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ERA



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Pres. Heber J. Grant
The Story of a Silkworm
The Amazing Argentine
And Other Interesting
Articles

Poetry Fiction
Departments



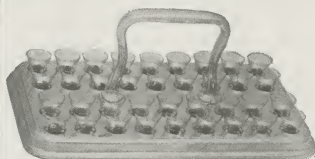
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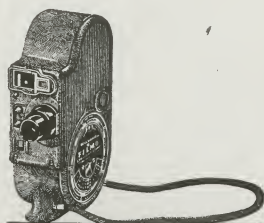
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NOVEMBER, 1935



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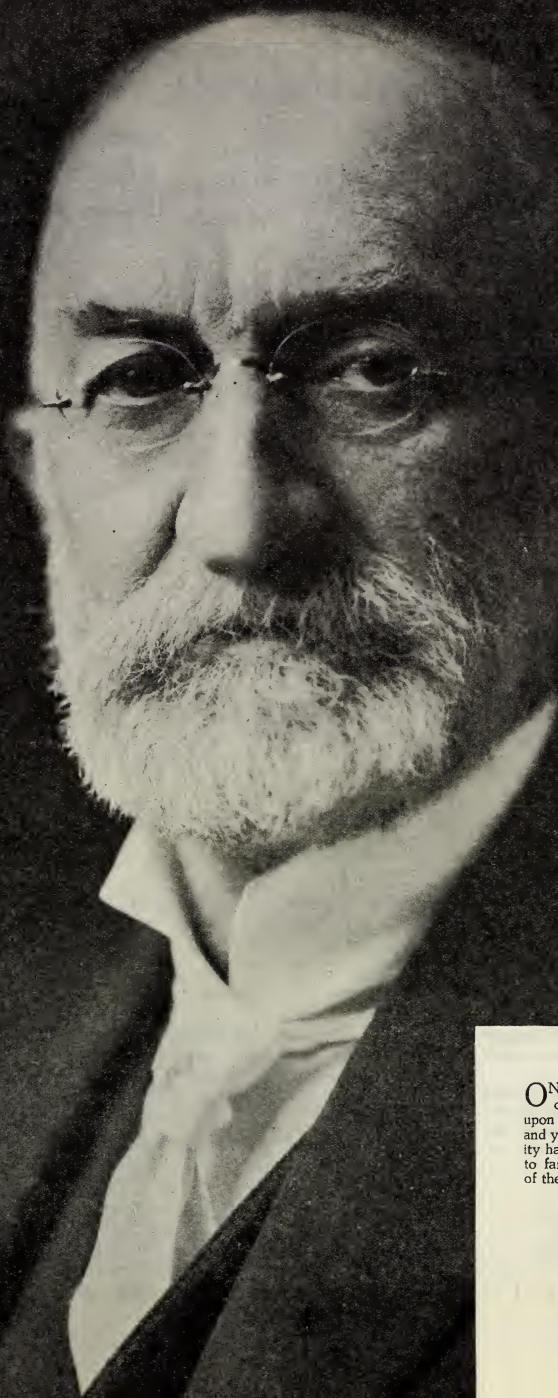
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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY



Birthday Greetings

ON November 22 the entire Church will congratulate President Heber J. Grant upon attaining his Seventy-ninth birthday and yet, during the past summer, his activity has taken him across the continent and to far-off Hawaii, testifying to the truth of the poem which he loves to quote:

Age

AGED is a quality of mind;
If your dreams you've left behind,
If hope is cold;
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambitions' fires are dead—
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the zest,
If love you hold;
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly—
You are not old.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

TO PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT FROM HIS TWO COUNSELORS

WE of the Church and your hosts of other friends extend to you our heartiest greetings and our prayers for your health and welfare for many years to come.

Called to the Apostleship by a special revelation, you have been preserved, sound in body, in mind, and in spirit, to preside over and lead the people forward in God's work. Time and again the Lord has snatched you from the very clutches of Death that you might fulfil your mission among the Lord's people.

You have proved yourself a man of your word, to your associates, to the people, and to your country. You have stood firm and steadfast as the granite of the eternal hills for keeping plighted faith to our nation that we might not prove traitors to our solemn promise to observe the laws of the land which the Prophet himself said was one of our fundamental precepts.

You are proved a man of honor, of truth, of integrity, of chastity, of temperance, of humility, of high principle, of patriotism. You are generous, almost to a fault; you have given bounteously of your substance for the help of the poor, the needy, the widow, and the orphan. You have been patient and long-suffering under dire provocation.

You have sought constantly the will of the Lord; you have so lived always that the Lord might reveal His will and word through you, that you might indeed be a temple for His spirit.

You love the people; you love and honor the Priesthood; you love the prophets; you love, revere, and seek always to obey the Master; you love God.

May your life be spared many years to lead, hereafter as heretofore, this people in the ways of the Lord.

*J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
First Counselor in the
First Presidency.*

SEVENTY-NINE years ago, November 22, in

Salt Lake City in a cottage that stood on the spot now occupied by Z. C. M. I. there was born to President Jedediah M. and Rachel Ridgeway Ivins Grant a son whom the parents named Heber Jeddy. Before this baby boy was ten days old he was left fatherless, and his mother at the death of her husband, practically penniless. Judging from the standpoint of worldly possessions, this baby's boyhood was spent on the borderline of poverty, but from the standpoint of soul-growth, he grew in the richest environment that life can offer—under the protection and gentle guidance of a noble woman, a wise and gracious mother. Under her benign influence during the penury of pioneer experiences, there matured in his young

soul a spirit of independence and determination that later would make him outstanding among all his associates.

Economy and thrift were his daily companions in boyhood, and faith absorbed from a mother's teachings and acts, was as native to him as the pure mountain air he breathed. No one who has ever heard President Grant tell of these early days can doubt that in the humble, beautiful surroundings of his boyhood home were formed those sterling traits of character which in maturity make him so distinguished among men.

He was well born, and has always appreciated the blessing of noble inheritance from both parents. Deprived of a father's companionship, he appreciated all the more keenly the transforming power of a mother's love. It was she who changed timidity to courage, his self-depreciation, to self-confidence; impetuosity, to self-control; perseverance, she encouraged until it became dominant and supreme; effeminate tendencies she supplanted by manly qualities. With these and other sterling traits of character, there was implanted in his early life a tenderness that could come only from the heart of his mother. Tenderness is a deep spring in President Grant's soul, the clearness and purity of which are known best, however, only by his loved ones and closest associates.

Today at four-score years, lacking one, we find perfected and personified in him the noble traits of true manhood and great leadership. Most aptly to him may be applied Channing's characterization of the truly great man; for fearlessly and under all conditions he has chosen the right with invincible resolution; he has resisted the sorest temptations from within and from without; he has borne the heaviest burdens cheerfully; he is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, and his reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unflinching.

It has been my privilege to see his tenderness and his strength; his unselfishness, his responsiveness to inspiration and to all that is true and Christ-like. His devotion to his family, to his Church and to God is paramount; and his friendship, the precious possession found only in the brotherhood of Christ. Honesty, integrity, consistency, persistency, loyalty to God, and fidelity to truth have marked his pathway through life—these have been the rounds of the ladder by which he has climbed to the highest honor that has come to mortal man.

God bless you President Grant on this your seventy-ninth anniversary! May health, peace, and happiness attend you as our leader for many years to come!

*David O. McKay.
Second Counselor in the
First Presidency.*

The Certain Steps of Progress

By DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

A Member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles

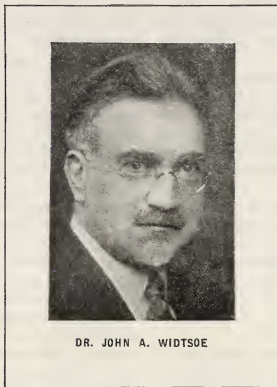
NO. V. IN A SERIES ON "THE ARTICLES OF FAITH"

THE first principles and ordinances of the Gospel, by which a person may receive the benefits and blessings of the plan of salvation, are essentially the steps by which achievement and progress may be won in any field of endeavor. The operation of eternal law is never postponed until the hereafter. Every righteous endeavor, here, contributes to the sum of our ultimate victory, there. Every law for spiritual progress may be used in winning temporal success. Life here and life hereafter are but different manifestations of one eternal reality. Reason and common sense give coherence and strength to every Gospel principle and practice.

Faith, the fundamental principle of the Gospel, may be easily understood since it operates in every human concern. Belief in the outcome initiates every human enterprise. Knowledge is the beginning of faith. As belief in the truth of acquired knowledge is established, faith is developed. Certain knowledge is faith. By this definition, faith may be made the measure of human progress, individually and collectively. As faith waxes strong, the power and joy of life increase.

Knowledge is the foundation of intelligent living. Joseph Smith declared, "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance" and "Knowledge is the pathway up to the Gods." Moreover, knowledge acquired here makes an indelible impression upon the spirit of man; it is imperishable; it continues with the man, in some form, throughout eternity. Again in the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith, "whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection." There can be nothing more important than knowledge.

However, only true knowledge leads to faith. Tested knowledge, tested again and again in terms of truth, is the substance of the high belief called faith. Certainty can



DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

be derived only from truth. Faith may again be defined as the knowledge of truth. Much false knowledge masquerades as truth, and deceives men. So-called faith, based upon untruth, soon withers if brought into the open light of daily life and use. The process of building faith is largely the testing of knowledge for its truth.

The extent of faith naturally increases with the increase of knowledge, but the degree of faith depends upon the intensity or certainty of the belief that the knowledge possessed is true. Thus it often happens that great faith may accompany limited knowledge. The humble and unlearned may know without a peradventure of doubt that God lives—such faith will triumph over the half-hearted acceptance of the Divine Father by one who possesses great stores of knowledge.

It is easy enough to understand that in every ordinary human concern faith is necessary. Dams and

bridges, houses and towers, are built because of men's belief or faith in principles of construction and strength of materials. Faith supplies the means with which life's structure may be raised; and he who has faith knows that the result will be good. With faith there is certainty of effort, without faith there is chaos of thought and action.

IT is the higher realms of faith, those that enter the unseen world, that sometimes raise questions in the minds of the inexperienced. Faith makes use of all the powers of man. It does not stop with that which may be sensed directly by the simpler senses, but invades the unseen universe which may be known only by the use of subtler human gifts. It proceeds to examine the evidences for God and His kingdom. This, however, is only in harmony with current thought and practice. Much, if not most of science concerns the unseen world. Molecules, atoms, and electrons, the composition of the stars and the core of the earth, are known and can be known only through their effects upon certain instruments. Just so, the unseen world of living beings may be known by its effects upon living men. No man-made instrument can be as sensitive and truthful as man, himself, who may fit himself, by righteous living, to be a suitable instrument for the reception of influences from the unseen world. When this is done, faith may and does rise to sublime heights, beyond the understanding of those who will not pay the price in self-conquest. We may then know with certainty that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ. This phase of faith is implied by the Apostle Paul in his famous declaration that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Faith is indeed the safe foundation of human action.

REPENTANCE, the second principle of the Gospel, is a

WHAT are the necessary first steps in a progressive existence? Dr. Widtsoe, in this logical and convincing article, answers that interesting question. Read the Fourth Article of Faith on the next page.

necessary derivative of faith. To believe a thing is not enough. Knowledge must be used, if it is to be made alive. If a person has violated law, done something which he discovers should not have been done, the spirit of repentance, will help him do it no more. That is turning away from sin and error; that is giving life to faith. Faith is not complete unless so used. Yet it is not sufficient to justify faith by turning away from error. It is equally important to do that which should be done. The repentant man ceases to do wrong; he also does that which is right. Full repentance places both requirements upon the man. Repentance is active faith.

Such knowledge has its counterpart in the daily affairs of life. Knowledge is but a dry and dusty husk until used to correct mistakes and to promote human ventures. Repentance in this sense is practiced by all successful persons in every concern of the day. The genuineness of repentance depends usually upon the sincerity of faith. The quality of faith may be gauged by its effect upon human actions, that is upon repentance.

The ordinance of baptism is equally easy to comprehend. The Church is a divinely provided organization of men and women of a common faith. Every organized body requires of its members some form of acquiescence in its purposes and practices, a promise of conformity. Baptism is this initiatory evidence on the part of the candidate admitting him into the fellowship of the Church. It is much like the giving of a contract covering a human transaction. In this instance, the agreement is between a man, the candidate for admission to the Church, and the Lord who is the head of the Church. The man agrees to keep all the laws, regulations, and arrangements of the Church and to observe every word of God as given through his prophets in all ages; and as a signature to the contract he submits to the ordinance of baptism. He who is baptized into the Church has promised to live in harmony with Gospel requirements, if he fails to do so, he is a contract breaker, a man who does not keep his word or promise.

The form of baptism by immersion is heaven-ordained, but clearly comprehended. Jesus the 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 worshiping 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.

is the central figure of the plan of salvation. He came on earth to teach the Gospel to man; he died that men may be redeemed from the grave; and he was resurrected into his father's glory, thus pointing to the possible destiny of every man born upon earth. In symbolic manner baptism repeats the story of Jesus—the candidate is buried in the water, arises from it into a new life. By the mode of baptism, the position and vicarious service of Jesus is accepted, and the promise of the resurrection received.

YET another gift to man is symbolized by baptism. The candidate may have been sinful, but has developed faith in the Lord and the plan of salvation. He has turned away from evil and engaged in good deeds. By baptism he is

willing to certify that he will obey the law hereafter. He goes into the water, which is a cleansing agent and comes out again a changed man. He has been cleansed in a high spiritual sense. He may have to pay the physical price for his mortal mistakes, but his errors will not now prevent him from entering the kingdom of Heaven, if he henceforth live according to the law. Baptism, then, carries with it also the gift of forgiveness of our sins.

So conceived, baptism becomes a beautiful ordinance, symbolizing (1) our agreement with God, henceforth to keep his Law; (2) the leadership of Jesus, the Christ, with the gift of the resurrection through his sacrifice, and (3) the forgiveness of our sins, so that they shall not stand in the way of our progress towards the presence of God.

IN natural order comes the last of the four initiatory principles and ordinances of the Gospel; the reception of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

Every person born into the world, saint or sinner, enjoys according to the manner of his life, the presence of the Holy Spirit, which flows from the presence of God to fill all space and to touch every human heart. Life and light and understanding are the gifts of this ever-present influence. It is the fountain of knowledge. Without it, darkness and despair would cover the earth. It is the universal gift of the Lord to His earthly children. By its means, the humblest and meanest, as well as the highest and best, may communicate with the Father who gave them life on earth.

The gift of the Holy Ghost, the third member of the Godhead, is reserved for those who by faith, repentance, and baptism, have qualified for membership in the authorized community, the church of believers. It confers upon the recipient the official right, as it were, to secure added and higher guidance and protection in the affairs of life. He may approach the Father in prayer, as one who has the right to make certain requests. He is henceforth a co-worker in behalf of the plan of salvation entitled to corresponding help from above. Gifts from heaven, prophecy, healing or tongues, may be

conferred upon the petitioner according to his needs and the decrees of heaven. The Holy Spirit is a general gift to all by which they may find their way to truth; the gift of the Holy Ghost is a special gift, conditioned upon the person's proper use of the general gift of the Holy Spirit. The gift of the Holy Ghost includes the companionship of the Holy Ghost, through the agencies under His control, for the comfort, enlightenment and strengthening of man. The rate of progress in all good things may be made more constant and rapid by the gift of the Holy Ghost.

It does not follow that an immediate change comes over the person who is confirmed into the Church. That would be contrary to the ways of life. It is more as if a door were opened, permitting him to enter, if he so desire, or placing before him an instrument, say a radio set, which he may operate at will. The more the gift is used, the greater the facility gained and the blessings obtained. All gifts are conditioned upon our efforts.

This may, in a small way, be compared with the effects upon a person in any mundane pursuit, who conforms to preliminary conditions and thereby, having prepared himself, may more competently perform the work placed before him. The equivalent of the reward for faith, repentance, and obedience, may be observed in every human pursuit.

Faith, a convincing belief, as the groundwork of action; repentance, a correct use of knowledge by which faith becomes active; baptism, an agreement to abide by the regulations of the Church composed of those who have found faith and practiced repentance and to accept Jesus as the Head of the work; and the reception of the gift of the Holy Ghost, the official participation in the powers of heaven, made possible by man's acceptance of the preceding conditions, by which progress may become more certain and rapid—these form a sequence, a series of natural steps, by which a person may achieve greatly and progress continuously. The first principles and ordinances form a safe, understandable foundation for life in the Church of Christ. They are the necessary first steps in a progressive existence.

A Prayer for Thanksgiving and for Every Day

By WILLIAM H. BOYLE, Associate Professor of Education,
Brigham Young University

I AM thankful, Lord, that my parents were clean in body and thought and deed; for their ideals of education, morality, chastity, honesty, kindness, charity, sympathy, neighborliness; that they led the way in all of these, both by precept and example. Grateful am I for their thoughtful care of my infant body; that they felt keenly a moral responsibility for my childhood days, and showed confidence in me in my manhood.

I am thankful for the educational opportunities they gave me; that I was sent to school and made to work; that they labored that I might learn; that they sacrificed that I might study; that they visioned me as an efficient, courageous member of society and that I should try to do my best to honor them.

I am grateful for my work and the countless young men and women, who, to me, have been my inspiration. I am thankful for the joy I have in the service I give; grateful that my life has been one long vacation; grateful that the work I do for a livelihood has never been toil; that I have never watched the clock; that I have ever been more interested in success than wages. I am grateful that I would have done for nothing what I have been paid to do all my life, if I could have lived without it in modest comfort; I am grateful that if I could not lead, I have tried to follow.

I am grateful, if on the morning, I can arise with the glory of a clear conscience; and that I try to make of every day an adventure; that I have a sense of humor; that I love laughter, children, and song; that I love the mountains, the sky, the clouds, the grass, and good books. I am grateful that I have tried to be tolerant and not arrogant; that I have loved the common man; that I have failed without cringing; that I have tried to earn my meal ticket on the square. I am thankful for pain and passions, for distress and disappointment, for appetites and imperfections.

I am thankful for the associates with whom I work; for their interest in me, and that I have tried to be not envious of their success and that they are happy when I succeed. I am grateful that they understand me and are yet my friends; that they are my comrades and my competitors.

I am grateful for faith—faith in one's own personality, one's own individuality, and the purposes of institutions. I am thankful that from the tiniest insect to systems of worlds—each and all proclaim the indestructibility of the universe. I am grateful for the prattle of infants; for the exuberance of youth, and the wisdom of the aged. I am grateful for the rustle of the wind; the blush of the rose; the loyalty of friends; for success and failure, and that they all testify to me that nothing is in vain. I am glad that duty is taking the place of dogma, and tolerance is climbing to the throne of bigotry. I am grateful that I have been taught to believe that the test of holding and defending of any doctrine is that it makes for a more Christ-like spirit in my life, and that the Christian test of worship is that it is a compelling force in making me more Christ-like in attitude and behavior.

I am thankful for my country and the brave men who founded it. I am thankful for my church, for the ideals it has instilled in me; that through it I have had opportunity to serve, and that to it I have given time, money, effort and encouragement. I am grateful that the Church has influenced for good the lives of my family; that we have had a place to go and live, and pray, and sing, and labor, and listen. I am thankful for the opportunities it has given to mine and the ideals for them it has helped to make. I am grateful for my abiding faith in man and my simple faith in God—faith that He over-rules for good; that the universe is kind, and that sometime, somewhere, some way, compensation full and complete will come.

I am thankful for my wife and that she has made our house a home. I am thankful for the joy and responsibility of rearing a family and that love has run through all our family relations.

Grant, O Lord, that as life advances, maturity in thought shall increase. Give me wisdom to sift the wheat from the chaff. I pray that the winter of life shall not be tedious, that I shall accept age as a challenge. Help me to approach the reality of a future with an undaunted, unflinching, child-like appetite. May I grow old gracefully, eagerly, triumphantly.

Grant, oh Lord, that gratitude will be shown by my every act. May I find, always, as He did, the greatest happiness in service. And grant, I pray, that as my hair shall gray, my soul shall ripen.

A BOY'S HERO

By ANDREW K. SMITH

To His Father, Joseph F. Smith

MY father was the biggest man I ever knew,
(Please pardon if I point with boyish pride),
So straight and tall, and I so small, and yet I grew
Much faster standing or while kneeling by his side.

No giant's tale of mighty deeds on land or sea
Could thrill me half so much as his and fill with awe;
His eyes would tell his own life's history;
My father had the deepest eyes I ever saw.

His voice, though sharp, was resonant, kind and deep;
His laugh not only shook his sides but shook the wall;
When bowed in grief, my inmost soul could hear him
weep;
His voice like rolling thunder yet was still and small.

A slight but kind reproof from him cut deep and sore;
It hurt him too, he grafted me into his wound;
Though healed, I can't forget, I love him all the more;
No father ever kept his family more attuned.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH was born in Far West, Missouri, November 13, 1838, a son of Hyrum and Mary Fielding Smith. He traveled to Winter Quarters with his faithful, widowed mother when he was eight years of age, assisting with the driving of the ox team which drew their covered wagon. They reached Salt Lake Valley in 1848. He was always active in the Church, filled several missions, was ordained an Apostle in 1866 and was set apart as a member of the Council of the Twelve in 1867. He was ordained President of the Church Oct. 1, 1901, and died Nov. 19, 1918. He was a tender father and greatly loved by the entire Church.

No sound more welcome ever reached a childish ear;
None too busy, sleepy, lame or deaf or dumb
That did not gladly leap and run when he would hear,
Like bugle calling reveille—"Papa has come."

He knew no middle class, but only high and low;
True character was riches—sham was poverty.
He passed this mortal life the richest man I know;
His wealth he nobly shared with Church and family.

To me, he was the biggest man I knew, I say;
He taught me by the force of love to do my part,
And he grows bigger too, it seems, as day by day
I grow and learn to know his mind, his hopes, his heart.



JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, SIXTH
PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY
SAINTS

THANKSGIVING SPELLED WITH AN M

By CLARA PERMAN

OUTSIDE, the children were dancing about and singing, "Turkey Day! Turkey Day! No more school till Monday!" Inside, Mary Kaye Merwin's heart was throbbing, "Home Day! Home Day! But not home day for Mary Kaye!" It grew louder and more persistent as the voices of the children died away and the empty schoolroom silence began to make itself heard.

There was a knock at the door, then it quickly opened and the blond head of Mimi made a lively entrance through the crack. Mary Kaye had always thought Mimi the cutest one of the M's. The M's would be planning a grand celebration for Thanksgiving. Maybe they were going to invite her. The throbbing of her heart changed to a quick tattoo.

"Is Dickie here, Miss Merwin?" He stopped at the office this noon and went off without his coat. I thought I'd try to catch him before he got out in this storm."

Mary Kaye then remembered that Dickie was Mimi's nephew. She looked out the window toward the hill where she had last seen him.

"I saw him start ovah the hill; but he's out of sight now."

Mary Kaye wasn't accountable for her "r's;" she had lived in Virginia the first fifteen years of her life.

"Well, I've missed him then." The blond head darted out again, leaving Mary Kaye staring at the closed door.

"Humph! Invitation!" Mary Kaye gave herself a scornful laugh. "Funny, before I came to Wyoming I thought I'd find an untamed variety of natives; now, they seem to think that I am some sort of wild species—but we're all the same—I'm sure we could click if they'd give me a chance."

There were four girls in this little coal camp who were about her own age. Their names were Marguerite, Mabel, Myrna, and Mimi. They called themselves the "Four M's." Mary Kaye would gladly

THANKSGIVING can be spelled in many ways, but to lonely Mary Kaye there was just one right way.

have made it five; but as yet she had received no bid.

They were not wealthy girls. All of them were working; had had to start young as she had—why wouldn't they ask her to play with them? They had such gay times hiking over the hills for weiner roasts, Dutching it to the movies, sometimes going to dances in a body without an escort. Her mother's old prescription of treating others as you would be treated had always worked before—but, you couldn't use a prescription if the patient refused to be treated. Of course she couldn't push herself, especially since that day that she had overheard them talking when they passed the teacherage.

SHE had seen them coming up the hill and had gone to the window to watch them. They always looked carefree and jaunty as they started out over the hills with their bundles of food. Evidently it was to be a steak-fry, for Myrna was openly brandishing a black frying pan. Mary Kaye had stood back so that she would not be seen, secretly praying that by some miracle they would knock at the door and ask her to go along. She might learn to love these bleak hills if she could sit around a sagebrush fire in the magic circle of the M's.

They had not knocked. They had looked over at the teacherage and at once taken on high and mighty airs. Mary Kaye realized that they were trying to act like the two older teachers who lived there. Then their chins had lifted and they had begun to address each other with an unmistakable but very exaggerated Virginian accent. "Yes," Mary Kaye upbraided herself, "you were certainly silly to

think that you were going to get an invitation."

She looked out of the window—grey hills—grey sky—swirls of grey sleet and dust rolled by. Even the Wyoming wind, she thought, could produce a sound like the sum total of all desolations. She shivered at the thought of going out into it; but she would have to go to the store and get something for this Thanksgiving dinner that was to be celebrated all by herself.

The Company Store had every department from hardware to soda fountain; the post office was caged off at one end.

Mary Kaye went for her mail first. She seemed to grow a little tense. The postmistress was Marguerite, the unquestionable leader of the M's. Mary Kaye had a secret admiration for Marguerite who was so self-assured, so independent, who kept house for her father and held down this good job besides. With casual indifference Marguerite handed a letter to her. Mary Kaye turned quickly to hide the hurt. Marguerite said things to other people, things that made them leave the window smiling whether they had a letter or not.

As she waited her turn at the meat market, Mary Kaye glanced at her letter. It was postmarked Gainesville, Missouri—her mother's handwritting. She opened it and read, "I'm sending you a box—there's plenty—so you can invite in your friends—" Mary Kaye hurriedly stuffed it into her purse. She pretended to be looking at the different cuts of meat. The butcher helped her out.

"How's fer a nice chicken? We got some dandies in today; jist one left." He held it up for inspection.

"That does look mighty good. I believe I'll take it."

As the butcher was weighing the chicken, Marguerite came hurrying over from the post office. "Hi there, Nye," she called to him, "that's a good looking bird. Any more like it?"

"Nope, you spoke up one minute too late."

FIELDING
K. SMITH

SHE HAD SEEN THEM COMING UP THE HILL AND HAD GONE TO THE WINDOW TO WATCH THEM. THEY ALWAYS LOOKED CAREFREE AND JAUNTY AS THEY STARTED OUT OVER THE HILLS WITH THEIR BUNDLES OF FOOD.

"You don't mean it, really!"

"Honest Injun, jist sold out."

"I'm ruined! We're Dutching a dinner at my house and I was supposed to see about the chicken. I haven't had a minute all day. Why, they'll mob me! What do you have?"

"Oh, how's fer a nice beef roast?"

"What is there handy to throw at you? You're some help in the face of national calamity."

MARY KAYE'S southern unselfishness had at once prompted her to hand over the

chicken. It was nothing to her. Then she reminded herself, "Why should you help these girls; they have treated you shamefully." Treated—treatment—prescription—ran through her mind. It was an awful risk. The chicken might be thrown back at her. Slowly she pushed the bundle toward the scowling Marguerite.

"You take this chicken, my mothah is sending me a box. I really won't need this."

Marguerite seemed slow to comprehend, then said, "Oh, no, I hate

to do that. You may not get that box until Christmas." With a smile she added, "Inefficiency in the P. O., you know."

The smile had the power that Mary Kaye had always thought it would. It sent warm prickles all over her. She responded instantly with the eager friendliness of the South.

"Nevah mind about the box anyhow. I'll buy a can of pork and beans. My guests won't mind. You go ahead and take this."

"But your guests?"

"Me, I, and myself," laughed Mary Kaye, the prescription was already working.

"I'll take it—if—if" now it was Marguerite who hesitated—"if you'll come and eat with us."

"Oh no!" Mary Kaye cried out in embarrassment, "I wasn't trying to invite myself anywhere!"

"Then I won't take the chicken," Marguerite replied shortly, and turned again to the butcher.

Mary Kaye was at an utter loss—she was still holding out the bundle wondering just what had happened. The butcher seemed to feel that he was needed, "Sure," he said, "if it's a Dutch treat you take the chicken for your share."

If she objected to this they would think she was too stingy; she didn't want to act childish so she said, "Why I'd love to do that. It's just that I don't like to intrude."

Marguerite turned, studying her dubiously. After appraising the look on Mary Kaye's face, she explained, "We're just plain ordinary girls, and it maybe won't be much of a spread to you—"

"Oh shucks, I'm not exactly a princess you know! If this chicken is to be my ticket to the party, I'll cook it a la Missouri and I'm willing to bet you all will like it."

NOT a rock was disturbed as Mary Kaye sped up the path to the teacherage. Her feet were too light. The grey of the hills had turned to pink. The wind was singing merrily. She hugged the precious bundle under her arm. This was her chance! She'd have to make good!

Never was a chicken given such meticulous care—and never had Mary Kaye been given such meticulous care; so she was looking her very best when, with her pan of chicken under her arm, she knocked at Marguerite's door. Marguerite

(Continued on page 713)



THE FULL-GROWN WORM FEEDING ON MULBERRY LEAVES

WHAT!" you exclaim, "use the columns of the *Era* to write about such a thing as a crawling repulsive worm?"

Yes, gentle reader, but this worm is not one of those creatures that 'destroy this body,' but, on the contrary, one that gives its whole life to bedeck human bodies with gorgeous silks and costly wear.

The story of the silkworm and its products reaches back 4,500 years. In the early translations of the Bible silk is named in Genesis and Ezekiel, but the revised translations correct these to read "linen" and "cotton." Anyway, it is a matter of history that silk was known to the Chinese about 2600 B. C. The industry was sacredly guarded and the penalty of death was prescribed against any who should betray the secret of its genesis and development. It is said that in early China the most beautiful girls of the realm fasted and purified themselves in order to offer sacrifice to the Goddess of the Silkworm, that they might have happy atmosphere in caring for the worms under their care.

The Chinese held their secret for over 3,000 years. During the second century B. C. Roman aristocracy are said to have used silken garments, but it was not until about 530 A. D. that the origin of silk became known outside of China. At that time two Persian monks, at the peril of their lives, walked all the way from Constantinople to China and returned and brought back, hidden in a bamboo cane, some silkworm eggs, and a great industry rapidly spread over Italy, France, Turkey, Greece, Spain and Portugal.

The industry was introduced in America in 1522 by Cortez. Geor-



gia was founded as a silk colony. James I endeavored to force Virginia to raise silk but she preferred to raise tobacco. Many colonists attempted to revive interest but the selfishness of men brought disaster. It is said that "at one time the price of Mulberry cuttings ran from \$3.00 per hundred to \$500." At the time of the Revolution the industry was almost entirely killed.

IT was not very long after the Pioneers came to the valley of the Great Salt Lake that their leader, President Brigham Young, became convinced that this location was well adapted to silk culture. He mentioned the fact when selecting the site for the Salt Lake Temple; also referred to it in his first sermon in the valley. He sent to France for seeds of the Mulberry tree (*Morus Multicaulis*). These he had planted in his own garden and personally superintended the work of nurturing the stock as it generated and grew. Unlike the selfish planters of early American history he gave Mulberry cuttings without cost to all who would take and plant them; and the sturdy trees still furnish shade in many parts of the state, bearing evidence of

the endeavor then made to stabilize the silk industry in Utah.

President Young also sent to France for silkworm eggs, distributing them to all who would experiment with them. Hundreds of homes set aside a room or a corner in a room in which to try out the silk adventure. As part of the propaganda Mrs. Zina D. Young canvassed the territory, going from one town to another, teaching the method of feeding and caring for the silkworms, and urging the importance of the industry. It is one of the beautiful things of fate that the first silk dress woven on a carpet-loom adorned the gentle form of Aunt Zina.

In 1865 a large cocoonery was built at the Church Farm (now Forest Dale) and many acres of Mulberry trees were planted near where the present chapel stands. Zina D. Young was the first to operate the cocoonery and with some success; then a Frenchman named Bertrand, brought failure. A Mr. Wimmer managed it for two years and temporarily killed interest in the work.

Later, in 1875, the dying silk embers were brought to life by Mrs. Dunyon, wife of Dr. Dunyon

STORY OF A SILKWORM

By **GEORGE D. PYPER**

General Superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board

who operated the cocoonery, raised 750 pounds of cocoons and many ounces of eggs. Handkerchiefs, laces, scarfs were manufactured and home-made fringes adorned the St. George Temple.

Soon after this an experiment in which the writer as a young boy took part, was started by his father, Alexander C. Pyper, then manager for the business interests of President Young. The experiment was tried out in a little brick building in the rear and north of the Bee-Hive House. It was fitted up as a cocoonery and the writer was placed in charge, of course, under the direction of his father. Five young ladies of President Young's family came three times a day to feed the worms. The experiment was very successful. Many pounds of first class cocoons and sixty-four ounces of silkworm eggs were raised. The next year father remodeled his own barn and the writer again successfully raised a fine crop of silk and eggs.

THE eggs of the silkworm are about the size of common pin heads. They are kept in ventilated metal receptacles free from invasion of their deadly enemies—rats, mice, spiders, ants or other insects—and, until ready to hatch, are kept in a cool place below 50° Fahrenheit. About the time the Mulberry leaves begin to appear in the spring, the eggs are brought forth from the cool cellar and placed on hurdles. The temperature should be 75 or 80 degrees Fahrenheit. Soon the tiny worms, black at first, come out of their tiny shells and tender Mulberry leaves are placed on the hurdles and these are soon covered by the voracious little things.

It is recorded that where silk culture was carried on in Chinese homes and the temperature was low the women would often place the cards containing the eggs in their bosoms where the heat of their bodies soon hatched out the tiny silk worms.

The life of the silkworm is only about 40 days. During that time it moults four times and eats but

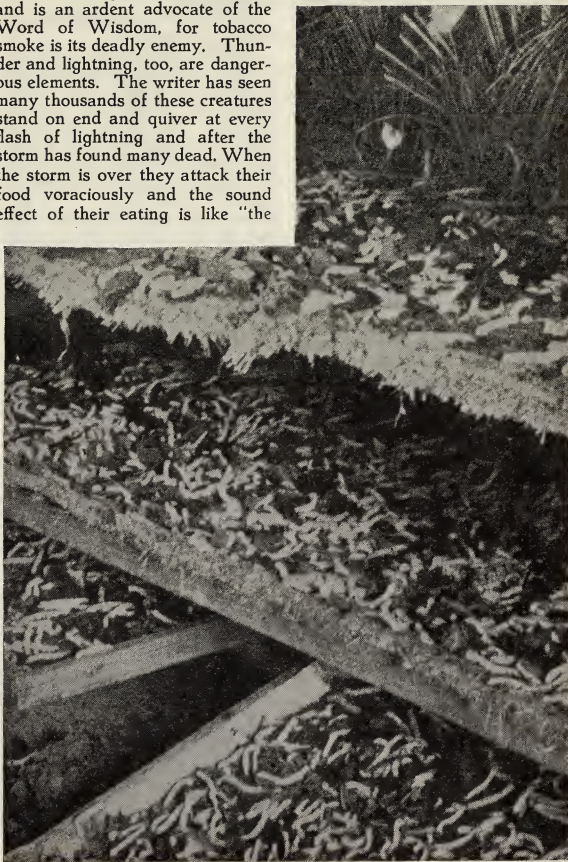
THIS is the story of another of President Brigham Young's achievements. Not satisfied with purchasing materials from outside and yet interested in the refined and beautiful, he established an industry which bore testimony to the courage and the genius of the man. Had those wide plains not been spanned by rails, Utah still could have had its "fine raiment."

little. It is very sensitive to drafts, and is an ardent advocate of the Word of Wisdom, for tobacco smoke is its deadly enemy. Thunder and lightning, too, are dangerous elements. The writer has seen many thousands of these creatures stand on end and quiver at every flash of lightning and after the storm has found many dead. When the storm is over they attack their food voraciously and the sound effect of their eating is like "the

patter of the rain upon the roof."

When approximately 40 days old they are about three inches long. At that time they refuse to eat and you know they are ready to give up their golden threads. Seeking a suitable place on frames or brush they begin to spin their cocoons, gradually disappearing in their silken sarcophagi, which are about the size of a peanut. They contain continuous threads of about thirteen hundred yards in length. The cocoons needed for seed are given a cool place for from 12 to 15 days when they burst through their

THE YOUNG WORMS ON THE HURDLES



prisons and appear as white moths. Each female moth produces about 500 eggs requiring 40,000 to weigh an ounce. The moths then die, having fulfilled their mission. Those not reserved for seed are subjected to heat which kills the chrysalis and the cocoons are ready for the reeler.

IN 1876 the Deseret Silk Association was organized. A factory was built at the intersection of Canyon Road and Third Avenue on the site of the old Pioneer Saw Mill, around which 200 Mulberry trees were placed, the writer assisting his father in the planting. Eastern machinery was purchased and an expert from England was brought here to manage the factory. Cocoons were purchased, silk reeled, twisted into thread and a market for the output found. But fate was against the silk venture. The leading spirits passed on and took with them all the interest there was in this wonderful industry. It is comforting to know that a beautiful flower garden marks the site where silk enthusiasts made such a rare gesture.

For a while efforts were made to keep up enthusiasm in the work. Mrs. Margaret Caine being the leading figure. In addition to local exhibits a beautiful booth was maintained at the Women's Building, World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893.

The Legislature for a while made annual appropriations to feed the silk flame but it got weaker and weaker until it finally died out. It is but another community experience, the memory of which in connection with paper mills, woolen factories, sugar plants, and other industries bears witness to the genius of Brigham Young as the great modern Empire Builder.

HOANG-TI, emperor of China, about 2600 B. C., induced his empress, Si-Ling-Shi, to examine the silkworms and ascertain whether the fibres could be used for the manufacture of clothing. Evidently the queen was successful in her quest, for the silk industry was born and has remained of great importance until the present time. Silk is still one of the choicest of all fabrics and is esteemed by practically all peoples who can obtain it. The Chinese have continued to be among the best makers of silks even until this time.

GLIMPSED IN A FLASH

By DR. STERLING B. TALMAGE

THIS is another of those succinct little articles by Dr. Talmage, who is Professor of Geology at the School of Mines of New Mexico at Socorro. Dr. Talmage is eldest son of the late James E. Talmage.

Discrediting a Miracle

WHEN I was a missionary in England an agnostic once said to me: "You Christians must now abandon your belief in the miracle of the escape of the Israelites across the Red Sea. Recent discoveries have discredited it completely."

Naturally, I was interested. He went on to explain:

"Measurements have shown that the land at the end of the Red Sea is rising at the rate that would amount to several feet in thirty centuries. The place where the Israelites crossed has been found; it is now far inland, where it can be studied, although it was once a sandbar, miles offshore. The evidence of old shore lines, and ruins that can be dated, indicates that during the time of the Pharaohs this bar was submerged some ten feet deep at high tide, and tidal measurements show that the concurrence of an exceptionally low tide and an exceptionally high wind would suffice to sweep this bar clear of water for several hours. So, the Israelites crossed dryshod, and the armies of Pharaoh were caught by the rising tide. There was no miracle at all—only the exceptional, though perfectly nor-

mal, action of the winds and the waters."

Was I convinced? I nearly laughed in his face. The futility of his line of reasoning was so absurd as to approach the comical. Here I had believed in a miracle, without knowing how it might have happened. Because he showed me how it might have been accomplished, he expected me to disbelieve the miracle!

For, after all, the real miracle was the escape of the Israelites; the dividing of the waters was merely the means to a greater end.

Even so, I find it easier to believe in a miracle that I can understand than in one that I cannot. So, when a man shows me how a miracle might have been accomplished, he strengthens rather than weakens my faith in it. Moreover, he strengthens my faith in other miracles also, because he offers me the hope that, some day, I may understand them also.

Miracles, to me, are matters of accomplishment rather than of method; they are functions of timeliness, rather than of contradiction; the good purpose that they served is far more important than the wonder that they excited.

Still, my agnostic friend had made me curious enough to read again the Biblical account of the escape of the Israelites. I found in it a passage that I had never noticed before. It reads: (Exodus 14:21.)

"And the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night."



"BESIDE THE STILL WATERS"



VISION

By

**BLANCHE
K. McKEY**

ON April 13, three hundred years ago, the freemen of Boston in a town meeting assembled voted to hire a schoolmaster "for the teaching and nurturing of the children with us." It was decided that "Brother Pilemon Pormont" be "entreated" to take upon himself this responsibility, and shortly afterwards the Boston Latin School was founded, the first secondary school in America. The early Boston records state that the richer inhabitants gave "toward the maintenance of a free schoolmaster for the youth with us." The next year Harvard College came into being, to prepare ministers for the church.

What a quaint little group the Boston freemen would appear to us today could we see them—with their ponderous seriousness and narrow concepts of education and life! And how queer their somber clothing—the breeches, capes, buckles, and high hats! We would smile perhaps—could we see them. But a lump would come into our throats at the thought of their grave concern for their young—"unregenerate" as they thought them, evil by nature, children of sin. But the freemen recognized

FOR how many things we have to thank those great American forefathers of ours whose far-sighted vision seemed to provide for every democratic, human need.

Christians they were to the very core, believing that every boy and girl, every man and woman should have equal rights before the law and equal opportunities to make themselves educated, useful citizens. Jesus said, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you" or yours. . . . These grand old forefathers lived that rule. Americans everywhere should do likewise.

Ye Boston Latin School— 1635

AS to a shrine, we lift our eyes to you.
Faint gleam that grew in luster
through the years—

(How keen the minds that saw the precept true

That Knowledge makes an exile of weak fears!)

Just what the Boston freemen could foresee,

Or what their "brother" schoolmaster foretold,

Is not the problem now for you and me:
Our debt, to keep undimmed the light we hold.

The years of peace, the years of war—
they pass;

Men laugh and weep—and stumble toward the light;

For always dreams a lad and sings a lass—
And lo! the torch is shining in the night.
My heart, give praise for that prophetic gleam;

O heart, be true in cherishing a Dream!
—Blanche Kendall McKey.

a need, an aspiration, in the heart of adolescence and tried to provide for it, just as we attempt to provide for it today. I say *attempt* advisedly, for with all our equipment, beautiful buildings, high scholarship, theories, concepts, ideals, we are still in the "trial and error" state as educators, for no pattern has ever yet been found which fits the soul of youth. And even with the powerful light which has grown from a candle flicker of three hundred years ago sweeping white the path ahead, we are still picking our way rather uncertainly. But the sincerity of souls and the vision of our eyes matched the sincerity and vision of that sterling, overzealous body of freemen who have long since passed from the American scene.

THREE HUNDRED years ago

The Boston Latin School offered a handful of boys the Latin classics as preparation for the problems of life. Today in America twenty-three thousand or more high schools, with a quarter of a million teachers and administrators, are training nearly six million boys and girls in practical and cultural fields. "How far the little candle casts its beam!"

The young people of America should feel deeply grateful for that humble beginning of our modern high school. On November 20, 1934, President Roosevelt sent this message from the White House: "I hope that the young people of every high school in the United States will celebrate this three-hundredth anniversary. I hope they will celebrate it in a manner which will bring vividly before parents and fellow townsmen the significance, the contribution, and the goals of their schools." At least during the tercentenary, while memory is heavy upon us, let us render the honor which is due. To that group of serious-minded citizens, three hundred years removed, let us lift our eyes in homage."

SAUCE FOR A

JAMES eyed the bread and jam that he was in the habit of finishing his breakfast with half resentfully as if it were partly responsible for the predicament he now found himself in. He hated to deny Edith anything, especially when it was for the children. She seemed to take it harder than when she was forced to do without something for herself, but he simply didn't have the money to spare and there was nothing to do but say so.

"Well, never mind dear," replied his wife with a near sigh. "I'll manage somehow."

"There wouldn't be such a thing as Elaine going without a new dress for this particular occasion, I suppose?" asked James with as near an approach as he ever made to sarcasm.

"She seems to think not and of course the Harvest Ball is rather an important affair, but don't worry about it, we'll get along." She kissed James goodbye and handed him the morning paper to take along with him to the office. She could always think more clearly when everyone was out of the house and there was no great harm in giving James a push, figuratively speaking, in the right direction.

With James finally out of the way she swung vigorously into her morning household tasks. This matter of trying to keep four children in school on an accountant's salary, even a fairly good salary, seemed to be a never ending tax on her ingenuity. Her present problem was a new evening dress for Elaine, now in her senior year of High School. There were three alternatives. She could remodel an old one, she could persuade Janice to give up one of hers—and hope that Elaine could be made to wear it after given—or she could take the material which she had recently purchased for herself and make it up for her daughter instead. It was not a very dark shade of blue and with silver trimmings and slippers would go beautifully with Elaine's fair hair and blue eyes. As for the dinner that she had promised to go to with James next month, she would either have to wear the old brown lace or stay home. At least she was used to it.

Her eldest son, Bob, who but

SAUCE, yes, and for the entire family, too.

yesterday had been overly long and awkward with a seeming superfluity of hands and feet, but was now suddenly tall and handsome, was her unexpected guest for lunch.



EDITH THREW A REAL BOMB SHELL INTO THEIR MIND BY ANNOUNCING THAT SHE WAS NOT GOING TO COOK A BIG DINNER—IN FACT, SHE WAS GOING TO COOK SCARCELY ANY DINNER AT ALL.

"How is my best girl?" he greeted her along with a kiss that gave Edith a glow of pleasure although she knew it was but part of the debonaire manner that he had been cultivating lately.

"Always glad to have distinguished company," she responded as she prepared his favorite dish of bacon and scrambled eggs.

"Anything new at school?" she continued, sitting down to enjoy lunch with him. It had never yet occurred to Edith that almost her entire interest in life was a vicarious one lived through her children.

"Some new steps on the Botany Lab., a teacher in the English department, and I need three dollars for a Chem book but I guess the only new thing about that will be the book," answered Bob as bland and smiling as if he were merely asking for another slice of his mother's excellent bread. Edith handed over the three dollars without comment and Bob went gayly back to school.

She had taken the money from a small sum saved to buy shoes and accessories to go with the new dress but if she was to have no new dress she would not need the shoes either, so Bob might just as well have the money. She supposed that she was making a mistake in handing it over so easily—the children really had no idea of the little sacrifices that she was constantly making but after all what good would it do if they did. All of the old arguments that she had used to herself and sometimes to James, when he made an occasional feeble protest, came to her mind. The children were only young once and she wanted them to have as good a time as anyone while they were in school. She had always felt the lack of an education herself and was determined that her boys and girls should have every advantage. To James' observation that it was possible to get an education without all of the frills she made little answer but spent most of her waking hours and all of the money she could get her hands on seeing that they got the frills as well.

DINNER time was the high spot of the day for Edith. The children were all full of news about their school activities and their mother was all eagerness to hear every word of what they had been doing during the day. Today, Janice had been to an afternoon party of her sorority and was giving the family all of the details of what had been eaten and worn.

"Do you call that something to eat?" asked Kenneth when inform-

By MABEL S. HARMER

NUMBER OF GANDERS

ed that the refreshments had consisted of two sandwiches a little more than a quarter of an inch thick and four inches wide, together with a glass of punch, a tiny cake and half a dozen nuts.

"Of course it wouldn't be for you," answered Janice scornfully, "but the ordinary person doesn't go to such an affair to get a square meal."

"I see," he replied with mock elegance, "the matter of food is merely a gesture."

"Well it certainly is no mere gesture with you," she retorted as the boy filled up his plate for the third time.

"Not when Mother serves her

ored satin and her hands are so well groomed."

"Do they have lots of money?" asked Elaine.

"No—not so much. She's just one of the kind that always manages to look well."

"I've been thinking up a way that I'd look especially well too," volunteered Kenneth suddenly.

"Really," inquired Elaine with elaborate interest, "and just how would that be?"

"On the seat of a new bicycle. They have a peach at Knight's for only thirty dollars."

"And just where would you get thirty dollars?" inquired his father crisply.

intended to hurt her feelings but the words had touched a tender spot just the same. Evidently her children didn't in the least realize that she too could have lovely clothes if she were not continually handing out the wherewithal to buy theirs. That she too could have beautiful cared-for hands if she did not do the greater part of the housework in order to allow the girls to keep their own hands smooth and white. She recalled their various requests for money just that very day—Elaine's for a new dress, Bob's for a book and Ken's for a bicycle, all made without a great deal of concern and certainly with no thought of what sacrifice it might mean to her.

IN the course of the next few days Edith found herself constantly playing in her mind with strange notions. It would be five years before Elaine was out of college and Kenneth was still another two years behind her. By the time they were all through she would be a middle-aged woman. Perhaps it would be too late for her to dress up and go places. She had planned on joining a woman's club some day or going in for civic betterment of some sort. If she waited another seven years she might be considered too old to go in for such energetic enterprises and be left sitting uselessly on the front porch holding her hands like Mrs. Saunders across the street. The idea made her shudder. She didn't want to be a useless old woman.

She suddenly decided upon drastic changes within the household regime. If her children admired well-dressed women with unroughened hands, she would make a sincere attempt to be one. It could easily be accomplished if they went without a few luxuries and did a larger share of the household tasks.

She made up the blue crepe for herself in as smart a fashion as she dared and added other long needed items to her wardrobe by denying some of the frequent but less ur-

(Continued on page 711)



EVEN JAMES WAS SHAKEN OUT OF HIS USUAL MILDNESS ENOUGH TO SAY, "IF IT'S EXPENSE THAT IS BOTHERING YOU MOTHER, WE CAN ALWAYS GET THE MEANS FOR THIS PARTICULAR OCCASION."

own special combination of spaghetti and hamburger," he replied blithely.

"Who poured and what did they wear?" asked Elaine, whose first interest in any feminine affair was always sure to be clothes.

"Margaret Pierce's mother was presiding and she did look lovely. Her dress was sort of a rust col-

"Why, I could ride to school and save it in carfare. Besides that I could run errands for Mother. You'll put in a good word for me, won't you, Mum?" he said coaxingly, giving her a playful hug as he left the table.

"We'll see," answered Edith absently as she arose to clear away and wash the dishes.

During the entire evening Janice's remark concerning Mrs. Pierce rankled in her mind. She knew that her daughter had not

By HAROLD CHRISTENSEN



SUNSET, LAKE WAIKAREMOANA, NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND
Photo: New Zealand Government Publicity Photo

THERE are over twenty-eight thousand Mormons among the Polynesians of the South Seas! This fact carries with it at least two significant questions: Why is the Church so particularly interested in Polynesia, and why are the Polynesians so much more receptive to the Gospel than other Islanders? Perhaps such questions can best be answered by inquiring into the origin of these peoples. If the conclusions of the following speculations on the subject be accepted, we shall have reached at least a partial explanation for the relationship between Mormonism and Polynesia.

In the Book of Mormon is related the story of Hagoth and his numerous sailing expeditions along the western shores of America (See Alma 63). He built at first a large ship and took a company of Nephites from the Land Bountiful into the Land Northward. Then some returned to induce more of their people to go north. More and larger ships were built and another company of Nephites set sail for the north country, this time never to be heard of again. It was known that they did not reach the other people in the Land Northward, and it was therefore supposed that they were lost in the sea.

Now if we should assume from this incident alone that the Polynesians are descendants of Hagoth and the Nephites of his time, we would be guilty of "faith without

HAROLD CHRISTENSEN spent several years as a missionary in the South Sea Islands where he learned the language of the Maoris and spent considerable time listening to the stories they had of their origin. Mr. Christensen returned to join the student-body of Brigham Young University where he made a splendid reputation as a debater. He is now a member of the faculty of his Alma Mater.

In this article the author has stated briefly but clearly several of the theories connected with the origin of the Islanders. Naturally, he has been influenced by his faith in the Book of Mormon and the Gospel, nevertheless, he presents the data and allows his reader to draw his own conclusions.

works." But if we back that assumption with the logic of feasibility, of native tradition, and of recent ethnological research, we shall have gone a long way in the process of proof and shall have

made the proposition worthy of earnest consideration.

Hagoth's ships sailed "forth into the west sea by the narrow neck which, led into the land northward." In other words, the point of sailing must have been somewhere on the western shores of Central America. In that event, it is highly possible that the lost expedition was caught in an ocean current and carried by it from the mainland to the Hawaiian Islands. Oregon pine frequently found on the Hawaiian shores as driftwood is evidence that this strong Pacific current exists. Conclusive evidence is on file with the United States Geological Survey at Washington, where there is record of a note in a bottle being picked up on the coast of the Hawaiian Islands just six days after it was deposited off the coast of Southern California.

IT is feasible, then, to believe that some of Hagoth's ships may have drifted westward to the Hawaiian Islands, and that later expeditions left from there to the more southern Polynesian Island groups of Samoa, Tonga, Tahiti, and New Zealand. It may be seen from what follows, that the reasonableness of such a suggestion is not

TOP: WINNERS OF 1933 HUI TOA.
BOTTOM: CHOR of the 1932 MISSION
CONFERENCE (HUI TOA).



LATIONS ON POLYNESIAN ORIGIN

only apparent, but is highly probable.

The study of tradition is only one method of determining race origin—and it is a very inexact way if taken alone—but is a method that may reveal much interesting data to support a given theory. Let us see how the traditions of the Polynesians support the origin theory given above.

All of the Hawaiian traditions on origin point to the east and infer that their people came from the "land of the rising sun." This could only mean the Americas, for these two great western continents stretch almost from pole to pole. Other Hawaiian traditions say that some of their people sailed southward to other Islands. Maori legend supports this contention by claiming a voyage from "Hawaiki," a term which is very similar to "Hawaii." The pronunciation of these two words is nearly the same, and slight changes could be expected during long time separations. Legends of Samoa, Tonga, and Tahiti are similar in many ways. Curiously enough, all Polynesian traditions seem to support the theory of American origin.

An interesting example of this is found among the Maoris of New Zealand. An odd custom of addressing the dead is practiced here to a large extent. In it the speaker tells the departed to go back to where he came from, and in doing so he uses the following words, "I haere mai matou i tawhiti nui, i tawhiti roa, i tawhiti pamamoa, i te hono i wairua," which means, "Go back a long distance, another long distance, and another long distance, to the joining of the spirit." This tradition is interpreted by nearly eight thousand Mormon Maoris today in two different ways, but each interpretation ties up with the American continent and the Book of Mormon. The one explanation is that the first long distance is from New Zealand to Hawaii, the second long distance from Hawaii to America,

the third long distance from America to Jerusalem, and the joining of the spirit is the connection or affiliation with the Church at that place. The other explanation is that the first long distance is from New Zealand to Samoa (or Tahiti or Tonga), the second long distance from Samoa to Hawaii, the third long distance from Hawaii to America, and the joining of the spirits is the place of Hagoth's departure where the two great American continents are joined.

THERE is almost universal agreement on the general homogeneity of the Polynesians. This does not mean that their stock is absolutely pure, for there have undoubtedly been a few contacts and mixtures with other peoples, but it does mean that the Polynesians are related to each other in a greater degree than they are related to other races or groups. Language similarities are very common; a good example of this is "Aloha" from Hawaii, "Talofa" from Samoa, and "Aroha" from New Zealand, all terms meaning the same thing. Some words are identical with several of the Islands. It is common for a Maori to be able partially to understand a speaker from one of the other Polynesian groups, and visa versa.

Culture-trait similarities are so numerous among these peoples that it will be unnecessary here to discuss them all. To say that these similarities are conclusive enough to well establish the inter-relationship of the various Polynesian groups is sufficient.

A striking proof of the blood relationship between the Maoris and the Hawaiians was found in 1920 when a party of fourteen New Zealand natives went to the Hawaiian temple to do work for their dead. Through a peculiar custom of singing genealogies in their meetings, the Maoris have had wonderful success in preserving a knowledge of their ancestors and their lines of descent. Wiramu



TOP: MAORI MEETINGHOUSE.

SECOND: 1930 HUI TOA, HAWKS BAY, NEW ZEALAND

THIRD: THE MAORI HONGI (NOSE PRESSING).

BOTTOM: TYPICAL MAORI CARVING.



Duncan, one of those to go to the Laie temple in 1920, succeeded in tracing his genealogy back for over one hundred generations. In going over some of the Hawaiian genealogies and comparing them with his own, he discovered that the name "Hema" appeared in both lines back sixty-five generations. This was a startling discovery, and in continuing the comparisons he found that one of the parents of Hema was "Whaetiri" in Maori and "Aekiri" in Hawaiian, the word being the same one even though it had undergone slight changes due to the separation of the tribes. Then he found that these two genealogies coincided from there on back as far as they were compiled. These and other

discoveries at that time and later have given convincing evidence that the Maoris came from the Hawaiian Islands. The first discovery of this fact in 1920 caused such a sensation in Hawaii as to capture the headlines of the newspapers and cause the Hawaiians to celebrate in royal fashion throughout the Islands.

IF we admit that the Hawaiians came from America and that all of the Polynesians are closely related, we are likely to conclude that all of the Polynesians came from America, probably at the time of Hagoth. But there are other ethnological considerations to make before closing the subject.

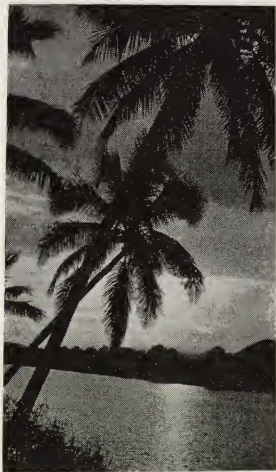
The linguistic approach to our problem is full of possibilities. It would be interesting to see the Maori "Maia" compared with the American "Maya." These words have similar meanings and are pronounced exactly the same. Scholars may some day find a connection among the Biblical "Tekel," the Maori "Tiki," and the Mexican "Tikol." Certain studies have shown a possible connection between the names of Maori tribes and the Arawa, Arawaki, and Iroquois tribes of America. I will not burden this article with more examples of word similarities because as yet only a mere start has been made in this particular study, but I will say in passing that there is much evidence of a linguistic nature in support of the American Origin theory. Certain Maori dancers that have visited this country claim that they were able to understand the spoken language of some of the American Indians and the sign language of nearly all they contacted.

Clifford E. Gates in an article found in the *Scientific Monthly* of September, 1922, speaks of the Polynesians as the "Caucasians of the Pacific." He says: "The appearance and characteristics of the people point at once to a Caucasian lineage." G. Albin Matson, in his recent *Improvement Era* discussion of "Blood Groupings Among the Indians," points out the significant fact that the Polynesians have a very similar blood test to that of the American Indians. Such studies as these are encouraging.

However, some scientific theories of the day on race origin give little

support to the conclusions I have drawn above. But, while they do nothing to prove these conclusions, they also do nothing to disprove them. Clark Wissler says the following in speaking of the similarities of American Indians and Polynesians:

"With the Polynesians the agreements are chiefly in pigmentation and to some extent the hair. . . . Among such traits as blowguns, plank canoes, hammocks, lime chewing, head-hunting cults, the man's house, and certain masked dances common to the New World and the Pacific Islands,



IN THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS
Photo by Author

there appears the tendency to mass on the Pacific side of the New World. . . . There are abundant data to show that the Polynesians are recent arrivals in the Pacific."

Wissler is here speaking of the origin of the American Indians, and he concludes that even though they had contacts with the Pacific Islands they did not originate from there. However, Wissler says nothing to disprove the theory of the Polynesians coming from America. In fact, he infers that the Polynesians are later arrivals than the American Indians and he admits contacts between America and the Pacific Islands. It is still reasonable to believe, then, that the Polynesians came from America.

HRDLICKA, noticing the similarity in culture traits between American Indians and Polynesians, makes a similar observation to Wissler:

"It is probable that the western coast of America, within the last 2,000 years, was on more than one occasion reached by small parties of Polynesians."

He is also speaking of the origin of the American Indians and he concludes that in the main they did not come from Polynesia, but he says nothing to disprove the theory of the Polynesians coming from America. In fact, by admitting that culture traits are similar, and by denying that the American Indians came from Polynesia, he only strengthens the argument that the Polynesians came from America.

Ettie A. Rout, in her recent book on "Maori Symbolism," contends very strongly that the Maoris are Israelites and even suggests that the migration started somewhere in Assyria (The Maori word for the starting place is "Ihira"), went from there to the American continent, and then to the Islands of the Pacific ocean. She served as government reporter in New Zealand and gathered her material by first-hand methods without relying upon previous European writings. This is a fact that makes her conclusions even more valuable. There will not be space in this present article to review all of her splendid material, most of which gives support to what we have been saying, but I commend the book itself to those who are interested.

Culture-trait similarities between America and Polynesia are numerous. The geometric design, which is found in both places, is an outstanding example of this. Mexicans of the Cordilleras use the same type of war-gong as the New Zealand Maoris. Customs and traditions are in many cases almost identical. All of these facts help to establish our contention of the probable connections among these lands and peoples.

Of course there are always the indigenists—those who claim that the same culture trait may develop naturally in more than one place, and that finding the same trait in two or more places does not necessarily mean that there have been contacts. The indigenistic expla-

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IN THE HILL AND LAKE COUNTRY
INTERIOR OF ARGENTINE.

The AMAZING ARGENTINE

By MARC T. GREENE

COMING to the Argentine today you are reminded of the America of twenty years ago. That is to say, you find here the buoyancy, the confidence, the vitality of our own country as it was then. Here in the wonderful South American republic you hear no talk of "depression" and see little evidence of any. For, relatively speaking, there has been none down here. True, the Argentine has had its economic trials. Its enormous foreign trade in meats and cereals, which amounted in 1928 to three-quarters of a million tons of the former and to more than four millions of the latter, had fallen off four years later to half that amount. But now the upward trend is once more markedly in evidence. And in any case even half of the above amounts was sufficient export trade to keep a nation of only 12,000,000 people from economic distress.

One of the amazing things about the Argentine is this very fact that it has but 12,000,000 people, yet its area is four-fifths that of Europe including the British Isles, with their 350,000,000. Moreover, its cultivatable area has been utilized thus far to the extent of less than one-sixth, except, of course, for the great estancias (cattle ranges) where is produced the world's finest beef. Vast amounts of wheat and maize (corn) are grown, but nothing in the least degree comparable to the possibilities. Everything favors agricultural production here. There are no extremes of weather and no failure of water supply. The evidence of what that means is found in the marvelous condition of the cattle, Aberdeen Angus, Hereford and Fresian mostly, bred of the best English prize stock and thriving here on the

rich pampas as they thrive nowhere else on earth.

The ranches are very largely English-owned and the largest of them all are those of the British meat-extract company called "Bovril." One of their estancias contains a quarter of a million acres and more than 30,000 cattle. The managers and foremen here, as on many other Argentine ranches, are Australians and, paradoxically enough, they are overseeing the stock-raising industry that is so seriously disturbing the meat-producing interests of their own country.

MARC T. GREENE has been for years a traveling reporter for some of the leading magazines and newspapers, including the Christian Science Monitor. Recently one of his articles was quoted in "The Readers' Digest."

This is the second article he has written especially for *The Improvement Era*, the first one being one which dealt with the "Paradise of the Pacific."

Mr. Greene has met Mormon missionaries in many lands, as this article indicates, and is interested in their going into South America. He has been impressed by their demeanor rather than by their doctrine about which, he confesses, he knows but little.

In this article one gets some idea of the great lands which lie beyond the Equator in which great peoples are just emerging into what may become some of the world's greatest nations.

Here, then, is one of the world's most promising lands today, perhaps one of its great hopes of the future. There is room for millions, room and opportunity. Nature has provided richly and she awaits the hand of man to utilize those riches. The people already in the country are of the pioneering, empire-building stock. They are a blend of the blood of Latin and Nordic and a good blend, for the refugees and outlaws and reckless adventurers of the early days have long since been replaced by earnest and sturdy pioneers from all the European countries as well as by some from the United States. And so here now you find law and order and not a little culture, developed out of a chaos that was worse than that of California in '49. You find, too, the same valiant spirit of the old American West, the determination to build here an empire where men may live in reasonable content and free of the ever-menacing dread spectre of economic uncertainty.

INTO such a country as this it is a wise thing for the Mormon Church to send its young men because, as my own experience in encountering them all over the world declares, they are a wholesome and cleanly influence. I say this as a layman, so far as concerns that church, knowing little or nothing of its doctrines, only finding

(Continued on page 708)

A SILVER GIRDLE

By CLARE W. NOALL

Synopsis: Mr. Tom Reynolds, a Westerner by birth, but a New Yorker by business, loses his fortune in the depression, and decides to take his family out to their Utah ranch which bordered the Uinta Mountains. They intend to establish a guide camp at Mirror Lake in the Uintas to take fishermen into the primitive areas. The title to the ranch has been threatened by Adams, one of Tom's creditors. Tom has to establish the fact that he had deeded the property to his daughter Eileen in good faith in order to save the ranch.

The Reynolds family leave their beautiful home in New York to commence life in the West. Eileen becomes interested in the forest Ranger who is stationed at Rainbow Lake in the Uintas when she sees him in the office of the supervisor in Provo. But he does not return her interest. Rebuffed, she fancies there may be developments when they meet at Rainbow. To her surprise, the developments occur before that time. She meets him in an isolated spot on her own ranch. Again the sparks fly, and Eileen leaves abruptly.

CAMP REYNOLDS Saddle-Horses—Pack-Horses— Guides

To the Interior of the UINTAS Fishing Parties a Specialty

"THERE! How do you like that?" exclaimed Tom, cocking one eye at the newly painted sign he had just set up at the side of the road where the highway dips down to Mirror Lake.

"Snorky, Daddy. That ought to bring 'em in," said Eileen.

"Gimminy, that's swell, Daddy! Did Uncle Sam tell you to put up that sign?" asked Jimmie.

"Don't be naive, Jim," said Eileen with a superior air.

"What's naive?"

"Simple!"

"Uncle Sam gave me permission to put it up, son."

"Well, at any rate, it can be seen," was Dadai's comment on the family enterprise.

They had arrived at their new camp-site but recently.

One day, while they were still over at Timber Toes, late spring had stolen in and lifted winter's mantle from the shoulders of the hills before their very eyes. With a rush and a heave great masses of solid snow were released from high passes to settle in drifts of powdery white below. And then, they too,

disappeared. Gray branches were spattered with green. And Dadai had smiled as her mountain eyrie was warmed with new sunshine.

The horses were brought in from the range and picketed, in readiness for their climb up to Mirror. Tom, McClain, Slim, one of the cowboys, Eileen, and Jimmie were to cross the ridge. They hoped to get twelve saddle horses and fourteen pack animals over by riding their own mounts and leading the others.

Mac was to return to the ranch. Tom felt uneasy about Adams' claim, and he would leave the place with no less a man than McClain. As busy as Reynolds was, working out his scheme for the guide-camp, he was forever searching in his mind for added means of proof to establish his integrity and good intentions about the deed. He'd had no word in answer to a letter he'd written to Ming Low. And Adams was being nasty.

Tom planned to send a sheep-wagon thirty miles down the Weber River to Oakley with Squint, another horse-wrangler who was to help at camp. Dadai was to ride in the wagon. Her heart fluttered so from the natural terror which assails so many easterners in the presence of high mountains and great open spaces it would have been most inadvisable for her to drive over the steep narrow road to Mirror. Tom could come down for the car later. Two good milk cows were to follow the wagon in which would be packed the tent top, an iron stove, and the kitchen utensils. The pack train would carry everything but the bulkiest of their belongings. The party would have to stay all night in Oakley; the distance from Timber Toes to Mirror is too great for one day's trip by team. Here Dadai intended to shop for a big order of groceries. Not for nothing had Florella McClain been teaching her the lore of the mountain woman. After her arrival at the ranch, when Dadai's meals had not been seasoned with the salt from her tears, they had hardly been seasoned at all; but she was trying to get the upper hand of this life for Tom's sake.

She set out in the wagon with

just one hope, that she really would live to see the camp-site beyond the ridge at Mirror Lake. Tom and the others expected to leave by horseback twenty-four hours later.

Now, at Mirror, as they surveyed the sign, she put her arm through her husband's and walked away from the highway down the side road to their new camp.

She refused to wear trousers except when she took her riding lesson from Tom. Eileen was at home in nothing else. Cords, boots, flannel shirt, ten-gallon hat—her regular habit.

"Oh Tom, do you think she'll ever be a lady again?" asked Dadai mournfully as Eileen and Jimmie went skipping down the road, followed by Chance and Spot barking at their heels.

"Of course, Eileen's always a lady. Aren't you her mother?" "Sweet."

Tom took up his hammer and nails. He was putting their furniture together with lumber he had hauled from the CCC camp on the other side of the divide. Slim and Squint were driving fence posts to picket the corral. Tom was fixing for real outdoor comfort. Dadai had not yet seen the meaning of that word in these surroundings.

He had laid their tent floor with broad planks, and covered the upright beams with canvas. He had set up a bed of rough pine boards and had made a crude cupboard. In the corner stood the stove. There was space for a table and benches. Eileen and Jimmie had their beds in the sheep wagon. Slim and Squint occupied a tent. They had all been busy building a trough to bring down their spring water, constructing a "desert refrigerator" of gunny sacks for their mountain habitat, and making one enclosure for the cows and another for the horses. Eileen was so handy with the axe, hammer, and saw, the cooking was left pretty much to Dadai.

No one said a word if the fish or the meat was raw in the middle,

ILLUSTRATED BY
FIELDING K. SMITH

or the bread was burned black on the outside.

"Delicious!" pronounced the family.

"Thanks," nodded Dadai—and not a smile was feigned.

One evening, just as she dropped the last piece of cheese in a kettle of campers' goulash the dogs began to bark with a note of greeting in their husky voices.

Looking out of the tent door, she saw Tom going to meet a little man coming down the road on horseback.

"Dave!" she heard him say, "I knew you'd come."

Tom grasped Morley's hand, and walked back down the road beside the horse. "Man, you're just in time. Can you sit around with a plate on your lap?"

"Dadai," he called, as he saw her in the doorway. "Our first guest. You remember Dave Morley. He's come to pay us a woodsman's call."

"How nice. Do come in, Mr. Morley," said Dadai, as if she were inviting him into her drawing room.

A gleam shot from Morley's smiling eyes as he shook her hand. It was not lost on Dadai. Are you amused? thought she. But his friendship was so sincere and hearty her trust in him grew, and her confidence in herself strengthened as she uncovered a dutch oven of steaming beans she took from a bean-hole in the ground.

"Boy, does that make a man hungry!" said Morley. "But I'm not eating 'til I've said 'howdy' to that little dog of yours. Where's he hiding?"

"Pim's curled up under the blanket on the bed in the tent. Are you laughing up your sleeve, Mr. Morley?" asked Dadai, as Morley's grin crept into full being.

"Can you ask an honest man a question like that? But I do want a look at that dog."

Just then Eileen and Jimmie came running up the path in answer to the ringing sound of the iron pipe Tom lightly touched as their call to supper. In came Slim and Squint—they all ate together.

(Continued on page 715)

STUNNED BY THE SICKENING PAIN, AS THE
SNOWY FLAKES SPUN AROUND HER HEAD,
SHE SANK TO THE GROUND IN A DIZZY



"A LAND CHOICE ABOVE"

By HYRUM SCHNEIDER

The Lord would not suffer that they should stop beyond the sea in the wilderness, but he would that they should come forth even unto the land of promise, which was choice above all other lands, which the Lord had preserved for a righteous people."

THE above statement is found in the Book of Mormon, Ether 2:7, and was made by Moroni concerning Jared and his followers, purported to have settled North America about 2,300 B. C.

America has been a land of promise not only to Jared and his followers but also to many who have come to her shores in recent years. She has indeed fulfilled the prophecy of a land "which was choice above all other lands." The United States became the richest nation in the world largely because of her geographic position and her vast natural resources. We are particularly fortunate in possessing rich deposits of those minerals that are especially important in the world of today.

In this age of speed and industrial development, minerals are more important than ever before. Just how important they are we fully realize only when the normal supply is cut off. During the World War the importance of minerals to military efficiency was realized as never before. Though no one nation is supplied with all of the thirty or more minerals that enter into modern industry, some are better supplied than others and, consequently, have a distinct advantage over those less abundantly blessed.

Mineral resources have played an important role in making the United States the richest and most powerful nation on earth.

We have used the terms stone age, bronze age, and coal age to designate different periods of human progress. In our age the outstanding minerals are iron, coal, copper, and petroleum. Our civilization differs essentially from all previous civilizations in our extensive development and use of power and power-driven machines. Power and machines have made possible many things (including radio broadcasting) that today are considered commonplace, which if



GARFIELD SMELTERS—GARFIELD, UTAH

dreamed of in an earlier period would have been branded as supernatural or impossible.

If by some means our supply of coal, petroleum, iron, and copper were suddenly wiped out, the steam engine, the dynamo, and the gasoline engine would soon be placed in museums with other relics of past ages.

It does not mean very much to most of us, when we say that the yearly output of the world's mineral resources is over two billion tons. We get a better picture when we are told that if each year's production were spread on the surface as a uniform mass it would

cover a square mile to a depth of over 2,300 feet, or nearly twice the height of the highest building in the world.

Of this vast total annual production, over 85 per cent comes from North America and Europe. The countries that are generally thought of as the leading countries of the world are the principal producers.

ALTHOUGH minerals have long been used by man, their production on a large scale did not begin until near the middle of the last century. With the industrial development of the world, the production and use of minerals has increased enormously. Many minerals have contributed to our industrial age, but of outstanding importance are the basic minerals of the age—iron, coal, petroleum, and copper.

We can get an idea of the real significance of a combination of coal and iron in bringing about industrial growth from Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. There is illustrated the fact, that where iron ore joins coal for the production of iron and steel, a host of

DR. HYRUM SCHNEIDER is a geologist at the University of Utah and, therefore, when he speaks of the precious things of this country—referring to the metals—he knows whereof he speaks.

Dr. Schneider, besides being a scientist, is a member of the Church, as the article will indicate.

Because the U. S. Army made the accompanying pictures of Utah mines and mills available for use with the article, we are running them although our readers are aware of the fact that the entire continent is dotted with similar scenes as well as oil derricks.

WE ALL OTHER LANDS"



UTAH COPPER COMPANY'S OPEN CUT MINE,
BINGHAM CANYON, UTAH
*Photo: Air Corps U. S. Army, 15 Photo
Section, Crissy Field, San Francisco*

other industries usually grow up. W. T. Thom, Jr., in his book, "Petroleum and Coal," says: "Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, (Pittsburg and vicinity) contains some five thousand manufacturing establishments, which during 1925 turned out products worth more than \$3,000,000,000 or more than the money value of the products of any one of 41 of the 48 states of the Union. The tonnage moved into, or out of Allegheny County, during the year, by rail and water, exceeded the total combined tonnages of New York, Boston, and Liverpool."

Since the invention of the gasoline engine, and its varied use in supplying power on the farm, on the road, in the air, and on the battlefield, petroleum has eclipsed coal and iron as the most coveted earth product. Although the production of petroleum was large at the close of the World War, the production of 1929 was more than double that in 1918. So important in peace and war are petroleum and its products that competition has been keen among world powers to

obtain control of petroleum reserves.

The production of copper increased enormously the first 25 years of the 20th century. In 1925 the world produced nearly three times as much as it did in 1900. Although copper has many uses, its most important use is in the electrical industry. When we stop to think of the important role that electricity plays in the world of today, we must also realize the importance of copper.

In 1929 the estimated total wealth of the United States was almost double the combined wealth of Great Britain, Germany, and France. Likewise the production of coal, iron, copper, and petroleum in the United States was more than double the combined production of France, England, and Germany. In 1929 the United States produced 46.5 per cent of the world's total production of coal, iron, copper, and petroleum. France ranked second with 7.9 per cent, Germany third with 7.4 per cent, and the United Kingdom fourth with 6.3 per cent.

To be able to produce nearly half of the world's total production of the basic mineral products of the age, places a nation in an en-

viable position. Not only is the United States first in the production of coal, iron, copper, and petroleum, but it is also first in the production of other important industrial minerals such as lead, zinc, and sulphur.

THE minerals of the earth belong to the inhabitants thereof, if they will make use of them. Scientific research and the application of principles thus discovered have made possible the extensive use of minerals for the benefit of man. Unselfish scientific workers have done much to harness and use the energy which has long been stored in the earth in the form of mineral resources. Competent engineers tell us that American power plants and automotive engines make available for each man, woman, and child in the United States, the equivalent of the work of sixty adult slaves. Unfortunately these power slaves work largely for a select few, rather than for every man, woman, and child. Power slaves have actually displaced American workmen and have thus helped to impoverish many of the rank and file of the country while working for the creation of huge fortunes for a few.

"For behold this is a land which is choice above all other lands; wherefore he that doth possess it shall serve God, or shall be swept off; for it is the everlasting decree of God. And it is not until the fullness of iniquity among the children of the land that they are swept off."

"And this cometh unto you, O ye Gentiles, that ye may know the decrees of God, that ye may repent, and not continue in your iniquities until the fullness come, that ye may not bring down the fullness of the wrath of God upon you, as the inhabitants of the land hath hitherto done." (Ether 2:10, 11.)

We have misery and want in a land of plenty. Millions of men willing and anxious to work are unable to find work. The New York State Baumes Commission estimated that crime is costing the United States thirteen billion dollars a year. On the other hand,

(Continued on page 707)

IN THE WORLD'S WONDER

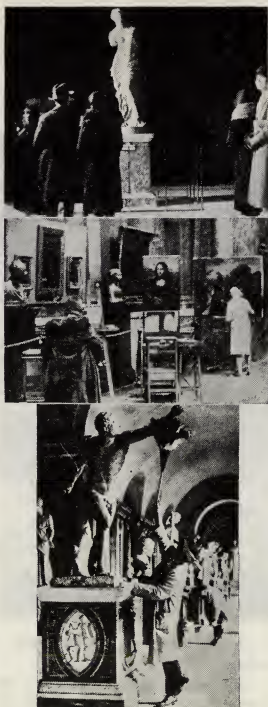
WHEN one considers all of the remarkable art galleries that dot the civilized world, each containing priceless paintings and treasured works of sculpture, he may realize how unusual must be the collection in the Palace of the Louvre in Paris to warrant its being called the greatest in the world. Distant visitors to Paris seldom leave the metropolis without spending some delightful hours in viewing this masterpiece and glorying in a civilization that has expressed itself in such a charming variety of artistic forms.

The Louvre is unique. It does not seem to belong to France alone. It belongs to the world. Strangers in many lands have known from infancy some of the great masterpieces that the Louvre contains, and when at last they stand before these masterpieces, they feel that they have at last come home to something that is their very own.

If any one of its departments,—Painting, Sculpture or Antiquities,—should be destroyed, the world would suffer a loss that would never be repaired; yet it is well to remember that there are many, even among the French people, who have not always held this view. Not long ago, Communists poured petroleum over this edifice and undermined it, intending to blow it up. A single spark could have produced an explosion that would have put the whole world in mourning. As it was, the Louvre so narrowly escaped destruction that only by rare good fortune do its works of genius still remain to furnish us with inspiration and delight.

One of the most magnificent apartments of the Louvre is the Gallery of Apollo. The visitor can spend hours with profit in this room alone. Even the ceiling is a picture gallery, and each painting is placed in its own gilded frame. Upon the walls are life-size portraits wrought in Gobelin tapestry. In the glass cases are objects so

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TOP: ONE OF THE GREAT MAGNETS THAT DRAW VISITORS TO THE LOUVRE—VENUS OF MILO.
CENTER: ARTISTS' COPYING PRICELESS TREASURES—THE MONA LISA.
BOTTOM: CLEANING THE WORLD'S GREATEST ART GALLERY.

precious that one would expect to see them guarded by a squad of soldiers instead of by one or two

GEORGE F. PAUL is a Chicagoan who contributes articles and photographs to magazines and newspapers throughout the country. In this article he takes one behind the scenes in the world's wonder art gallery and allows one to know a little of the qualities which makes the Louvre really great.

Those who have been fortunate enough to visit the great gallery and those who will have the opportunity of doing so in the future will find this brief statement worth while.

Art galleries are the treasure-vaults of the soul in which men preserve their most priceless possessions, not as bankers hoard their gold in vaults away from light and the vision of their fellows, but as the Creator hangs his treasures where everybody who is interested enough to seek them out, may see.

GEORGE
F. PAUL

ART GALLERY

not very spry attendants. Only a thin pane of glass separates the visitor's hands from the diamond-hilted sword of Napoleon Bonaparte, valued at a mere four hundred thousand dollars. Here, too, are the sword and spurs of the mighty Charlemagne, the caskets and gems that belonged to the French queens, and even the famous Regent diamond, valued at three million dollars, and considered one of the finest in the world.

Whole volumes have been written about the treasures of the Louvre, pre-eminent among them being the "Winged Victory of Samothrace." This majestic figure is headless and armless, but that matters little. She stands on the prow of a trireme, and for everyone that sees her with any imagination she must for all time be the symbol for triumphant and splendid onset.

In a little central compartment some of the choicest treasures of Italian art are found, chief of them "Mona Lisa," safely re-established as Queen of the Louvre after her astonishing adventures as the spoil of a thief. It is Leonardo who gives the Louvre its special distinction as a picture gallery.

And as the visitor passes down a long avenue of sculptures, he perceives in the distance the most renowned and beautiful of all the relics of antiquity,—the Venus of Milo. It seems incredible that as recently as 1820 this peerless figure lay buried in the earth on the little island of Melos in the Mediterranean. Shattered by some barbaric hand, it had been buried there for probably 1400 years. One day while a peasant named Yorgas was at work in his orchard rooting up the stump of a dead tree, what was his surprise on loosening it to have it fall from his grasp into a hole. He peered down and gazed intently, then leaped into the hole and dug frantically till he had

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May I Present Marba C. Josephson

By EMILY H. BENNETT

MARBA CANNON JOSEPHSON—may I present her to *Era* readers? "I knew her when"—well, first, when she was a rather roly, poly freshman at L. D. S. high school—an enchanting, jolly youngster whose underlying sweet seriousness added piquancy to her almost continuous giggling.

I knew her fairly well from then until she was a senior at the University of Utah. She was a wise, eager, insatiable young student; with an unconscious dignity and sincerity of purpose that was highlighted by her gift for skylarking. Even then, she had a smooth genius for organizing her energies and eliminating hectic windups.

Then for a few years, I lost intimate contact and saw her again only just before she was married. Lo! She was carrying those high tension, pre-nuptial days with the same light, sure touch that made her school days so joyous and profitable.

I knew her when she was raising all her little half brothers and sisters and beginning on her own family—very serious and responsible undertakings in the eyes of her friends, but carried on by Marba with the most engaging efficiency—a sort of easy control with her left hand while her right reached out for destiny's guiding touch.

She needed that right hand just where she had settled it. A strange cataclysm took place. Men called it depression. It shook the Josephson family to its roots. It tore off all of the frills, most of the comforts, and many of the seeming necessities. But it also bared the innumerable fortifications with which the Josephsons were equipped. There was scarcely anything that Marba couldn't do and do well, from raising carrots and tailoring clothes to giving book reviews and teaching P. T. A. courses. She could make wholesome fruit confections to sell over candy counters and she could teach the art of conversation. She learned that canned milk is drinkable; that sunshine is a very good substitute for cod liver oil; and that she couldn't afford to be sick.



MARBA C. JOSEPHSON
Photograph Courtesy Wilcor Studio

I know her rather well now—though not nearly well enough. I had to dig into the family records for biographical data, but many truths about the real woman I know for myself. I know one or two of her faults, as she calls them. I know a great many of her almost unlimited virtues. I know some of her capacities and what she insists on terming her limitations.

I KNOW her outstanding success as a teacher and how high her students rate her in vision, inspiration, and direction. I know something of her spirit, her love of life and delight in people—young and

old. It is significant that even in her most strenuous, time-taxing struggles, she has never completely abandoned her social life. She can preside beautifully at a luncheon and meet anyone, anywhere on his own level.

Marba is a delightful person—sound and sweet to the core—still merry, sometimes impish, but possessed of ripened judgment and rich scholarship—a woman of dignity, poise, and humor.

Others have volunteered their impressions of Marba Josephson: she has a joyous love of fun, sound sense, good judgment, great faith, generous willingness to assist

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POETRY

Armistice Day

By Eleanor A. Chaffee

FROM beyond the last horizon where it
is not ours to see,
They come to hill and valley from the
spaces that are free;
The army lost, invisible, are gathered in
today,
They crowd the streets and villages where
flags and banners sway.
Beside the marble monuments, beside the
hearts that grieve,
The clear-eyed and remembered walk, the
soldiers here on leave:

The welcome they are given is to them
like holy wine
Poured out in golden chalices, drunk at
a roadside shrine.
Beyond the last horizon they are gathered
back again:
From hearth and road and countryside,
from frosty path and lane,
They go with peace about their hearts.
They walk as men who know
That memory like a comrade goes where-
ever they may go.

Sons

By Grace Zenor Pratt

I HAVE seen them go amid flags, flying,
To victory or defeat, with heads held
high;
Have watched them march away
I stand here suffering, God, but not to die!
I stand here smiling with mute lips, my
heart mute, too,
With dread of some tomorrow, where but
memories burn—
Waiting and watching, yes, and praying,
Praying for their return . . .
But yesterday, they were my little sons
Playing at soldier . . . but today
They are grown up, my three tall sons—
Eager to march away.
At home I keep their little battered toys
Where only I may see;
The little coats they wore, a story book—
Trifles, that break the heart of me.
I hear their childish voices, brave small
deeds,
Their boyish laughter down the waiting
years—
I cannot see the glory, Lord, nor feel the
pride—
Because of tears.

Forest Ranger's Wife

By Stanley G. Allen

HER home is of log cabin style,
Ancient, but curtailed and clean;
Her lawn is a ridge-cradled mile
Of deep valley, emerald green.

No gossiping neighbor comes near;
Yet softly the mountain breeze speaks
To one who can listen and hear
The secrets of forests and creeks;

To one who can smile as the hills
Grow purple in dusk-scarves of night;
To one who can know the calm thrills
Of Home on a far, cloud-kissed height.

November Rains

By Clara Aiken Speer

GRAY old November weeps
Through all the day,
Grieving for fall-time beauty
Faded away.

For at October's passing
Glimpses he caught
Of that resplendent pageant
Autumn had wrought.

And when the winds are quiet
He listens still,
Thinking there's elfin music
Over the hill.

O for the hues of laughter,
Golden and red!
O for the painted glory
So quickly sped!

Thus old November weeps
All through the day,
Gray old November weeps
And cannot stay.

The Day of Returning

By Nellie Suydam Cowley

EACH day while I've transplanted,
raked, and trimmed,
I've felt my Mother waited for the hours
When, clean and ordered, her loved garden
plots
Were sung by Spring to perfumed seas
of flowers.

Spring's work is done. A thousand colum-
bines
Are fluttering like tethered butterflies.
High bell towers for the bees, the larkspur
spires
Show blues of stormy seas and summer
skies.

And now the patchwork-patterned pinks
are out,
The smiling pansies, apple-blossom
stocks,
Pale pink petunias, cream and mauve
sweet peas,
And frilled, dark red and salmon holly-
hocks.

Each day I've thought she would retrace
the trail
Through Death's dark canyon filled with
chill and gloom,
And surely, she'll come home again to-
night.

For see! Tomorrow her white rose
will bloom.

Generations

By Virginia Eggertsen

I WHO held a big hand
Under a spring moon
Teach at last a little hand
To hold a spoon.

I who kissed a manly mouth,
While I reminisce,
Teach at last a little mouth
To make a kiss.

I Put on the Night

By Julia W. Wolfe

AS a garment, I put off the day and the
cares that are mine:
One star at my window is set like a candle
ashine.

There's a wind in the room, cool and sweet,
and it bears on its wings
Old fragrance and quiet and sleep and
dreams of old things.

Today has slipped into the past on a
journey unknown.
Tomorrow is God's and is safe; tonight
is my own.

Like a candle my star in the west burns
low with its light.
As a beautiful garment of rest I put on
the night.

Two Before a Hearth Fire

By Ethel Romig Fuller

IT'S almost too much to be so happy
As I am sitting here tonight with you
Before the hearth fire, crackling bright and
snappy,
A windy lullaby crooned in the flue. . .
You with a magazine you read aloud,
The lamplight shining on your dear dark
hair,
(You've told me mine's a lovely golden
cloud),
O will our baby be brunette, or fair?
I feel a fluttering in me like a bird;
It takes my breath . . . I lay my sewing
down;
And you, pick up the little soft white
gown,
To gaze on it in awe. Ours! . . . you say
the word
That sends me to your arms. . . Your
tender kiss
Is amen to an hour as sweet as this.

Affinity

By Maude Blixt Trone

AGAINST cold cliffs that loom above
the sea
She strained to catch the symphonies
some hear
While chilling fogs rolled up, and misery
Was chordeed with low undertones of
fear.
She searched for beauty where a ghoulish
sun
Pours death into a desert's greedy bowl,
And sickened as she counted one by one
Bones bleaching near a poisoned water
hole.
Small wonder that with homesick cries
she flung
Herself upon the earth where pure
streams flow,
Blessed with tears the clean dark soil,
and clung
With grateful fingers where cool mosses
grow.
The forest sang to have her back, and
high
Green canyon walls rose smiling to the
sky.

CHURCH MOVES ON

Indians Fill Missions

MORONI TIMBIMBOO and Henry Woonsook, full-blood Indians, have been called to labor as elders on the Fort Peck Indian reservation in the Central States Mission. These men both won recognition by their outstanding work among their own people in the Malad Stake of Zion.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe Teaches at Southern California

DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE, editor of *The Improvement Era* and a member of the council of the Twelve Apostles, is lecturing at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. Dr. Widtsoe is presenting Mormon philosophy and practice to those who are interested in religious education.

President Colton Lauds Cumorah

PRESIDENT DON B. COLTON expressed the view that the new monument on the Hill Cumorah would be an important factor in the presentation of the Gospel to people living in the Eastern States Mission and especially in New York state. He announced that plans for an information bureau are already being laid. This bureau will be located near or on the Hill Cumorah and will be manned by missionaries.

30,000 Have Heard Kimball in Washington Chapel

PROFESSOR EDWARD P. KIMBALL, Salt Lake Tabernacle organist, has attracted approximately 30,000 to the New Washington, D. C. Tabernacle with his music, according to an Associated Press dispatch. Professor Kimball celebrated recently his thirtieth anniversary as a tabernacle organist.

Seventies To Study Bible

IN order properly to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the printing of the complete Holy Bible, Seventies of the Church have been asked to make Bible study a project for next year. The Old Testament is to be the special field for study.

Book of Mormon to be Published in Braille

THE Book of Mormon is soon to be published in Braille in order that the 127,000 blind people in the United States may have it available for reading, according to an announcement made at general confer-

ence by President Heber J. Grant. The Society for the Aid of the Sightless, of which Elder George Albert Smith is president, has been working on the matter for some time and have finally worked out the necessary details. Printing on the book will likely begin soon.

The Church Moves On

DURING the years that proselyting has been going forward among the Latter-day Saints, the immigration of Saints to the United States has fallen into the following classification:

From Great Britain, sixty thousand.
From the Scandinavian countries, thirty-five thousand.
From Germany and other countries, twenty thousand.

Recent Occurrences As Reported by the Historian's Office

HAGERMAN—BLAINE STAKE

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT dedicated a chapel at Hagerman on Sunday, September 15, 1935. Fifty years ago this area was part of the

Oakley Branch which at that time belonged to the Tooele Stake over which President Grant presided.

HOMESTEAD WARD—SACRAMENTO STAKE

Elder Stephen L. Richards dedicated a chapel in this ward.

LANDMARK

An old cottonwood tree near the Springville Third Ward chapel is to be preserved as a landmark. This tree is 40 feet high and was there when the first pioneers came to Springville in 1850.

LION HOUSE SOCIAL CENTER

The building between the Lion House and the Bee-Hive House has been added to the Social Center. This building was, for many years, the office of the First Presidency of the Church.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

Students from 26 states, the District of Columbia, and from foreign countries have registered at the B. Y. U. It is expected that the enrollment will exceed 2,200.

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PROFESSOR B. F. LARSEN AND HIS ALPINE SUMMER SCHOOL ART CLASS, 1935

Art at Alpine Summer School

PROFESSOR B. F. LARSEN, well known artist, was director of art at the Alpine Summer School of Brigham Young University, which closed on August 23. He reports that he had an unusually fine class of young artists. The activities of the art colony came to a close with an art exhibit and an illustrated lecture by Professor Avar

Fairbanks, nationally known sculptor of the University of Michigan. Professor Fairbanks illustrated his lecture by modeling a piece in the presence of his audience.

The Alpine Summer School had the largest enrollment in its history, according to Dean Hugh M. Woodward, an indication that the out-door school is growing in popularity.

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

New York's Planetarium

ANOTHER planetarium has been built in the United States to give enjoyment and to add to the popular knowledge of the heavens. (*Science News Letter*, Sept. 21, 1935.) It is the Hayden Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

In the planetarium the stars are projected onto a dark ceiling by an intricate ingenious apparatus made by the famous German Zeiss optical company. The planetarium cannot only show the stars as we see them now at night but in a few minutes the movement of the planets, the moon and the sun, the yearly rotation of the heavens can be shown. The position of the stars at any given time—say 3000 B. C. when Alpha Draconis of the constellation The Dragon was the North Star, to 13,935 A. D. when Vega, now overhead, will be the north star—can be seen in but a few minutes.

Vegetable Fats Found Nutritious

VEGETABLE fats are completely digestible and are perfectly satisfactory in meeting body needs for fat. According to Dr. Harry Steenboch of the University of Wisconsin, reported in *Science*, August 9, 1935, it is not necessary to have fat from animals in the diet.

Experimental work on animals by Dr. Steenboch and his associates confirming similar work done elsewhere showed that the lack of fat in the diet results in abnormal symptoms, even stopping of growth.

The investigation showed all edible fats, vegetable and animal, including hydrogenated fats are completely absorbed when the melting point is below body temperature.

Some compounds tend to slow up fat digestion, when consumed with them. Sodium benzoate, a food preservative, reduced amount absorbed in 4 hours from 54% to 14%. Alcohol also markedly reduced the rate. Lack of vitamins in the diet slowed down this digestion rate.

Vitamin E

VITAMIN E, the fertility vitamin, necessary if female animals are to produce young, appears to be one of the higher alcohols. Evidence to this effect was given by Drs. H. M. Evans, O. H. Emerson, and G. A. Emerson of the University of California at the San Francisco meeting of the American Chemical Society. (*Science*, Aug. 23, 1935.) By suitable chemical treatment of a concentrated wheat germ extract, known to be

rich in vitamin E, they were able to produce a crystalline substance highly potent in vitamin E. Analysis showed it to be a higher alcohol, each molecule containing 29 atoms of carbon, 50 of hydrogen, and 2 of oxygen.

Prolonged Use of Alcohol Causes Loss of Intelligence

PROLONGED use of alcohol may cause actual loss of intelligence. Dr. Harry C. Mahan, of Warren State Hospital, Warren, Pa., reported at the meeting of the American Psychological Association. (*Science News Letter*, Sept. 21, 1935.)

Dr. Mahan bases his conclusions on a study of fifty alcoholic patients. As an example, one highly trained professional man lost intelligence until he had the mind of a ten and a half year old child.

Heavy Neon

PREPARATION of 99 per cent pure "heavy" neon, the gaseous element of the familiar neon sign, was announced to the British Association for the Advancement of Science (*Science*, Sept. 13, 1935) by Dr. Gustav Hertz of the Siemens-Halske Company, Berlin. The separation of the two isotopes, one with an atomic weight of 20, and the heavier of 22 was accomplished by use of the diffusion technique. The neon was drawn through a battery of tubes containing porous material by mercury vapor pumps, enabling a concentrating of the normally one heavy neon atom in ten, to 98 to 99 per cent in five hours.

Man Will Be Able To Build Any Element

IFORESEE a time, not immeasurably distant, when it will be possible for us to synthesize any element whatever, wherever and when we please; alchemy indeed in the service of man," Dr. F. W. Aston of Trinity College, Cambridge, told the British Association for the Advancement of Science. (*Science*, Sept. 13, 1935.)

Thus does an eminent physicist sum up the progress made since alchemists strove in vain for centuries to change baser elements into gold.

X-Ray Treatment of Plants

THE effects of treatment of plants with X-rays to produce changes in their offspring is not limited to the immediate outcome. Prof. T. H. Goodspeed, of the University of Chicago, described to the Sixth International Botanical Congress the effect of X-ray bombardment. (*Science News Letter*, Sept. 7, 1935.) X-ray

treatment not only induces permanent hereditary changes but the following generations may produce also other changes even without being X-rayed themselves.

After four years of experimentation a bulb has been made to grow a new generation of lilies that keep their petals white by never shedding pollen on them, so as not to disfigure the flowers.

Windpipe's "Lid" Not Used During Swallowing Food

THE epiglottis or "lid" of the windpipe does not guide the food down the right channel and keep the food from going into the larynx or windpipe by mistake. The Fifteenth International Physiological Congress at Leningrad was told by Dr. Oscar Russell, of Ohio State University. (*Science News Letter*, August 17, 1935.)

The three parts of the throat which prevent choking are known as the cartilage of Wrisberg, the arytenoid cartilages, and the pulvinar. The first two isolate the larynx by combined forward movements, and the other by a backward movement. Removal of these three parts in cancer operations on the larynx accounts for choking after food, following such an operation.

The purpose of the epiglottis is to vary the effective size of the opening of the larynx or voice box. It seems to oscillate up and down according to vocal requirements, but not to shut completely nor to have any tendency to close when food is taken.

(Dr. Russell came, as a young man, from Colorado to Brigham Young University for his earlier college work. He is now an authority in phonetics.)

Capsule Before Breakfast Gives Immunity To Colds

THE taking of capsules containing measured amounts of cold vaccine made of pneumococci, and influenza organisms and *M. catarrhalis* reduced colds 50 per cent for 445 persons last winter. The capsules were taken with a half a glass of cold water half an hour before breakfast every morning. People with chronic colds were greatly helped according to Drs. George E. Rockwell and Hermann C. Van Kirk, of the University of Cincinnati, and Dr. H. M. Powell of the Lilly Research Laboratories, Indianapolis. (*Science*, Aug. 23, 1935.)

After the first week of daily treatment weekly treatment was necessary because of the short-lived immunity given by these organisms

CHALLENGE OF CHARM

By KATIE C. JENSEN

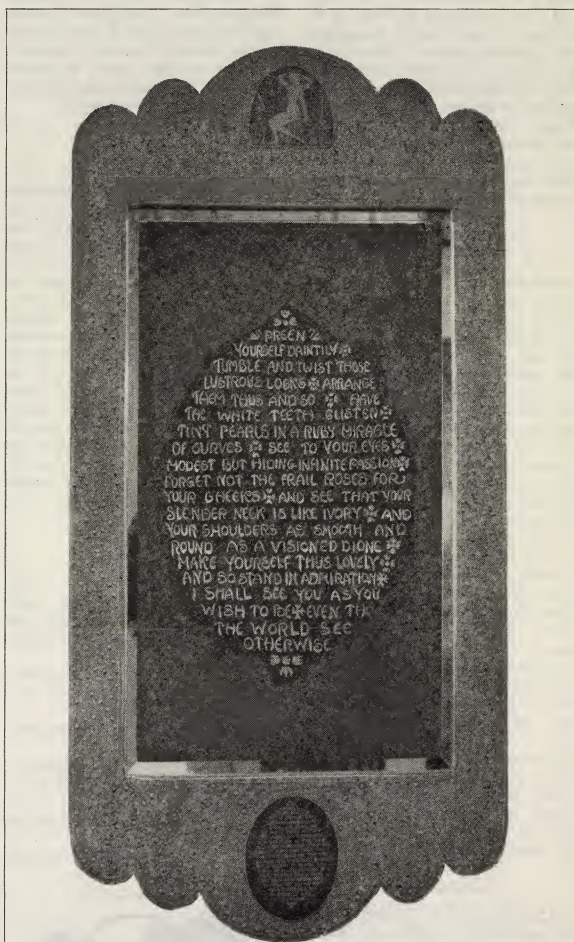
"Take what God gives, O heart of mine,
And build your house of happiness
Perchance others have been given more
But many have been given less;
The treasure lying round your feet
Whose value you but faintly guess.
Another builder looking on
Would barter Heaven to possess."
—Anon.

How Do You Act and React?

Do you know that—
"The best lip salve—is truth.
The best rouge—is modesty.
The best cure for deafness—is attention.
The best water—is tears of sympathy.
The best mirror—is reflection.
The best powder—is innocence.
The best tonic against immorality—is a pure, sweet life, which is more precious than fine gold, and it is the glory of womanhood.
The best art—is the painting of a smile on the brow of age or youth.
The best tonic—is to know that you are loved.
The best philosophy—is to laugh, to learn, to love, to lift, to live. "Live as though you were growing up, not growing old."

POISE (Get your Bearings)

A NOBLE and attractive bearing is the fruit of kindly acts and deeds and has been described as the last touch. It is the result of the true balance and harmony of body and soul. The expression "savoir-faire" means to know, to do. Great possibilities arise from knowing how and are realized by doing. Poise cannot be purchased but it may be acquired. It gives the strength and balance that enable one to see and grasp the fleeting opportunities. To have poise one must be free of self-consciousness and timidity. Complexes, inhibitions are deadly enemies of poise. In this swiftly moving age competition is so sharp that one rarely has a second chance at anything. Even in conversation the opportunity for say-



SOME inanimate objects, like some people, possess a persuasive power over our imaginations. To behold them is to wonder; to watch them is to dream. This mysterious quality perhaps resides in the small yellow-green mirror that for almost a year has hung within the entrance to the Lion House. Speculation has grown regarding its origin, age, ownership, and indeed, its very meaning. This last, apparently, can only be further guessed at or found by each for himself. Its creator, Paul Smith, who teaches art at the Lion House, only smiles in answer quite as enigmatically as the words of his mirror and asks:

"What do you wish to see: That exactly will you see. That is the mirror's meaning. But that means more, to some, than many will suppose."

ing any particular thing is gone if one hesitates more than an instant.

Poise need not rob one of naturalness or freedom. It is control over that naturalness. We have laid waste so many powers, so let us practice self-control, beginning with spiritual forces. "Spirituality is to feel one's faculties developing under intelligent guidance." "Spirituality is seeing God in common things, realization through doing, not dreaming. Dreaming is less expensive, but it is less expressive. Poise means—balance, ease, power, smoothness.

SET YOUR OWN PACE

"When you feel tense, angry, nervously excited, or self-conscious, so that you are not at ease or do not express yourself well, consciously slow down your thinking and talking. Breathe deeply for several slow-measured breaths to relax. Organize your thoughts and then talk slowly. Don't let anyone rush you. Set your own pace for acting, thinking, talking, a pace that you can maintain with ease and serenity." And remember you are moving in a world of human beings as timid and fearful as you are.

That little word "up!" Nearly everything you do or perhaps everything you should do—is "up." Your thoughts, your chins, your chests, your mouths, your eyes, your hearts—everything up-lifted. One poised, radiant body can lift a whole room full. At first you have to be conscious of your posture, walk, position, manner, but after a while they sink into the subconscious, and make a path which you follow subconsciously. "Your body intelligence has accepted it." When this stage is reached, you have poise—a personality with a smooth, silken swish.

GOBLINS

"Complexes," "Inhibitions," "Repressions." Books and books are written about these fellows. But the charming girl doesn't have time to read about them. She fills her life so full of people and loveliness that she is not self-conscious or repressed.

"THINK OUT"

Personality grows by accumulation of experiences and emotions; by association with people. Any

mental or emotional barrier that you erect, to shut yourself in, and to shut people out stifles your personality. Inward negative habits of thinking, such as spiteful thoughts about a neighbor, vicious remarks about a girl in your crowd, hateful attitude toward a relative, self-pity, jealousy, envy of someone's success, deaden your personality and "cramp your style."

SHYNESS

MOST shyness arises as a result of some unpleasant experience in childhood. The girl, who at thirteen (all legs and angles) was told by her cousin that boys would never like her because she was too tall, started slumping, dropping her chin, in an effort to shorten herself. As a result, she lost her charm through poor posture, developed an inferiority complex. To stand tall, to think tall, to appear tall—is power. Although when near shorter people (men especially) the tall girl may shorten herself two inches if she knows how to relax at the knee. A tall girl could be poised and at ease if she would stand near a chair, a table, or a taller person.

DANGER SIGNALS

Do you ever see red? Yes, just as clearly as when you come to an intersection. There are just as many "reds" in health, beauty, and charm:

If you have that abused feeling—that you are picked on or neglected.

If your friends are all wrong and you are right.

If your food doesn't taste good—or your new dress looks green instead of blue.

If you are jumpy and little things annoy you.

If you are "low" and wonder "what's the use."



If your boy friend isn't as handsome as he seemed to be last week (and maybe you noticed he said ain't for the first time).

If your husband compares you with other women. (If the children upset you.)

If your boss is unreasonable. If the world seems all wrong, and heaven so far away—then watch out.

Something is wrong with you—physically. You may be all tired out. If you are tired, why not rest? It may be for only ten minutes, but it may save a family quarrel, a nervous break-down, a mistake in your bookkeeping.

ARE YOU SLEEPING

While you sleep, nerve-knots are being ironed out, tissues repaired, the whole battery known as your body is being recharged. When you go to bed, stretch your body, your mind, your imagination, and go to sleep. The matter of sleeplessness is largely a mental state. A little auto-suggestion is all that is necessary to enable you to sink into a blissful state of slumber.

HOW TO KEEP YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Try these rules for one week and if you like them try them the rest of your life.

1. A body is like a motor. It runs down. The human motor needs rest and sleep. Hands, face, and skin need to be kept clean.

2. Play often, with children or with young people. The mental outlook of youth is stimulating and refreshing.

3. Do not worry. Do not cross bridges that you may never come to. Let the sweet, simple things of life win your enthusiasm. Small joys are wonderful youth preservers. Worry destroys the contours of the face.

4. Make believe. Have imagination to dream a little. It is good for the soul that feels tired and let down.

5. Stay away from people when weary. Be alone for a short time when day's work is done.

THE MORNING GROUCH

THE morning grouch, nurtured and strengthened by indulgence, is one mood that actually has its roots in the physical.

If the old grouch has become your morning indulgence, exchange him for "adventure." Each morning, just as soon as your eyes open, and you yawn and stretch, try stretching your mind with the philosophy of Grace Noll Crowell:

"The day will bring some lovely thing,"

I say it over each new dawn:
Some gay, adventurous thing to hold

Against my heart when it is gone.
And so I rise and go to meet
The day with wings upon my feet."

MANNERS AND CHARM

Do you know the art of human blend?

"There is always a best way of doing everything. Manners are the happy way of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops that give such a depth to the morning meadows."—*Emerson*.

Are you Emily Post? Do you know your way about in this great old world? If your behavior is good, and your rules of etiquette suited to your community social standards, then you are at ease.

It is hard for women to excuse rudeness in men, but men will not tolerate bitterness, sarcasm, criticism from women. The Humming Bird flies about the garden, testing the sweetness in the hearts of the flowers. Have you noticed he hums more happily and stays longer where the heart of the flower gives forth the most sweetness? And so with men. They are attracted by kindness, graciousness, understanding. Their behavior will be what we encourage by our own. Women who know men will keep out of their way when they are in an unreasonable mood. When a man is in a little boy tantrum, the woman will be grown up, hoping when she cries and is a little foolish, he will be her anchor during the storm. While the average man is inclined to make you want to hit and hug him, he is sure proof that most women can take a joke. Many a wife has found that hugging her husband is the best way to get around him.

THE ACT OF HOSPITALITY

In Church—In the churches we open with prayer. Does that mean that an invitation has been extended to the Heavenly Father to be present? If so, what kind of hosts and hostesses do we make? Are we reverent, calm, gracious, quiet? Not long ago a prominent man was asked to deliver an address in the tabernacle. After the first speech many people in the audience left the meeting. The second speaker, very well poised, ignored it. It was decidedly poor taste on the part of those who left. Courtesy demands that people remain in the church until a meeting is dismissed. How do you treat the stranger who enters your meeting house? How many of them have you stopped to shake hands with?

In the Home—Your home is the frame of a masterpiece. The masterpiece is you. Starting when you were very young, you have marcelled, massaged, punished, coaxed, urged, instructed, and disciplined your inner self, your personality, into the shape you want it to take, into the masterpiece that you are. And then you make a frame for this masterpiece, which is your home. When it is varnished with charm, gilded with happiness, mellowed with heartache, it is the appropriate frame for you. At your invitation the outside world looks in, and the favored ones are allowed to enter.

Long ago, in many homes, there were mottoes worked in gay yarn and framed and hung on the door. One of them read: "God bless our happy home." A recent magazine said—that is no longer "bless our happy home," but "bless our scrappy home." Why not have an entirely new motto?—

"Christ is the head of this house
The unseen guest at every meal
The silent listener to every conversation."

When Mrs. Noal asked her husband why she was a good wife—(You notice she didn't say "Am I a good wife?"), he answered—"You have a sense of humor, you look nice around the house, you bake bread, you make such gooey orange cake, you like white sheets, and you make my friends welcome." Not a very big order is it?

How Is Your Small Talk?

"Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her I shall follow as the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps anywhere around the globe."

—*Walt Whitman*.

HOW do you affect people?

Like an alarm clock or one that ticks out of time? Like a worn-out victrola record or static on a radio? Did you know the man who said the only perpetual motion he had found was his wife's tongue?

It isn't so much what you say as how you say it. Inner kindness, love, appreciation will make a voice lovely. You may take courses in speech, voice placement, dramatic reading, but unless you have soul, and your voice reflects it, all is in vain. This is a voice age—you are judged by your voice. So, even imitation of someone else is dangerous. Your voice is your organ—how do you play it?

Words also matter. And there are so many beautiful words, why use ugly ones. Slang is like cayenne pepper—a little will go a long way. The charming person finds many nice and clever words with which to express herself. Your dictionary should be one of your best friends. Words are free—make them yours. Some of the most effective words are: "I am sorry," "Pardon me" is never proper, but the real gentleman or lady keeps ready for emergencies, "I beg your pardon," or "Excuse me." People who wish to be charming never offend or hurt intentionally and are always willing to do everything to make amends. The offender needs sympathy, not condemnation. To apologize for self is to apologize for God's creation, but to apologize for something you do or say is gracious, proper, and intelligent. But how do you react when someone is sorry? Are you so gracious that you make him a little glad he has done something to be sorry about because he has found such nice spots in your personality?

What Do You Talk About?

Many people have good ideas for talk, but lack words and ease in expressing themselves. The charming conversationalist is charming because she gets people to talk about themselves. Nice people

(Continued on page 706)

EDITORIAL

Our Leader

President Heber J. Grant will reach the seventy-ninth anniversary of his birth on the twenty-second of this month. The day finds him in the best of health. His vigor of body, mind, and spirit seem undiminished. His zest of life and its many duties, especially in his high office, is keen and vibrant. He leads where many younger men have not the energy and strength to follow. He has been greatly blessed. For this the whole Church is grateful. *The Era* extends to its senior editor "birthday" congratulations and best wishes for many happy returns of the day.

In the doctrinal structure of the Church, the first principle is continued revelation from God, and in the organization of the Church, the key figure is the President of the High Priesthood, through whom revelations for the conduct of the Church are given. These are two of the marks by which the true Church of Christ may ever be recognized.

The logic of this foundation of the Church is irresistible. If "the spirit giveth light (revelation) to every man that cometh into the world," for his personal welfare, the same spirit must reveal truth through a sustained leader for the guidance of the body of the Church. Take away continuous revelation and the Church becomes man-made; take away the inspired authorized leader, and the Church becomes rudderless. Erase these two marks and commotion, conflict and chaos result.

The President of the Church is "appointed by revelation, and acknowledged in his administration by the Church." No man may with safety aspire to this position, which is filled, as all other positions in the Church, however humble the instruments used, through the will of the Lord. Yet, every man retains the right to sustain or fail to sustain the man divinely appointed to lead the Church, and to abide by the consequences of his act. Therefore, the people vote upon their officers in frequent conferences.

The President has vast powers conferred upon him. "He is to preside over the whole Church, and be like unto Moses—Behold, here is wisdom; yea to be a seer, a revelator, a translator, and a prophet, having all the gifts of God which he bestows upon the head of the Church." That is, he may bring into action the gift or power needed at a particular time to meet the emergency or need of the Church. In his official capacity he speaks under inspiration. He becomes the mouthpiece of the Lord on earth. He is primarily a teacher of the principles of the plan of salvation. He never attempts to force his views upon men, or to coerce the human will.

Naturally, it may and does happen that the views of some members of the Church, intent upon their own purposes, fail to harmonize with the teachings of the president of the Church. The history of the Church has shown, however, that

the counsel given by the President has always been the best to meet an existing condition. It has been so from Joseph Smith to Heber J. Grant. Each President has met perfectly the needs of his day. The lesson of history teaches that the members of the Church may safely follow the leadership of the man called to preside over the Church. Moreover, men may recognize the truth emanating from the President of the Church, by a simple formula, "whosoever receiveth my word receiveth me, and whosoever receiveth me receiveth those, the First Presidency, whom I have sent, whom I have made counselors for my name's sake unto you." Those who are wise will be alert to the word of our Prophet, and anxious to abide by his counsel.

President Grant's administration has been marked by rapid, steady progress of the Church. His problems have been many, his duties innumerable, his leadership safe. His watchword has been, "Keep the commandments." The Spirit of revelation has been upon him. He has the love and confidence of the people of the Church and of many beyond. He stands a worthy successor by the side of those who have preceded him in his exalted calling. But, under the Lord, he but represents the people of the Church and serves them all on earth. His power of service and joy of accomplishment will increase with the earnest, sincere support of the people. Whenever spirit speaks to spirit, from man to man, from member to president, when all are united, the full glory of the Lord will rest upon His Church. We have been commanded to support the President of the Church and his counselors, by our "confidence, faith and prayer." Let us do so.

In this troubled age, Latter-day Saints may well sing, joyously, "We thank Thee, O God, for a prophet, to guide us in these latter days."—J. A. W.

Armistice or Permanent Peace

THE beating of tom-toms and the firing of ammunition in the far-east bring vividly to mind that other year, seventeen years ago, when the great world holocaust was declared halted by the armistice. That war had been fought to end war—yet today the same kind of selfish aggressiveness is threatening to embroil the world again.

"If Christian nations were nations of Christians, there would be no wars," said Soame Jenyns. Christ said, "Thou shalt not kill." This applies equally to nations as to individuals. "But wouldn't you have nations defend their honor?" someone will ask immediately. The duel has long since been outlawed as a means of vindicating personal honor. How long will it be before the same application can be made for nations? Honor seems to become dishonor when it means the

slaying of the world's most promising young people. The definition of national honor might lie in the pocketbook of certain selfish forces.

Christ also said: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you. . . . And if ye love them that love you, what thanks have you? for even sinners love those that love them. And if ye do good to them that do good to you, what thanks have ye? for even sinners do the same. . . . But love your enemies, and do them good." If this were practised in every-day living, among neighbors and associates, the carry-over among nations would not be so difficult.

This Armistice Day let mankind then be thankful that the World War ended when it did and let all pray and live that no more world wars will ever again occur.—*M. C. J.*

What About Him Now?

To the Sovereign Citizens of the United States:

ONE year ago we addressed an editorial to you bearing the title, "Indicted." Since that time, hard liquor has returned, dispensed by the state liquor stores (in Utah) and by similar and other means in other states. At that time we quoted Henry Grady. We quote a part of his speech again:

"My friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back. . . . It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshriven to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood before Jericho. . . . It can profit no man by its return. . . . It comes to destroy, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. (In these days we might add daughters.) It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. . . . It comes to bring gray-haired mothers in sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair, and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children, and to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home."

Your Honors: Just because liquor is sponsored by the state and sold under state direction, its nature has not been changed. It is still deadly in its effects; it is still habit-forming; the snakes are still in the bottles.

Because the state has sponsored the selling of hard-liquors it has become a partner of John Barleycorn. Weak-kneed newspapers that once refused liquor advertising now accept it because, they say, the distribution of liquor is a state industry and, therefore, should be advanced. They argue that the advertisements are not taken to encourage the drinking of more liquor, but to enable the purchaser to make a better choice.

Young people, your sons and daughters, and old people as well, say that there can be no great harm in the purchase and use of hard liquors because the state sponsors and encourages both. Some users even argue that the use of liquor aids industry and that, therefore, they are performing



The Fellow Who Promised to Go Straight

—Thomas in the Detroit News

Used by Permission

a patriotic duty when they purchase and consume a state-sponsored product.

You who have eyes to see and ears to hear are already aware of conditions which exist in your community. The sickening sight of drunken men, and even women, is to be had in every village and city of Utah and of all other states where liquor is sold. Liquor has not changed; neither have men, under the influence of liquor changed.

Recently, a car-load of women driven by a woman was returning from a convention. They attempted to pass a car rolling slowly along in head of them. The driver of the slow car immediately accelerated his car and prevented them from passing. Then he and his companions slowed down until the women once more attempted to pass. This time the other car sped up and as it came along side of the women, the driver, leering drunkenly at them, offered them a drink from a bottle. Again they slowed up. The men—if one may call them men—once more slowed down, emptied their bottle by passing it around among themselves and then dashed it on the pavement in front of the woman-driven car. They kept their car at a snail's pace until they neared a city and then sped away.

We are living under a new liquor regime. An educational program off-setting the evils of drink should immediately get under way. Unfortunately, states which sponsor the sale of liquor cannot consistently sponsor an educational program which will curtail the use of liquor, yet the schools must once more rush to the battle front and fight this enemy of humanity; the churches must get a program going. John Barleycorn must be met and grappled with.

One town in Utah has asked that the state liquor store be removed from its confines, others may do likewise as the ravishes of liquor become apparent.

Now that John Barleycorn has been invited back to your town, what do you think of him?—*H. R. M.*

"WE DON'T VOTE IN

IN November, 1932, nearly forty millions of our citizens appeared at the polls to cast their votes in the most important of all political contests—the election of a President of the United States. From this mighty, suspenseful drama, however, one small section of our country stood apart, an area, strangely enough, that constitutes the very heart of our nation. In the city of Washington and the surrounding territory that comprises the District of Columbia not a single vote was cast.

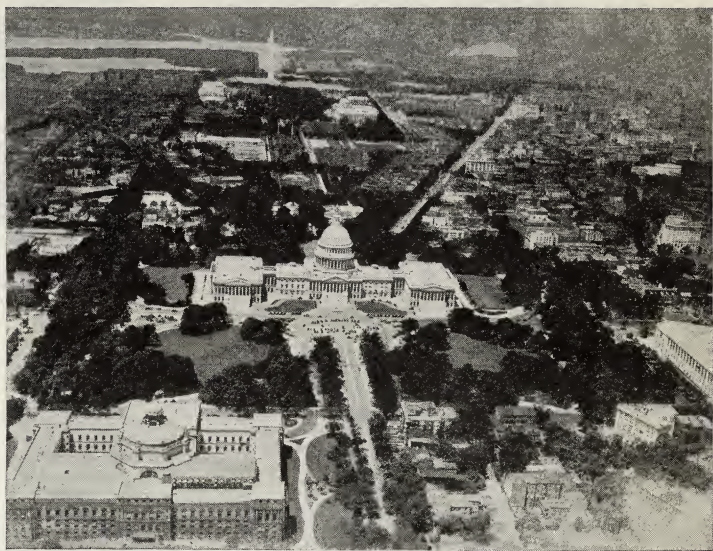
This is one of the most amazing facts regarding our national capital, one that makes it unique among the great capital cities of the world.

The people of the District of Columbia, with the exception of the federal employees, have never taken part in a national election. For a time Washington citizens elected certain of their local officials, but now even this privilege they no longer enjoy.

The federal employees serving the nation in the District of Columbia, either by election or appointment, retain their rights as citizens of the states from whence they came, and there enjoy full voting rights in all local and national elections. Out of a population of nearly half a million, these workers number about sixty thousand, leaving over four hundred thousand people in the District of Columbia without either local or national suffrage!

This peculiar situation, present in no other capital city in the world, was created by our Constitution, which provides that Congress shall have the power to exercise exclusive legislation over the seat of government of the United States.

In 1791, when President Washington, with the aid of Jefferson and Madison, chose the site of our



AN AIR VIEW OF WASHINGTON
Photo by Underwood and Underwood.

national capital, he selected a tract of sixty-four square miles lying within the state of Maryland and a tract of thirty-six square miles lying within the state of Virginia. These states ceded their political control over this territory to the federal government. The land itself was given to the nation by the individual citizens who owned it, an act characterized by Thomas Jefferson as "truly noble."

Until the government took over the ceded territory in December, 1800, its residents retained their rights as citizens of the states from which the territory was taken. With the nation's acquisition of the land, however, they ceased to possess the privilege of voting in national elections.

In the changing forms of gov-

ernment that were visited upon the national capital from its inception in 1791 to the last great change in 1878, the people were permitted, in varying degrees, to participate.

The city of Washington, duly incorporated by Congress, was governed by a Mayor, first appointed by the President, later by a local Council and Board of Aldermen, and finally by direct vote. Throughout this period the people exercised a certain measure of control through the Council which they elected and the Board of Aldermen chosen by the Council, these bodies having the power to override the veto of the Mayor by a three-fourths vote.

Meanwhile the requirements of citizenship were liberalized. First, only freeholders were allowed to vote. Later all white male residents paying school tax were enfranchised, and finally all male residents without regard to race or color.

IN 1846 the government ceded back to Virginia the thirty-six

ELECTIONS come and go in America, but they make little difference to the citizens of the District of Columbia—Did you know that?

Federal employees from the various states may vote in their own states, but nearly half a million American citizens have no suffrage.

WASHINGTON"

By ADRIAN ANDERSON

square miles which it had been granted by that state, having decided that this territory was not required for the national capital.

On February 21, 1871, Congress revoked the charters of Washington and Georgetown and established a government in the District of Columbia similar to that in force in the Territories of the United States. The President appointed a governor and a council of eleven members from among the residents of the District. Still the people held a measure of control over their political affairs through a House of Delegates which they elected.

This last change proved ill-advised, for no sooner had the new Territory been established than a group of speculators gained control of its government and plundered it into bankruptcy. Because of this the United States, in 1878, abolished this new scheme and placed the District under the control of Congress. Immediately all voting powers of the people ceased.

Congress assumed the right to

make all laws, levy all taxes and fix the amounts of all annual appropriations of the District. The immediate conduct of the District affairs was placed in the hands of a board of three commissioners, appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate. Two of its members were selected from the citizenry of the District, the third was drawn from the Engineer Corps of the United States Army. These were the men delegated to govern the District of Columbia under the supervision of Congress.

This is the governing machinery that now controls the destinies of our national capital. In 1925 a sort of City Council was elected by the people, without legal power, to advise the Board of Commissioners.

THE national government shares with the people the operating expenses of the District. First it paid one-half, later forty percent, and finally in 1925 set its present rate of payment—a fixed sum of \$9,000,000 annually.

Needless to say, in this section where the citizens pay taxes but do not vote, there has been con-

siderable agitation for local and national suffrage. This change can only be accomplished by a Constitutional amendment, ratified by at least three-fourths of the individual states. Such an amendment has often been proposed but has never reached a vote.

Among those who favored the existing arrangement was the late President Taft, who once expressed himself as follows:

"Washington and his associates intended that the seat of the United States government should be governed by those who represent the nation . . . that this should be a Federal city. It is a Federal city. Every citizen of the United States feels that he owns a part of this capital. It is intended that the District should be an exception to the theory of self-government, that it should be governed by those who had a national outlook. . ."

It has been pointed out by other advocates of the present system that the District already has a special committee of twenty-two members in Congress whose duty it is to safeguard the welfare of the national capital. A small additional representation, they contend, would incur no added benefits. And finally they claim that a majority of the citizens of the District do not desire a change.

Those who desire local and national suffrage for the District assert that its residents have the same interest in national affairs as other citizens of the nation and are therefore entitled to the same participation in its government. They also claim the people's right to select the officials who handle their taxes. Lastly, they argue that, since the people of the District measure up to all the requirements of American citizenship, they are entitled to full suffrage.

In time this interesting question will in all probability become a national issue. Then we shall be assisted in its settlement by a full presentation of the case both for and against a change in this unique form of government.

THE MUNICIPAL BUILDING. WHERE THE AFFAIRS OF THE CITY ARE ADMINISTERED.
Photo by Underwood and Underwood.



BOOKS ARE MASTERS

By ADAH ROBERTS NAYLOR

"Books are masters who instruct us
Without rods or ferrules,
Without words of anger,
Without bread or money—
If you approach them, they are not
asleep;
If you seek them, they do not hide;
If you blunder, they do not scold,
If you are ignorant, they do not laugh."

OF all the arts, that of book making is perhaps the most precious—precious because through books, truth comes to be a universal possession. There has always been in the heart of man a strong desire to pass on to future generations the knowledge he has acquired. Anciently the sage said to the children—"My father told me that his father told him"—and so treasured bits of knowledge were in a way preserved. But slowly the art of writing was evolved, and gradually man came to make a written record of all he felt, all that he thought, and all that he did—so books were born.

Today we live in a veritable sea of books, great books—good books—bad books and indifferent books—literally thousands of them are daily flung helter, skelter from the press, and the average reader is bewildered by the number and the kinds that confront him. From this condition there has developed what might be termed a new profession, that of book-reviewing. Everywhere we turn, on the radio, in magazines and newspapers, and from the lecture platform, books are being classified and reviewed for us.

There are many classifications of books, but broadly speaking—books that tell what man has done are called History; what man has thought, Philosophy; what man has made, Art; what man knows and can prove, Science; those that explain the action of the mind, Psychology, and those that record life as lived by one individual, Biography. There are also books on travel, books of poetry, and the great mass of fiction, which owes its popularity to two facts,—one that we like to be stirred emotionally, and the other, that fiction, when it is true to life, becomes the best means of teaching truth.

In the past many people have thought of education as having very definitely to do with school or col-

lege, but with books classified and arranged as they are today in Public Libraries, any adult who has the desire and knows how to study can educate himself.

All of us have an urge to read, a desire to extend our personality beyond the narrow limits of our individual life—the thing we lack is direction in reading. We should know that, "today is but the extension of yesterday;" that the world as it is, is the result of what the world has been, and if we are to understand the present and find our place in the scheme of things, we must know the world's story from the beginning. We need to go back to the frontiers of knowledge—to ancient history, to Greek thought and art; and most of all we need to study the Bible, that great universal book which is the basis of English Literature, and which aside from the spiritual truths it teaches, sets a standard of literary excellence that modern writers have failed to equal.

Once we have gained a foundation for reading the way is clear before us, for we have some understanding of the past; and the standards by which we may judge the books of today. It is impossible to read certain books and be just the same person afterwards, not because of what books tell us but because of what they suggest to us. Great books often move us deeply and profoundly, and sometimes they change the whole tenure of our lives.

AN interesting example of this type of inspirational reading is given by Jane Addams. Some forty odd years ago when she opened Hull House, she found playing about the streets a gang of boys, who, because of their destructive pranks, were a menace to the neighborhood. In an effort to correct this condition she engaged the help of an attractive young college girl, and opened a Saturday afternoon reading class for boys. Tom, the leader of the gang, was induced to attend and soon became the most interested listener of the group. The stories of Prince Roland and of King Arthur and his

knights enthralled him and he came early and stayed late. Then one day, during the reading hour, Jane Addams saw him rush cap in hand from the room. She called to know what was wrong; he paused, and choking back a sob answered in a husky voice, "I'm not coming any more, Prince Roland's dead." For him that legendary character of long ago had become a living, breathing, moving person; and the chivalrous deeds, the noble desires, the unstained honor of Prince Roland opened for him a new world and a new life.

The circumstances of life often limit our activities, but we, and we alone set the limit of our intellectual lives. Robert Louis Stevenson, the beloved, is an example of a man whose outward life was circumscribed and limited by physical ills, and yet no man ever lived who was able to wrest more joy from life than he—his inner life, serene and beautiful, was lived mostly in books. Through books he learned to anticipate experience, and all experience whether lived or anticipated, was grist for the mill of his imagination. He loved action, movement, and adventure, and when ill health forced him to forego even the normal activities of life, he satisfied his desires by identifying himself with heroes of fiction. In one of his essays, "A Novel of Dumas's," he gives a delightful account of winter spent upon the Pentlands of Scotland where he went in hope of improving his health. His days were dreary ones spent out in the open with the sheep, but his evenings were full of color and delight, since they were given over to the reading of his favorite novel. Dumas's "Vicomte de Bragelonne" the d'Artagnan of the "Three Musketeers" is the hero, and Stevenson, lonely and sometimes disheartened would, in fancy, turn to that sunny land of France, and joining his friend d'Artagnan "with a clatter of horseshoes, and rattle of musketry," ride forth to fight for king and country. He was always loath to lay the book down, for he tells us that, "no part of the world has ever seemed to me

(Continued on page 705)

BOOK REVIEWS

The Conquest of the Maya

(By J. Leslie Mitchell, E. P. Dutton Co., 1935)

IN these days when the exploration of Central America is attracting the attention of archeologists from all over the world, Latter-day Saints should be particularly interested in the explorations and discoveries concerning the peoples who came to America in early days and whose origin is attracting so much widespread interest.

Mr. Mitchell has done a creditable piece of work. Even a cursory glance through the book is rewarded by the excellent photographs indicative of the sculptural development of these early inhabitants of Yucatan. Time spent in reading the book will give specific information helpful in understanding this enigma.

Some of the items will be found which are not in complete accord with the story of the Book of Mormon. For example, Mr. Mitchell places the date of the coming of the Mayas to this country in 592 after Christ. This would be in almost complete accord with the year before Christ when the followers of Leli came to this continent. Many other historians do not agree with Mr. Mitchell's dates, however, and therefore the wise reader will be in no hurry to accept his dates as absolutely correct.

The suddenness of the appearance and the completeness of the Mayan culture indicate the transplanting of these people from another country altogether different from the country into which they now moved. This is in complete harmony with the Book of Mormon history.

Several factors contribute to the idea that these Mayan people had received common inspiration for their architecture with those who made the false arches in Mesopotamia, Cambodia, Tahiti. The pyramid structure and the appearance of stelae in the Mayan architecture point to a rather definite association with the Egyptian form of building.

One displeasing feature of the book is the author's departure from fact when he reconstructs the Mayan life. At the best any such reconstruction will have to be a conjecture.

To the Latter-day Saint who is interested in history, this book will prove very enjoyable and worthwhile reading. The suggestion might be offered that it be read in conjunction with the Book of Mormon. Points of similarity and of divergence will then be readily visible.

For those readers who should like to make a further study of the Mayan

BOOKSELLERS during the year 1933-1934, sent two hundred books to the White House. Included in that number were 61 novels, 15 history books, 11 books of travel and adventure, 24 poetry, art, and drama volumes, 9 scientific works, 8 on economics and current events, 11 mystery, and 11 children's books.

life and customs and to learn the work which is going on in Yucatan, several other books are listed which will prove interesting. One of these, *The Ancient Mayas*, by Robert B. Stacy-Judd has already been reviewed in *The Improvement Era*. The other two which will prove of worth are: *The City of the Sacred Well*, by T. A. Willard and *The People of the Serpent*, by Thompson.—M. C. J.

The Life and Time of Akhnaton

(Arthur Weigall, Putnam's, 1923)

TO those who are interested in biography or history, the story about Akhnaton will prove of great interest. Since some other books suggested on this page are also dealing with times of long ago, this book will prove of value in a study of the Egyptian period of fifteen hundred years before Christ.

Akhnaton, a sickly, dreaming youth, was among the first to develop the concept of one supreme ruler of all the world. His philosophy of life is strangely Christian for one who lived so long before the appearance of the Christ. Although he believed himself to be descended from the god supreme over the universe, he still did not assume all of the pomp and haughtiness which had been adopted by previous or succeeding Pharaohs. His loving-kindness and his feeling of affection for the women of his household are evidenced in the remaining fragments of art dating from his rule.

In this book are some of the hymns which he wrote. One of the songs of Akhnaton and one of David's are compared in great detail.

Naturally the question arises as to whether this young king might not have been the one who was so kind to Joseph when he was in Egypt and therefore had adapted the religion of the Jews to the needs of the Egyptian people who, until this time, had believed very definitely in several gods who had dominion over various phases and seasons of the Egyptian year.—M. C. J.

Young Walter Scott

(By Elizabeth Janet Gray, Viking Press, 1935)

AN ideal book for any member of the family and particularly good for boys and girls of Boy Scout and Bee-Hive ages is this book on Walter Scott written in so delightful a manner that it reads like fiction. The first sentence arouses the sympathetic interest of even the most casual of readers. The introduction of America's Scottish hero, John Paul Jones, does much to increase the suspense in the book. This kind of legitimate adventure will do no young person harm and will tend to draw away his interests from the really dangerous mystery and detective stories which are flooding the market today.

The little touches of human nature which are thrown into the biography are arresting even to the adult who may wish to read this story of the young Walter Scott. For example, when Walter was given honorable mention for one of his efforts for translating into poetry from the Latin, the author inserts this illuminating sentence: "The class clapped and stamped—more, he felt, because they seized any excuse for making a racket than because they wished to pay honest tribute to literary achievement."

Young Walter Scott is satisfactorily written both from a literary and a biographical point of view.

—M. C. J.

Mary Poppins

(By Pamela L. Travers, Reynal and Hitchcock, 1934)

FOR all young people and all old people who like to keep young, *Mary Poppins* is one of the most delightful creations since *Alice in Wonderland*. If the readers do not fill their own lungs with laughing-gas, it will be because they have long forgotten how to contract the lungs and expand them in hearty laughter. *Mary Poppins* is the kind of book which the entire family will enjoy listening to in any extra time which the family may have.

Mary Poppins, the English maid who was literally blown by the wind into the home of those whom she was to serve, gives old and young much about which to think. From the moment when she started to unpack an empty bag which turned out surprisingly full, to the time when the West Wind blew her away again, the readers are assured a joyous adventure. After finishing the book, most readers will probably make a wish for the Great Exception, *Mary Poppins*, to come and visit their homes.—M. C. J.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

ALICE ADAMS (*RKO-Radio*) *Social Drama (Outstanding)*: Cast: Katherine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray.

This story of small town life, particularly that of the Adams family, is most interesting. *Family*.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936 (M-G-M) *Musical Comedy (Outstanding)*: Cast: Jack Benny, Robert Taylor, Eleanor Powell, Una Merkel.

The story in which a keyhole columnist jeopardizes the success of an extravagant New York revue is amusing and human. *Family*.

THE CRUSADES (Paramount) *Historical Drama (Outstanding)*: Cast: Loretta Young, Ian Keith, Henry Wilcoxon.

In this historical pageant Cecil deMille has captured the idealism and courage which inspired men and women with the religious zeal to carry on the Crusades. This powerful drama of war and religious fervor has been told many times but never more vividly and beautifully than in this production into which has been woven a touching love theme. The picture is suitable for the family, but too exciting for nervous children.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER (United Artists) *Social Drama (Outstanding)*: Cast: Paul Robeson, Leslie Banks, Nina Mae McKinney.

A story of the courage and sagacity of an English Commissioner, and the power, force, and constant vigilance necessary to keep peace among the African tribes. This production is expertly presented and particularly interesting due to its colorful background, shots of wild life, tribal singing and dancing and fine dramatic action. *Family*.

TOP HAT (RKO-Radio) *Musical Comedy (Outstanding)*: Cast: Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton.

Scintillating as "Gay Divorcee," intriguing as "Roberta," this Rogers-Astaire film is not to be missed. Light, amusing comedy; original, captivating dancing; an excellent cast; music by Irving Berlin. What more could one ask for a gay evening? *Family*.

AFTER THE DANCE (Columbia): Cast: Nancy Carroll, George Murphy, Thelma Todd, Jack LaRue, Arthur Hohl.

This is a very mediocre production, obviously a filler for a double bill. The story is a trite one which poor direction makes impossible for an otherwise capable cast. Disloyalty on the part of one woman sends an innocent man to prison and when he escapes, the love and loyalty of another gives him hope for the future as he returns to serve his sentence. *Fair for Adults*.

HARD ROCK HARRINGTON (Fox): 694

Open Letter To Moroni Olson

Dear Mr. Olson:

Thousands of your friends who have watched your career from your University of Utah days under Professor Babcock to your present success are eagerly awaiting the arrival of "The Three Musketeers" in their particular town. While they are eager to see the picture, they are more eager to see you as one of the great three, for they see in you, in a way, their own dreams-come-true. You are of their people and, consequently, one of theirs.

Many of those friends will remember your masterly performance, supported by your own company, of "The Ship" or "Kindin" or some other vehicle which you have used. They will be expecting a great deal of Moroni Olson, actor, and, perhaps, as much or more of Moroni Olson, man.

We understand you have already made other pictures. We are happy to hear it and we are only voicing what we know would be voiced by all could they write you when we say—"Success, Godspeed, fair winds attend you on your way."

We hope, however, that you will not forget that we expect a great deal of our heroes, for "our" heroes, in a sense, are a bit different from the heroes of some people. You are in Hollywood, you are in the midst of the glamor of the rich and the reckless. Since you are an old trouser, however, we wish you well, believing fully in you as actor and man.

Sincerely,
Editors,
"Lights and Shadows
on the Screen."

Cast: George O'Brien, Irene Hervey, Fred Kohler.

Realistic photography of Boulder Dam marks this narrative of life in a tunnel-construction camp. Here keen rivalry in love and work exists between two construction bosses, but each proves his mettle when a life is



MORONI OLSON AS PORTHOS IN "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

at stake. A pseudo-western suitable for the family and Junior Matinee.

SMART GIRL (Paramount): Cast: Ida Lupino, Kent Taylor, Gail Patrick, Sidney Blackmer, Pinky Tomlin, Joseph Cawthorn.

A story of the problems of two sisters who are forced to face poverty. *Mature*.

BRIGHT LIGHTS (First National): Cast: Joe E. Brown, Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan.

A burlesque comedian, aided by his trouper wife, clown his way from a road show to Broadway only to find that the "Great White Way" is not conducive to married happiness. Children especially will be highly entertained by the excellent clowning of Joe E. Brown. *Family and Junior Matinee*.

FRONT PAGE WOMAN (Warner Bros.): Cast: Bette Davis, George Brent, Roscoe Karns.

A girl reporter determines to out-scoop her suitor, a rival reporter, and prove her ability as a newspaper sleuth before she consents to marriage. Lively, dramatic and exciting entertainment—a realistic portrayal of newspaper life. *Family*.

GOOSE AND THE GANDER (Warner Bros.): Cast: Kay Francis, George Brent, Genevieve Tobin, John Eldridge.

A sophisticated farce-comedy in which marriage and divorce are treated with complete casualness. Jewel thieves add piquancy to an involved situation. A finished cast, beautiful gowns and attractive settings bolster a trivial plot. *Adults*.

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND (Fox): Cast: Will Rogers, Anne Shirley, Irvin S. Cobb, John McGuire.

Will Rogers, as Dr. John, sacrifices his stock of life-giving elixir, the properties of his museum, and even parts of his steamboat to win the race and smooth the path of love for his nephew and the little "swamp girl." An amusing and entertaining picture. *Family and Junior Matinee*.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT (Paramount): Cast: George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Patsy Kelly.

Three melody maidens and a group of instrumentalists sing and play themselves to fame in this laughable story of amateur radio entertainers. *Family*.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD (Liberty Pictures): Cast: Mary Carlisle, Lawrence Gray.

This story, unrelated to Denman Thompson's play of the same name, deals with the radio success of a quintette of small town boys in a big city. The story of the experience of Uncle Jed and his "hired hands" when they accept a radio contract and leave

(Continued on page 719)

WARD TEACHING

Ward Teacher's Message, Dec., 1935

Prayer

"Pray unto the Lord, call upon his holy name, make known his wonderful works among the people; call upon the Lord, that this kingdom may go forth upon the earth, that the inhabitants thereof may receive it and be prepared for the days to come in which the Son of Man shall come down in heaven clothed in the brightness of his glory to meet the kingdom of God which is set upon the earth." Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 65.

A STUDY of the important subject of prayer is recommended as the ward teachers' message for December. It is urged that teachers make careful and prayerful preparation before going into the homes of the Saints and that the suggestion be made in each home that this subject be given earnest consideration during the month. References suggested for study are Doc. & Cov., Section 65—Section 68, verses 28, 33; Matthew 21:21-22; Mark 11:23-26; Luke 11:2-4; also the full text of the hymn "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire."

WHAT PRAYER IS:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

HOW TO PRAY:

"But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need

of, before ye ask him."—(Matthew 6:7-8)

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."—(Matthew 6:6; 3 Nephi 13:6)

PRAY IN FAITH:

"Pray always that you enter not into temptation, that you may abide the day of his coming, whether in life or in death."—(Doc. & Cov. 8:10)

"He that observeth not his prayers before the Lord in the season thereof, let him be had in remembrance before the judge of my people."—(Doc. & Cov. 68:33; 133:6)

SPIRIT OF PRAYER:

"Prayer does not consist of words, altogether. True, faithful, earnest prayer consists more in the feeling that rises from the heart and from the inward desire of our spirits to supplicate the Lord in humility and in faith, that we may receive his blessings. It matters not how simple the words be, if our desires are genuine and we come before the Lord with a broken heart and a contrite spirit to ask him for that which we need."—President Joseph F. Smith.

Both family prayer and secret prayer should be urged upon all Latter-day Saints by the ward teachers. It is our duty to thank our Father in Heaven for his blessings and to ask for his guidance in all that we do.

WHAT WE NEED

"I would like to know if there is a young man in this congregation, or anywhere else, who does not need something of the Lord. Where is there a soul upon the earth that does not need something that the Almighty can give? In the first place, all that we have comes from him. It is by his providence that we exist on the earth. It is by his kind mercy that we see and hear, that we have the power of speech, and that we possess intelligence, for as the sage of old said,

"There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Therefore, the very power of understanding that we possess is the gift of God. In and of ourselves we are but a lifeless lump of clay. Life, intelligence, wisdom, judgment, power to reason, all are the gifts of God to the children of men. He gives us our physical strength as well as our mental powers. Every young man should feel from the depth of his heart that he is indebted to Almighty God for his being and for every attribute that he possesses which is in likeness of the attributes of God.

HONOR THE LORD

"We should seek to magnify the attributes that we possess. We should honor God with our intelligence, with our strength, with our understanding, with our wisdom, and with all the power that we possess. We should seek to do good in the world. This is our duty; and if a young man can only feel as all men should feel, he will find that it is an easy matter for him to bow down before the Lord in humble prayer and seek unto God for the aid, comfort, and inspiration of his Holy Spirit, that he may not be left entirely to himself, nor to the wisdom and ways of the world.

HUMILITY

"But as a rule, where young men have good parents to provide for them, where they have good homes and their food and raiment are sure, they feel that they are not dependent upon anybody, unless perchance they should be afflicted in some way, and then begin to realize their weakness and dependence. But I want to say to you, my young friends, that in the hour of your independence, at the moment when you feel the strongest, you should bear in mind that you are but human, the breath of life is in your nostrils, and you are destined to pass from this world through the portals of death."

What Prayer Is

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high."

President Joseph F. Smith's Advice On Prayer

In Gospel Doctrine, pages 274 and 275, President Joseph F. Smith says: "I pray you, my young brethren who are present in this vast congregation, and who are liable to be called to preach the gospel to the world, when you are called to go out, I pray that you will know how to approach God in prayer. It is not such a difficult thing to learn how to pray. It is not the words we use particularly that constitute prayer. Prayer does not consist of words, altogether. True, faithful, earnest prayer consists more in the feeling that rises from the heart and from the inward desire of our spirits to supplicate the Lord in humility and in faith, that we may receive his blessings. It matters not how simple the words may be, if our desires are genuine and we come before the Lord with a broken heart and a contrite spirit to ask him for that which we need.



MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD

The Worth of Souls

IN the great revelation recorded as Section Seventy-six in the Doctrine and Covenants, we are informed that Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon had opened to their vision the glories of the eternal work of God. They have written that they "saw the holy angels, and them who are sanctified before his throne, worshipping God, and the Lamb, who worship him forever and ever. And now," they say, "after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony last of all which we give of him: That he lives! For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God."

The Lord showed to his servant Moses in vision the heavens and said unto him: "The heavens, they are many, and they cannot be numbered unto man; but they are numbered unto me, for they are mine. And as one earth shall pass away and the heavens thereof even so shall another come; and there is no end to my works, neither to my words. For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

From this we learn the wonderful and delightful story that the great object in creating worlds is to provide habitations for the offspring of God, for the inhabitants of these worlds, past, present, and future, are and will be begotten sons and daughters unto him. The passing away of worlds does not mean that they shall die and become eternal lifeless masses of matter, but that they shall pass through the several stages assigned to them and after they have filled the measure of their temporal creation shall be exalted to that condition or glory, which they are destined to occupy eternally as habitations for the children of men. The Lord does not create anything for naught and to be destroyed. His great work and glory is to build earths like unto this one on which we live and to place upon them his children to work out their destiny either through obedience to his laws or in opposition to them, and eventually to receive the reward of blessing or punishment which they merit according to their works. This process is an eternal round. There was no beginning and there shall be no end, and the Lord has said that there never was a time when man did not exist. While it is difficult for us in this changing mortal world to fully comprehend this truth, yet we do and must accept it as the fact.

Then, if we are willing to accept the word of the Lord, we are informed that man, not only on this earth but on other earths, is the offspring of God. He did not descend through untold ages of this earth from any animal branch of creation to reach his ascendancy over all things created on the earth. Man came here endowed with free agency and all the rights and privileges of gaining immortality and eternal life as a son of God, if he will but yield obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel. This wonderful and soul-stirring truth that man is in very deed the offspring of God, that he came here from his Father's presence in the world of spirits, and that he is here to be tried and proved in this mortal probation, should bring a thrill of joy to every soul. We are all destined to rise in the resurrection from the dead, the spirit and body becoming inseparably connected, never to be divided throughout all eternity. Through the Gospel ordinances and faithfulness to every covenant and obligation the Lord has given us, we may obtain exaltation in the celestial kingdom of God. The glory of this exaltation is declared in the scriptures. We are unable now to comprehend this fully, but even with the limited vision which we have, we are able to understand that through such obedience we are promised all that the Father has. To John he said: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." It is no light thing to become a son of God. Paul said: "For as many as are led

by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." John the disciple has said that those who obey the commandments of God will "be like him, for they shall see him as he is."

When we know that we may, through our faithfulness, become joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, possessing the fullness of the glory of God and be made "equal in power, and in might, and in dominion," and pass by the angels who are set to guard the way to exaltation, surely we should strive to be faithful in all things. The crowning glory to be given man is the continuation of posterity forever. This great gift is to be granted to those who reach the exaltation. It is taken away from all others. Thus the survival of the fittest, in the true and full meaning of that term, is accomplished. This blessing which is reserved for the righteous, those who overcome all things, will give unto them the power and authority to become the sons of God.

Is there any wonder, then, that the Lord has said that the worth of souls is great in his sight? If we could grasp the proper relationship between ourselves and our Eternal Father, and realize the extent of his mercy and goodness towards us, then we would be willing to serve him with all our "heart, might, mind and strength." How strange it is, after he has promised all the blessings of his kingdom to us if we will obey him, that so many of us rebel and seek the path of darkness rather than the path which leads to this exaltation. For some strange reason, and because of the enticing influence of worldly things, the majority of mankind love darkness rather than light. An ancient prophet said "wickedness never was happiness," yet man from the beginning of his mortal probation has failed to comprehend this fundamental truth. Today, as in all ages past, man is seeking happiness, peace and prosperity, through paths of wickedness, selfishness, and worldly wisdom. Few out of the many are willing to lend an ear to the persuasions and teachings of the Spirit of Christ which "giveth light to every man that cometh into the world." Even among those who have embraced the truth there are many who have to be constantly en-

The Cigaret's Sermon

By Charles-Guenther Marquardt

I DO not know the way to teach
Just how to earn the best of pay;
If you care to hear me preach,
I'll do it in my chosen way.
My boys and girls with minds so bright,
By use of me you'll soon observe,
That I can add as is my right,
Great weakening pains to every nerve.

I can subtract your strength and energy.
And frail I'll make you by and by;
Then, when I've won that victory,
Watch me begin to multiply.
Increase of many aches and pains
Will cause you worry and distress;
Your mental power I'll soon divide—
It makes me sad, I do confess.

It makes me cringe to do this work—
A handicap to girls and boys—
All interest in life you'll shirk,
And much you'll miss of earth's great joys;
Your chances too, for great success
Discounted are in every way;
Of your young life I'll make a mess.
What do you think? Now will it pay?

couraged, buoyed up, and even prodded, in order to be kept in the line of duty. Others will not heed the prodding and encouraging help extended to them, but slip into ways of darkness even when they know the truth and have the light to guide them. With such, darkness takes the place of light and then the guidance of the Holy Spirit is withdrawn.

This transgression may commence in a very slight and apparently imperceptible way. It may be the occasional absence from some given duty. It may be the occasional violation of some principle or law. The start on the road to apostasy may come from fault-finding or criticism of the act of some authority. Little things when multiplied grow and soon become insurmountable. Apostasy never comes all at once. The Spirit of the Lord never withdraws from a man suddenly. "If we live," said President Brigham Young, "according to our covenants, we will always enjoy the light of truth; and if we live faithful enough, we shall enjoy the blessings of the Holy Ghost to be our constant companion. In such case no person would turn either to the right hand or to the left, in consequence of the motives, the sayings, or the doings of this or that one; but they would march straightforward in the path that leads to eternal life; and if others stepped out of the way, they would walk straight along. Without the power of the Holy Ghost, a person is liable to go to the right or the left from the straight path of duty; they are liable to do things they are sorry for." . . . When people's eyes are opened and they see and understand how heinous it is to turn away from the truth, were they to reflect, and ask, 'Shall I ever leave the faith?' ever turn away from the kingdom of God? It would make them shudder; there would be a chill over them from their heads to their feet; they would feel to say, 'No, God forbid!' It was said here this morning that no person ever apostatized without actual transgression. Omission of duty leads to apostasy. We want to live so as to have the Spirit of every day, every hour of the day, every minute of the day; and every Latter-day Saint is entitled to the Spirit of God, to the power of the Holy Ghost, to lead him in his individual duties. Is anyone else entitled to it? No."

The greatest gift of God is eternal life. This gift is offered freely to all who will receive it. The Lord said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." Moreover, he has said, "Wo unto them who are cut off from my church, for the same

are overcome of the world. Wherefore, let every man beware lest he do that which is not in truth and righteousness before me."

Let those who are faithful in all things labor in behalf of the weak. Our mission is to save the souls of our fellow men. The Priesthood has been conferred upon us for this purpose. Those who are called to preside should magnify their callings and see that all who are under their direction are faithful in the path of duty. There is a day of cleansing coming to the Church as well as to the world. The Lord has said that he will send his angels and they will gather out of his kingdom all things that offend. Let all who hold Divine Authority labor with all their might. By the warning voice and the helping hand we may save some who are today in the gall of bitterness. A wonderful work is being accomplished in some parts of the Church, and the wayward are

being reclaimed. By our labor in the spirit of love we shall be the means of saving others, and the Lord has said that this labor will bring salvation to our own souls.

To all who hold the Priesthood the words of the Lord apply: "Wherefore be faithful; stand in the office which I have appointed unto you; succor the weak, lift up the hands which hang down, and strengthen the feeble knees."

THE power and authority of the higher or Melchizedek priesthood is to hold the keys of all the spiritual blessings of the Church; to have the privilege of receiving the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; to have the heavens opened unto them; to commune with the general assembly of the church of the First-born; and to enjoy the communion and presence of God the Father, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenants.—Doc & Cov., 107:18, 19.



ELDERS' CHAMPION BASEBALL TEAM, WASATCH WARD, GRANITE STAKE
Front row, left to right: Glen Treharne, Third Base; Raymond Johnson, Catch; C. H. Parker, Right Field; Nick Morgan, Center Field; Cliff Parkin, Right Field; Reginald Done, Pitch.
Back row, left to right: Joe Lindsay, Short Stop; Easton Parratt, Second Base; Lloyd Williams, First Base; Glen Anderson, Pitch; Dally Brown, Second Base; Abe Cannon, Left Field.

Elders Enter Athletic Field

By Lee Thorup

DURING the past Summer Elder's Quorums in five of the seven Salt Lake City stakes carried through a successful softball tournament, approximately 30 teams participating.

The stakes played off their separate tournaments to determine the stake champions, completing their stake tournaments about August 1, 1935.

Wasatch Ward, Granite Stake, won the first interstake Elders' Title, over the 18th Ward, Ensign Stake, with a decisive victory of 11-5.

The participating teams manifested a good spirit of sportsmanship and the interstake committee feel there is a wonderful field of activity for Elders' Quorums in these athletic activities.

This Softball activity will be continued next year and we anticipate a much more extensive participation. The Interstake Tournament for 1936 will be held near Aug. 15, 1936. The Interstake Committee is desirous of making this tournament as inclusive as possible. All Salt Lake City Stakes and others interested are welcome to participate in all interstake activities.

Information concerning these activities can be had by writing Carl Fielding, Chairman Elders' Interstake Activity Committee, c/o *The Improvement Era*, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Interstake Committee will welcome expressions from the various stakes as to their feelings in regard to these activities, as well as suggestions as to other types of activity that would be of interest to the Elders' Quorums of our Church.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD

Order of Business—Aaronic Priesthood Quorum Meetings

IN view of the relatively short time available for the weekly Aaronic Priesthood quorum meetings (one-half hour), where such meetings are held in conjunction with the Sunday School, it is very important for the welfare of the members that the time be employed promptly and effectively.

It is recommended that the period be divided into two parts—(1) Activity Period and (2) Lesson Period. Because of the lack of sufficient time, the Lesson Period is greatly abridged, but with proper preparation on the part of the member of the Bishopric and the class supervisor, can prove very profitable and instructive.

The suggested Order of Business for the meeting is as follows:

- (1) Activity Period. Under direction of Quorum Presidency with cooperation of Supervisor (15 to 20 minutes).
 - a. Prayer, by quorum members in rotation.
 - b. Audible roll call.
 - c. Discussion of means of getting attendance of absent members.
 - d. Reports of assignment of duties performed during past week.
 - e. Assignments of duties to all members for ensuing week.
 - f. Instructions in duties and the filling of assignments.
 - g. Discussion of social and fraternal activities in the quorum.
- (2) Lesson Period. Under direction of Class Supervisor. (10 to 15 minutes).
 - a. Brief instructions by Member of Bishopric or Supervisor on Habits and Virtues.
 - b. Brief review of Priesthood Lesson for the week. (From Priesthood Lesson Book.)

The careful consideration of all the matters herein presented is vital for the welfare and progress of all members. By proper attention to these matters every meeting can be made very interesting to everyone.

Aaronic Priesthood Comparisons

A COMPARISON of the Aaronic Priesthood reports of the various stakes for the first six months of 1935 shows the following percentages for the stakes having the highest records:

Rating: Maricopa, 83%; Ogden, 83%; Cache, 82%; Morgan, 82%; South Davis, 82%.

Attendance Aaronic Priesthood Meetings: Maricopa, 49%; Alberta, 44%; New York, 43%.

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Members who filled Assignments: North Sevier, 93%; New York, 82%; Emery, 78%.

Average Attendance Sunday School: New York, 51%; Maricopa, 48%; San Francisco, 45%.

Observance of Word of Wisdom: New York, 76%; Cache, 73%; Maricopa, 73%.

Comparison	1935	1934	
Total Priesthood	79,918	77,159	Gain 2,759
% Average Attendance	29.27	27%	Same
% Attendance at Sunday School	28%	31%	Loss 3%
% Filling Assignments	47%	44%	Gain 3%
% Observing Word of Wisdom	51%	50%	Gain 1%
Actual Quorums of Classes	3,044	2,788	Gain 256
% Attendance of Supervisors	72%	51%	Gain 21%
Number on Stake Committees	688	566	Gain 122
Number of Visits to Wards	4,068	2,716	Gain 1,352
Average Rating	67	63	Gain 4

Adult Aaronic Priesthood Study Course

A SPECIAL course of study for Adult Aaronic Priesthood classes is now being prepared for early publication to meet the widespread demand from all over the Church. This new movement in the Aaronic Priesthood has shown such excellent results that it is now being urged by the Presiding Bishopric for use in all wards of the Church.

The new outline will contain, in addition to lessons for the entire year 1936, suggestions for operating adult classes based upon the most successful experiences throughout the Church. It is expected that the new publication will be ready in ample time to begin with January 1st. In the meantime it is urged that classes be organized in every case where it is possible to do so.

Aaronic Priesthood Quorum Outlines For 1936

A NEW series of Aaronic Priesthood Quorum lesson outlines for Priests, Teachers, and Deacons to harmonize with the plan adopted at the beginning of this year in connection with the Sunday School classes will be ready for use throughout the Church with the beginning of the new year. The lessons will deal more directly with subjects pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood and its application in the lives of its members. It will also include the history of the Aaronic Priesthood and its importance in the Church both in ancient and modern times. It is expected that the new books will be ready for distribution by December 15.

Completion of the Three Point Program Urged

THE Presiding Bishopric has made a special appeal to stake and ward

Percent of Actual to Possible Number of Quorums and Classes: Cassia, 94%; Bear River, 93%; Bannock, 93%.

Attendance of Supervisors (Where all Wards have Supervisors): Cassia, 98%; Idaho Falls, 95%; Liberty, 93%.

Stake Committee Visits to Wards. Wells, 191; Utah, 176; Sharon, 135

Aaronic Priesthood supervisors, in cooperation with the leaders in other organizations who supervise members of Aaronic Priesthood age, to stress particularly for the balance of the year the three point program of 1935. This program includes:

1. The filling of one million assignments throughout the Church during the year 1935.

2. An effort to have every member of the Aaronic Priesthood, regardless of age, fill at least one assignment during the year.

3. To teach clean living to all members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

Reports from the stakes indicate that all phases of the campaign have made considerable progress. There is every indication that the first objective, that of filling one million assignments during the year, will be exceeded. How nearly the records will show the accomplishments of the other two features cannot as yet be foretold. Several wards have reported securing some activities from every member of the Aaronic Priesthood. Not enough information is available at this time to indicate the actual condition. Practically all quorums of the Church have participated to some extent in the third phase of the program and have conducted lessons on clean living in their quorums. It is suggested that this feature be stressed at least once or twice before the end of the year in every quorum in the Church.

Fundamental Features of the Aaronic Priesthood Program to be Stressed in 1936

THE three fundamental features of the Aaronic Priesthood program as outlined by the Presiding Bishopric are to be stressed in the plan announced for 1936 at the Aaronic Priesthood convention held in connection with the semi-annual confer-

ence held in Salt Lake City in October. These three features are: Aaronic Priesthood Quorum supervision, the Aaronic Priesthood correlation plan and the adult Aaronic Priesthood plan. Special emphasis is to be placed upon the orderly, systematic and effective conduct of Aaronic Priesthood Quorums, following the order of business printed elsewhere in this department. This is the plan provided and recommended by the Presiding Bishopric of the Church. In order to follow it successfully it is important that quorum supervisors act as advisors to the quorum officers in advance of weekly meetings in order that the officers themselves may properly conduct the work of the quorum. The plan is to stress the recommendation that in all quorums the quorum officers preside and conduct the meeting in its details except the discussion by the members of the Bishopric and the presentation of the lesson by the Supervisor.

The Aaronic Priesthood correlation plan is to be given special attention during the year in an effort to reach every inactive member of the Aaronic Priesthood between the ages of 12 and 18 inclusive. A large number of the wards of the Church are now following this plan with outstanding results. In other cases, through misunderstanding or lack of appreciation of its importance, the plan has not been followed consistently. During

1936 regular reports are to be requested and followed up where results are not up to standard.

The third phase of the program, that of Adult Aaronic Priesthood classes, is to be given additional impetus with the publication of a special guide and course of lessons. The results secured by the large number of wards now following this plan have proved its worth and it is now a permanent part of the program for the Aaronic Priesthood of the Church. It is intended to reach all adults who still hold the office of Priest, Teacher, or Deacon.

Proper Calling Necessary

MEN cannot assume authority to act in the name of the Lord or to direct in things religious unless they have been properly called and ordained by those already holding divine authority. As the Apostle Paul says:

"And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron."—(Hebrews 5: 4)

Thoughts For Supervisors

THERE should be very close cooperation between the supervisors and the Bishopric. Supervisors do not relieve the Bishopric of their responsibility, but you are aids to them

in helping perform detail follow up work. You should meet often with them and make a check up on your rolls and records, putting you in a position to know exactly where to center your forces for the betterment and advancement of the work.

You are survey men for the Bishopric and they expect you to make your reports and recommendations pertaining to changes in quorum officers, advancements and assignments.

Boys learn more quickly by actually doing than by listening to lectures.

Church Moves On

(Continued from page 683)

GARLAND WARD—BEAR RIVER STAKE

President Heber J. Grant dedicated the splendid new Recreation Hall in this ward. Nearly 1000 persons were in attendance.

Recent Changes in Church Administrators

DRAPER WARD—EAST JORDAN STAKE

E. L. CHRISTIANSEN was appointed Bishop of this Ward with J. Leon Smith as first counselor and Kenneth Bailey as second counselor.

BANCROFT WARD—IDAHO STAKE

The Bishopric of this ward was reorganized as follows—William T. Hyde, Bishop; P. Dewey Skinner, first counselor, and Elmer O'Neill Wilcox, second counselor.

DELCO WARD—BURLEY STAKE

Winfred Hurst was sustained as Bishop with Oleen A. Lewis, first counselor, and Harry Darrington, second counselor.

PELLA WARD—BURLEY STAKE

Ira H. Coltrin succeeded Clarence R. Crandall as Bishop of this ward. His counselors are Lyle H. Duke and Lewis A. Ward.

MIDWAY SECOND WARD—

WASATCH STAKE

Nephi Probst was sustained as Bishop with Alma Huber, first counselor, and Roy Huffaker, second counselor.

CHASE'S MILL

The old Chase Mill in Liberty Park was dedicated as the official hall of the Salt Lake County Company of the D. U. P. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President Heber J. Grant.

PLEASANT GROVE—UTAH

A monument commemorating the Indian fight at Battle Creek, near Pleasant Grove in 1849, was dedicated Friday, Sept. 13, 1935. Pleasant Grove was founded Sept. 13, 1850.

Aaronic Priesthood Questionnaire

Prepared and Used by Elder Claude Smith, Chairman Aaronic Priesthood Committee, 12-13th Ward, Ensign Stake

1. What are your favorite games?
2. Do you like Camping?.....Hunting?.....Fishing?.....Swimming?.....
3. (a) Do you like Scouting?.....Why?.....
Why not?
- (b) Do you like Vanguard (Explorer) work?.....Why?.....
Why not?
- (c) Do you like M Men activities?.....Why?.....
Why not?
4. Do you like parties?.....With girls?.....
5. What are your hobbies?.....
6. Do you like pets?.....What kind?.....
7. What vocations interest you?.....
.....What would you like most to be?.....
8. (a) Who is your best friend?.....
- (b) Name four other close friends.....
9. Do you play with boys in your own neighborhood?.....If not, what neighborhood do you like to play in?.....
10. (a) Do you like school?.....Why?.....
- (b) What is your favorite study?.....
11. Do you work?.....Full time or part time?.....
12. Do you have any habits you are trying to break?.....
What?.....
13. Have you any particular fear of anything?.....What?.....
14. Do you like your priesthood quorum work?.....Why?.....
Why not?
15. What is your attitude toward your home?.....

The questionnaire was used with splendid results. It assisted greatly in connection with the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Plan.

"I Would Not Be in the Majors Today if I Had Continued to Use Tobacco"

testifies Monte Pearson, a Mormon boy, member of the "Big Four" with the Cleveland Indians of the American Baseball League.

Cigarettes Then and Now

THE divinely revealed hygienic code of the Latter-day Saints, commonly called the "Word of Wisdom," was given to the Church February 27, 1833. In the light of the changed attitude since 1833, towards cigarette addiction, the prophetic words of the revelation regarding the "evil designs" which "will exist in the hearts of conspiring men," is really significant.

I was profoundly impressed with this remarkable forecast in reading recently the chapter in Greenleaf's text on Evidence on Judicial Notice. The chapter discusses matters that are of such common repute that proof of their existence is not required in courts of justice. The courts take judicial notice of these matters of great notoriety without evidence of their existence.

The text cites the case of Austin versus the State of Tennessee, involving the harmful nature of cigarettes, as an example of the range of subjects, of which the courts take cognizance without proof. The case was decided in 1898. Austin was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of \$50.00 for selling cigarettes. He appealed to the Supreme Court of Tennessee. One of the points attempted to be made on behalf of Austin was the claim that there was nothing inherently wrong about selling cigarettes. In reply to this contention of defense counsel, the Court said:

"Are cigarettes legitimate articles of commerce? We think they are not, because they are wholly noxious and deleterious to health. Their use is always harmful and never beneficial. They possess no virtue, but are inherently bad and bad only. They find no commendation for merit or usefulness in any sphere. On the contrary, they are widely condemned as pernicious altogether."

"There is no proof in the record as to the character of cigarettes; yet their character is so well and so generally known to be that stated above that the courts are authorized to take judicial cognizance of the fact."

At about the time I read this opinion of the Tennessee Supreme Court, I picked up a current magazine with a full-page cigarette advertisement. A woman, gaily holding aloft a lighted cigarette is the



MONTE PEARSON, PITCHER, CLEVELAND INDIANS

center of attraction on the page. She is vouching for the disgusting and demoralizing falsehood that a certain brand of cigarette is her "best friend."

This fallacious bit of publicity is quite in contrast with the sound opinion of the learned Tennessee Judge; and verifies the Prophet's declaration that "evil designs will exist in the hearts of conspiring men," regarding the most regrettable extension of the pernicious evil of tobacco addiction.

Judge Nephi Jensen.

AMONG men students at Antioch College 31.6 per cent of non-smokers fail to maintain required grades, while 62.3 per cent of heavy smokers similarly fail.

Who is Monte Pearson?

MONTE PEARSON is a Mormon boy who was born in the city of Oakland, California, but who moved to Fresno where he played ball on the sandlots so well that he was found and sent to the Oakland Club of the Coast League as a pitcher. He was so good that the Cleveland Indians purchased him for a neat \$15,000.00. He was "farmed out" to the Toledo Club of the American Association. He was recalled by Cleveland in 1932, but was sent back to Toledo. In 1934 he was recalled by Manager Walter Johnson, of the Indians, and immediately made good, leading the American League for pitching effectiveness.

Why couldn't he stick when he reported to Cleveland and when he was recalled from Toledo that first time?

Here is his answer: "I learned to smoke and found that it was the reason I could not stay in the Majors when I was sent up from Oakland and also when I was recalled from Toledo that first time. I could not make second base without getting out of wind."

How did he solve his problem?

Let him answer: "I stopped smoking. I immediately put on the necessary weight. I can now run all over the baseball field and not feel as bad as when I ran to second base while I was still smoking cigarettes."

"I would not be in the majors today if I had continued to use tobacco."

Monte says: "You often hear that so and so smoke long black cigars or cigarettes, but I have noticed that the players who smoke are short-lived in the big leagues. The men who stay for years and make great names for themselves are nearly always abstainers from tobacco and liquor."

Monte has not only pitched great baseball, but he has knocked many a home run when it was needed. In 1933 he was one of the two players selected on the so-called "Freshman Team" of the Majors. —Arranged from a letter from Lafayette Hyde, Fresno, Cal.

MUTUAL



MESSAGES

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.
ALBERT E. BOWEN
GEORGE O. 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,
ELSIE HOGAN VAN NOY,
Secretary

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

WE like the plan for this year!—It can be easily carried forward—"We want to achieve in everything—We are going to specialize in Music"—Expressions such as these are being heard on every hand from M. I. A. officers, indicating that there is widespread satisfaction with the program for 1935-36.

Seldom if ever have we experienced so successful a convention period as the one just completed. Beginning on August eleventh and continuing through October, Institute groups where two or more stakes have met together and conventions for single stakes in connection with quarterly conferences have been held. In the former the attendance has been especially fine. It is an inspiring thing to see four or five or even six hundred people gathered together, all receptive, alert, eager for instruction, with a promise in their hearts to give the very best that is in them to a great cause—the enrichment of their fellows. This spirit has characterized every convention, both the large, combined groups and the small one-stake meets.

More gratifying still has been the atmosphere of faith in and love for the Gospel and of joy and pride in the Church. The addresses, "For the Kingdom of Heaven is at Hand" and "Like that Lives" and the presentation of the Slogan have contributed to this spirit and have found warm response in the hearts of our officers. We believe that all have left the conventions encouraged and happy in their work.

Community Activity

Religious Courses— Cultural Courses

THERE is a cry throughout the Church for religious teaching, for information concerning the Church, its principles, its leaders. The M. I. A. Courses of study this year are designed to answer, in part at least, this need. Class leaders are urged to seek for the Spirit of the Lord in presenting them, that greater knowledge, faith and testimony may be developed.

The Holy Spirit is the best aid to teaching any leader can have.

There is also a desire for activity. Let us fill the cultural courses with demonstrations and illustrations. Let us practice the art of hospitality, the art of story telling, the art of public address instead of merely talking about them.

Music

DIRECTORS of Music in the M. I. A. this year have a rich field in which to work. The special ward feature is the operetta—"And it Rained"—a delightful offering in two acts. The melodies are tuneful and the libretto sparkling. It may be obtained in the M. I. A. offices, price \$1.00. An additional mimeographed copy of stage directions and descriptions of dances is provided. Only one copy of this is needed for each production. Price 35c.

In addition to the operetta each ward is encouraged to continue the organizing of male, ladies, and mixed choruses, these choruses having opportunity to appear on opening programs each Tuesday night, Sunday night Conjoint programs, and the three special evenings set apart for community activity work. Ward directors are advised to use selections found in the *Program Chorus Book* arranged by Noble Cain, copies of which are to be found in nearly every ward; from the list suggested in 1934-5,

which we give below; the list found on pages 61-65 of the Community Activity Manual; and any other good numbers of their choosing.

Men's Voices

March of the Men of Harlech—No. 5385—G. Schirmer 9c per copy
Roadways—Eisler—Kalmus Publishing Co., 209 W. 57th St., New York City 15c per copy
Sing Me a Chantey With a Yo Heave Ho—No. 0184—Sam Fox, 15c per copy
Bless the Lord, O My Soul—No. 833—Boston Music Co. 15c per copy
In Luxembourg Gardens—No. 7371—G. Schirmer 12c per copy
The Bell-Man—Forsyth—No. 13614—Oliver Ditson 15c per copy
Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming—Praetorius Concord Series—No. 24—E. C. Schirmer 8c per copy
Song of Bohemia—No. 6637-13—J. Fischer and Bro. 15c per copy
Golden Slippers—No. 7655—G. Schirmer 15c per copy

Ladies' Voices

Turn Thee to Me—Katherine Davis—No. 491—G. Schirmer 16c per copy
Songs My Mother Taught Me—Dvorak-Stickles No. 3118—Chappel Harms 15c per copy
To Be Sun on the Water—Schubert No. 5999—Carl Fischer 15c per copy
Let Us Rejoice, All Ye Faithful—Graun-Saar No. 5134—Carl Fischer 15c per copy
Gypsy Fires—Bryceson Trehan No. 52-6—Oliver Ditson 15c per copy
Pirate Dreams—Charles Hueter No. 13715—Oliver Ditson 15c per copy
Last Night—Kjerulf-Stickles No. 3123



E. S. CHRISTENSEN AND HIS SIX SONS
Mr. Christensen resides in Huntington Park Ward. All of his six sons are active in M. I. A. work.

—Chappel Harms15c per copy
Grant Me True Courage Lord—Bach
No. 806—G. Schirmer.....12c per copy
Serenade—Schubert-Trinkaus No. 5098
—Carl Fischer15c per copy

Stake Music Directors, if they have not already done so, should in the near future make selection of the twenty voices in their Stake who are to sing the selections designated in the Community Activity Manual in preparation for the Church-wide Music Festival in June.

It is hoped, too, that all Stakes will hold Stake Music Festivals at some time during the season. These are outstanding among the inspirational features of M. I. A. work.

Adults

Buy a Manual

"THE BEST EVER"

AN adult leader from Nevada said: "Each year I wonder how our program can be surpassed but this year's manual is the best ever."

Certainly every member should now have in hand the Adult Manual. No one need hesitate to say that it is another choice bit of rich reading material, valuable for study and reference. It is unquestionably worthy of a place in your home library. Every member needs a copy for his own use.

Invite All Adults

EXPERIENCE proves that it is more interesting and profitable to study and learn with others than alone. The studies and outlines provided are arranged so that they may be used by large or small groups of adults. We hope, however, no group will be satisfied until all who are eligible have been brought into active membership and joyous participation.

The Group Discussion Plan

THIS is the favored method in cooperative learning. There is no "teacher" and "pupil" relationship here, although someone guides or leads the discussion. Advantage is taken of cooperative effort. Each member depends upon others in the group. Each carries his fair share of responsibility in maintaining interest and keeping the group going. Each one is a learner; each one a teacher. Help from special leaders may be desired at times, however.

Be Friendly and Sociable

MEETINGS may be as informal as the group desires. To live completely and understandingly, we must adjust and re-adjust ourselves to our environment. Let us assist each other happily to move with the "stream of events" and to move gracefully among

our fellows. We must give joy to get it. When we create joy we satisfy the soul—not only the mind and body. Remember our aim this season is "Create a year of happiness for all."

Notes on Reading, under Senior Department of this issue, by Harrison R. Merrill, author of our course of study, will be of interest to adults too.

Seniors

The New Testament

TWO THOUSAND years ago, or thereabouts, a few devout men wrote some letters to their friends among the saints. So unusual were the stories they told, so enthralling was the hope they set forth, so dynamic was the faith they exhibited that those letters have been preserved for us in the New Testament. The world still enjoys those letters so keenly that the book continues to be the best seller among nations.

In reading any of the assignments found at the bottom of page 191 in the Senior Manual—Lesson III of "Reading"—mark the passages which are often echoed in literature and by speakers. Check the references in the following poem with the last few chapters of Revelations."

Let This Be Heaven

OH, God, let this be heaven—
I do not ask for golden streets,
Or long for jasper walls,
Nor do I sigh for pearly shores
Where twilight never falls;
Just leave me here beside these peaks,
In this rough western land,—
I love this dear old world of Thine—
Dear God, you understand.

Oh, God, let this be heaven—
I do not crave white, stainless robes,
I'll keep these marked by toil;
Instead of straight and narrow walks
I love trails soft with soil;
I have been healed by crystal streams,
But these from snow-crowned peaks
Where dawn burns incense to the day
And paints the sky in streaks.

Dear God, let this be heaven—
I do not ask for angel wings,
Just leave that old peak there
And let me climb 'till comes the night—
I want no golden stair.
Then, when I say my last adieu
And all farewells are given
Just leave my spirit here somewhere—
Oh, God, let this be heaven!
—H. R. M.

Great Books

A GAME made up of questions might be interesting for Chapter IV. For instance one might ask: What is a roc? Who was Sinbad

the Sailor? What journey did Christian take? How was the delicacy of roast pig first made known? What kind of person was Utriah Heap? How did Ophelia die? What became of Banquo?

Socialize the Group

SENIORS, why not have a party? That buffet supper was a success. The game of authors would be appropriate for educational entertainment. Or the group could make their own "reading" game by writing questions such as those suggested in this department on cards and matching them with answers. Literary games of any sort would be appropriate. Many groups may have successful parties; we hope they will let us know how it was done.

Nature Speaks

HOW can men say there is no God
And see what springeth from the sod.
Where hand of man has never sown,
Where only birds and bees have flown!

Each day brings forth some wonder new.
That seems to say—God lives, 'tis true:
Each day most surely follows night,
For after darkness comes the light.

And birds with beauteous plumage rare,
And lovely flowers beyond compare,
And trees that stand up straight and tall,
Tell one that God is over all.

The raging torrent seems to say,
A higher power I obey;
And babbling brook, and flowing stream
All whisper God is more than dream.

Even in glare of sun at noon,
In twinkling stars, and glowing moon.
In thunderstorm, and wind so keen,
The hand of God is clearly seen.

In solitude of woodland grove,
Wherever men desire to rove,
Where life of any sort is found,
God's Spirit always hovers round.

Throughout all nature one can see,
Order and law and majesty,
Evidence of higher hand
Than man is able to command.

Each season following in its course,
Belief in God seems to enforce;
In all the world where'er one seeks,
God lives! God lives! 'tis nature speaks.

—Catherine L. M. Horner,
British Mission.

M Men-Gleaners

The Story and Religious Teaching

OFTEN a story may be brought into a speech or a class discussion that will be more effective than anything else the speaker or teacher could do. President David O. McKay is especially effective in this field.

On one occasion he was empha-

sizing the need of a Sunday School teacher's being an exemplar and retold the story of the boy who cared for the bats for the baseball team. This boy had great faith in his Sunday School teacher, the pitcher on one of the teams. After President McKay had finished his story, every teacher made a vow to keep faith with his class. This story was retold by Harrison R. Merrill with President McKay's permission under the title "Spec's Faith," and is found in "Bart of Kane County and Other Stories."

Stories that have been used effectively in teaching religious principles are such as "The Lost Word," by Van Dyke; "The Other Wise Man," by Van Dyke; "The King of the Golden River," excerpts from "Ben Hur"; "Finding God in Millersville;" and "Selfish Giant," by Oscar Wilde.

It would be interesting during this period to review some of the old English morality and mystery plays to show how they were used to teach religious principles. Extracts from these may be found in many anthologies of English literature.

"Pilgrim's Progress" is often cited as the greatest of all the allegories. It has been quoted for years by speakers and teachers; many of the incidents are told to illustrate religious teachings. The teacher might bring the book to class and read enough extracts to interest the group in the book.

The leader might carry out the demonstration by listing such religious principles as Faith, Repentance, Charity, Love, Meekness, and having the class respond with stories such as that of Peter walking on the water; of the Apostle Paul after his conversion; of the widow and Elijah; of David and Absalom; of Moses in preparing for his great leadership.

Jesus used the story constantly and most effectively. Many of our modern preachers have done the same. All of us have heard the Word of Wisdom defended by means of the story of Daniel and the king's meat; the efficacy of prayer by the story of Joseph Smith's first vision. Happy is the man or woman who can find in his or her own experiences little stories which illustrate religious principles. All of us could find these incidents if we keep always on the alert for them.

Gleaners

Our Sheaf: "I will read the Scriptures daily."

THE Bible is the most thought-suggesting book in the world. No other deals with such grand themes."

—Herrick Johnson.

"This book of stars lights to eternal bliss."—George Herbert.

"Nobody ever outgrows Scripture; the book widens and deepens with our years."—Spurgeon.

Gleaning as it applies to Gleaner Girls means gathering knowledge, and binding the sheaves means putting that knowledge into action. The Bible contains not only history of ancient peoples, but truths that are eternal and can be guides for our lives today. Consider the following quotations from Proverbs:

Whoso loveth correction loveth knowledge:
But he that hateth reproof is brutish.

As a jewel of gold
In a swine's snout,
So is a fair woman which is without discretion.

A gracious woman retaineth honor:
And violent men retain riches.

He that diligently seeketh good seeketh favor:
But he that searcheth after mischief, it shall come unto him.
When pride cometh, then cometh shame:
But with the lowly is wisdom.

As vinegar to the teeth,
And as smoke to the eyes,
So is the sluggard to them that send him.

He that guardeth his mouth keepeth his life:
But he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick:
But when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.

Someone has said everyone should have her favorite passage or chapter of Scripture. What is yours? We suggest the following: James, 3rd Chapter; Matthew, 5th and 25th Chapters; I Corinthians, 13th Chapter; III Nephi, 11th Chapter; Doctrine and Covenants, Section 76.

Encourage the girls to set a special

Modern Pandora

By Elaine Little

SHE took her happiness apart,
To see how it was made.

Dissected every shining bit,
Classified and labeled it,
Impaled it on a blade,
Denuded this, deflated that,
Astute and unafraid.

And oh that life could use her soul
And how could fate abuse her so
Her happiness to sever?
For though she took it all apart,
And sorted it as per the chart
She cannot find the place to start
To put it back together.

time for reading the Scriptures. Just before going to sleep seems the most certain. A few minutes of the class period once or twice a month should be devoted to this part of our program. Scripture reading should have a place on the Conjoint Sunday Night Program and will increase the interest of the girls in reading this lovely literature aloud.

M Men

The M Men Program For 1935-36

THE M Men Program for 1935-36 is just as rich as the vision of our young men, aided and advised by carefully chosen leaders, can make it. Translated into activities the following are suggestive as to meetings and attendance:

(1) WITH RESPECT TO MEETINGS:

Normally two meetings each month are given to the study of the manual. One meeting monthly is given to the special M Men activity, "Public Address." One meeting monthly is given to the joint M Men-Gleaner Girl activity, "The Use of the Story."

During the first three meetings above referred to, time should be given for any matters of organization or necessary business, or any other appropriate concern that should have immediate attention. This should be well organized, and handled with despatch. Such matters should be carefully outlined by M Men Class officers and considered with the M Men Class leader before the evening they are presented, so that time will be properly used and misunderstandings avoided.

In the same manner, matters of interest to M Men and Gleaners jointly should be considered jointly in advance by M Men and Gleaner officers with M Men and Gleaner Class Leaders so that when they are presented there is order and wisdom and proper placing of responsibility.

(2) WITH RESPECT TO ATTENDANCE. SUGGESTED ACTIVITIES WOULD INCLUDE:

Getting the name, address and age of every M Man in the ward. This should be done by an attendance committee of M Men. Also as far as possible list for each M Man one or two pals, some of his interests, and his abilities. The preparation of a file of cards or a notebook for this material is recommended. Approach the M Man, not in regular attendance, through his pals, or interests, or abilities to serve the group. Let him know he is wanted, and there is a place for him and a service he can perform.

When one moves into the ward or attends from another ward, make him welcome. Do what can be done for

him. If he belongs to another ward, have the M Men President Attendance Representative contact the proper officer of the other ward and try to adjust the M Man where he belongs.

Junior

NO more enjoyable work than that of teaching can be found. To share with God in the creation of a new idea in the formative mind of one of His children surely should be compensation enough for the effort put forth in making that teaching worth while.

Methods become doubly important when teachers are dealing with Junior Girls who have so much vitality and enthusiasm that it requires an interesting teacher indeed to capture their fancy and attention. One method which has been employed is that of the lecture. The lecture is good upon certain occasions. If there is someone who has given intense study in a certain field, one who has become an expert, then he has the voice of authority and most people willingly listen to him. However, these Junior Girls are not eager to listen even to the greatest authorities. Consequently, the lecture method will not prove effective here unless it is parceled out in small doses and given to the girls themselves to handle. If, for instance, as in the lesson "A Book is a Frigate," some of the girls have already finished the book, *The Invincible Louisa*, which is recommended there, it might be wise to let those girls give a brief review for the benefit of the class. The lecture in this case would be so short that no one in the class would become restless or tired from hearing it.

Another method is that of the question and answer. This has value but it is not the ideal way of teaching. In this method the teacher asks the questions and calls for the answers from the class without their having had the opportunity of reading the lesson. The teacher will need to be especially careful in using this type of lesson presentation to see that she has a definite outline to follow because if she hasn't these girls who are so alert will lead her off into by-paths while the lesson will be neglected. Probably the first lesson, when the girls will not have had the opportunity to purchase the books will have to be largely this question and answer method or as it is called by Dr. Wahlquist the recitation method.

The using of stories is important not as a means of developing the lesson but rather as a method of reinforcing that which is to be emphasized. An apt story is always more forceful than a whole evening of abstract talking. But the story must be well-told, applicable to the

question at hand, and suitable to the age of the class. In practicing the telling of the story it is always wise to tell it aloud to someone before giving it to the class. It may be that you will have to tell it to yourself in front of a mirror. In this way you will weed out those details which are uninteresting.

The reading around method has passed. But there is an advantage in this method when books of great value are to be considered. It may be employed when the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price are used.

The one method which is to be commended above all others is that of the problem-project method. This gives the girls the chance to put into operation that which they have heard discussed in the classroom. Of course this means that the members of the class should have the texts available so that they can have read the lessons beforehand. It demands the added initiative of the teacher to think out unusual ways of putting the project to the girls so that they will work it out in the following weeks until they make the desired changes in their lives.

Each lesson can be worked out on this plan. For instance, in the lesson on "My Little World," several suggestions have been made in the text for projects to be solved outside the class. In your teaching, find those problems that confront your particular community and solve them.

Above everything else have faith and keep faith with youth.

Bee-Hive Girls

WHOSOEVER will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you let him be your servant. Even so the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life, a ransom for many." In our preparations for Christmas let us keep the above quotation in our minds as a reminder of its real purpose.

Bee-Keepers who have charted their program of the year's work will not be taken by surprise by Kris Kringle winking at them around the corner.

We submit a few ideas for busy fingers. In all our gift making, let us keep in mind the idea of applying our symbols where possible; by doing this, we will fill some more cells.

Have you ever thought of cutting lovely conventional symbols from gummed paper. These you can paint and then use as Christmas seals on your gift packages.

It wouldn't be difficult to make cookie and candy cutters of your symbols by using tin, shears and soldering irons. The swarm symbol would work up well for such a purpose as well as your own. Cookies and candy are so much fun to make. Then we shall want to make and decorate some boxes and wrap them attractively.

Cellophane is so inexpensive to purchase, but even better than buying, save all you can get, and you will have quite a collection to make into ribbons, bows, pine trees, flowers, home and table decorations, favors.

Instead of using monograms, embroider your towels, handkerchiefs, pillow slips, bed spreads, pillows, purses, scarfs, with your symbol.

Have you tried making queer shaped animals and men for tree ornaments and favors, from fruit, nuts, candies, pine cones and acorns? A jolly Santa is made from a red apple, cotton, cloves, raisins, and toothpicks; a snow man from marshmallows, gumdrops, and toothpicks.

Books are always a favorite with young and old, as gifts. Book markers and slip covers for books decorated attractively can be made from heavy paper, oilcloth, or suitable fabric materials. For books suitable for gifts, watch the Book Review page in the *Era*. The M. I. A. Hand Books of past years contain lists of books, also the M. I. A. Supplement, 1933. We recommend as a faith-promoting book, *Modern Miracles*, by Stokes.

Puzzles are made by mounting an attractive picture on cardboard, then cutting it into various shaped pieces. Dolls and animals can be made from a ten cent pair of men's socks, a piece of gingham, oilcloth.

Tin cans make convenient footstools. Put seven cans together in flower shape, tie them together, pad, and cover with oilcloth, suiting, carpet, or other heavy material. Braided rags sewed together for a rug will please Mother. Paper bags, when decorated, by using crayons and scissors, make holiday bags, nut cups and queer shaped hats for parties and trees.

Cardboard boxes make table mats, screens, wastepaper baskets, loose leaf note books, portfolios, files for clippings, curtain pulls, animal heads for stick horses, pin wheels,



blocks, Christmas tree ornaments. Fancy papers, wall paper, and your own drawings, will make them look festive. Be sure to shape well the articles you decide to make. A beautifully shaped article doesn't need much decoration.

The round ornamental boxes or ice cream cartons make good toys. From them we can make twine containers, darning cotton containers in the form of an armchair, cradle, engine, windmill, and animals.

Tin cans can be converted into flower vases, hanging baskets, Indian rattles, drums and Boy Scout equipment for brother, as reflector ovens.

Handcraft for Every Woman, by Glenn Johnson Beeley, contains many suggestions for Christmas gift making. Note, pages 91-98, 132, 133, 135, 140-156.

Bee-Keepers, if you intend teaching the First Aid in January, now is the time to prepare yourself. This subject must be properly taught, and no one can learn in a minute.

Explorers and Scouts

The Boy, His Nature and His Needs

By Philo T. Farnsworth

NO. IX. COUNSELING AND GUIDANCE—THE HUMAN APPEAL.

Editor's Comment: This is the ninth of a series of articles.

IN the past most of our efforts seem to have been concerned with remedial work. We seem to have waited with our counsel and personal guidance until the young man or woman is into some trouble, then we proceed to help her out or condemn her. Waiting for the breakdown merely makes one "a trouble shooter" and loses much time and energy.

The modern principle of counseling and guidance is in most respects the antithesis of the past practices. Constructive counsel and guidance based on sound information about the individual are now among the most forward looking and preventive programs ever projected.

The plan presupposes a congenial atmosphere of confidence and assurance not the harassed and unwelcome attitude so often found in handling remedial work.

Certain it is that the approach is an art, for how to inspire confidence, to have the knowledge, to know how to give it, and when and in what amounts, is indeed a great challenge.

The fundamental purpose back of counseling and guidance is to help the individuals to plan for and to seek training in social, spiritual, vocational, and recreational activities

that will insure success and happiness in service to society. This objective implies that whoever is interested in the counseling and guidance work will:

1. Seek to help individuals to discover the extent of their aptitudes, interests, and needs.

2. Plan to develop in individuals interests which will lead them to plan and to carry forward programs of training.

3. Will impart pertinent information regarding social, moral, vocational, and recreational activities that will cause individuals to recognize social and personal values.

4. Seek to build up a normal well integrated personality and to detect and remedy any maladjustment which might occur.

5. Will encourage individuals to participate actively in meaningful and worthy situations thus creating appreciations for the values of these activities.

6. Will teach and prepare individuals to plan and to revise their activities in the event changing conditions make this advisable.

7. Help individuals to see the value and acquire the standards necessary to live completely in a democratic social order.

Guidance and counseling offers an opportunity to give a personal and human touch to the lives of young people without sentiment, affectation, and emotionalism. It presupposes a condition of confidence and in such a condition is the most conducive of permanent and lasting impressions.

To have raised the aspirations; to have awakened the interest; to cause definite activities toward the goal of self realization and social endeavor; these are end products of guidance and counseling.

Who is there among us who would not be truly happy if his life, his actions, and his thoughts were the basis of confidence and inspiration to young people?

The opportunity is before every leader of the Youth of Zion. The

basis of success is the intelligent understanding of the nature and needs of these youths and the wisdom to plan a program of activities that inspires respect, promotes confidence, and results in meaningful and worthy social responses on the part of these youths. (The person who accepts the confidence of the boy must be trained in the art of personality construction and interpretation, otherwise false security and guidance may be given.)

Books are Masters

(Continued from page 692)

so charming as these pages, and not even my friends are quite so real, perhaps quite so dear, as d'Artagnan."

This book so beloved by Stevenson is not a general favorite; it is too long and too sad for the average reader, but Stevenson who had always death at his elbow, liked the slow falling shadows, and the passing one by one of the great heroes; and the quiet though glorious ending had for him a singular charm. And may we not feel that it was here he gathered the seeds of the thought he so beautifully expresses in his "Requiem."

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me;
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

WHILE we recognize the joy and growth that is to be had in books, we must remember that there are bad reading habits as well as good ones. Life is a reality—we have problems to be solved, tasks to be done, and the kind of reading that gives us courage to live our life to its full, to solve our problems and complete our tasks, is good. But when we read as a means of escape from reality, as an easement from some troublesome situation, and so become insensitive to our duties, we are cultivating a reading habit which according to Dr. H. A. Overstreet is quite as damaging to character as a narcotic vice.

Books are masters, but they do not seek us; we must approach them. Choose those which will best help to discipline us, to develop, to unfold us—for that is the purpose of life.



Challenge of Charm

(Continued from page 687)

never gossip, slander, hurt, criticize. With some people we spend an evening—with others we invest it. Three safe questions to ask before talking about persons are: Is it necessary, is it kind, is it true? Get a good book on conversation and apply its simple rules in your own life. Conversation is an art. The charming person converses well, but wise girls and women never indulge in the idea that they know more than boys and men—and display it by their conversation. If they do, watch men look for an avenue of escape. So girls, don't tell all you know, at least not all at once. If you have been to Europe, or had an operation, once is enough to mention it.

THE ART OF PLEASING (*My goal —to make everyone love me.*)

To be frank is fair if you have tact. Tact is not the sixth sense, it is the light of the other five. Chesterfield reminds us that "Most arts require long study and application, but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire." To charm is to please. Pleasing people is sort of breathing and exciting. Try it.

Dear Friends: (And I hope you are my friends):

These humble thoughts of mine, written very simply in these chats on charm were given in answer to questions and discussions requested. If every girl or woman will make charm her goal, she will find her happiness. Life will be easier, more colorful, more intriguing. To be charming for the sake of others, to make life easier for those with whom she moves, should inspire any woman to reach the height of charm. And charm is everlasting—it will be necessary and useful in the eternities.

Try this assignment daily for one month. If it helps, use it forever:

Use water freely—inside and out. (Bathe every day.)

Exercise for stimulation and vitality. (Unless you are ill.)

Use a mouth deodorant. Brush teeth at least twice daily.

Keep your body daintily fragrant. (It makes you like yourself.)

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Go over your clothes often.

Keep your chin up, your back straight, your knees relaxed.

Read a poem, or listen to music, wear something lovely (underwear, a flower, a gay bow, ear-rings, or what not.)

Laugh three times a day—(even though you must read a funny joke or tell one.)

Perform some kind act—do something every day that makes

you feel you have touched the very spirit of beauty in a personal way.

Go to sleep at night, having cleared mind and heart of all ill feeling or sadness, with the corners of your mouth turned upward, a smile in your soul and gratitude to the Maker for life and loveliness.

May we have much in common in this glorious old world, because we believe in this slogan: *Arm Against Harm With Charm!*

In the World's Wonder Art Gallery

(Continued from page 680)

laid bare in its hiding place the greatest art treasure of the entire world. He told his neighbors of his wonderful find and they gathered eagerly around the pit to help him rescue the figure and bring it into the broad daylight. The Marquis de Riviere, French Ambassador to Constantinople, heard of the great discovery and made Yorgas the happiest man on the island by paying him 6,000 francs for what he had found in his orchard. It reached France safely in February, 1824, and was presented by the Marquis to Louis XVIII.

DURING the Commune the Venus of Milo was carried away for safety and hidden, buried in the cellars of the house of the Superintendent of Police. The Communards burned down the house, but the statue was saved by its endless wrappings of legal documents.

Hundreds of years have come

My Father's House

By Edith E. Anderson

I LOVE thy sacred solitude,
Oh house of praise and prayer!
I love the warmth of fellowship,
Within thy walls I share,
To rest within thy blessed peace
Secure from taunting forms,
The only port where salvaged wrecks
Are safe from future storms.

I need thy holy ordinance
To make my spirit strong,
Absolve into forgetfulness
The pain of other's wrong,
To magnify my own mistakes
And lead me to esteem
A loving Savior's charity,
His sacrifice supreme.

and gone since this majestic figure was given life by some unknown sculptor, yet it still lives in matchless beauty, a striking memorial of the mighty past, a glorious inspiration for the future.

"O goddess of that Grecian isle
Whose shoes the blue Aegean waves,
Whose cliffs repeat with answering smile
Their features in its sun-kissed waves!"

"An exile from thy native place,
We mark thee in a northern clime;
Yet mark on thy majestic face
A glory still undimmed by Time."

Little wonder that with treasures gathered from the richest sources, the world has come to look to the Louvre as the matchless collection who's value is steadily enhanced with the passing of the years. There were red letter days a century ago when were added such masterpieces as Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin," Tintoretto's "Miracle of St. Mark," Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," and Domenichino's "Communion of St. Jerome." In 1852, by special decree of the Government, the Louvre was granted 615,300 francs for purchasing at the Marshal Soult's sale "The Immaculate Conception," by Murillo.

During the Second Empire, two hundred paintings of early Italian schools came with the acquisition of the Campana Museum, in 1862. Then came the splendid Collection Lacaze of two hundred sixty-five pictures, presented to the museum in 1869. From then on the museum continued to acquire more valuable works, both by purchase and donation, until, when the end of the 19th century approached, it became more and more apparent that the old rooms were all too crowded. These conditions led to a remodeling and enlarging with the result that in 1900 a "New Louvre" was a reality. Schools of paintings were hung together, overcrowded

walls were thinned down, pictures hidden in dark corners were brought into easy light and vision. Altogether it became to sight, as it was before in intrinsic value, "the most splendid and attractive museum in Europe."

One single painting may suffice to illustrate the power of a masterpiece to draw a visitor to the Louvre and to hold his undivided attention. Let him seek out, for instance, the "Infanta Margarita," by the eminent Spanish painter, Velasquez. This portrait is like no other portrait.

Smooth down the silky hair near the parting—the high light seems to change. Lift the gold chain and let the light ripple back. Run your fingers gently in among the locks by the child's ear. Clasp the solid little chin, or pull out the pink bows, and make them just right for an appearance at court. There is actuality here, and there is besides exquisite tone-quality and brushwork.

And the remarkable thing about the Louvre is that there is a masterpiece equally as wonderful, as entrancing, as satisfying, for every day of the year, making the Louvre a hardy perennial whose fragrant flowers are freely offered amid the roses of smiling June or the snows of chill December.

"A Land Choice Above all other Lands"

(Continued from page 679)

our public school expenditures for 1930 totaled \$2,184,847,200.00. Crime is costing the United States about six times as much as we are spending for education. Where are we going? Are we approaching a condition that threatens our civilization? Will we mend our ways before it is too late?

If we can inject more of Christ's teachings into our business and into our daily lives and unselfishly apply some of the fine human energy and brain power that have done so much to develop our natural stores to a more equitable distribution of nature's bounties, the United States may become the happiest and most cultured nation on earth as well as the wealthiest.

May I Present M. C. Josephson

(Continued from page 681)

others in any possible way, wide experience, genius for independent effort, a total refusal to take herself seriously, deep love of knowledge, and a certain reserve in accepting unproved statements.

Marba says of herself that she was named for her father backwards and has been going that way ever since—a statement whose amusing quality lies more in its reversal of truth than in its witty comment on the reversal of letters.

Her greatest accomplishment, she feels, is in having had five healthy children. This evaluation is undeniably sound. To have had five children; to have ministered to their never ceasing needs—in addition to the many other phases of her life—is the highest proof of her capacity, her power of selection, her strong sense of what, in life, comes first. Here is a suggestive, rather than comprehensive, grouping of her qualifications for her new task. It briefly outlines her background—inheritance, training, accomplishments.

MARBA is the daughter of Lilian Hamlin and Abraham Hoagland Cannon. Her father was a member of the quorum of the Twelve; her mother, a brilliant and charming woman. She was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, after her father's death. Her mother died before Marba reached adequate maturity. She is a granddaughter of George Q. Cannon who, at the time of his death, was a member of the Church presidency and whose gift for language was universally acknowledged. She is also a niece of Hugh J. Cannon, former editor of the *Era*.



Canada, Mexico, and the United States have all been her home. She attended the Salt Lake City public schools, L. D. S. High School, and the University of Utah, receiving a history scholarship at the last institution. She taught school at Nephi High School, Boxelder High School, Gila College, in Thatcher, Arizona, the University of Utah, and the L. D. S. High School. She has done graduate work at both the University of Utah and the University of California.

In her connection with the Lion House Social Center, she has worked widely among women's groups. Marba has also given book reviews before many organizations, attaining an outstanding reputation in this particular field. *The Utah Farmer* and various Church publications have printed her articles; and both M. I. A. and Sunday Schools have used her manuals. She has written and published considerable poetry—some of which has appeared in the *Salt Lake Tribune* and one of which was reprinted in an anthology of magazine verse last year.

Marba is married to Newel Josephson. They live in Salt Lake City and have five children—four boys and one girl.

The biographical habit in magazine introductions finds no friend in Mrs. Josephson. She prefers a little aura of mystery. And she has it. Delve into her history as you will, probe into her personality, character, and attainments—Marba is still a rather amazing mystery.

Her greatest weakness lies in her low self-appraisal. She has small confidence in herself and faces each new responsibility with misgivings. But she makes up for this by her abiding faith in God and in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and in her earnest conviction that no one is called to any position of trust and responsibility, save the way is provided and the strength given. I love Marba Cannon Josephson and I know that you will love her too.

WORDS of freeborn, and not the gruff tyrants of prose to do their bidding only. They have the same right to dance and sing as the dewdrops have to sparkle and the stars to shine.—Abraham Coles.

The Amazing Argentine

(Continued from page 675)

the character and conduct of its people wherever I have met them worthy of commendation and thus compelling the conviction that their doctrine must be a good one.

On an American ship coming down to the Argentine from New Orleans lately were three of these young men from Utah, on their way to their mission somewhere in the interior of the country. They were quiet, well-mannered and engaging young men, as I have found these representatives of the Mormon Church always are, and I have known them everywhere from Apia, Samoa, to Birmingham, England, and I doubt not that in this new country, something like the promised land in America to which Brigham Young and his resolute followers attained, though far richer in natural resources, they will be an excellent influence and reflect credit on their Church.

Buenos Aires, perhaps the world's most cosmopolitan city today, is, of course, the outstanding wonder of this amazing Argentine. Here, where four centuries ago some adventurous Spanish sailors from a little Mediterranean town landed, formed a settlement and called it after the name of their home church, "City of Our Lady of the Good Airs," is the eighth or ninth city of the world in population, the third or fourth in the area it covers, and with hardly a rival in the rapidity of its development and the degree of beauty achieved in so short a time.

The Argentine capital, though born four hundred years ago, came into being as a really magnificent world-city within less than three-quarters of a century. In its early days it went through many vicissitudes. Once it was captured by an Englishman named Beresford with only two thousand men, but Britain made little attempt to hold it and the Spaniards with their native allies regained it. In 1810 it declared its independence, together with the rest of the Argentine, and the great general, San Martin, co-liberator with Simon Bolivar of South America from Spanish despotism, saved it when upon the Spanish Restoration Ferdinand VII would have at-

tempted to regain the colonies lost during the Napoleonic Wars.

MAY, 1810, was the month of the declaration of independence, and that is why you find throughout the Argentine, streets and plazas and buildings and even towns named after this month. It has the same sacred significance to the ardently nationalistic Argentinean as the geese which saved the Capitol to the ancient Romans. Thus in Buenos Aires is the splendid Plaza de Mayo and the world-famed Avenida de Mayo which leads out of it. You may have thought these were named after some notable figure of Argentine history, some early and redoubtable Celtic Mayo, some world-rover who had thrown in his lot with South American liberty-seekers, like O'Higgins in Chile.

But "Mayo" is the month of May in Spanish, and wherever you find the word in the Argentine it is there to remind of the month when this became an independent nation.

The great capital, in which live nearly a quarter of the people of the Republic, is laid out on perfectly flat land, the once marshy flats and shores of the mighty Plata, or "silver," river, which is as a matter of fact even more saffron in hue than the Mississippi. Here, more than 300 miles from its mouth, the great Andean-born river, second only in volume to the Amazon, is so wide you cannot see one shore from the other. The banks are low and on either side the plain stretches off into the far distance. The water is shallow a long distance from shore and in the earlier days, ere the present wonderful dock system of Buenos

THIS MAN'S IDEA IS PROVING A BLESSING TO FOLKS WHO NEED MONEY

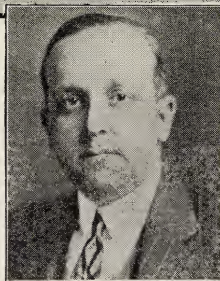
By P. H. GRAHAM

THIS is a true story. I know this man personally. I know of many folks he has helped. I know of widows with children to support who thank him for their incomes. I know of men who lost their jobs, but are now making more money than ever before. I can tell you of men and women who live better because of the opportunity this man gives them to add to their incomes. Yes, I know of literally hundreds of folks to whom this man's idea of doing business has been a God-send.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Perhaps you, too, are in urgent need of money to meet pressing bills. You may have some spare time you want to turn into cash. Then you will want to guarantee this man at once. There will be no obligation on your part. He will write and tell about a wonderful plan he has for helping you.

He is President of a large million-dollar manufacturing company. He does business in every section of the Country—in your very locality. He started some years ago with an idea. It was this: He said, "I'll help worthy people who are in need of money. My proven business-building plans shall be given to the deserving so they, too, can have money." He prospered. His business became most tremendously successful following these practical "Golden Rule" plans. And today it is still growing. Right now he needs 800 men and women in all parts of the Country. He needs someone in your section to help handle the business there. To everyone who accepts his offer he guarantees a fair, square deal and an amazing opportunity to make as high as \$42.50 in a week in this pleasant, dignified manner.



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(This offer not good outside the U. S.)

Aires came into being, ships had to lie five or six miles out in the stream, and even lighters could not come to dry land and men must bear cargoes to and from them on their backs.

One of the first requirements of a modern city, then, a city which should presently be one of the greatest ports in the world, was a dock system. The British, who have done most of the economic and commercial pioneering in the Argentine and whose investments there are enormous, planned and constructed the docks, a system of canals and gates and basins like those of London and Liverpool. From them a long dredged channel brings overseas ships from the deep water of the "silver" river and constant dredging is necessary to keep it clear. Once among the miles and miles of docks, the basins and the scores of ships of every sort from everywhere you begin to appreciate the monumental nature of this dock-building achievement. There is room here now for ships up to 50,000 tons and all the facilities for working them that exist in London or New York. For through these terminals is going every year half a million tons of chilled and frozen meat, to the European markets chiefly, five times that amount of cereals, including lately wheat to the United States, hundreds of thousands of tons of the quebracho log, which grows in the Argentine and Paraguayan Chacos and from which tannin is extracted, minerals and fruit, sugar, an increasing amount of cotton, wines and cattle by-products and wool.

DURING the past year Argentine foreign trade has shown a marked increase and the country looks to the future with confidence. Immigration, though averaging double emigration since the war, is relatively small, and the Argentine waits for people from the worn-out lands of Europe, and even from depression-gripped America. There are some 3000 Americans here already and more than 50,000 British. The interests of the latter include everything. The British built the fine and efficient Argentine railways on which you may go everywhere in the country, up to La Paz, in Bolivia, and even down into Patagonia. They still own most of them and generally manage them, which is one reason

why they are as modern and adequate as any in the world.

The British likewise own many of the cattle ranches, large properties in the capital including many retail stores, two newspapers, several clubs and much real estate. All of which is the best of reasons why Britain cannot discriminate against the Argentine in favor of her Dominions in the matter of the meat trade or any other. A straining or a breaking of economic relations would mean the ruin of these immense investments and disaster to thousands of Britishers. Therefore, England is in a perplexing po-

sition in this regard, harassed by continued and increasingly persistent urgings from Australia and New Zealand as to Argentine rivalry in the chilled and frozen meat trade, demands in the name of empire unity that restrictions be placed against South America and even appeals to sentiment, the while the Argentine becomes more and more a kind of economic unit of the British Empire and, because of empire interests there, impossible to discriminate against.

Americans in the Argentine have to do largely with the various American commercial interests



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there, chiefly oil but also many other things. There is in Buenos Aires a branch of the National City Bank of New York and also a branch of the First National Bank of Boston. This institution built some time ago one of the finest structures in the city, a Spanish Renaissance block near to the great avenues. It houses the American Club of Buenos Aires, the American Consulate-general, and many American business offices.

Life in the capital is that of a great Continental city. Buenos Aires has been called the "Paris of South America," but Rio de Janeiro is a good deal more deserving of that name in the connotation generally intended when it is applied to Western cities. Much, too, has been written of Buenos Aires that is quite undeserved, at least in the city as it is today. Few great capitals are better policed, more orderly and better-mannered. One notable thing about it is, that in its marvelously rapid material expansion cultural values have by no means been lost sight of. The European empire-builders, Spanish and Italian and French, German and Scandinavian and English, brought here to South America their cultural traditions and they have never disregarded them. The result is that this wonderful city beside the Plata is a cosmopolitan capital, not only of the culture that declares itself in beauty, in artistic values and in education, but also in that even finer culture that is revealed in good manners, mutual consideration and harmonious living.

You do not hear of gangsters and hold-ups and unchecked lawlessness in Buenos Aires, or anywhere else in the Argentine. A serious crime is a rare thing and so are serious accidents. Though the streets of Buenos Aires are often narrow and though, strangely enough, there is never a traffic light anywhere by day or by night, yet there are not ten percent of the accidents that occur in American cities anywhere near Buenos Aires' size. Why is this? So far as I could gather during my weeks there the explanation is found in one word, consideration. That is to say, care is given to the rights and the safety and the comfort of others, in this or in other regards, and that is one of the greatest of

attributes of any "culture" worth the name. You note at once in Buenos Aires the manner of drivers, not only of private cars, but of taxicabs also. There is no attempt to rush a crossing with a second and a foot to spare. There is, on the other hand, a disposition to wait for one another, to give the other man preference, as you might politely do in entering an elevator or passing through swinging doors. Why should not the driver of an automobile do that? He does in Buenos Aires, and if he did in America the dreadful number of accidents each year would at least be halved.

THESE are the things that constitute real culture, more important even than artistic architecture or the largest opera-house in the world, which, incidentally, Buenos Aires possesses. They are the things which make it pleasant to live in a place, and Buenos Aires is truly enough a pleasant place to live in. So is the rest of the country. From the huge railway terminals of the capital you reach any part of it comfortably and at far less than the average American fare. At the moment the Argentine exchange, as perhaps I should have mentioned before, is highly favorable to Americans. They find, therefore, that besides being one of the pleasantest it is one of the cheapest of all countries to live in. The Argentine peso, commonly called "dollar" here because there was a time when it was worth as much, is now almost four to the American dollar, yet it has pretty nearly as much purchasing power here, in respect to everything not imported, as it ever had.

You may therefore ride first-class on Argentine railways for

less than two cents a mile. Out to the Cordoba Hills, of which the accompanying photograph shows a district, is one of the favorite holiday jaunts of the people of the capital. It can be very warm at times in Buenos Aires, though the hot periods come to an abrupt end after four or five days when the wind changes from north to south and breezes from the Antarctic banish the torrid airs from the Brazilian jungles. Then the Cordoba Hills and the lakes which nestle among them as in the English lake country call alluringly. The famous seaside resort of Mar del Plata, "By the Silver Sea," on the Atlantic coast seven hours from the capital, is also thronged during December, January and February and as gaily cosmopolitan as Ostend or Deauville.

All the railways lead across the great pampas where you begin to appreciate the wonderful fertility of this richest of all soils in the world, and the superb condition of cattle raised here. There are hundreds of thousands of sheep, too, and swine, the latter grown on alfalfa which thrives here in amazing abundance. Far-reaching fields of corn grow without irrigation, for nature provides ample moisture throughout most of the Argentine. It is, indeed, the agriculturalist's promised land, this, for so productive is the soil that they say, whimsically, that even a stone will sprout something over night.

Such a land can hardly fail to beckon to the hard-pressed millions of other countries, to the drought-ridden farmers of America and the toilers upon Europe's worn-out acres. It would be a mighty boon if some of these could come here to settle in the rich and relatively untouched Argentine. Nowhere in the world is there more room and greater opportunity, especially in agriculture and stock-raising. Argentine beef will always be in demand because of its high quality, and Argentine cereals may be grown with just about fifty percent of the labor and the uncertainty of cereal production in northern lands. And if there is a satisfaction in vast spaces under the canopy of heaven and a glorious sense of freedom in close contact with the good earth, here in the amazing Argentine it is in fullest measure.

Tiller of the Soil

By M. Schaffer Connelly

THE poorest of the earth was he
With rough toil-reddened hands
But oh! he had a heart of gold.
Born of black farming lands—
Sisyphus-like, he followed on
And on behind the plow,
Coaxing the fertile seeds to grow
Until at last, somehow
His weary body slowed a bit
Then more and more, until
He lay asleep, I wonder if
Heaven has farms to till.

Speculations on Polynesian Origin

(Continued from page 674)

nation is good for many problems, but when there are as many similarities in culture as we have just seen, it seems difficult to explain all away by a separate development theory. The theory of diffusion through human contacts is much more satisfying.

The indigenist especially runs into difficulty when he gets into the biological field. This can best be illustrated by a study of the potato. According to William E. Safford in his article "The Potato of Romance and of Reality," nothing was known of our cultivated potato before it was grown by the Aranco Indians of Chile and the Incas of Peru. The sweet potato preceded all other varieties, and its original home has been proved to be America. Now, besides this original home, the only other places in the world where this sweet potato has been found to be growing natively are Hawaii, New Zealand, Samoa, and Tahiti. If we are to believe that this potato developed separately in each place then we would expect it also in other parts of the world; but since we find it only in Polynesia and America, and since it originated in America,

we are to conclude that the Polynesians came from America and took the potato plant with them to the Pacific Islands.

When the white man first landed in Polynesia he was astounded by the existence of many Israelitish customs and traditions. In New Zealand, the ordinance of baptism by immersion was administered by authorized priests called Tohungas. A form of temple (Whare Wanaanga) existed, in which only men were permitted. It received high reverence, and was for the purpose of giving training for the priesthood. In Hawaii there seemed to be a knowledge of Christ and of His coming. All of these things are as we would expect if we accept the theory of American origin for the Polynesians.

The evidence is not all in yet, but from what we have, it seems logical to assume that the Polynesians are of the blood of Israel and that they left the American shores at the time Hagoth built his many ships. From this conclusion we can readily understand the answer to our questions: the Mormon Church is interested in Polynesia, and the Polynesians are responsive to Mormonism, both because of a divine promise made many years ago to a "chosen people."

Sauce for a Number of Ganders

(Continued from page 671)

gent requests that poured in upon her for money. Bob's suggestion that he be allowed to accompany the football team on a trip met with a mild but firm refusal and Janice was finally convinced that there was a limit to the number of pairs of shoes that a college girl might reasonably be expected to get along with. Elaine arrived at the point where she would wear a remodeled dress without too prolonged rebellion and Ken eventually, if ungraciously, gave up the idea of buying a new football.

Now that she was dressed up, Edith began looking about for some place to go and found that it was not at all difficult once she had made up her mind to venture forth.

A literary club and a civic improvement group both welcomed her in. She found it thrilling to be able to tell some of her own experiences of the day at dinner time instead of merely listening to what the others had to say.

Of course this new freedom for the mother meant that the girls had to take over a share of the housework but in time they learned to accept even this innovation as inevitable and to wash dishes without a great deal of murmuring.

The family had adjusted comparatively well to the new mode of living until Thanksgiving day drew near when Edith threw a real bombshell into their midst by announcing that she was not going to cook a big dinner—in fact, she was going to cook scarcely any dinner at all.

"But, Mother!" cried Kenneth, "Thanksgiving is the main holiday of the whole year and the dinner is the main part of the day. Who

ever heard of going without a big dinner on Thanksgiving?"

"Just what I'd like to know," added Bob. "Things have come to a sorry pass around here if we have to go without a Thanksgiving dinner." He thought it wiser not to mention for the present that he had already invited a school friend who was staying in town for the holiday to have dinner with them.

Even James was shaken out of his usual mildness enough to say, "If it's expense that is bothering you, Mother, we can always get the means for this particular occasion."

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time from five to seven o'clock after the game is over and you have done all the celebrating you seem to think necessary. Besides that, Mrs. Gordon has asked me to help prepare the tables for the dinner the Service Club is giving to the blind of the city and I feel that I really can't refuse her."

There seemed to be nothing more to be said about the matter so no one said anything.

With the exception of James, who usually stayed rather close to home on Thanksgiving day and every other holiday for that matter, each member of the family had a rather guilty conscience when it came to the Thanksgiving dinner. It was seldom that any of them spent more than a few hours at home during the entire day. In the morning there had been parades down town and receptions in honor of the visiting team and its supporters. Every one of the children, for a number of years now, had felt it his duty to be at the stadium by one o'clock and as their mother had stated, they had drifted home anywhere from one to two hours after the game was over. It was hard to recall when the entire family had sat down to Thanksgiving dinner together and upon serious reflection they realized that their mother was at least partly justified in the attitude she had taken.

WEDNESDAY afternoon Edith roasted a couple of chickens and announced that they would be left in the refrigerator for sandwiches along with some potato salad for anyone who cared to stop in for a bite of lunch during the day. She calmly suggested to James that he might take her out to dinner if he liked but James merely grunted and stared at her wide-eyed and slightly open-mouthed.

By nine o'clock on the morning of Thanksgiving day Edith bade her family a cheery farewell and departed for the Service Club rooms. She set tables on a scale and with a vigor such as she had never done before for this particular holiday and tried to persuade herself that she was thoroughly enjoying the task. Down in her heart she knew that she would have preferred being at home and eating dinner with her own family but she kept reminding herself that if her family didn't appreciate her efforts

enough to stay at home and enjoy their results, she might just as well place them where they were appreciated.

By noon the tables were all set and she was just resting for a few minutes before going home when Bob sauntered in. "If you're all through, I can drive you up," he announced casually.

"I'd be delighted, my dear, of course," answered Edith, pleased at this unusual attention from the son who ordinarily was interested only in motoring with a pretty girl.

On arrival at her front door she was greeted with the unmistakable odor of sage dressing. "It probably comes from next door," she thought as she stepped inside the hall. Within, it was more pungent than ever and she hurried to the dining room. There she stopped, beset by emotions such as she had not felt in years. The table was beautifully set for a festive dinner, even to a lovely centerpiece of deep red roses.

"It seems that we are just in time for dinner," said Bob gayly, taking her wraps while Kenneth drew back a chair for his mother with much the same air of satisfaction as if he had been responsible for the entire affair. The two girls served a turkey dinner that made up in style and goodwill what it might have lacked in expert cooking. They had even persuaded James to do the carving—a task that Edith had tried in vain for twenty-five years to accomplish.

At the end of the dinner Edith managed to say in an almost natural voice. "It was perfectly lovely, girls, and now father and I will have a nice quiet afternoon at home while you all go to the game."

"Quiet afternoon, nothing!" answered Kenneth with his usual lack of elegance. "You and Dad are going to the game, too."

Edith looked helplessly at James as if this last shock were really one more than she could absorb in a single day.

"Yes, indeed, Mother," he answered. "You and I have stayed at home long enough. We are stepping out right along with the rest of them."

"It took us quite a long time to get our eyes open," said Janice, "but we've finally come to see that there is no good reason why one person should do all of the heavies around this house."

"Or miss all of the good times," added Elaine.

"Or wear all the old clothes," finished their father significantly.

Edith looked at them tremulously. She would have liked to say something very tender and very sentimental. They were such

dears and had come through so nobly but Ken put an end to her good intentions by pushing his chair back with a half regretful sigh and saying, "Well, come on, gang. The kickoff is just thirty minutes away."

them that she had been led to believe that Indians still roamed the hills of Wyoming; that rootin' tootin' cowboys rode into the town every Saturday night and shot everything in sight; that the natives had horns. "Of course," she added, "I didn't believe all of it but I've been mighty

Thanksgiving Spelled with an M

(Continued from page 665)

was not there; she had had to work at the post office for an hour. The other girls didn't seem to be expecting her. She explained about the chicken. The girls were bustling about making themselves very much at home. Mary Kaye put the chicken on the stove to keep it warm.

"Did you bake us a cake for today, Myrna?" asked Mimi. The three laughed heartily.

"I should say not! Anyone so fastidious as to want baking-powder in her cakes will have to do her own baking!"

Mary Kaye wanted to tell about the time she had used salt instead of sugar; but they had gone on to something else.

"I'm thinking, Miss Mimi, that you'd better be very careful how you criticize my culinary art—don't forget the time we went to the apens."

"I'll be good, Myrna; really I think that cake was the best I ever tasted."

They laughed and laughed, while Mary Kaye wondered what guilt rested upon Mimi's head. She kept a close vigil by the stove trying to make herself look as if she were needed there. She was glad when Marguerite arrived. She could busy herself taking up the chicken. She piled the luscious brown pieces on a platter.

"UMMMM!" It sounded like a unanimous surprise.

"That's the way we fix it back home," said Mary Kaye, glad to get a little attention.

"Well, whoever would have thought that you could cook!" came from Mimi.

"Raised on a farm and not able to cook?" laughed Mary Kaye.

She wondered why such a perfectly blank expression came over each of their faces. At last Mabel said weakly, "We thought you had come from the city."

"So this is chicken a la Missouri?" asked Marguerite.

"Oh, I just said that in fun. It's really southe'n style. I learned it in Virginia. We didn't move to Missouri till about three years ago."

"Then you're a Virginian?" It was an exclamation rather than a question. The girls were giving each other knowing looks. It was Mimi who broke the stillness this time, "We thought you didn't talk like other people who had come from Missouri."

THE chicken made a decided hit. It was pronounced the best meat that any of them had ever tasted. This led to a discussion of venison, elk, antelope—wild meats that Mary Kaye had never eaten. Then followed memories of hunting parties—big game. Mary Kaye felt that the subject of squirrel, possum, or frogs' legs would never bear mentioning. Finally she ventured, "Do you ever run into any Indians?"

They set up such a howl at this that Mary Kaye went on to tell

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careful not to step out by myself at night."

"What an opportunity we've missed, girls," wailed Mimi, "What an opportunity!"



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"Well, to be perfectly frank, I was a little disappointed after a while. I began to wish something would happen!"

Just then they heard a wild whoop outside, and all of them jumped. It was only one of the foreigners who happened to have a little too much celebration; but everyone thought for the instant that Mary Kaye was getting her wish. In the excitement Mabel turned over her glass of water. It went straight into Mary Kaye's lap. "Oh, Miss Merwin," Mabel cried, "that beautiful dress! It must have cost a fortune."

"Oh, don't worry about that. It was old before Aunt Helen discarded it and mothah made it ovah for me. See, it's getting a little treacherous in spots now."

She was glad to see that this relieved Mabel; but the others seemed to be wanting to laugh and trying to hide it. Were they making fun of her again? Just when she thought she was getting along fine! Finally Myrna burst out, "Don't mind us, but you know we've always admired your clothes so much, and, well, we just thought you always looked like a million dollars; so after what you just said—"

"I believe I'm beginning to percolate—ha, ha, ha—million dollar hand-me-downs!" Mary Kaye joined in the big laugh. "Say, just what did you think I was, anyway?"

"Snooty!" said Mimi with a funny little giggle.

"Snooty? Who? Me? Don't be funny, if I'd put my fingah on the snooty ones in this bunch it would land on four girls without touching myself!"

"Who? Us? Heavens to Betsy, what have we got to be snooty

about? What makes you think we're snooty?" demanded Marguerite.

"Well, what about that time you passed the teacherage and stuck your noses up in the air and began to talk like me?"

Embarrassed looks passed around, then Mimi volunteered, "Well, as long as this seems to be a truth session, we might as well confess that we thought your talk was all put on, just affected. And with all your swell clothes, we thought you wouldn't give us a look, so, I suppose that was just our way of getting even."

Myrna thought she would neatly settle the argument by waving a drumstick and calling out, "Here's to the United States of Missouri and Wyoming!"

MARY KAYE was not so sure that the issue at stake was geographical. To her it was still strictly alphabetical. Would they ask her to be an M? They had liked her chicken; but did they like her? Time was flying fast; the dinner was over; she must prove herself. The wish bone gave her an idea.

Finding her western friends entirely ignorant of the secret powers that can be called forth by the right and proper respects paid the breast bone of any fowl, she gave implicit instructions concerning the observance of this ceremony. It was she, herself, who came out with the longest piece. She held no southern superstitions, but never had she made a stronger plea to this piece of bone. Then, making up a rule that the one who gets her wish must wash the dishes, she rolled up her sleeves, dived into the dishwasher, and kept the rest of them busy at the end of drying dish towels.

It was a question whether it was her plea to the wish bone or her art in the dish pan; but soon Mimi touched her arm saying, "Believe it or not, she's real!" and Marguerite followed with the mental observation—"Mary Kaye—Mary—say girls, her name begins with M. Isn't that fine? Now we'll be 'The Five M's.'"

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A Silver Girdle

(Continued from page 677)

GREETINGS over, Dadai dished up the beans and goulash as Eileen passed the plates; they all sat around with one on their laps; the table had not yet been built.

"I'm on my way over to Rainbow, to meet Baring. He guards this water-shed and keeps on the lookout for fire. It's a great life for a young feller like him. The Gov-mint's mighty good to them that works for the U. S. A."

"Just what are the opportunities in the Forestry Service?" asked Dadai.

"Wood chem'istry, prevent'n the spread o' disease 'n blight. Canyon nurs'ries, eggsc'tive jobs. Much more'n yu'd think. Baring's got a good chance. He's a stoo'dent o' forestry over at the Colorado Aggies. He's doin' his field work up here fore he goes back t' gradgate school at Yale." Baring won a scholarship, he did."

Eileen dropped the salt shaker. "What's the matter with this girl?" thought Tom.

"He might know forestry—he doesn't know English," snapped Eileen.

"What do you know about him?" exclaimed Tom. "I was just going to ask Morley when we might meet Baring."

"I don't know much about him, but I do know more about some things than he does."

"Eileen," protested her mother, "what about a little explanation?"

"There isn't anything to explain, Mother. Never mind." Eileen walked over to the refrigerator for some more milk.

"You'll shore like that boy, Tom. It'll be a pleasure t' be in the same forest with him."

"Come on, Jim; you've got to wipe these dishes for me," ordered Eileen, as she rattled the plates and cups into a dishpan she had plumped down on a stool.

As the shadows deepened, the air was crisp and cold. The brittle stars glittered as they hung like ornaments on the primeval pines that stood around them in silence, reaching into the heavens. Everybody bundled up in sweaters and blankets, and sat around a crackling pine blaze while Tom and Dave swapped stories of the range and the woods. Eileen's mood grad-

ually gave way to a great dreaminess.

"Tom, don't you feel concerned to have Eileen riding about alone in this wooded maze?" asked Dadai, late the next afternoon.

"No, Dadai. It's no longer a maze to her. She's sensing the feel of the contour remarkably well."

"But, dear, we seem so utterly apart from everything human. I worry about her, being out alone."

"She's not alone. She's with Nitana. That mare's better protection than most humans—she's got horse-sense." Tom casually observed with a sideward glance at his wife as he pounded another nail into the pine table.

"Meaning what?" huffed she.

"Oh, my dear! No allusions. My mind's as free from guile as this furniture. How's that for style?" He plumed the table.

"For camp style, it's perfect. It trims the trees."

"Meaning what?" he puzzled.

"The table's appropriate for the setting."

"Dadai! That lets you out as a tenderfoot. You'll be a camper, yet."

"No, I won't, Tom; I'll never make a camper!" Her mood changed like wind on water.

"When we lie down to sleep at night I feel as if I'm cloistered in a solitary world. I've never known such aloneness. The sighing of the wind in the pines is like a long tragic moan rending the heart of the forest. And there's no one to ease its suffering."

"Oh my darling, do you really feel that way? Is that what I've brought you to?" Tom knelt on the ground beside her stool. Taking her hands in his, he looked searchingly into her face.

"That's why I'm afraid for Eileen when she rides off by herself. Every ravine and valley looks like a blind ally to me; they run in such random directions."

"Honey, there's nothing to fear for one who senses the spirit of the forest. You're right; it has got a great heart, but it throbs in unison with its lover's own. Here, in the High Uintas, there's almost no wild life of any kind. Even with this wonderful forage, the barriers are so high and the summer season is so short that only a very few mountain sheep, deer, and cougar find their way up here. And, you know, dear, that all wild

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A LITTLE quivering shudder crept over Dadai. "Oh Tom, if I just could turn woodsman."

"It takes time, darling. You've been a butterfly resting in the lap of luxury for a long time. But you've been wonderful out here; I'm proud of you!"

"It doesn't seem hard for Eileen and Jimmie."

"You forget that Eileen spent several summers at Camp Andre in New York learning these tricks while you were in Europe. And Jim's just a kid. Youngsters can take to anything. Besides, I've had them both out West with me a couple of times before this."

Dadai sighed.

"Discouraged sweetheart?" Tom lifted her chin with his hand. "I'll tell you—you be Princess With-Red-Gold-In-Your-Hair! And I'll be heap big chief Strongheart! How's that?" he challenged as he kissed her.

"I'll try, Tom. I'll do my best. If it weren't for these beastly mosquitoes. You forgot to mention them when you were speaking of the wild life around here. Just look at my skin!"

"I'll burn sweet-grass for incense; that'll keep them away. Skin or no skin, you're more beautiful than ever, little red-head."

"Ridiculous one."

"Well, being ridiculous doesn't buy shoes for the horses. Let's get this outdoor cupboard done, and then for another riding lesson."

"I'm too stiff from yesterday's workout."

"Another little canter will help to limber you up. I want to get you on top of Baldy. A bird's eye view of these woods and lakes,

ravines and peaks will straighten you out like a dose of—"

"Tom, is that nice?" Dadai intercepted his pass.

"No, honey, but I've got to clear your mind of all doubts and fears."

"I'm for the top of Baldy, then, if you have to carry me."

"You can look out over all creation from up there. There are hundreds of lakes in sight. Away to the west, you see two great gorges in the Wasatch Mountains, carved by the Provo and the Weber Rivers. They rise within a stone's throw of each other at Baldy's foot, but they spread far apart in finding their way to Great Salt Lake. The gorge of the Bear is off to the north; it flows into the Salt Lake, too. Then, when you turn, and look to the east, you see where the Duchesne cuts through the Uintas. The North Fork of the Duchesne rises in Mirror Lake, but it finds its way to the sea through the Green and the Colorado Rivers. All the waters on this side of Baldy feed the Pacific."

"That little trickle, meandering out of Mirror Lake! It doesn't look as if it could ever get to the ocean."

"You'd be surprised how soon that trickle becomes a river. Just over there, about five miles from here, it is a swift stream, flowing through a deep impassable gorge."

"It is these sudden changes and impassable places that haunt me. I wish Eileen were home."

"Surely, she won't go far. I've cautioned her about wearing her courage on her sleeve."

"Caution isn't in her language, Tom. That girl knows no fear!"

"She isn't afraid because she understands Nature's signs. She interprets the small landmarks in relation to the large."

"I suppose Nature is an open book to you and her."

"Hardly. I've been teaching Eileen and Jim the lay of the Uintas a step at a time. Our next lesson is to be from the top of Agassiz, a nice little pinnacle, more than thirteen thousand feet high. If we look out over the range from that point in the high line on the north . . ."

"Tom! That's where Eileen's gone. I heard her tell Slim, just before you came back from the CCC camp, that she was going to take the short cut over to the high line."

"Oh no, Dadai! She isn't ready

for the short cut, alone. I've only had her over it once. Even Eileen could become confused and never find the trail. You must be mistaken, dear."

"No, Tom. I heard her say she was going to try Agassiz's fourth rib. 'It hasn't a stitch of verdure on it,' she said. 'But I'll not scale the summit without Dad.' Of course I thought she had your permission."

"Permission, nothing! It's much farther away than the child realizes." Tom's anxiety was plain to Dadai.

"Oh Tom, I'd rather have gone clerking in New York than to go mad out here. I can't stand it!"

"Listen, Dadai! You find yourself something to do. You said you'd plant a row of radishes and carrots in our experimental garden. Just as soon as I've seen the men I'm expecting from the hatchery I'll start out to meet her."

"Go now! Slim can talk to the men."

"No. It's my first job, and it's a big one. They want an outfit for several days to go down to a little known basin south of here. Nine chances to ten Eileen's all right. But I will start as soon as I can." Tom looked anxiously at Agassiz. Clouds had been gathering for some time behind the mountain. Tom's attention was called to some work that Slim and Squint were doing about the corral.

As the day grew late, Jimmie asked his mother to help him get the pails for the milking. He had learned quickly to fill them with the foaming fluid and he was as proud as the frog that went a-wooing. Dadai started supper. All at once, as though a great black hand had smitten the earth with a hideous shadow, the golden light of the slanting sun was ominously darkened.

Looking up, she saw enormous mounds of leaden clouds piling into the sky from behind the broken peaks and ridges on the north.

Suddenly, the wind whistled through her clothing. The air changed abruptly. It grew damp and cold. Great drops of water splashed on the grass at her feet. The balsamy fragrance of the forest retreated from the moist odor of dusty earth wet by the rain.

The tall pines swayed; their branches tossed; little chipmunks scurried for shelter; Dadai shivered.

"Go into the tent, darling! I must see to the horses," shouted Tom, trying to be heard above the uproar of the storm. "Where's Jim?"

Tom raced over to the horses. They had backed against the wind, but their manes and tails were beating wildly in the rushing air like weird brooms of the devil.

"Jimmie! Jimmie!" called Dadai. She threw on a coat and ran out to fetch her boy, as she remembered he was milking.

Peals of thunder crashed from jagged clouds, split by lightning.

The rain tore down in volleys. And then it suddenly ceased. But as Dadai looked off in the direction of Agassiz she saw the mountain veiled in nebulous white. It was snowing up there. Agassiz's summit was no longer naked, sharp, and piercing, but diaphanously softened through sifting flakes. "Father in Heaven—Eileen!" she supplicated.

"Mama! Daddy!" shrieked Jim.

"Where are you!" called Dadai. Her concern for Jimmie had been momentarily lost in her consuming anxiety for Eileen.

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She rushed over to meet her child. There he came, gouging his eyes with his fists, trying to shove back the tears. He was spattered with white, himself, but not with snow. "Bammie kicked the bucket," he said as if his heart would break. "I fell off the stool. I'm all covered with milk." He choked on a big sob.

As Dadai took Jimmie into the tent, Tom galloped up on Onesta, his buckskin thoroughbred. "Keep the men from the hatchery here, Dadai. I'm going out for Eileen!"

MANY hours earlier, Eileen had picked her way through the forest exulting in the freedom of the woods. She rode Indian fashion, gripping Nitana's shoulders with her knees, and letting her body ease freely into the horse's motion.

What I don't know, Nitana does, she thought, retracing the short cut which her father had showed her from camp to the high-line running to the east. I must learn my way about if I'm going to be a real help to Dad.

The first gentians were opening their blue campanulas to the sky. Star flowers were shooting upward. Along the banks of dimpling streams stalks of tiny white orchids starred the deep grass. In the shadow of the trees spring beauty and dog tooth violets were poking their heads through the last snows.

Eileen looked with delight at these first flowers. She sniffed the scent of the pines; lodge-pole, "jack," and white. Her thoughts went back to her life in New York as she rode on in this all-pervading green. Wayne . . . dances . . . parties. There was no regret, although Wayne was ever in her mind. No mail was delivered at Mirror Lake until the Lodge opened. But Slim had been down to the Kamas post office to get the Reynolds mail; however, there was no letter from Wayne.

It will come, thought Eileen. That is . . . it *should* come; Wayne won't forget. He might renege. She denied the doubt. Brent, she thought of him so, wouldn't renounce his sweetheart if she went to China. But he isn't quite nice . . . *female* . . . if his eyes are true . . . those gray. . .

Nitana jostled her leg against the trunk of a tree in clearing a boulder. Eileen's thoughts were

suddenly recalled to the steepness of her way. The undulations were very rough and irregular. Then the trees became sparse, and here Nitana had to step warily over a white band of shattered rocks. A rising cross-fold deflected her from her forward direction.

"I remember this," said Eileen aloud. "And you, Nitana, do you see that fallen timber? Take your time to pick your way through that. As we come out of the thicket we'll hit the trail. I know we will."

It never dawned on her that she could be causing any anxiety to her parents.

AS she expected, she found the trail. She followed the blaze, an unmistakable gash in the trunks of the trees every sixty feet or so. Soon it skirted the timber line. Then she struck the first steep flank of Agassiz, rising abruptly from the uppermost fringe of pines. Dismounting, she hobbled Nitana and ran forward. As she measured the height of the mountain with her eye, she ran back and tethered her horse with a long rope she always carried. "If I can just climb this first flank, I'll get an idea of the range from here. I can't see through the forest. I want to see over it—my wooded paradise!"

The altitude stimulated her to quick rapid climbing, although the mountain was frightfully steep and difficult. She pulled herself over giant boulders and up vertical steps. When she stopped for breath her heart surged up in her throat, so rapid was its pounding. However, she struggled upward for a long time, never realizing how the time was passing.

She picked her way over the upturned strata until the angle of ascent suddenly increased from forty-five to nearly eighty degrees. Eileen stood upon a narrow shelving rock. She was far from the top, but she had a magnificent view as she looked out over the living-green waves of the forest and the serrated rows of hills. She could see a chain of lakes linking the mountain floor like a girdle of irregular silver coins. Rainbow; she thought. You're nestled right in the heart of these high mountains. She smiled radiantly. Pushing upward again, she was oblivious to the lowering storm.

Suddenly, with no warning whatever, the breeze, ever-present on all high mountains, whipped

into a strong wind. The heavy clouds that had been forming back of the mountain rolled into the sky over Agassiz's peak—Eileen was caught in the downpour.

The thunder crashed above her head; the lightning sizzled as it snapped. The rain stung her face like hissing pellets. It beat her. It turned to hail—frozen bullets from the sky—and then snow, so thick she was blinded.

She began to feel her way down the rocks. But they were wet and slippery. Through the whiteness of the snow the gloom of the day's last light penetrated.

Eileen was numb with cold. She was no longer sure of her footing. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" her voice rose in a hysterical slant. "Oh no! I mustn't go there. I came up this ridge! I must go down the same way." Her progress was painfully slow. As the snow thickened she hesitated more and more.

"Go on—go on! Keep your head!" she said, as if urging someone else. She felt giddy. She brushed her forehead with the back of her hand. She staggered and lost her balance. Stumbling she fell and wrenched her ankle. Stunned by the sickening pain, as the snowy flakes spun around her head, she sank to the ground in a dizzy faint.

(To be Continued)

Lights and Shadows

(Continued from page 694)

the old homestead to go to New York to broadcast. A refreshing musical comedy that the whole family will enjoy. *Family*.

REDHEADS ON PARADE (Fox): Cast: John Boles, Dixie Lee, Jack Haley, Raymond Walburn, Alan Dinehart.

Flimsiness of plot is overlooked in this swift-moving comedy, which has as its motif supremacy of Redheads over the reigning Platinum Blondes. Tuneful melodies, clever dance routines and Herman Bing, in an apologetic mood, provide fun for the family.

HOT TIP (RKO-Radio) Cast: Zazu Pitts, James Gleason, Margaret Callahan, Russell Gleason.

An hilarious farce in which Zazu Pitts and Jimmy Gleason as husband and wife make good sparring partners. The story is inconsistent and improbable with little plot but lots of fun. *Mature*.

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND (Gauumont-British) Melodrama: Cast: Jack Hulbert, Fay Wray, Claude Hulbert.

A farcical burlesque of the perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes of a would-be Bulldog Drum-

mond. The flight of a band of jewel thieves down a circular staircase, through the London subway and the British Museum ends in their capture, after many thrills and laughs. Well photographed, directed, and acted. *Family*.

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YOUR PAGE AND OURS

The Cover This Month

THE photograph on the cover this month is of "A Pilgrim Maiden," presented to the town of Plymouth by the National Society of New England Women on September 4, 1924. The sculptor was Henry Kitson, Lee, Mass. The photograph was taken and is copyrighted by Publishers' Photo Service, New York. It is a lovely Priscilla standing among her New England trees.

"Stamp Collectors, Ahoy!"

SOME such greeting as that may be heard as the good ship Philatelist, now on a cruise of the South Sea Islands, appears upon the bounding main and is greeted by other ships. The ship is sailing under the colors of the Pacific Navigation Line, Inc., and will touch at many islands on its 15,000 mile voyage. The company is arranging to mail from the ship ten beautiful covers cacheted and illustrated from ten different ports enroute to anybody who has made the proper arrangements. In order to have everything done in accordance with the best stamp-collector procedure, Richard Albert Hardie, popular journalist who is the author of "Christ on Postage Stamps" in this issue of the magazine, and John Coulthard, noted cachet artist, will be on board ship.

South Africa Speaks

WE are always happy to receive the *Era* and find that it is of great assistance to us in our missionary work." *LeGrand P. Backman, Mission President, South African Mission.*

The Strength of Service

BEN SUMMERHAYS, New York City, sent us the following thought some time ago in a letter. There are several interpretations—choose your own:

"The strong serve God with great ability
Through faith, repentance, and humility.
The weak serve Him with deft sagacity
In an advisory capacity."

Tacoma Poetcrafters

I APPRECIATE your interest in "The Tacoma Poetcrafters," writes Mrs. Queena Davison Miller, of Tacoma, Washington. "We have been organized for one year and are trying to make the name mean something. We hope to create a group that will give the Northwest a place in the sun, as we feel that in a literary way it has been practically untouched."

The letterhead of the Poetcrafters bears nine names. No one can ever tell how important such a literary group may be to the literature of America.

What, No Cellophane?

FOR some reason deeper than personal vanity that "Wrapped in Cellophane" article in the July *Era* burned me up," wrote a lady who is a very good friend of the magazine, but who asked us not to reveal her name—not because she did not wish to own her letter, but for other and, we considered, good reasons. "There were certain truths in it, yes—up to a certain point I was all for it—then, suddenly, I saw red. I could not ignore the cheapness of the implication that women were in the Grabateria along with bacon and chewing gum. Worse still, a contemplation of that "perpetual cellophane glamor" set my head reeling and an alarming nausea crept upon me. In a day when over standardization stunts all expression and over stimulation dulls our perceptions of subtle beauty, that anyone should suggest seriously that the world might be made pleasanter if all the women should wear the same sort of lacquer—that was too much.

"This morning I walked in my garden. No cellophane

wrapper had kept the dew from silvering the rose-petals—nor held the canterberry bells mute in the faint breeze. We can't all claim a flower's charm but even an honest bit of sage is restful to an eye glutted with color and I thank heaven every morning for its glorious, unfilled space.

"If there is a hell likely everything there will be wrapped in cellophane. How this thought spurs me to virtuous living that I, too, may not one day be packaged."

P. S. I saw Elizabeth Bergner the other night—was relieved to find she wasn't wrapped in cellophane."

THIS letter about cellophane reminds us of the story about the anguished father who had spent a night of suspense awaiting to see his first-born. When the nurse held the squirming bit of humanity before him for his inspection, he exclaimed, "What, no cellophane?"

That Challenge Is Accepted Pronto

Heyburn, Idaho, Oct. 3, 1935.

Dear Editor:

WHILE reading *The Improvement Era* for this month, I read the challenge made by John S. Allen. (See October number, page 625.) I hereby accept his challenge, providing arrangements can be made.

I have five sons and one step-son who have all made from one to three letters each in high school; two have played junior college basketball.

My sons' ages range from 17 to 24 and they weigh between 145 and 175 pounds.

I suggest that the game be played in Salt Lake City, Utah, on approximately Lincoln's Birthday, February 12. What kind of arrangements can be made regarding expense. Please let me know more about it.

Sincerely, W. P. Croft.

WE are glad to see the interest manifest in athletics and to hear of such fine families of sons, but whatever arrangements are made for the game of basketball to determine a family championship will have to be made privately or through some other agency than *The Improvement Era*.

Mismatched—?

ELDER B. DWAIN MADSEN is six feet four, his Companion, Elder Chester G. Harris, is five feet four, but Madsen says Harris has the energy to make up for lack of size. Elder Harris, by the way, is a Catawba Indian, son of former chief David A. Harris, who reigned over his tribe for forty-two years in Rock Hill, Carolina. Samuel T. Blue, Elder Harris's uncle, is now the chief. The tribe is composed of approximately two hundred Indians nearly all of whom are members of the Mormon Church—about 97 per cent,

according to Elder Madsen.

"For the past two weeks," Elder Madsen continues, "Elder Harris and I have been preaching the gospel to another tribe of Indians in the lower part of North Carolina. They have treated us quite hospitably and seem interested in the Book of Mormon."

SHORT: CHESTER G. HARRIS.
LONG: B. DWAIN MADSEN.



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"WHEN I was graduated from college, I walked into my room during Commencement Week and noticed my room mate with a check in his hand and a letter, and tears in his eyes. I said, 'Eddie, what's the trouble, bad news?' He said, 'No, not exactly. I realized that my college education was provided for by the foresight of my father, who took a life insurance policy for that specific purpose. But this morning I have a letter from Mother, in which she encloses a check from the life insurance company, in the amount of \$1500. She tells me that my father left instructions with her that upon my graduation from college I was to receive this check as a 'graduation present from Dad.' And turning to me he added, 'You know, I don't remember my father, but he certainly remembered me.'"

WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR YOUR SON OR DAUGHTER?

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