well, she'd get him out of Chicago. "I don't know how," she said to herself fiercely, "but I'll get him out of here—somehow."

Desperately she trudged down four blocks, clinging to the precious suit-box, not knowing why she chose the direction she did.

And then suddenly she knew that there had been a very definite reason why she had chosen this direction. She had an idea—an idea that just *had* to succeed.

For a moment she stopped and watched a window-trimmer arranging quantities of bed-linens, table-linens, and towels in the window of a large department store. Creel's—the sign above the entrance announced. Across the back of the show-window huge letters read, "*Drastic Mid-January Reductions in Linens.*"

Busy little gnomes sped back and forth in Janice's brain, weaving a more intricate picture against the background of "*Drastic Reductions in Linens.*" She hadn't pounded a typewriter for two years in the

office of an advertising firm without absorbing something.

"*The January Bride Tells You Why to Buy Linens at Creel's.*" she whispered softly to herself. "I'll try it. They can't do more than say 'no.'"

SHE approached the manager with much less assurance than she tried to display. Even after he eyed her disinterestedly and said coolly "Well?" she had to take time to whisper to herself, "It's for Bill."

She made a grand plea for the job. She admitted to herself, even while she was afraid she wasn't impressing the manager a bit, that it was eloquent.

"All you have to do," she concluded, "is to give me leads on the goods, and put a loud speaker in the window. I'll wear my wedding dress, write the talks to present to the public, stressing the points you want advertised, and guarantee to attract a crowd."

As an added argument she opened the box and held the soft folds of chiffon up close to her face.

"Hm," he studied the effect intently, "very pretty. The type of a bride who would go best with the public just now. The buying public won't consider extravagance or excessive cost at a time like this. I mean," he went on, "your dress is simple and practical. Not a New York importation, I take it."

"I made it myself." Chiffon, to him, wasn't as elegant as it was to her. Janice thought vaguely to herself. But that was neither here

nor there. The important thing to get the job.

"Very suitable. You'll make a most attractive window decoration, young woman, but how do I know your sales ability consists of anything more than good looks?"

"Let me try it for a day. I'll work the first day for nothing," Janice begged. "I'm positive I can increase your sales."

Breathlessly, she waited for his answer. It came—miraculously—just as she hoped.

"You might prove a drawing card," he said hesitantly. "It's rather a novel idea."

He could arrange the loud speaker, he decided, so that she could begin work the next day. Her pay, he informed her, would be two dollars a day and lunch.

Bill didn't like the idea at first. "I not only don't like the idea of your being in a show-window with those crowds of strangers gaping at you," he said bluntly, "but it would sort of desecrate the memory of your wedding dress. You made it for a sacred occasion and this is so different."

Janice guessed that a good deal of Bill's bluntness was chagrin over her having to work. That was like a man. Wanting to assume all the responsibility. Wanting to protect. Janice was glad Bill felt like that. She hoped he would never get over wanting to protect her. But Bill was still a sick man. And wives have to do things differently when husbands are sick.

"Bill, don't make me sell the idea to you, too," Janice protested in mock terror. "I nearly had nervous prostration selling it to the manager of Creel's. I wonder what Mother will say when I tell her my chiffon dress is really going to be serviceable. This isn't the kind of service she meant it to have but I think it's rather beautiful. One of my dearest possessions is going to render a service for someone I simply couldn't do without."

"Janice," Bill's voice was husky with feeling, "no one but you could put it that way."

True to her promise, Janice kept a crowd before Creel's window next day and the next and the next. Two hours after the store opened on the first day, the manager congratulated her warmly.

"You have me convinced already. A crowd inside at this time of day is unusual. Beginning



A HORSE, A SUMMER DAY AND A RIVER!  
WHAT MORE COULD BE ASKED?

right now, you are working for pay."

Perhaps it was her fresh young beauty some of them stopped to look at. Perhaps the universal appeal of a lovely wedding dress attracted others. But whatever the cause of their stopping, a large percent heeded the appeal of her logical reasoning and inherent salesmanship and bought merchandise. The manager was delighted with her success.

At the end of the week he suggested that she reshape her speech to meet the requirements for a display of china. The third week the window was made into a miniature kitchen. In addition to dwelling on the relative merits of different kinds of cooking utensils, Janice stirred up a chocolate fudge cake every two hours and baked it in an electric range with a special oven control. Because her clever sales talk sold a number of ranges, the manager kept her on that demonstration for two weeks and gave her an extra dollar every day.

"Bill," she exulted, "the dollars are piling up in the old blue teacup. At this rate we'll soon be on our way home."

"I'm going to look for a job,"

Bill announced vehemently. "I'm practically well. I don't like to have you out working."

"You're going to stay right here as the doctor ordered, Bill Wright. And you don't know how much fun I'm having."

"Oh, I feel so useless—just resting and reading," Bill protested. "Bring me some stationery, will you, Dear? I can at least write letters."

The next week Janice demonstrated how she could save money by buying her furniture at Creel's and could save time by caring for her house by using Creel's electric vacuums and cleaning apparatus. Then there was an extra week of linens.

Before the week was over the manager complimented her work but told her he could not retain her any longer.

"Spring sales will take care of themselves from now on," he said. "I'm sorry I can't keep you on in some other capacity. But we're laying off clerks right along."

And there still wasn't enough money for carfare for two to Utah!

It was hardly fair of Bill to wait until the very last day she worked when he had had the letter a whole day before and might have told her then.

It was a very down-hearted Janice who came home with her last pay check and counted what she had been able to squeeze out above living expenses. Bill even let her count the money.

"Dear," she said wearily, "any way you figure it there's only enough money for one fare. If you think you are well enough to go alone, I think you had better go back now. I'll get something else to do and work out my carfare as soon as I can," she added with a feeble attempt at a laugh. It wouldn't be easy—being separated from Bill.

Bill's old gay laugh rang out so loud that it startled her.

"We're going home—together—tomorrow," he announced mysteriously.

"But—there isn't enough—"

"Janice dear," Bill was too excited himself to keep up the mystery, "I didn't tell you because I didn't think it could possibly happen as it did. Two weeks ago I wrote the shops at home and told them the whole story of what had happened here. I also told Mr.

White what you were doing. Yesterday he wrote me that he could make a place for me at home and he sent transportation money for me."

"Bill! You were mean not to tell me last night. But it's such grand news that I'll forgive you."

Then she remembered something.

"Oh, Bill," she wailed, "He sent you transportation money? That's what I've been working for—to take you home."

"That's easily fixed, Honey. You pay my way and I'll pay yours."

Suddenly they looked at each other and burst into laughter. Joyous, free-hearted laughter that scorned worry and illness.

"Bill," Janice sobered for a moment, "you be making some cocoa and toast. I'll run down-stairs and telephone the station. Maybe there is a train tonight."

## A Builder of Boys and Girls

(Continued from page 421)

and he rode on to the next town. This sort of thing continued until he found himself headed in the direction of Utah Lake and before the last house on the street. He finally mustered courage and succeeded in placing an order.

HE returned to the Brigham Young University and that winter an opportunity afforded a teaching position for a class made up of freshmen who were below the standards of the class. Included in this class were the so-called incorrigibles. Such a heterogeneous group drew unstintingly upon the teacher's native resources and required a keen insight into human nature. The pay was slight—sixty dollars a month—but the young teacher welcomed the assignment. One-fourth of his salary consisted of tithing scrip and on some occasions consisted of brooms, which he sold to neighbors in need of such articles.

He married Zina Robinson, a student at Brigham Young University. The following summer he went to Canada to rehabilitate a mercantile establishment that had been purchased by Jesse Knight. In slightly less than two years time

### FOR PERFECT PICNICS

## Fisher's VITAMIN "D" Bread

No matter where you plan to picnic on the Fourth or Twenty-Fourth you'll enjoy sandwiches made with Fisher's Vitamin "D" Bread. In addition to its delicious flavor this better bread supplies the Vitamin "D" boys and girls need to help build better teeth and strong bones.

Your grocer can supply you with American Lady Cakes, Whole Wheat, or Rye Bread.

*A Product of the*

**AMERICAN LADY  
BAKING COMPANY**

he closed with a profit of ten thousand dollars and an increase in personnel of one hundred per cent. Turning down an increase in salary he entered the University of Michigan, distinguishing himself in debating at this institution. Receiving a Bachelor of Arts Degree, he taught three years at the B. Y. U. and then proceeded to Leland Stanford University for a year of graduate study. Then came a brief educational tour of Europe as a respite from scholastic duties, followed by a return to his old teaching position.

One year later he accepted the presidency of the L. D. S. Business College and became the leading proponent of a plan to put the college on an independent basis. Resigning this position to study law, he became a member of the first graduating class in law at the state university. He was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the State of Utah.

For two years, he was a member and Secretary of the first Utah Tax Commission appointed by Governor William Spry and acted later for the Utah State Farm Bureau as State Chairman of their tax committee.

He interested himself in the water and land development of Utah and Salt Lake Counties with the late Joseph R. Murdock.

AFTER fulfilling a second mission to New Zealand he was chosen by the State Board of Education to serve as the first State Director of Vocational Education in 1917. At about this time, the state legislature provided for a broadened plan of education in the state and made the sum of \$100,000.00 available for the carrying out of this program. An important figure behind this legislative action was Francis Kirkham. The new legislation (1) almost doubled state support for schools; (2) created a division of health education in the State Department of Education; (3) provided for compulsory school attendance of aliens; (4) extended compulsory school attendance; (5) permitted boards of education to use money for training in health, gainful work and moral character for twelve months each year; (6) appropriated \$100,000.00 special aid to school districts for the administration of the

year round and part time attendance features of the law.

IN 1925 Francis Kirkham was appointed to the Superintendency of the Granite School District, the largest consolidated district in the state. Here was the chance to set about realizing in a direct way the promises of a plan which he had helped to launch.

C. A. Prosser, director of the Dunwoody Institute of Minneapolis, speaking of the work done in Kirkham's district said, "The Utah school laws of 1919 have been made into a comprehensive program for the conservation of children not equalled on this continent."

The University of California awarded the degree, Doctor of Philosophy in 1930. One year later the office of Education, United States Department of the Interior published bulletin No. 11, "Educating All the Children of All the People." The publication is a comprehensive survey written by Dr. Kirkham of his work in the Granite District.

SHORTLY after his arrival in New York City in 1929 he was invited by Superintendent Charles W. Taylor, of Nebraska, to help formulate a state-wide program in character education which had recently been made mandatory by law. This state has been a laboratory for the developing of plans which, first published by Nebraska as state bulletins, have been distributed by the National Child Welfare Association, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, in the United States. Miss Daisy Simons, a capable girl from Murray, Utah, formerly a principal in the Granite School District assisted. She later became state supervisor in that state and this year worked in Essex County, New Jersey, with a population larger than the state of Utah.

A recent publication by Dr. Kirkham (March, 1935), used state-wide in Nebraska and on the approved list for use in New York City Schools is "A Member's Guide High School Service League." This is sponsored jointly by the National Child Welfare Association and the Department of Secondary Education of the National Education Association. Herein young people in School may think through their problems of today, and decide upon plans for better

and happier living in a changing and challenging world.

It is designed to provide life situations wherein the individual will have an opportunity to form moral judgments and act with satisfaction until habits are formed. Dr. Kirkham is now at work on two additional publications. The brand of education which he seeks to impart, looks to the unity of educational forces in a common cause—the building of an ethical character.

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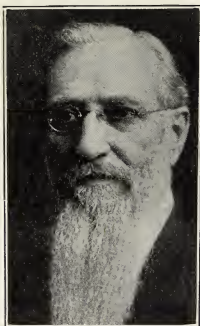


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Ben C. Graham, Superintendent of Schools of Pittsburg, Dr. Kirkham addressed a division of the Superintendent's Section of the National Education Association, on the subject, "Trends in Character Education as a basic factor in Citizenship training."

He was also recently one of the ten selected to speak on a panel directed by Dr. H. G. Campbell, Superintendent of schools of New York City on the problem of delinquency, truancy and maladjustment in that metropolitan area.

DR. KIRKHAM is as modest as he is capable. When one mentions his successes he smiles and gives credit to his companion. Together with their children they have spent ten years of their married life in the universities of the country.

He will tell you that in his youth, under the inspiration of Dr. Karl G. Maeser, George H. Brimhall and the Church, he decided that real joy came through clean living, service, and growth in the finer things of life. He has always been an active worker in the Church and is now a member of the High Council in the New York Stake.

During his residence in the East he has made a study of the divine origin of the Book of Mormon, which he declares is the greatest evidence of immortality and the divinity of Christ that has been given to the world since the resurrection and ascension into heaven of the Savior.

Dr. Kirkham is a man whose activities have proceeded at a white heat. His is a story of an unflinching purpose, of dauntless courage, of a great desire and its fruition, of a cherished ideal—service to his country and his Church in the education of its youth.

## Flashes from the June Conference

(Continued from page 442)

At a meeting held at the same hour in the Assembly Hall for all members of the Y. W. M. I. A. President Ruth May Fox delivered an address that will be remembered long by her hearers. She urged character building within the home by recourse to family prayer. "If you can build that thing in our children, so that it can never be said that they didn't know right from wrong, and if you will be honest with yourselves, honest with your children, and honest with God, and get an understanding thereby, I promise you will reap the fruits of your labors."

This conference was a gala event for the Bee-Hive girls. Everywhere the girls with their blue shields could be seen, serving as messengers, guides, and conducting demonstrations. It was in commemoration of their twentieth anniversary and culminated a celebration lasting for about two months. They conducted a special exhibit at the old President's office, viewed by thousands of conference visitors, carried on demonstrations for the three days in the business houses of Salt Lake, and then, to end their celebration, participated in a pageant depicting the story of the Bee-Hive program in the Church. It was a colorful dramatization and a fitting close to the conference.

A mark of respect to the former general superintendency, Elders George Albert Smith, Richard R. Lyman, and Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve, was paid at the annual superintendent's and president's luncheon held at the Lion House social center. An expression of appreciation for the work and service of the retiring superintendency was expressed by President Ruth May Fox of the Y. W. M. I. A. She said, in part:

"These three men are endowed with the qualification that made of them a

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great head. . . . Certainly there will never be another head of M. I. A. that will outshine the one I am speaking about. The Mutual Improvement Association has prospered under their general direction. Always have we had perfect harmony in all meetings and in the transaction of Mutual business." (The complete text of his message will appear in *The Improvement Era*.)

## The Abundant Life

(Continued from page 423)

in apparel of flashy fabric and rather striking ensemble. Her appearance was quite incompatible with the quiet retiring dignity of a lady missionary. The mission president became concerned about the matter; but he was too gallant to give her peremptory instructions about her apparel.

Then it occurred to him that a Priesthood meeting was to be held the following day in a district not far from mission headquarters. He determined to take her to this meeting. The meeting was one of those eight-hour sessions, in which everyone spoke with intense fervor of the goodness of God and the exquisite joy of being in His service. Nothing was said about fitting apparel for a lady missionary.

But the next day the newcomer appeared in an ensemble whose subdued dignity was quite in contrast with her yesterday's finery. What had happened? Her conscience had been quickened and she commenced to feel out of place in swank clothing.

THIS intensification of the conscience is the fuller life in its ethical and spiritual aspects. It is not a fuller understanding of the fine technical distinctions of right and wrong; but a deeper sense of the wrongfulness of wrong and the rightfulness of right.

The abundant life is essentially the life of the Spirit. It is intensified spirituality. And spirituality is that liveliness of spirit that intensifies appreciation of the beautiful, deepens love for the truth, kindles love for the good, and

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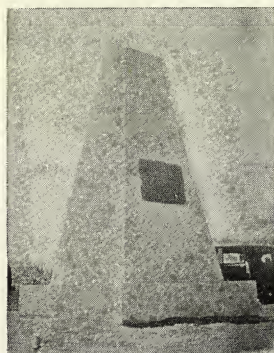
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makes the heart beat in harmony with the moral forces of the world, enhances delight in the realization of high ideals, and quickens in the soul the joy of being in actual partnership with God in the perfection and ennoblement of mankind.

Intensity is one dimension of the fuller life. Duration is the other. Sensual pleasures are momentary.

"Pleasures are like poppies spread  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is sped;

Or like the snow falls in the river  
A moment white then melts forever."

But the joys of the spirit are interminable. They consist essentially of the power to enjoy every normal experience. This power is generated by an inner flame which is fed by the inexhaustible Life and Spirit of God. This is one of the reasons that the spiritual life is spoken of as "everlasting." Eternal life is not only never-ending in duration but it is also uninterrupted in its joyousness and glory.

The story of the deep spiritual awakening of the progenitor of the race exemplifies the idea that sensitization of life is enrichment of life. When Adam came up out of the baptismal waters "the Spirit of God descended upon him and thus he was born of the Spirit, and became quickened in the inner man."

THIS word "quickened" is most significant. It means essentially intensification. Being "quickened in the inner man" signifies sensitization of the spirit of man. Is not this the very essence of the fuller life?

The idea that the fulness of life promised by the Savior means essentially a purer and deeper life, is in accord with the whole Christian philosophy of human exaltation. If we hold fast the basic concept that Jesus came to give us richer life, we will not be led into error. What was the distinctive thing Jesus came to give His people for their guidance, development, comfort and salvation? We get our first answer to this question in the testimony of the Baptist. To those who came to his baptism he said, "I baptize you with water," and then referring to the distinctive mission of the Savior he added, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost." Taking up the same theme, Jesus said:

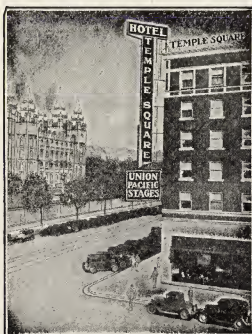
"Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth."

It is the quickening power of the Holy Ghost that leads us into all truth, or makes us alive of all truth. Moroni informs us that by the power of the Holy Ghost "ye may know the truth of all things." Or, in other words, by the power of the Holy Ghost we are made alive to all truth. And this intense awareness of truth, beauty and goodness is intensified, enriched life.

THE theory of enrichment of life through the quickening power of the Spirit is in accord with what we know of the fundamental characteristic of life itself. We do not know just what life is. No one knows. But we do know that consciousness is the chief characteristic by which we know life. The sensitization of consciousness intensifies thought and quickens every fine instinct, exalting thought and pure aspiration. It puts zest into work, doubles the thrill of play, increases the pleasures of learning, gives a keener appreciation of the beautiful, enlarges the moral understanding, ennobles friendship, strengthens kindred ties, sanctifies service, exalts worship and gives an illimitable fulness to all experience.

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quintessence of the divine process of human enlightenment, salvation and ennoblement. The great fundamental and vital step in the divine saving process is called passing from "death to life." Enlarged "understanding" is said to come through the "inspiration of the Almighty." Intensified "peace" and "joy" are called "fruits of the Spirit." And even our exalting eternal glory comes through this same "quickening" process. For we read "and your glory shall be that glory with which our bodies are quickened."

A MOST vital experience, connected with the induction of the late President Lorenzo Snow into the Church, furnishes a modern classical example of the intensification of life through intense spiritual awakening. The venerable ecclesiast tells us that after his baptism he sought in earnest fervent prayer for a testimony from an actual divine source of the truthfulness of the gospel he had humbly accepted in the baptismal covenant. In his own inspiring account of the circumstance he says:

"I had no sooner opened my lips in an effort to pray than I heard a sound, just above my head, like the rustling of silken robes, and immediately the Spirit of God descended upon me, completely enveloping my whole person, filling me, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, and oh, the joy and happiness I felt! No language can describe the almost instantaneous transition from a dense cloud of mental and spiritual darkness into a refulgence of light and knowledge, as it was at that time imparted to my understanding."

This phrase "refulgence of light and knowledge" is a good synonym for "the abundant life."

If you turn a ray of white light through a prism all the radiant colors of the rainbow will shine out in resplendent glory. If you turn the pure white light of the Holy Spirit through a purified human soul all the majestic graces of Heaven—"love, joy, gentleness, meekness, goodness and faith," harmoniously blended, will reflect through the human spirit the infinitely beautiful light and life of God.

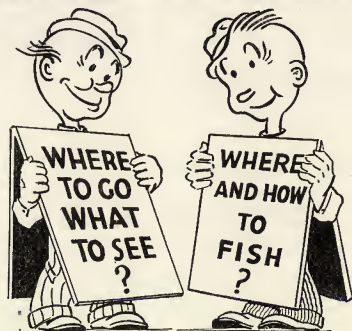
EVERY normal wholesome activity is a valid expression of

"the abundant life." Work and play, thought and research, fancy and poesy, wit and humor, mirth and good cheer, sociability and friendship, service and devotion, worship and communion are all vehicles of the deepened life of the Spirit. But "the abundant life" is the divine exalting, driving power back of these diversified activities.

There is a definite gospel way of obtaining the illimitable life of the Spirit. The prophet Moroni gives us the key. It is so homely and so contrary to our natural inclinations that we usually look upon it with disdain. "Because of meek-

ness cometh the visitation of the Holy Ghost."

Meekness is the deep awe-inspiring and purifying sense of obligation to, and dependence upon the One who is all good and all powerful. It is the mother of all the virtues. It is the well-spring of that pure love for God and man which is the quintessence of all moral grandeur. This intensified love exalts the mind, chastens the spirit, purifies the aspirations and makes us worthy of the enduring companionship of the Holy Ghost—the Spirit of truth, goodness and beauty.



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## Romance of Two Cities

(Continued from page 425)

The formation reached the center of the room, it's apex before Nana-aha. The Great Priest circled slowly about Zena with queer prancing steps, gesticulating and making weird threatening chants to frighten away the last vestige of Nephite spirit so that she would in reality be one of them. The lesser Priests bowed and swayed, stamped and swung about, keeping their movements, their monotonous sing-song in time with the maneuvers of the Great Priest. Now he paused before the trembling girl



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and from one who came swiftly to his side, took paint and brush. She stood rigid and with tight lips awaited the daubs that were to beautify her.

FROM among the Nephites a great sigh arose. How perfect her beauty, Jared's vaults had yielded up their treasures for her. Her curls which were such a delight to Nana-aha were held back from her face by a bandeau of brilliants. About her white throat,

now rounded and full, nestled a circle of diamonds, whose cold blue light vied with the sheen of silver crystals interwoven into the tapestry of her blue silk gown. On each white arm a bejeweled bracelet hung. Feet encased in dainty beaded sandals stood firm and the blue eyes, partly veiled with silken lashes, watched without so much as a quiver, as the rough brush changed her beauty to grotesqueness; and again from the Nephites came the sound of indrawn breath.

Again to the throbbing drums, the dancing went on. The triangle grew smaller, the Priest circled about Zena. The tempo increased; faster and louder went the throbbing and chanting and swaying. Zena grew giddy, the room swam before her; then with a final staccato flourish, she was placed before the Mighty One. She knelt before him, her forehead touching the floor, arms outspread with palms upward. Isaac stood beside her, and, with great ceremony took the ring proffered by the Mighty One. He lifted a small fair hand and placed it within the huge dark one held out to receive it. Very graciously, Nana-aha drew her to her feet—his wife. She sat on a stool at his feet—the ceremony was over—the long-dreaded had happened—she was the bride of the arrogant Lamanite. Bithna, David—all had been powerless.

Isaac had stepped back and from among his retinue four stalwart Nephites came forward, each pair holding between them a huge and curiously wrought wine cask. One bowing low, said:

"Oh, Mighty Nana-aha, greatest among the Lamanites; friend and benefactor to thy insignificant slaves, the Nephites, accept, we humbly beg, this small token as a marriage gift from King Limhi. It is rare old wine made in the days of King Zeniff and is the last of his vintage. With it, King Limhi sends—"

WHAT else was said by either party the unhappy girl never knew. Beneath the disfiguring paint her face went suddenly pale—her lips set tight. One among those cask-bearers was tall and comely and his deep stern eyes studied the room with careful indifference. A suffocating wave of nausea swept over her. Her senses reeled. She had hoped—oh, what

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had she hoped—Bithna—David deserted her. He was here—here before her—within the room—yet had found no way—now it was too late—too late. Of all the City, she alone must be left to face the fury of the Lamanites. She heard as from a distance the throbbing of the drum. Wearily she called herself back and looked over the room. The feasting and dancing had commenced, the Nephites were gone and she was alone. So alone with her—with her dark skinned—people.

They had tapped the casks of wine and the groups about them retreated only when pushed aside by eager ones behind. She wondered if Bithna had commanded it. What a tremendous amount they could drink; no wonder the Nephites called them gluttons. Some already were sprawled in embellic sullenness upon the floor. All feasted and drank, feasted and drank again. She glanced up at Nana-aha. In his hand he held a huge mug, but drank more carefully than the occasion warranted, she thought. His restlessness was gone, but his black eyes roved about the room. He seemed to take note of each man who became incapacitated. He arose and walked about the room, vain glorious in his strut. She could see his spirits were rising—he seemed relieved. The ceremony was over and the eleventh hour long past.

Zena's eyes were following him, but her thoughts were flitting here and there over the City. Somewhere Sarah and Lehi, Grandmother, Isaac, all—David, too, were making ready. She could see them crouching in the dark of their homes—waiting. They would all go—have their chance for freedom and life and love. She alone would be left to face their enemies. She wondered what form their revenge would take—torture, surely—there, a dozen men were down. This was a little like captivity at Shemlon, but there they had meant only to scatter her ashes over the fields. Now, Nana-aha—she looked up and quickly arose to her feet. He stood looking down at her in anger.

"The Fair One does not eat," he said thickly. "Is this not her wedding feast?"

SHE tried to voice an excuse, but none came to her. She

looked about wildly seeking a focusing point for the thoughts that tumbled and rushed through her mind—the twelfth hour, it had come—this food must be eaten—Nana-aha must be placated—her people—would they win? The Mighty One was holding out wine to her. Drink it? Why not? David was gone—she must be one of these—there, some more were down.

While she hesitated, a Priest in the room cried:

"The Bride does not drink."

Nana-aha's dark face grew darker.

"Would you insult me before my men?" he cried angrily. "No bride refuses to eat or drink."

One hand grasped and held her close; the other forced a mug between her lips. When emptied he

flung it from him and both arms closed about her.

"Long have I waited," he exulted, his face close to hers.

She caught her breath sharply as he drew her close; his thick lips

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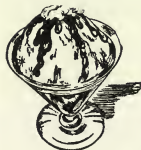
## 'Mill-Hand's' Vacation

By Alberta H. Christensen

ONCE only in the year's monotonous round  
He feels the sway of boughs against his cheek;  
Renews acquaintance with the friendly ground,  
And dreams new dreams upon a crevassed peak.  
Oh wonder of widened space and greening tree—  
Forgive him if he somehow seems to drink  
Too greedily of thy deep beauty's wine;—  
For precious hours squandered by the sea,  
Upon a hill or on some river's brink.  
Pray let him be thus prodigal with time,

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found hers and lingered. His hot wine-filled breath suffocated her. She heard the Priest's exultant cry: "Who can thwart the desires of the Mighty One? Drink to his victory."

A dozen or more voices took up the cry—the attention of the room was upon them. She closed her eyes as the arms about her tightened convulsively. An arm shot past her and struck the Lamanite between the eyes. He fell with a thud, but at once was on his feet again, eyes blazing, nostrils distended.

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## CHAPTER 9

THEY were nearing the City of Zarahemla. The long suffering, harassed people of Lehi-Nephi were at last within reach of the City of their hearts' desire. Soon their weary journey would be over.

From the brow of a small hill, two figures stood looking ahead. Below them the camp of Limbi lay, bathed in brilliant moonlight. Its members were resting in security of trials passed and joys ahead. To the north of them, the white walls of towers and temples gleamed with a soft radiance.

Zena caught her breath and leaned more heavily upon the figure beside her.

"Look," she whispered. "It is real. Our dream of horror is past. Soon the life and love so often described by Grandmother shall be ours. We shall walk the streets, catch the fragrance of her flowers and see her fountains play; and," one hand nestled in the firm one of her companion, "We shall even see and enter her Great Temple as she did so long ago." She began to weep softly.

"Do not mourn," David breathed the words softly in her ear, and his fingers closed tenderly over the hand that lay in his. "Perhaps she and Jared are together in a fairer city even than Zarahemla; and she made it possible for you to be here."

The sobbing ceased abruptly.

"I am strong. Will you tell me now?"

"There is little to tell," he answered. "As you fell, Bithna entered. I had slipped the bolts as she had commanded; but as you know, my rash head or my great

love, or both, had spoiled her plans. Nana-aha was so revengeful even his great fear of her did not stay his hand. Had it not been for Isaac and Grandmother, we both would have perished.

## GRANDMOTHER

had slipped away from the family, determined to share your fate. Isaac was so heart broken over his weakness, he followed her, thinking to some way take you away or die in the attempt. There had been Nephites secretly guarding the place from without, to see that no Lamanite left the building. All guards had been over-powered and bound. It so happened that Isaac and Grandmother slipped through the door in time to see Bithna die by the sword of the Mighty One. That brought the Nephite guards to the rescue. In a few moments the wine-filled Lamanites were overpowered. Nana-aha had fallen from the effects of the drugged wine. Isaac still seeking to atone, lifted Grandmother, the exertion and excitement had stopped her feeble heart, and carrying her back, buried her hurriedly beside Grandfather. The witch was left where she fell. Much of this I learned later, for the men had to carry me as well as you. We were late in joining the procession, but made it before the storm burst over us."

Zena sighed happily. For a long moment there was silence, then David, pointing into the moonlight, said:

"See that starlight? It is the torch that gleams from the highest part of the Great Temple. Near it, in this direction, is a home where a fine old Father anxiously waits the day when a daughter, such as you, shall enter it. He longs for the halls to again be brightened by a woman's smile and children's laughter. He will love you for your Grandmother's sake as well as your own." He smiled lightly. "Perhaps your beauty will help him to forgive me for doing my own choosing. Never has he found anyone pleasing to me."

Zena looked eagerly ahead.

"If only Grandmother could have lived to have entered with us into the glory of her City Beautiful."

THE END

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# Your Page and Ours

THE May issue of *The Improvement Era* has greatly attracted my attention to the Bee-Hive Girls' organization," writes Mrs. Helen Urdahl, Jarbridge, Nevada. "I am teacher of a class of fine girls and fine boys ranging in age from eleven to fourteen. This class is non-sectarian and during the summer months adjourns. The girls are very much enthused over the idea of organizing a group into a swarm, and the boys are very much interested in the Scout work. We are over a hundred miles from the nearest stake and so our group cannot join that stake. We are very anxious to have a group of our own to occupy the youngsters during the summer months. . . . We are anxious to begin this work now rather than wait for the fall season."

Materials have been sent Mrs. Urdahl. We hope her Swarm and Boy Scout Troop are successful.

WE were certainly glad to have the April issue of the *Era*," declares Dorothy Clapp Robinson, author of "The Romance of Two Cities," writing from her home town, Boise, Idaho. "There is so much history in it; and Church histories are as scarce in this town as—well, there just aren't any. Wish I had known you wanted a picture of Benjamin L. Clapp."

"Tell Carla Wolfe for me that I think 'Marigolds Love the Sun,' is about the sweetest thing I have read for many a day. It sort of touched me where I lived."

Many people liked the April number. There are still some copies available in case any of our readers would like one or another.

LUCY G. BLOOMFIELD, Toadlena, New Mexico, advances a thought: "My father, who was one of the early pioneers, just passed away. He crossed the plains at the age of 9 years; he was ninety-four when he died." At his funeral I was impressed with the following thoughts:

"The dear old head is resting on the white satin pillow. The tired eyes are closed for the long sleep; to my mind is borne the fact that no matter how loudly I might shout, his ears will hear no more—here. As I listened to the tributes of love and praise spoken by those who knew him, I cried in my heart—'Why didn't we say a few of those things while he was still here to hear? He was the soul of honesty, the conqueror of self. Why didn't some one of us say, Brother Guymon, you are an inspiration for me to strive for the better things of life.'"

Those who still have their parents with them; wards who still have their patriarchs will some day rejoice if they will follow Mrs. Bloomfield's suggestion.

Shaughnessy, Alberta,  
April 6, 1935.

IN the April number of *The Improvement Era*, page 202, the name of the painter of the tenth Apostle is "Shields." Since I am interested in family history and this is our family name, I would like to obtain any information you have on this subject.

I will also take this opportunity to thank you for this splendid magazine and the many good things which it contains.

Thanking you in advance for any help you may give me, I remain,

Yours Truly,  
Morris Shields.

Can any of our readers assist Mr. Shields in his quest for relatives?

LAST Fall when I was visiting in Winnemucca, in a special *Era* meeting, President Shonfeldt promised to get seven subscriptions which was Winnemucca's quota. The last report from them shows fifteen subscribers and I am quite sure they have more since that report. In talking with President Shonfeldt I asked him how they did it. These were his words, "Brother Shuman called for me one evening and we commenced calling on the Saints. Before we realized it we had more than our quota and had convinced ourselves that the *Era* was such a splendid magazine that we wanted every Lat-

ter-day Saint home to have it and are working hard to that end." I am sure these brethren would appreciate a little write-up in the *Era* on their achievement. We note that the stakes are the only ones who have received publicity in the *Era* as to quotas, etc., and this is a little disappointing to Mission workers who are laboring under greater handicaps than most of the stakes.

Best wishes,

E. K. Hanks,

Supt. Y. M. M. I. A. Calif. Mission.

## If—For the Girls

A MODERN take-off from Rudyard Kipling's famous poem "If," sent in by a young man who is desirous of some day finding a wife.

If you can dress and make yourself attractive,  
Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;  
If you can swim and row, be strong and active,  
But of the gentler graces lose not sight;

If you can dance without the craze of dancing,  
Play, without giving play too strong a hold,  
Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,  
Care for the weak, the friendless, and the old;  
If you can master French, English, and Latin,  
And not acquire as well a priggish mien;  
If you can feel the touch of silk and satin,  
Without despising calico and jean;

If you can play a saw and use a hammer,  
Can do a man's work if he need occurs,  
Can sing when asked, without excuse or stammer,  
Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;  
If you can make good bread as well as fudges;  
Can sew with skill and have an eye for dust;  
If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,  
A girl whom all will love because they must;

If sometime you meet and love another,  
And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,  
And you its soul, a loving wife and mother—  
You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind  
The plan that's been developed through the ages,  
And win the best that life can have in store,  
You'll be, dear Sister, a model for the ages,  
A woman whom the world will bow before.

LET me thank you for that very beneficial April *Era*," writes Elder Joy F. Dunyon, from Duluth, Minn. "We are using it in tracing, in cottage meetings, in Sunday School and Mutual classes, in illustrated lectures and even in district conferences. It is one of the most used publications we have in the Mission."

## A Toast

HERE'S to the maidens who struggle and work  
That they may gain wisdom and then,  
Who watch the dumb cuties that snuggle and smirk,  
Walk off with the best of the men.

—L. Paul Roberts.

## The July Cover

THE cover of this issue of the magazine was drawn by Fielding K. Smith, our regular artist. It shows the vanguard of the Pioneers gazing down into the mystical valley just at sunset. The scout on horseback is touched by the beauty of the scene and his cherished dreams leap up into new strength and color the clouds which otherwise might be threatening. Perhaps he is your grandfather or father; certainly he is the father of the dreams then to be fulfilled. It would be wholesome for you to stand where he did and crystalize your own dreams which are to be your prophets.



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