

Julina L. Smith.



IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XVIII

MAY, 1915

No. 7



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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Work

A Song of Triumph

"Work!

Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the soul and the brain on fire.
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

"Work!

Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

"Work!

Thank God for the peace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal,
Work, the power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it,
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

"Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it.
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world * * *
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it,
And what is so huge as the aim of it,
Thundering on through death and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out;
Work, the Titan; Work, the Friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end;
Drawing the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills.
Rending a continent apart
To answer the dream of the master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk.
Thank God for the splendor of work!"

ANGELA MORGAN



ROMANTIC RUINS

The old Deseret Paper Mill, on the road to Big Cottonwood Canyon.

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Faith

BY NEPHI JENSEN

On the afternoon of the 25th day of November, 1914, Thanksgiving Day, I stood beside Elder Oscar A. Kirkham, on the streets of Preston, Idaho, and watched the students of the Oneida Stake Academy on parade. It was Founder's Day, and the student band was playing, and banners were waving in the autumn breeze. One of the banners, held proudly above the heads of the marching students, had printed across it, in bold letters, "Labor conquers everything." As Brother Kirkham caught sight of this inscription, he turned to me and remarked, "Labor does not conquer everything. There are many things that can only be accomplished by faith." Then with emphasis, "faith should be the big word in Church school education."

"Faith" is and should be the "big word," not only in Church school education, but in all Church work. When Joseph Smith said, "Faith is the foundation of all righteousness," he uttered one of the most profound religious truths. Faith is the mainspring of human endeavor. It is the heart of hope, the soul of morality, and the chief cornerstone of character. It is the moral gravity that holds the soul in the orbit of truth. Faith is the soul's shield and garment, woven by God's Spirit of the warp and woof of sentiment and truth.

Faith is mightier than reason. At the outer edge of known fact reason halts, but faith goes boldly on and discovers new truth that the eye has not seen nor ear heard. Faith is the only bridge that spans the chasm between the known and the unknown. If the inventors, explorers and discoverers had been agnostics, most of modern history would still be unwritten. It was faith, not reason, that marked Columbus' path across the Atlantic. It was faith, not knowledge, that impelled Morse to experiment, and experiment, until telegraphy became an accomplished fact. In the realm of

religion, faith is manifestly the "Key to knowledge too rare." In spite of Job's challenge, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" men of science have gone on striving to reason their way to God, and then, in their desperation, have exclaimed with Tyndal, "If you present God as a poem I will believe it, but as a fact I reject it." But Saints having faith stronger than sight, have through prayer and devotion found God to be very near, and the faithful unvarying "rewarder of those who diligently seek him."

Reason is sometimes destructive, faith is always constructive. Reason is sometimes arrogant and proud; faith always bows in humble submission to the will of Him whose laws are just and true.

Faith is the assurance of the actuality of the unseen and unknown. It knits the future into the present and makes spiritual laws as real as the laws of nature.

It is through faith that the gospel becomes "the power of God unto salvation." The gospel is more than a system of ethics defining man's duty to man; it not only holds before man the highest conception of human destiny, but it also imparts to its devotees the faith which becomes the power to work out that destiny. Those who claim that religion is no better than man's philosophy, often tell us that Confucius before Christ gave the Golden Rule of conduct. If the contention of these critics is well founded, it need only be said that it is Christ, not Confucius, who imparts the spiritual power to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. In spite of Dr. Charles Eliot's conclusion, that, "The new religion will not teach that character is likely to be suddenly changed," it is the common experience of the elders of the Church, who have performed foreign missionary service, that people who truly become converted to the gospel receive the faith that completely transforms their lives. The writer recalls a man in Georgia, of some prominence and more than ordinary intelligence, who, prior to his acceptance of the gospel smoked, drank, profaned and gave way to bad temper; who, when he received the faith the gospel imparts, immediately abandoned all his bad habits and became, and lived and died a saint.

Vital faith in the immutability of divine law and the infallibility of God's promises, is the most powerful force for righteousness in the world. There is no deduction of science or conclusion of the philosopher that has so much restraining and controlling power on human conduct as the divine mandate, "This is the way, walk ye in it." In spite of the positive conclusion of science that the use of tobacco is injurious to health, we frequently see doctors walking the streets smoking cigars and even cigarettes, while men walking side by side with them, who cannot explain scientifically the effect of nicotine upon muscle or nerve fiber, but who believe in the "Word of Wisdom," neither smoke nor chew. How can

this be? There is only one answer. Real, vital faith in the word of God is a mightier power for right living than the wisest words of the wisest men.

Many who doubt the divinity of Christianity, point to the present crumbling and crashing of European civilization as proof of the failure of the teachings of the Nazarene. But these critics are unjust. This fearful clashing of maddened human hoards is only a demonstration of the impotence of faithless, Godless theology. It furnishes proof of the futility of man's efforts to establish enduring civilization without building upon the chief cornerstone, the fatherhood of God. Those who have gloried in this vaunted European civilization should now humbly acknowledge that "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth man understanding," and that man's understanding without the "inspiration of the Almighty," is nothing to boast about.

European civilization has not failed because Europe has been without religion. She has had a religion which has dwindled from the dynamic "faith once delivered to the Saints," to a mere sentiment, devoid of the wonder-working power of faith. The nations of Europe have departed from the ways of peace because they have not been held in closeness to God and truth by that faith which was made invincible by the confirmation of miracles, which nerved the primitive Saints to endure bonds, prisons and death for the name of the Master. If these warring nations had soul-rooted faith in Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," would they now be making the rivers of a continent run blood in the name of worldly pomp and power? If they doubted not the mighty fact of Christ's mission would they have forgotten that he was the Prince of Peace?

Those who believe that the "torch of reason" is a better guide than faith, refuse to "walk by faith," because they are required to receive the word of God upon the testimony of others. A bright young lawyer, in conversation with the writer said, "I don't want any priest to tell me my duty to God. One man knows as much about religion as another." I asked my friend, "What would you think of a farmer who, after receiving your opinion on a technical, legal question should exclaim, 'I will not accept your opinion; one man knows as much about law as another?' Really, would you not think you had earned your fee?" My friend assured me that he thought he would have taken the money.

It is no more rational to say that "one knows as much about religion as another," than it is to say, one man knows as much about medicine or engineering as another. And notwithstanding Dr. Eliot's assertion that there is a "decline of reliance upon absolute authority," there is a marked increase of tendency in business, industry, and even farming, to be guided by the conclusions of experts. What is an expert? He is a person upon whose au-

thority we accept certain statements as facts, because of his superior knowledge of an experience in the subject matter. Might there not be spiritual experts? Who shall say that a prophet who has spent a lifetime in devotion to God and the study of his ways is not truly an expert upon whose authority we would be justified, and even obligated to receive the word of God!

Faith is the very life of religion through which it becomes and is God's soul-molding force in the world. But religion, dissociated with the idea of special divine providence, is a mere sentiment. Where there are no miracles there is no faith, and where there is no faith there is no vital soul-saving religion. The Christ plainly taught that the manifestation of the power of God through him, in the work he did that human ingenuity and skill cannot do, was the very insignia of his calling and priesthood. He made the working of miracles the very test of the divinity of his mission. To the messenger sent to him by John the Baptist to inquire if he was the Messiah, Jesus said, "Tell John the sick are healed, the blind see, the deaf hear, and the dead are raised to life." Why send such a message to the Baptist? So that he would know that Jesus was the Christ, by the fact that he had power over the issues of life and death that are beyond the might of man.

In God's great latter-day work, faith, confirmed and made vital by new revelations of God's unvarying willingness to answer the soul's cry for truth, with truth, has been and is the soul-impelling and controlling power through which God has worked out, and is working out, the destiny of modern Israel. "Mormonism" was born of the undoubting faith that God will answer prayer. From the first vision of the Prophet Joseph Smith to the last instance of special divine intervention in the lives of the Latter-day Saints, the whole history of the Saints has been the history of the triumph of faith revived by modern evidences of the infallibility of the Master's promise, "Ask and ye shall receive." Some men who behold the splendid achievements of the Latter-day Saints exclaim, "The 'Mormons' are a great people." But those who look deep into the history of the Saints say, in their souls, "What hath God wrought!"

When gold was discovered in California, Mark Twain, who was then living in New England, with others, caught the gold fever and started for the new El Dorado. On his way, he stopped in Salt Lake City a few days. There was one circumstance about the Saints which wrote itself deep in the brain of the great humorist. He noticed with astonishment that the Saints, although several thousand miles nearer the gold fields, than the people of New England, remained peacefully and contentedly at the foot of the Wasatch mountains. In his notes to *Roughing It*, he wrote of this circumstance:

"Neither hunger, thirst, poverty, grief, hatred, contempt, nor persecution could drive the 'Mormons' from their faith or their allegiance; and even the thirst for gold, which gleaned the flower of the youth and strength of many nations, was not able to entice them! That was the final test, an experiment that could survive that, was an experiment with some substance to it somewhere."

Ah, yes, Mr. Twain, you spoke more truthfully than you knew. It is too bad that you did not find, as others have found, that the name of the "substance" in the "Mormon" experiment is Truth! It is unfortunate that you did not find, as others have found, that the power in "Mormonism" which is stronger than the lure of gold, is faith, sublime faith, anchored to the rock of revelation, which was, is, and always will be the enduring strength of the Church!

Somewhere Today

Somewhere, today, you've a mother, my boy,

Somewhere, near by or afar;

And if she is all that a mother should be,

Is she not your guiding star?

Somewhere, today, you've a mother, my boy,

Mayhaps who once taught you to pray,

When you knelt by her knee at the bedtime hour,

Your childish petitions to say.

Somewhere, today, you've a mother, my boy,

Although she be not upon earth;

Somewhere, today, you've a mother, my boy,

Whose agony gave to you birth.

Somewhere, today, you've a mother, my boy,

Who trusts you as none others do;

E'en if for bread you've given but stones,

Methinks she is pleading for you.

Then, oh! today, for that mother, my boy,

Who gave of her best unto you,

Place o'er your heart the emblem so pure,*

In honor of motherhood true.

GRACE INGLES FROST.

*The white carnation.

Unbidden Guests*

The Improvement Era Prize Story, February Contest

BY NEPHI ANDERSON

The clock in the City Hall tower struck two in the morning as the motor car stopped and the man and the woman alighted. Pausing a moment to pay the driver his fee, the two walked wearily up the stone steps to the porch. The night was still and dark. The breeze from the north hills was chilly, and the electric light from the street hardly penetrated the shrubbery about the house.

"Hurry, Phil," said the woman, "I'm so tired."

"I can't find the key," he replied, as he searched his pockets. "Where in the world—"

The woman leaned languidly against the porch rail as she watched the man in his vain hunt.

"I haven't it," he said. "We'll have to ring up Sarah."

"You forget that this particular night Sarah is not at home."

"Then we'll have to wake father."

"No; don't do that yet. You know he hasn't been well lately."

"Then tell me what to do." There was a pause.

"Is there no other way to get in?"

"Trust Sarah to have everything burglar proof."

"Well, ring the bell, then—but it's a shame."

The bell within rang clearly. They waited in silence, for usually it took some time for the father to reach the front door; but tonight there was no answering movement within. The button was pressed again, yet the silence of the night reigned within as well as without.

"Well, what is the matter?" cried the woman. "We can't camp here all night, Phil."

"I agree with you—I'll go around to the back door."

"I'm shivering—I'm afraid," she moaned.

"My dear, there's nothing to be afraid of. We'll get in somehow."

The man's reassuring whistle sounded from the rear. Then it suddenly stopped; there was a sound of opening doors, and a switching on of lights; then the front door opened.

"Come in, Mary. The back door *was* open," said he.

*This story won the \$25 prize for February, in the IMPROVEMENT ERA six-months' contest ending June, 1915.

She stepped in and slowly took off her wraps. The party that night must have been unusually debilitating; the woman was dead tired.

"Why didn't your father answer the bell?" she asked. "Is he in his room?"

"I'll see."

They both went quietly into a bedroom leading from the hall to the left, but the bed was still as Sarah the girl, had left it that day. In connection with the bedroom was the father's library where he sat to read and write. The door was ajar, and the young man, pushing it wide open, looked in. The father was lying heavily on the table, his head resting on one hand as if he were asleep. In the other hand was a pen, and at his elbow lay a neatly piled number of sheets of paper.

"Father has been at his writing, until he has fallen asleep," said the young man. He went up to the prostrate form, and taking hold of his father's shoulder, shook him gently: "Wake up, father, and get to bed."

But there was no response. The body was rigid.

"What—what is it, Phil?" whispered the young woman, as she came up.

They looked into his face, gently turned it aside, and then realized the truth. For him there would be no more long waits for his children to come home. The little, beautiful, old man lay there, with a smile on his lips, as if he were asleep—but he was dead!

The funeral was most fashionable, most up-to-date, and as such, it cost a deal of money. However, the dead man left plenty of that, so, the laying away of his little body to sleep in the dust until the resurrection day, brought no financial hardship on any one. All his wealth passed to his only son and his wife, known to society as "splendid entertainers." Always, Phil and Mary had had much of the father's money, but now they had it all.

After the funeral was over and the last friends had departed from the big house, the reality of their loss came to them more keenly than ever. During the seven years of their married life, these two had had one long "easy time" of it, thanks to the old man's money; but they loved him dearly, despite all their careless ways, and their hearts were very tender now. One of the missions of death, it seems, is to soften hearts that are becoming calloused.

"Phil," asked Mary one evening about a week after the funeral, "what was that writing your father was busy with during his last days?"

"He kept a journal all his life, but it seems that he was writing something special lately. I gathered up the sheets and placed them in his desk. Shall we see what they are?—we're not going out tonight, are we?"

"No; there is the McJenkins card party, but Sadie said we would be excused, of course—and I'm glad of it."

The two went into the father's library, the apartment that he had called his room. Mary seated herself comfortably while Phil fetched his father's papers.

"There is a lot of writing here," he explained, "which deals with the common events of his life; but here within a few days of his death, he seems to have written a story of some kind—looks like it."

And this is what Phil read:

"*Monday*—Most of this which I want now to tell you, my son, happened in what your mother and I used to call the 'Sage-brush' period of our lives. That seems a long time ago, but I remember it as clearly as if it had been yesterday. Those were the days of our small beginning, and although they were days of poverty and struggle, I know now that they were years of real happiness.

"Sage-brush! yes, the whole Flat where now stands a town, was one mass of gray sage. We moved out the year before the canal was completed, and we lived that first winter in a one-roomed log granary. I cut a window in the south wall, and nailed sheeting across the rafters for a ceiling; and when I white-washed the log walls, I gave the ceiling a coat, too. We made it quite cosy, your mother and I, and as we were contented with our love and our prospects, what more could be asked?

"I worked most of the time clearing the land of sage-brush—and I tell you, the sage-brush was big and *beautiful*—yes, I mean that. The thick trunks of the brush not only indicated fertile soil, but they made splendid fire-wood for our stove. I built quite a comfortable shelter for our cow and span of horses out of the thickest growth of brush I could find. Oh, yes; there was sage-brush within and without, sage-brush greeted the eye and the nose, and sometimes we had a taste of the leaves in our food.

"We were truly happy, mother and I. We had no company to speak of—our nearest neighbor being a mile away. During the long, cold evenings, your mother sat with her sewing (we had no machine, of course), and I read. What do you suppose we read? The Book of Mormon—yes, and Dickens. With the snow piling up towards the window without, what cared we, for we lived with Alma and Moroni, and with David Copperfield and Little Nell. Your mother was an adept at needle work; and I, in the pauses of the reading, was good at stuffing sage-brush into the stove.

"*Wednesday*—I began my little story night before last. I can't write much at a time, for I soon get tired. In looking over what I have written, I observe that there is considerable sage-brush in it—but I wouldn't have you understand that our lives were wrapped up wholly in that. There were other good things out

there on the Flat, among them, not the least, the good, hard work in subduing the soil, and bringing a living out of it. We slept well, we had good appetites. We experienced the joy of living as only two young people such as we were can.

"The spring following that first winter on the Flat, there came to us our supreme joy—you *were born*. Yes, my boy, your coming had been looked for so long that we did not dare regret it, even though our home was cramped and crude. I could have wished for more comfort for the mother, of course, but the idea of purposely postponing your coming never entered our minds. We never spoke of waiting until we could afford it or until we had enjoyed some years of care-free pleasure, or anything like that. I suppose we were two real, old-fashioned people. But I remember yet the morning you were born. As I went out in the early dawn, after the doctor said all was well and the little mother was sleeping, I noticed that on the yet uncleared land the grass was soft and green between the brush. 'The gray sage stands in a bed of green,' I mused, and that line has never left me. Everything was lovely that morning. * * * Your mother bore her trials with sweetest resignation and courage. God bless her sacred memory. How you did grow that summer!—I can't write more tonight, as I see it is after midnight. I hope you are having a good time at your party, but—I am tired. I must close now.

"*Thursday*—Last night I felt chilly, so Sarah built me a fire in the grate. That felt so comfortable that I fell asleep before I could get to bed. I suppose what happened then was a dream. I thought I was in some far-off country. I had been there before, on some mission, it seemed, but the details were not clear. There was, however, a wonderful sense of security and peace, and I remember the smell of roses. You know how I like roses. Then, in the midst of my dream, out of the indistinctness, I heard clearly the voice of a child. 'Grandpa,' it said, 'grandpa, I want to come to you. Why am I not sent for, grandpa, I want to come.' I looked about, but I could not see anyone, though I felt the presence of the child. I was dumb with amazement, I suppose, for I said nothing. Then again I heard a soft pleading voice, 'I would sit with you, grandpa, I would sleep with you, I would stay with you day and night. I would be your company. Tell them to let me come.' My heart burned, and I attempted to answer, but in my efforts, I awoke.

"*Friday*—I have been thinking about my dream. * * * * Your coming to us, Phil, thirty-five years ago, completed our happiness. Your mother *would* name you Philip, for, said she, 'Is he not the 'son and heir?' He is to perpetuate your name and race.' You see, your mother descended from high-born English stock, and she came naturally by such notions. She would have been quite 'a lady' had she remained in England. I may not have

looked at the matter in quite the same way as your mother did, but it was a wonderful satisfaction that I had a son. I myself am an only son, even as you have proved to be; and so much depends on an only son.

"When you were two years old, you had a severe illness. We thought we should lose you then, but the Lord blessed our efforts, and we pulled you through. The next winter we rented a comfortable house in town, chiefly for your sake, and then—but I have no need to write about your childhood days—that is written elsewhere in my journal. We did all that we could for you, your mother and I. Had your mother remained with us longer, perhaps things might have been different. I have not always been wise with that which the Lord has intrusted to me, but my mistakes have been of the head, as they say. Shall I say it now—not in anger, my son—but my greatest disappointment has been that I have not had grand-children to climb upon my knee—but there, forgive me—good night.

Sunday—It is 9:30 now. I felt so much better today that I went to meeting this evening. We had a good meeting. I came home, as usual, to a cold and empty house. Even Sarah had other company and did not come home. I can't write any more tonight.

Monday—It is now afternoon, but I must begin my writing early today, I have so much to record, and I do not feel strong. The glamor of my vision—for surely I have had a vision—is still upon me. * * * Let me tell it to you. I was sitting in my room thinking of what I had heard in meeting. The window was open, for the evening was warm. And as I sat there in the stillness, there came to me the premonition that the child of the other evening was coming to me again. I remained perfectly quiet, praying in my heart that I might be worthy of such a visit. Presently, from the direction of the window, I heard the voice, and I turned. There stood the prettiest, plump-cheeked, blue-eyed little girl I had ever seen.

"'Grandpa,' she said, softly in the sweetest of tones, 'are you all alone?'

"I stretched out my hand to the child and answered, 'Yes, I am alone.'

"'You are nearly always alone, aren't you? Well, we have come to keep you company—for a little while.'

"'Thank you,' I said.

"'Can you see me?' she asked.

"'Yes, I can see you—and I am glad you have come.'

"'Wait—there is some one else.' With that she stepped to the window, and presently there appeared a little boy. He was younger than the girl—a beautiful curly-headed fellow, with big, round, questioning eyes. He had Mary's face. The little girl

took him by the hand, and together they came softly and a little shyly to where I was sitting by the table. The girl spoke:

"‘This is my brother-to-be. I think his name will be Philip, but I don’t call him that yet, for you see’—

"She stopped as if she was a little confused in her ideas, not knowing how to proceed with her explanation. They now stood close by my chair, and I laid a hand on each head.

"‘And what is your name?’ I asked the girl.

"‘I—I can’t tell you that,’ she hesitated. ‘But I hope it will be Alicia, for that was my grand-mama’s name, wasn’t it?’

"‘It was—and how do you know?’

"‘Why, I know *her*. It was she who—’

"The little boy pulled at her sleeve and looked strangely into her face as if he was reminding her of something. Presently, the little fellow, overcoming his timidity, climbed upon my knee. He felt of my face and ran his fingers through my hair. He did not speak, but dimples came into his cheeks when he smiled up into my face. My whole being thrilled with delight.

"‘Is there room for me?’ asked the girl.

"‘Yes, indeed,’ I said as I lifted her to the other knee. One arm slipped around my neck, and she pressed her soft cheek to mine.

"‘I love you, grandpa,’ she said, and the little boy also gave an assenting pressure with his chubby fist.

"For pure joy I could not speak, sitting there with those two children so close to me, feeling their hands, hearing them, seeing the innocent love-light in their eyes. They nestled closely to me, as if they trusted me implicitly. For a time they too, seemed satisfied without further speech.

"Presently, a distant door seemed to open and close. Instantly, the children slid from my knees and were about to run away as if they were frightened.

"‘Children,’ I cried, reaching for them, ‘stay, where are you going?’

"‘We don’t want them—our papa-to-be and mama-to-be to see us,’ whispered the girl. ‘We’re not welcome yet, you know.’

"‘They’re not coming.’ I looked at the clock—it was only 11:30. ‘They’ll not be here for a long time. Come, stay with me. I welcome you, and this is my room—my house,’ I pleaded.

"They came back. The little girl kissed my cheek. The boy played with my watch chain.

"‘We should like to stay here always,’ explained the girl, ‘but we can’t until we are sent for. Tell them to send for us, grandpa.’

"‘Yes, I will, I certainly will.’

"‘Tell them not to wait until it is too late. There are children—oh, ever so many, I have been told, who are compelled to wait,

and wait for their papas-to-be and their mamas-to-be—until at last, some other arrangements have to be made—and then, you know, there are a lot of unhappy people.'

" 'A lot?' I asked.

" 'Yes; the grandpas and grandmās, and the papas-to-be and mamas-to-be—and most of all, the children. You see, we wouldn't like *not* to have you for a grandpa, and so—'

"But there again the little thing seemed to come to the end of her reasoning. She looked a little bewildered at the train of thought which had been started in her little brain. All this time the boy had been looking around the room, until his eyes rested on the bronze horse on the mantle. I saw what had taken his attention, so I slipped the children from my knees, got the horse and placed it on the floor by the boy. He patted it gleefully, and I am sure he tried to make some horse noises. The little girl now looked about the room as if she also wanted something to play with; but grandpa's room was woefully deficient in children's playthings.

" 'Had I known you were coming,' I said to her, 'I would have bought you a doll.'

" 'Oh—!' and she clapped her hands.

" 'I'll have one for your next visit; not only a doll, but a bed for it to go to sleep in, and a carriage to take it out in, and—'

" 'But maybe there won't be a next visit—I'm afraid there won't be, grandpa, because—'

" 'Because what, my little girl?'

" 'I don't know—' surely there were tears in her eyes now. The little boy saw them, and he left his plaything. Taking the girl's hand, he led her towards the window.

" 'You're not going?' I exclaimed.

"The two stood still as if listening to some distant call. A peculiar expression came into their faces which I did not understand. I pleaded with them not to leave their grandpa—he was so lonesome without them—oh, so lonesome—but they seemed not to hear me, or even to be aware of my presence. Visitors from another world they were, and of that world; and only by permission had they been to visit me. I knew very well they could not stay, and yet their going seemed to pull my heart from me. Had Alicia sent them to me? Why had they not come to you, my son Philip, and you, my daughter Mary? Then they could have stayed.

* * * My pen drags.

" 'Little girl,' I managed to say, 'promise me to come again. Come and sit on my knee again, and I shall surely give you all the playthings you want.' I started towards them as if to catch and detain them. The little girl smiled at me as much as to say, how foolish for an old man like me to try to catch them. She took my

hand and led me back to my chair. Then, coming back again to my plane of consciousness, as it were, she said:

"‘Grandpa, if we can’t come to you, maybe you can come to us.’

"‘But you *are* coming, my children—you *are* coming!’

"‘Oh, yes, in time—of course—but it is so long to wait—and we want to be with you; and so, we’ll come for you, maybe.’

"Then the little boy beckoned for his sister, and she let go my hand and joined him. She smiled at me all the time, and the boy’s dimpled face was the last I saw, like a dissolving picture. Then they were gone. I thought I heard them in the distance as if they were shouting farewells to me, but I suppose that was only in my imagination. * * *

"The room is quiet, and I am alone in it. I am so tired now.

"*Wednesday*—Last night—she, the little girl—she said she would come for me—O, little sweetheart, there you—are—yes, I’ll come!" * * * * *

Phil stopped his reading, for that was the end of the writing, and the last few sentences were hardly discernible. He laid the last sheet carefully on the pile of manuscript, and looked at the pale face of his wife. For a time there was silence. The man noticed the bronze horse on the mantle, and half expected to see dolls and dolls’ clothing strewn about the floor. Then he arose and shook himself as if to get out from under a burden. He paced the floor, then dropped with a moan back into his chair.

The wife came to him. "Phil," she breathed, "Phil!"

"Yes, Mary, come here."

She sank into his arms.

"What—what have we done?" he asked.

"Nothing, I hope," she faltered, "but what we can—with God’s help—make right."

"Oh, I hope so, Mary, I hope so."

The Money Grubber

Like bird of the air, flying hither and yon,
Hurries he, scurries he, till life is gone;
And when comes the end, pray what has he done?
Never yet learned how to live.

For the smile of a god, now cold, now benign,
He sees through the years and in every clime;
Knows not if blue or if grey is the sky,
Heeds not the blossoms that at his feet lie.
And when on the brink of Death’s River he stands,
Where is the touch of Love’s gentle hands
To gladden the journey and help him across?
Counted with what he appraised but as loss.

GRACE INGLES FROST

The Story of the Salt Lake Theatre*

BY HORACE G. WHITNEY, DRAMATIC EDITOR "THE DESERET NEWS"

In Four Parts—Part II

It is doubtful whether in all the annals of the drama, a more unique condition could be found than that which existed in the "Mormon" playhouse, when T. A. Lyne arrived in Salt Lake. It was eight years before the advent of the railroad, and the theatre had been built entirely of timbers from the mountains, native stone, and adobes. Yet all the appointments of the house (except the seats, which were wooden benches) were as complete as those in the large eastern cities. Artists like Ottinger and Morris, provided scenery for all the plays. A large wardrobe for ancient and modern dramas was kept on hand in charge of Robert Neslen, C. Clive, Mrs. Maiben and Mrs. Bowring; a small army of supers could be clothed in fashion historically correct at any time. John Squires, wig maker and barber, saw that every character in the "dress" plays, was provided with suitable headgear before he or she stepped upon the stage; a captain of supers was responsible for the appearance of his men whether they were Indians, courtiers, slaves, or the army of Richard III. Harry Horsley, the veteran street car conductor of today, won his first spurs as super captain, and later became locally famous as the waiter who bore the baby Maude Adams across the stage upon a platter; the fine old greenroom, then the place where the actors met to receive their parts from the stately stage manager and occasional player, John T. Caine (now the dressing room of visiting stars) contained a huge mirror, where each character surveyed himself or herself just prior to venturing before the audience, and where fellow players passed judgment upon the costumes, and "makeups;" Charlie Millard, most ingenious of property men, could turn out anything from a throne to a mouse trap, and manufactured all the fire works, lightnings and thunders that any demon required, while William Derr, in charge of the lighting, though limited to coal oil lamps, produced some illuminations of which the house had no reason to feel ashamed. As for music, there was an orchestra of twenty, and when choral effects were desired, as in "Macbeth," the whole strength of the tabernacle choir could be called on. In fact, Mr. Lyne, fresh from a

*An address delivered before The Cleofan Society, Salt Lake City, January 27, 1915.

chain of eastern theatres, was wont to say that nowhere outside of the houses of the great populous cities, and in but few of them, was there such completeness of stage appointments, scenery and accessories as were found in Brigham Young's theatre, in the heart of the Rockies, in 1862.

Lambourne on "The Playhouse."

Alfred Lambourne, the poet-artist, succeeded Ottinger as scene painter of the house. In his poetic work, *A Playhouse*, speaking of conditions at the Salt Lake Theatre in those early days, Lambourne says:

"In my mind's eye, I do not see the Playhouse, as it now is, overlooked by buildings higher than itself, but as the structure was when its bulk entirely dominated all that was around it. How calmly imposing it used to appear, how grandly massive it showed in the twilight, or when the moonlight was falling on its white walls! I, for one, could not go from home to the Playhouse, without passing through and inhaling the odor of the Artemesia and the sunflower. That odor is mixed up in my mind with the first seeing of many a great play. But how can I bring back to your understanding those times? How suggest the indefinable something that then existed—out amid the semi-solitude, the isolation? How am I to recall the humorous earnestness, the fineness or roughness of fibre, the pathetic side, the laughing determination of religious pioneer life as associated with a theatre? Yet such are all mixed up again, with my memories of the Playhouse.

"Swing a circle around the Playhouse—I mean as it was in those early days: swing a circle of hundreds, of thousands of miles, and how unique it was! Men who assisted in the building of that theatre acted upon its stage. That was the strong time of the legitimate drama. Even the people in the isolated west became connoisseurs. In this particular Playhouse, people would go to performances, not to see a new play, but to see some new actor or actress in the old parts. Each star, man or woman, as they stepped upon the boards, was tested by the acting of those who had gone before. 'Damon and Pythias,' 'Pizzaro,' 'Virginus,' 'The Duke's Motto,' 'The Man with the Iron Mask,' and the like plays, not to mention those of the Bard of Avon, were those in which the newcomers were held to the lines. How many times, in that Playhouse, did I not see Shakespeare's masterpiece? How many actors did I not see play Hamlet? Pauncefort, Lyne, Adams, Kean, McCullough, Davenport, Miss Evans, Chaplin, Barrett, Booth—that is not half.

"The greater number of actors and actresses who belonged to the regular stock company of the Playhouse, and who support-

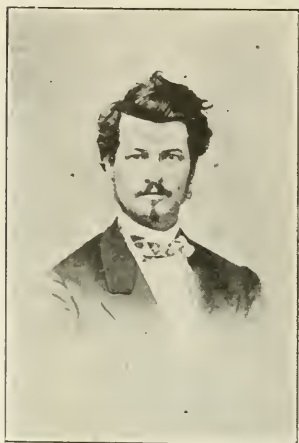
ed the stars, had crossed the plains and mountains in ox or mule trains, and one, I believe, in a hand-cart company. And who were their critics? Men and women who had done the same. There was a peculiar sympathy between those who acted upon the stage, and those who comprised their audience. Many a man who watched the play at night, had done the roughest of pioneer work during the day. Perhaps he had "grubbed sage" for an order for a theatre-ticket; perhaps he had toiled in the fields, irrigated an orchard, or dug on a water ditch. Perhaps he helped at building a saw-mill, or at blazing a trail up to the mountain pines. It may be that he had brought down a load of logs and stood thereafter, for many hours in rain or shine, in the wood-yard opposite the Playhouse, until he sold that load of fire-wood, and the pay that he received for it might have partly been used for his theatre admission fee. There was, indeed, a strange bond existing between the stage and the auditorium. All were friends; they would meet in daily labor, they would dance together, they might bear 'their testimony' in the same meetinghouse, or listen to the same sermon on the coming Sunday. Every actor was a 'Brother;' every actress was a 'Sister.' Their salaries were partly paid in that which had been received by the Church as religious tithes. The man who guffawed at the comedian might talk with him on the morrow, whilst he chiseled granite on the Temple Square. Another who watched the tragedian might visit him during the coming week in the capacity of a 'Teacher.' Those who sympathized with the hero and heroine of the play, might soon meet them in social intercourse of a 'Surprise Party,' and they might tell how they 'Crossed the Plains' in the same 'company.' All were one big family, Thespians and audiences, performers and watchers. And more than this, each and every actor was liable to be 'Called on a Mission' to Europe or to 'the States.' Again, each and every actor was liable to become a Church official, and each and every one of the actresses to become a worker in the 'Relief Society.' On the morrow, perhaps, all would look with the same emotions on the great, watchful mountains, and take a like interest in the planting of trees and vines, or, it may be, the setting out of a flower garden. All were alike interested in bringing about that miracle—when the desert should blossom as the rose.

"Do you think I put it too strongly, my friend? Not in the least. Certain of these facts justify me in the claim that this Playhouse and that theatrical organization were unmatched by any other in the world."

A Notable Decade.

Over fifty years have passed since those days, and every one of the five decades has been crowded with events of interest. In-

deed, the history of the Salt Lake Theatre during those five periods is a huge part of the history of the drama and music, and much of the social uplift of Utah for the past half century. Most of you here present, are familiar with the record of the theatre for the past twenty or twenty-five years. In that time it has had visits from many of the world's notables, who have left some brilliant pages in the history of the house, but to my mind the most interesting period since the doors of the famous structure were opened, was the first decade, between the '60s and early '70s,



SELDEN IRWIN

One of the earliest foreign stars to visit Salt Lake.

tours, but came back from time to time, finally settling here, and dying at an advanced age.

when the community was passing through its formative period—when the crude material assembled by the pioneers first began to come in contact with actors and actresses from abroad, and when the foundations were laid for the dramatic and musical culture which radiated from the players in the Salt Lake Theatre, and formed the basis of the taste and appreciation so widespread throughout the state today. As the fame of the "Mormon" theatre extended, some of the foremost artists of America turned their steps in this direction and tarried for long periods. The first, as already narrated, was T. A. Lyne, who came at the age of 56, remained several years, departed on several starring

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin

Next came Mr. and Mrs. Selden Irwin, in 1863. The plays they produced were generally along the lines of comedy and romance—a relief from the somewhat ponderous tragedies presented by Lyne. In his speech before the curtain, Christmas, 1862, John T. Caine impressed upon the audience that the players were not professionals, simply amateurs, but after Irwin's engagement, it was generally voted that most of the leading players, were entitled to a place in professional ranks. The advance of John T. Caine and David McKenzie was especially noticeable. The Irwins remained in Salt Lake about six months, closing at the April conference, in 1864, and returning two years later. The friendship between the Clawsons and Irwins was so pronounced that one of H. B. Clawson's sons was named Selden Irwin, after the actor, and young Mr. Clawson, to perpetuate the old bonds of friendship.

named his eldest son Irwin. Mrs. Selden I. Clawson is one of the prominent members of your association.

The Scholarly Pauncefort.

In the middle of 1864, came an artist who probably exerted the strongest influence for refinement in art and modern methods of any other artist of those days—George Pauncefort, a scholarly and polished actor, who had acquired considerable fame on the London stage. He was the original Armand Duval, in "Camille," when Matilda Heron first produced that play in New York. He came from Denver to Salt Lake by stage, accompanied by a co-star, Mrs. Florence Bell. His opening bill July 20, 1864, was "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," which caused a sensation. Under his direction, David McKenzie made a strong success in the part of the old doctor, and sixteen years later, when the Home Dramatic Club was casting about for a play in which to make its bow to the public, Mr. McKenzie suggested "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," and he coached Bishop Whitney in his original role.



GEORGE PAUNCEFORT

The scholarly actor, who exercised a great influence on Salt Lake's pioneer players

Lyne and Pauncefort played a number of memorable performances together. It was during Pauncefort's stay that "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" were first produced at the Salt Lake theatre, stellar attractions which our

mothers and fathers rewarded with some tremendous audiences. The first performance of "Hamlet" was justly deemed so important an event, that the *News* featured the cast. The date was August 10, 1864, and the players were as follows:

Hamlet	Mr. Pauncefort
King	John Lindsay
Polonius	David McKenzie
Laertes	John T. Caine
Horatio	Joseph Simmons
Marcellus	H. K. Whitney
Francisco	E. G. Woolley
First Actor	George Teasdale

OpheliaMrs. Florence Bell
 Queen Mrs. Gibson
 Player QueenSara Alexander

Margetts and Dunbar appeared in their inimitable roles of the two grave diggers, and John R. Clawson and Henry Maiben had lesser parts.

The old green room of the Salt Lake Theatre is hoary with legends and anecdotes of the old days. One of them which has come down through a generation of stage hands, pertains to George Pauncefort. In the production of "Macbeth" given under his direction, it was featured by bringing in one hundred voices from the Tabernacle choir to do proper justice to the Witches' Chorus. A weird and fantastic group they made in their disguises, and the fine old strains of Locke's music had a ringing rendition.

The leader of the orchestra had been rehearsing his chorus and musicians in a separate hall, and the night before the production, they all came together for a dress rehearsal on the stage. The leader invited Mr. Pauncefort to sit in front of the house, while the witches scene was on, asking him to observe the effect, giving special attention to the echoes, a quartet of witches stationed far off in the flies, who echoed the strains of the chorus on the stage. The leader said his "echo quartet" had just arrived from England, and were said to have fine voices. Mr. Pauncefort seated himself, and the work began. The great chorus sang the music and came to the strains:

"To the Echo, to the Echo."

Back from the flies came the faint but distinct call:

"To the Hecho, to the Hecho."

"The chorus proceeded:

"To the Echo of a Hollow Hill," and the faithful echo responded:

"To the Hecho of an 'Ollow 'Ill."

History does not record the denouement, but it is likely that Mr. Pauncefort suggested an echo quartet selected from the American section of the weird sisters.

Pauncefort settled in Japan and died there a few years ago, at an advanced age.

Julia Dean Hayne.

Following Pauncefort came the most brilliant star that ever illuminated the western theatrical horizon, Julia Dean Hayne, who played in 1865 and 1866. She was an actress who in her youth had been the sweetheart of Joe Jefferson, and in his famous *Memoirs*, he says he preferred her Juliet to that of Mary An-

derson. She came with a traveling company, headed by George B. Waldron, another eminent actor, who died years ago, but whose son has lately made a success in New York in the role of Daddy Longlegs, recently played here by Henry Miller. Julia Dean Hayne was fairly worshiped in Salt Lake, and the members of the Deseret Dramatic Association, male and female, looked upon playing with her as a privilege and a liberal education. Her leading parts were Camille, Lady Macbeth, Leah the Forsaken, Parthenia in "Ingomar," Julia in "The Hunchback," Lucretia Borgia, Medea, Marco in "The Marble Heart," Lady Teazle, Peg Woffington, and Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons." E. L. Sloan, editor of the Salt Lake *Herald*, wrote an Indian play for her,



THREE PICTURES OF JULIA DEAN HAYNE

On the left, from photograph presented by her to the late Phil Margetts; center, a youthful picture in the possession of William Naylor; right, from a picture presented by Mrs. Hayne to President Brigham Young.

called "Osceola," and E. W. Tullidge, the historian, wrote a drama entitled "Eleanor DeVere." As a sort of diversion, she produced "Aladdin, or The Wonderful Lamp," and "The Forty Thieves," all the music for which was composed by Prof. George Careless, then leader of the orchestra.

It might be a matter of astonishment to us that Mrs. Hayne, then at the height of her fame, should have tarried in Salt Lake ten months, did we not know that it was here that she met the gentleman who became her second husband, James G. Cooper, then secretary of the Territory. They were married and went east, where, two years later, the great actress died, and was buried in Port Jervis, New York; her grave was unmarked until lately, when her niece, Julia Dean, a Salt Lake girl, and today a prominent actress, had her resting place sought out, and erected over it a handsome headstone.

Many here will remember that President Young, who was one of the great actress' friends, had a huge sleigh built, and named it "The Julia Dean;" for many years drawn by six horses, and filled with sleighing parties, it was one of the sights on the streets of our city. It is worth noting that Miss A. A. Adams, made her first appearance on the stage of the Salt Lake Theatre, the same day that Julia Dean Hayne arrived in the city, July 25, 1865, and her frequent appearances with that great actress did much to shape her after career.

Mrs. Hayne's Farewell

The last appearance in Salt Lake of Julia Dean Hayne was a memorable event. It took place July 4, 1866, and the play was "The Pope of Rome." The house was packed, and President Brigham Young occupied a prominent place in the audience when the fair actress, being called before the curtain, made the following graceful speech:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It is but seldom I lose the artist in the woman or permit a personal feeling to mingle with my public duties; yet, perhaps, in now taking leave, I may be pardoned if I essay to speak of obligations which are lasting. If, during my lengthened stay within your midst, some trials have beset my path, many kindnesses have cheered the way, the shafts of malice have fallen powerless, and the evil words of falser hearts have wasted as the air. And perhaps in teaching me how sweet the gratitude I owe these friends, I should almost thank the malignancy which called their kindness forth. For such, believe me, memory holds a sacred chamber where no meaner emotion can intrude.

"To President Young, for very many courtesies to a stranger, alone and unprotected, I return these thanks which are hallowed by their earnestness; and I trust he will permit me, in the name of my art, to speak my high appreciation of the order and beauty that reigns throughout this house.

"I would the same purity prevailed in every temple for the drama's teachings. Then, indeed, the grand object would be achieved and it would become a school

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart.'

"But I speak too long and pause—perhaps, before the last farewell,

"A word that has been and must be,
A sound which makes us linger,
Yet, Farewell.'"

It was at that time that the gifted Utah poetess, Sarah Carmichael, whose offerings appeared regularly in the *Deseret News*, inscribed the following beautiful lines to Mrs. Hayne:

"JULIA DEAN HAYNE

"A form of sculptured beauty;
A deep, magnetic face,
That draws the gazer's worship
To its intense embrace;
Her beauty presses on the heart,
Yet shines above it far

"With a strange polar luster,
Exquisite woman's star
Her beauty hath a splendid stress
That words cannot explain,
Expression swoons in its caress—
Julia Dean Hayne.

A still repose of motion,
An animate repose;
Expressive power of silence,
No language can disclose;
Her lip, with languid motion, turns
Each leaf in feeling's book;

"Her voice can picture all things, but
Her eloquence of look.
A warm pulse in the world's great heart,
She thrills its every vein;
And bids its tear-drops stay or start—
Julia Dean Hayne."

Couldock and Other Stars

Other foreign stars who appeared in that first decade, all of whom exercised a strong influence on the Deseret players, were A. R. Phelps, C. W. Couldock and his daughter Eliza. Couldock was one of the famous players of the day, and his presentation of "The Willow Copse," the play from which "Hazel Kirke" was produced years after, is a vivid remembrance with old time theatre-goers. He also brought out "Rosedale," playing the role of Miles McKenna, the gypsy, in rare fashion. Couldock and his daughter played several engagements here, and during one, in the middle '60s, she died, and was buried in the Mt. Olivet cemetery. Couldock also appeared in Salt Lake several times in later years, one notable engagement being with the Home Dramatic Club, in 1890,



C. W. COULDOCK

The "grand old man of the American stage," as he appeared in "Hazel Kirke."

when he revived "Hazel Kirke" to immense business. He never failed to visit the resting place of his daughter when he passed through Salt Lake.

Couldock was long known as the "grand old man of the stage," and his two farewells in New York were red letter events. In one, in 1887, Booth, Barrett, Fanny Davenport, Joe Jefferson and Mrs. John Drew appeared. In another, in 1895, Joe Jefferson, Nat Goodwin, Tom Keene, W. H. Crane, Kyrle Bellew, Henry Miller, DeWolf Hopper, Viola Allen and Mrs. John Drew gave a performance of "The Rivals," the receipts of which were sufficient to guarantee him an income of \$1200 a year as long as he lived. He died in 1898, at the age of 84.

Another of our "green room legends" illustrates the autocratic manner and irascible temper for which Couldock was noted. He was, in fact, a veritable terror to the stage hands when anything went wrong. W. C. Spence, of the Church office, who filled minor roles in the Couldock days, is authority for the following:

They were playing "The Willow Copse," and the leader of the orchestra should have played a plaintive, melancholy air, to mark the entrance of Couldock, who was carried in on a stretcher. Through some mischance, the wrong cue was given, and the leader struck up a lively jig. The old man delivered his lines, but could be heard fuming and swearing under his breath. The curtain had no sooner descended than he leaped to his feet, tore down to the prompt stand, pushed aside the curtain, and pushing his head out, shouted to the leader of the orchestra, "Blast your eyes, Professor ———, if I had a brick bat, I'd let you have it on the head." The astonishment of the audience and the discomfiture of the leader may well be imagined.

Davenport and Sara Alexander

Amy Stone and her husband, who gave us our first glimpse of such plays as "Wept of the Wishton Wish," "Fanchon the Cricket," and "The Pearl of Savoy," came in 1867-68. James Stark, who brought out "Money," "Victorine," "Brutus" or "The Fall of Tarquin," came in the same year. Mme. Scheller was another popular star, and during her engagement, Salt Lake first

beheld "Under the Gaslight," in which Phil Margetts as Byke, Mrs. M. G. Clawson as Judas, John C. Graham as Bermudas, David McKenzie as Snorkey, Sara Alexander as Peachblossom, and Johnny Matson as Peanuts, made an impression that was long remembered. Charlotte Crampton, another noted star, who played male parts, such as Shylock, Hamlet and Richard III, with the same facility that she enacted Lady Macbeth and Meg Merrilies, came in 1868. In

many respects she was said to rival the great Charlotte Cushman. Anette Ince then came in a round of tragedies, followed by one of the most distinguished stars of the day, E. L. Davenport, father of the famous Fanny Davenport. He, Mrs. Davenport (well known as Fanny Vin- ing) and Miss Ince formed a trio whom the Deseret Dramatic players were proud to support. Davenport essayed everything,



E. L. DAVENPORT AND SARA ALEXANDER

Who danced the Hornpipe in "Black Eyed Susan." E. L. Davenport was one of the foremost tragedians of the American stage, and father of Fanny Davenport.

from Richelieu down to the role of William in "Black Eyed Susan," and in that play the sailor's hornpipe, which he and Miss Alexander executed together, was a delight to them and their audience. He often complimented the little Salt Lake dancer upon her grace. Another "green room legend" says that Sara Alexander was the heroine of the following:

She lived with one of President Young's families, who had befriended her and her mother after they came to Utah from the east, where they had been converted to the Church by the late James Dwyer. An eastern actor who played here for some time, wished to marry Miss Alexander. Calling on President Young he stated his request. "Young man," the President replied, "I have seen you attempt Richard III and Julius Caesar with fair success, but I advise you not to aspire to Alexander."

McCullough, Herne, Lucille Western

One of the great musical events of this day came with the engagement of Parepa Rosa who, with her husband, Carl Rosa, gave three concerts. Then came the visit of the famous John

McCullough, whose list of Shakespearean roles left a record that has seldom been equaled here. The engagement ran twenty-three nights, and George B. Waldron and Mme. Scheller, lately back from Montana, lent support. Annie Lockhart, an English actress of rare refinement, next played here a short time. She returned to Salt Lake a year or two later, and died here. Then came James A. Herne and his wife, Lucille Western. Such plays as "Green Bushes," "Flowers of the Forest," "Foul play," and "Oliver Twist" were their headliners. It was in the latter play that Lucille Western indulged in a bit of realism where she is supposed to be killed by Bill Sykes, which was so revolting to the audience that many women fainted. President Young advised that the piece should not be al-



MME. SCHELLER
Who gave Salt Lake its first
production of "Under
the Gaslight."



LUCILLE WESTERN
Whose rendition of Nancy Sykes
in "Oliver Twist" was the
sensation of the decade
in Salt Lake.

lowed to be repeated. Miss Western's farewell performance in "Arrah Nacogue" was a melancholy affair, as it is one of the few instances in the history of the Salt Lake Theatre when the curtain had to be rung down, owing to the indisposition of a star. The Hess Opera Company, which gave us our first vision of those glorious tenors, Maas and Castle, and the baritone, Carleton, then a young man, who often visited us in later years at the head of the Carleton Opera Company, also belongs to those days.

Charles Wheatleigh in "After Dark" and "The Lottery of Life," the Howson Opera Company, George D. Chaplin, who gave us our first view of "Armadale," and the burlesque of "The Seven Sisters," the famous Lotta in "Little Nell," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Joe Murphy, Neil Warner, the great tragedian, Kate Denin, Charlotte Thompson, McKee Rankin, Kitty Blanchard, Rose Evans, Daniel Bandmann, J. K. Emmett in "Fritz," The Lingards, Edwin Adams, an actor who has been compared with

Booth, and a few days later Adams and John McCullough together in a wonderful round of plays; Milton Nobles, then an unknown young actor, in "The Marble Heart," and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates with their infant, later famed as Blanche Bates—these are some of the visiting stars, but by no means all of them, who came and went during the first decade of the Salt Lake Theatre, and left their impressions alike on their audiences and their fellow players.

This brings us down to 1872, and, like the preacher, I might say, "Here endeth the first lesson," for that period was a complete epoch in itself, unique and peculiar, and unlike any other in the history of the famous playhouse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Moreland Ball Team, Blackfoot Stake M. I. A. League

Games won, 33; lost, 3.

From left to right: Back row, H. McKnight, (manager and catcher); J. V. Wray, (C. F.), C. Christiansen, Capt., (2nd B.), Liljenquist (F.), Grimmatt (S. S.), R. Wray (P.), Wheeler (F.), Bottom row, Farnsworth (F. D.), J. Jewel (P.), Harper (R. F.), England (L. F.), P. Wray (F), Clark (3rd B.)

Anthoⁿ L. Skanchy

A Brief Autobiographical Sketch of the Missionary Labors of a Valiant Soldier for Christ

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

XIV.—THE QUIET YEARS OF HOME SERVICE

From 1889, the time of his return from his fourth mission, to 1901, when he went on his fifth mission, Bishop Skanchy remained in Logan, Utah, in pursuit of his duties as Bishop of the Logan Sixth Ward. Under his direction, the ward prospered; the poor were well cared for; and a good spirit pervaded all the organizations of the ward.

During this period, also, the longest in his life without foreign missionary service, Bishop Skanchy built up his material interests. The lumber business which he had organized, flourished under his care. Though he had sacrificed many years in spiritual service, they were fully made up to him in a material way, during the periods that he could give himself to his business interests. He was always a good provider for his families,—they had comfortable homes, and the comforts of the day. His personal gifts and charities to people in Utah and in the old countries, have not been recorded, but they were large. Bishop Skanchy loved the poor and afflicted, and to their relief he gave unstintingly of his time, means and sympathy.

XV.—MY FIFTH MISSION

In 1901, I was called by Presidents Lorenzo Snow, George Q. Cannon, and Joseph F. Smith to take charge of the Scandinavian Mission, which then included Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. I was set apart in the Salt Lake Temple, April 2, by President C. D. Fjeldsted, and I was especially commissioned to buy and erect for the Church, mission houses in these three Scandinavian countries. I presented to the First Presidency the necessity of having C. D. Fjeldsted accompany me as he was well acquainted with Denmark. This was permitted. We had a pleasant voyage across the ocean.

In Copenhagen we bought the place where our mission house is now erected. President Fjeldsted was called home again and I remained to arrange the matter. I laid the foundation of the Copenhagen mission house and dedicated the place together with

the corner stone the 2nd of March, 1901. The house itself was dedicated on the fourth of July, 1901.

The next mission house was built the year afterwards on the same ground that the old mission house had stood on in Christiania. The old house had been built of poor materials and was



STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, MISSION HOUSE

in a dangerous condition. We therefore took it down and sold the material by auction. I then contracted with architects and builders and the house was erected and finally dedicated the 24th

of July, 1902, after a great celebration. The dedicatory prayer was offered by President Francis M. Lyman.

When these two countries had obtained their splendid houses, we turned our attention to Sweden. I went to Stockholm but found great difficulties confronting me there, since the Swedish law does not permit strangers to buy building lots. We were obliged, therefore, to secure agents to act for us. We bought, at last, a building lot in a very public place, in an excellent district. There we built a large four-story building, so arranged as to make it a worthy and most beautiful place for presenting the



INTERIOR OF THE STOCKHOLM MISSION HOUSE, LOOKING FROM
THE GALLERY

gospel. Several smaller rooms in the building can be rented out, thus providing a small income. This mission house was dedicated the second of October, 1904, President Heber J. Grant offering the dedicatory prayer. Thus, my mission time was lengthened out so that I could remain until this house had been dedicated.

That I had my hands full on this mission, I suppose everyone will understand. My work appeared to be satisfactory to the Presidency of the Church, and as for myself, I trusted that I could complete this responsible work with satisfaction to my own soul. For the success that was achieved I will continue to give gratitude to my Father in heaven. I owe to him all the praise and honor.

At the time that we erected our mission houses in these countries, we contracted with a stone cutter, by the name of Peterson, for an assembly room and a room for the elders, in a dwelling house which he was erecting in Frederickshavn, Denmark. We also bought a house in Borups Street, in the city of Aarhus, Denmark, in which we constructed a baptismal font. Elder Adam Peterson, who was on a mission at that time, had great influence among the people of Aarhus, and won many friends, which all helped.

While I had charge of the Scandinavian Mission, Sister Anna C. Widtsoe and her sister Lina Gaarden, were called on a mission to Norway and remained there for about four years. These two sisters traveled over Norway, from the extreme north to the ex-



INTERIOR STOCKHOLM MISSION HOUSE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE GALLERY

trane south, and spared neither time nor money in order to bring before the people the gospel. They won honor and friends everywhere for the cause of truth. They bore a great testimony to the world, which we hope will in time bear fruit.

Brother H. J. Christiansen was also called on a mission again, at this time, and was chosen president over the conference in Copenhagen. He was born there, acquainted with the conditions, and had the language of Copenhagen under complete control. He gathered many friends for the gospel cause.

XVI.—THE LAST WORD

I do not care to write more, as most of my friends are acquainted with the work that has been done in the mission field. What I have done here at home has gratified me; and the people here know my whole life. Now I am on the sick list. I have forgotten to take care of myself in my desire to care for others. The Lord be honored and praised from now to eternity and forever. Amen. The Lord be merciful with us all and forgive our weaknesses and imperfections.

XVII.—THE SIXTH MISSION

After Bishop Skanchy had returned from his labors as President of the Scandinavian mission, he entered again upon his duties in the bishopric of the Logan Sixth Ward. He rallied the people to his support, and he laid the cornerstone of a new ward chapel, one of the handsomest in the Church. This house is now completed.

On January 23, 1910, after twenty-five years of service, Bishop Skanchy was honorably released from his position as bishop of the Logan Sixth ward. A little later he closed out such of his business interests as required his daily active supervision.

On July 11, 1910, he went again to Norway, with his wife and younger children, to spend some time in gathering genealogical information for his temple work. This may be called his sixth mission, for he went with the authority of a missionary, and did much good while away.

True to his love for the city of his birth, Trondhjem, he took with him a large and expensive copy of Munkacsy's painting of Christ before Pilate, executed by Dan Weggeland, of Salt Lake City, which he presented to the branch, and which now adorns the meeting hall in Trondhjem.

He returned to Zion, June 22, 1911; never again to leave it in the flesh.

XVIII.—THE END OF THE JOURNEY

Soon after Bishop Skanchy returned from his last trip to Norway, he was seized with his last illness. The evil preyed steadily upon him, but his strong body and iron constitution, could not be broken at once. It took years for the disease to undermine his strength and reach the vital processes of his system.

During his long illness, he composed the sketch now presented. From page to page it bears the marks of the physical sufferings which he endured. Had he been in good health, he would have told more of the marvelous experiences of his long missionary life. Perhaps, however, in good health, he would not have undertaken the work at all.

While withdrawn from active life by this lingering illness, he also reviewed his own poems, his favorite songs, and the word of God that he loved.

Bishop Skanchy, like all who live in close communion with spiritual things, was much of a poet; a lover of the fine arts, painting and sculpture, and an ardent worshiper of all natural beauty. In his last days, though filled with physical pain, he found the leisure for the contemplation of the things of the spirit he loved so well, which he had been denied in his active life.

Ever did his thoughts go back to the land of the midnight sun, in which he was born; where the gospel message found him, and where, in the full strength of his youth, he fought valiantly for the cause of truth, and won hundreds, yea, thousands, to the cause of eternal truth.

On Sunday, April 19, 1914, in his 75th year, his spirit returned to the God he had served so well. On the following Wednesday he was buried from the beautiful chapel he had built. Many wept at his grave, especially those who were poor in spirit or worldly goods, and whom this noble man had loved and helped and raised up, and brought into the glorious light of truth.

(THE END)



Does God Answer Prayer?

BY PROF. L. F. MOENCH

Part II

"God's eyes are upon all men," so the sacred scriptures tell us, "and he knows their thoughts and hears their prayers."

A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO FASTING AND PRAYER

While I worked in the office as secretary of the Swiss and German mission, we received a letter, one morning, from a German professor, named Maurer, of Landau, Bavaria, asking us to send him some literature which would give him some idea respecting our belief, as he was writing a history of all the religious denominations of the various Christian sects, and he had but lately heard of the "Mormons," and would like to embody something of our religion in his work. Accordingly we mailed him the Book of Mormon, the Pearl of Great Price and some of our leading tracts. We thought no more about this, as such requests were of common occurrence.

A few weeks passed when we received another letter from this same professor. The contents were surprising to us all. In it he made the request that one of our missionaries be sent to him at once; that something very incomprehensible had occurred to him, in connection with the books we had sent him, that he felt he must see one of us, and at our earliest convenience. As his profession was in my line, the lot fell to me, and I was instructed to go at once.

Minute-man like, the next day found me on my way speeding to Landau. On my arrival I registered at the hotel, after which I at once repaired to the professor's home. I found him to be one of the most prominent educators of Germany, and in charge of the leading school at Landau. He was a man highly respected for his literary attainments, well-built, and of dignified appearance which was augmented by his height—six feet and two inches; in short, a man of the regular Bismarckian school in physique and bearing—a German professor in every sense of the word.

After the introduction, I was at once admonished by him not to make myself known, as "Mormon" missionaries were not tolerated at Landau, while he himself would lose his position, should it become known that he entertained a "Mormon" missionary in his

house. My lodgings, he suggested, should be at the hotel, and my visits early in the morning, through a private entrance, so that public attention might not be aroused.

My next visit, therefore, was at his private office, at the appointed hour, and in the designated way. As soon as I was comfortably seated, and the compliments of the morning passed, he told me that he had been in search of the true gospel of Christ for years, but that he had searched in vain among the various sects, and that, in his mind, they were all wrong, and that none of them harmonized with the true gospel of Christ, as taught in the New Testament. He had even searched among the heathen nations, but with the same unsatisfactory result. At last, to satisfy his own soul, he had written a novel in which he had embodied his views, respecting the true gospel of Christ. So saying he handed me the novel. I read it carefully during the day, and to my great surprise found that it contained "Mormon" doctrine through and through. After this, he said, he seemed to have some peace of mind. But it lasted but a short time, when his mind again became restless, and this time, he said, he resolved to write a history of religion, and to embody in it the religious views of the various Christian sects, and of the heathen religions as well, still hoping thereby to find the truth. "While gathering material for this purpose," he said, using his own language now, "I came across a notice in one of the Landau papers, announcing the imprisonment and banishment of two 'Mormon' missionaries from one of the cities of Germany. The editor, at the same time, called upon the police of Landau to keep a lookout for these men, representing this unpopular religion, and to imprison and banish them should they make their appearance. This made a great impression upon my mind, and I resolved forthwith to become acquainted with them, and to know more about their religion. I went to the editor in person and learned from him where the headquarters of these missionaries were located. He gave me the address, No. 32 Postgasse, Bern, Switzerland, and I at once addressed a letter there with the result of which you are already familiar.

"To my great surprise," he continued, "the more I read the books, the more convinced I became that at last I had found the truth, for the books entirely harmonized with my views—but that it should be found among the despised and persecuted 'Mormons,' was a surprise to me, and beyond my comprehension.

"While reading and pondering over the things contained in the books, my wife was suddenly taken very sick. She is my second wife, my first having died about three years ago, leaving me a widower with seven children. As days passed on, she gradually grew worse, until I finally realized that unless some unforeseen power would step in, I would again be left a widower, and this time with nine children. I summoned, therefore, three of the best

physicians of Landau, but they finally gave her up, telling me she could not live till morning. I sat that night by her bedside in despair, expecting every moment to see her breathe her last, for she was sinking very rapidly. No human being knows, unless he has passed through the same experience, how I felt that night with my nine dependent children surrounding that sick bed. The fatal rattle in her throat at last announced the approaching end. I could stand it no longer, and in the agony of my soul, I called upon the Lord to deliver me from this terrible affliction, and to spare my wife. A bright light burst suddenly into the room, and a voice, as if from heaven, said, 'I will help you if you will help me!' It is needless to say what promise I made, but to my surprise, when I looked around at my wife, I found her breathing naturally, sweetly slumbering in a calm, quiet sleep from which, in a few moments, she awoke with a heavenly smile upon her face, perfectly restored to health and strength again. My joy was unbounded; the Lord had heard and answered my prayer. The happiness was correspondingly as great as the sadness had been a few moments before. The light that had burst into and filled the room, had faded away, and as I sat overwhelmed with joy, and pondering on what had happened, the distinct recollection forced itself upon my mind that I had made a covenant with the Lord that I would help him if he would help me. The question now arose, 'Lord, what do you want me to do?' Suddenly and unconsciously, my eyes fell upon the Book of Mormon which I had been reading and which I had laid open upon a chair by the side of the bed, when I felt that my wife was dying; and as distinctly as though a voice had spoken it, the impression came upon me, 'There is the truth, and in those books your duty will be made known.' The next morning, when I thought this all over, I felt that I must see one of you personally, and, therefore, sat down and addressed the letter to you, in response to which you are here with me now. The books are all right, but there are some things which I do not understand, and that I wish you to explain to me personally."

In subsequent conversations, I soon found that his perplexing question was the living prophet of God, President John Taylor, who then stood at the head of the Church. The dead prophet, President Young, was all right; he had been a mighty man, and a prophet of God, but President Taylor was the wrong man, lacking the ability, and hence he could not be the true prophet of God. I also soon found that I, like President Taylor, shared the same fate, and that I had as little influence with him as President Taylor had.

The more I met with him the more I became convinced that I could do nothing with him, and that unless the Lord intervened, my mission would be in vain. As a last resort, therefore, I resolved to call upon the Lord through fasting and prayer to help

me in my work. I notified the professor, therefore, that I would not meet with him again for two or three days in consequence of other duties I had to perform. At the end of three days, during which time neither food nor drink passed my lips, I felt impressed to call upon him again. He received me cordially, and after the usual greeting exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Moench, if you had only come yesterday, I could have told you some marvelous things, but, perhaps, after all, it was only some imagination or psychological working of my brain that caused me to see and dream what I did, so that I do not care to relate it now." Feeling impressed that the Lord had heard and answered my prayer, I urged him to tell me what had happened. After some hesitation and urging, he related to me the following remarkable vision, which, as near as I can remember, I prefer to give in his own language:

"The second night after you were here, I lay in bed thinking over some things which you had told me. All of a sudden, whether asleep or awake, I know not, I was wrapped in a vision in which you and I seemed to be sitting in my private office, discussing the principles of 'Mormonism' as we had been doing. Suddenly, to my great surprise, you became transformed into a large, portly man." (I would here say that in our conversations he usually occupied a large congress chair, while I occupied a small arm chair, facing him.) "When you were thus transformed," he continued, "I asked you, 'Are you not Mr. Moench?' To my great surprise you answered, 'No, I am not, I am President Young!'" (Those who remember President Young will remember that he was a large, portly man, much larger than myself, though not so tall.) "If you are President Young," he again continued, "you are a prophet of God, and you can tell me what will transpire in the future. He answered, 'I can,' and bade me to follow. Immediately my spirit seemed to leave my body, and together we seemed easily to journey through the air, to the top of yonder prominent peak," pointing out the place through the window. "As I stood gazing on the scene before me, President Young said, 'Look!' All at once, the whole world lay like an open sheet before me, and I could see every part of it, and every nation that dwelled thereon. Men seemed to be pursuing their natural vocations of life, and all seemed peace and quietness. The scene was beautiful beyond all description. Again President Young said, 'Look!' And glancing in the direction indicated, I beheld a small, dark cloud arise, not larger, seemingly, than a man's hand. It no sooner made its appearance than I saw trouble arise among the nations of the earth; and as the cloud grew larger and darker in appearance, so, proportionately, the strife seemed to increase: At last the cloud cast an inky darkness over the face of the whole earth, and then the scene became terrible. All the nations of the earth seemed to be involved in a most ter-

rible war, the sight of which is beyond all description. Oh! so horrible that no human mind can describe it! I saw men in battle array mowing each other down like grass, until streams of blood ran through the land, with the crowns of kings floating upon them. And everywhere I looked, the same sight met my gaze.

"While yet looking upon this dreadful scene of murder, massacre and bloodshed, President Young again said, 'Look!' pointing in an opposite direction. Again looking in the direction indicated, I could see America, looming up beyond the Atlantic ocean, and up in the top of the Rocky mountains, I could see a beautiful, white building loom up with tall spires pointing to the skies; and in it I saw men and women moving around dressed in beautiful, white clothing, while in the valleys surrounding it, I saw cattle and sheep grazing, and men and women quietly pursuing their ordinary vocations of life. A sweet, heavenly influence rested upon the building and seemed to hover over the valleys—the only spot upon the whole face of the whole earth where there was peace. Oh! the contrast between the two! I shall never forget it. In the one place men were murdering each other in cold blood, while in the other place peace on earth and good will to men prevailed.

"I was greatly overcome at this and finally asked President Young what the Lord wanted me to do, a weak and sinful man. He told me he wanted me to help in spreading the principles of truth among the nations of the earth, and to warn them of the terrible judgments of God, that would shortly fall upon the inhabitants of the earth.

"This vision was repeated to me three times in succession, and whether awake or asleep I do not know, but when I finally came to myself, it was daylight. I was very anxious to see you, and to tell you what I had seen, while it was yet fresh upon my mind."

And now was literally fulfilled a remarkable part of his vision. Knowing that this was of God, and in answer to my prayer, I commenced to bear testimony to him. And, as I continued, the Spirit of God rested upon me to that degree that I seemed to grow beyond my natural size, while he, on the other hand, seemed to diminish in stature, until he sat before me, a small, chunky man, staring up at me, while I seemed to be gazing down upon him. He appeared to be perfectly spell-bound and moved neither limb nor muscle. This transformation seemed marvelous to me, while I was speaking, and to convince myself that it was no delusion, I compared, in my mind's eye, my body with his, and found it to be as first shown. When I had finished speaking, and the Spirit of the Lord had, in a measure, withdrawn, he was again a large, portly man, as before, sitting in his large congress chair, and, in

comparison with him, I again dwindled to my natural size, sitting before him in my smaller chair.

When I concluded, he asked me, "Mr. Moench, what will you do with me if I receive your gospel? I have a wife and nine children, as you know, to support, and no other way of doing it only through my profession." I told him the Lord who heard the raven's cry, and marked the sparrow's fall, would surely not forsake a man and his wife with their nine lovely children, especially if he hearkened to and obeyed a direct command which the Lord had given him. I had no promise to make of a financial character; I was there to preach the gospel to him, and there my mission ended; and if he received it, he would have to trust to the Lord for his help and guidance, as men of old had done, and as we were doing now.

Whether he ever received the gospel or not, or whether he is alive yet or not, I do not know. I heard, years afterwards, that he inquired after me, and that he made the remark, he never would be satisfied until he could be baptized and gathered with our people, for he knew the gospel was true.

Now as to whether the present awful war is in fulfilment of this vision, I know not; but if it is, most terrible consequences will yet follow.

Verily, verily, God hears and answers prayers.

OGDEN, UTAH

Brothers

Homeless, though mansions fronted him;
 Alone in the wind-swept street,
 Though myriad faces drifted by;
 Only the beat of stranger feet

Answered the bitter cry
 Of the vagrant, mocked by vain desire,
 Heart-hunger for the bread of life,
 Love, and a waiting fire.

Homeless, though shut from dark and rain,
 By gilded, stately walls;
 Alone, though mirth and melody
 Rang through the raftered halls:

The rich man sat by his cheerless hearth,
 Mocked by vain desire
 For the sound of little pattering feet,
 And love at his glowing fire.

MAUD BAGGARIEY

The Secret of Successful Presiding

BY J. H. DEAN

When one is called to any position of presidency, in the Church, about the first feeling that enters the heart is, How may I gain and keep the love, respect and confidence of those over whom I have been called to preside?

Throughout a somewhat lengthy and varied experience, the writer has made a study of the reasons why some succeed in this and others fail, and herewith offers some of his conclusions in the hope that presiding officers, especially in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, may find something that will be of help to them in solving this most important problem.

The scriptures say, "As with the priest so with the people," and experience has taught me that, as the Sunday school superintendent, so with the Sunday school, as with the M. I. A. president and officers, so with the members. As with the Relief Society president, so with the society. As with the bishop, so with his ward. As with the teacher, so with the class, and so on throughout all the organizations of the Church.

An intelligent, bright woman was chosen to be president of a Relief society. She attended all her meetings, was faithful in tithes and offerings, charitable to the poor, always remembered her prayers, and taught her family to keep the Word of Wisdom, but she did not keep it herself. She was a confirmed tea drinker. One day she was sure she smelled tobacco when her sixteen year old son Alfred came into the house. She led him into another room and shut the door and, feeling in his pocket, found a sack of tobacco and cigarette papers. He admitted that he had been smoking for nearly two years. In her alarm the mother questioned him severely and found that he took a glass of beer quite frequently, and drank coffee whenever it was offered him.

"And why shouldn't I, mother? You drink your tea, is it any worse for me than for you, to do these things?"

She was surprised to hear from him that her daughter Jane drank tea, though she took it on the "sly."

"And I tell you, mother," said the son, "all the ward knows you drink tea, for the boys threw it up to me on the street. They have heard their mothers calling you a hypocrite, and they say that if you, the Relief society president, can drink tea so can they. And they are doing it." He called his sister Jane and made her admit that she drank tea every time her mother did, and she

also claimed the same right. The only thing she was ashamed of was that she had "sneaked it" in the pantry.

The mother was thunderstruck! and a deadly fear almost deprived her of speech. All her life, when any dreadful calamity threatened her, she had appealed to the Lord for help, and that was the first thought in her mind now. She asked her children to kneel with her in prayer. But the son said he didn't feel like praying.

"What's the use of praying, mother? You say you can't quit your tea, and I am sure I don't want to give up my tobacco and coffee, and I tell you what's what, mother, from now on I am not going to be a 'sneak!' If you are going to have your tea, I want my coffee, and I'll think more of Jane if, instead of drinking her tea on the 'sly' in the pantry, she will take it at the table with her mother. If we can't keep the Word of Wisdom, mother, let's quit being pretenders, anyway."

And he picked up his tobacco sack and was about to quit the room. His mother begged him to wait a minute. Was it possible her cup of tea was bringing all these dire calamities upon her! That the sisters of the Relief society were drinking tea because she did! That she was spoken of in the street as a hypocrite! She felt sure now that this was why she had so little influence among the sisters; and maybe, already, she had lost control of her children. She took her son and daughter in her arms, and said, "Children! I see that I am the transgressor in these things. I have always thought I couldn't do without my tea, but now I covenant with you, in the most solemn manner, that I will never taste another drop as long as I live. Now, will you not make the same covenant with me?"

The children's hearts were softened, in a moment, and the son said, "Now mother, you're talking. You're right, I'll make the same covenant, and so will Jane, won't you, Jane?" Jane who was sobbing on her mother's shoulder nodded her head, and the mother and children wept together.

"And now, mother," said Alfred, as soon as they had dried their tears, "I can't taper off, let's quit right here and now. Get your tea and here's my tobacco. Let's put them in the stove together." And they did so, and Jane, to show her good will got a hammer and smashed the tea pot.

This Relief society president, at the next society testimony meeting, told her experiences to her sisters. She confessed that she had set them an evil example, and asked to be forgiven. She asked how many of them knew she was a breaker of the Word of Wisdom, and she was surprised when every hand went up. Then she tremblingly asked how many adopted this habit on account of her evil example, and her knees smote together when five of her sisters stood up.

"Well, sisters," she said, "it's plain to me that I am unworthy to be your president, and I shall hand in my resignation to the bishop. I realize that what I have done is past recall, but if you will tell me anything I can do to help to make amends, I will surely do it."

One Scotch sister jumped up and said, "I dinna ken why ye should resign, ye are more worthy now, to be our president than ever before." And the other sisters followed in the same strain, and though this sister felt she should lay down her presidency, yet, by the advice of those over her, and the unanimous voice of the sisters of the society, she still presides over them. And her society is one of the best in the Church.

That sister has found the secret of successful presidency. Now, instead of being called a hypocrite, her humble repentance and reformation, have given her an influence for good with every member of the ward. And the parents who are trying to bring up their children aright, feel that her example is a tower of strength to help them. When the subject of the Word of Wisdom is mentioned in her presence, she doesn't quake and feel conscious-stricken as she used to, but she can throw all her influence and power on the side of the word of the Lord.

At the dedication of one of our temples where none were admitted unless they had a card of invitation signed by the president of the Church, a small boy presented himself for admission. He had no card, but he claimed he had a *right* to go in, for he had helped to build the temple. Elder John Henry Smith, of the quorum of the Twelve, was close at hand and the door-keeper referred the matter to him. Elder Smith took the child to one side and, in his kind, fatherly way, listened to his story. He said his Sunday school teacher had told his class, that if they would deny themselves candy, soda water and such like things for one year, and put together their nickels, dimes and quarters, she thought they would have sufficient to pay for the cutting of one stone in the temple, and then they would have a right to go into the House of the Lord, for they had helped to build it. And they had done so. Elder Smith took the little fellow in his arms and said, "God bless you, my little man! You shall go in! Many bigger persons than you, though they have admission cards, can't say that they have helped to build the House of the Lord."

I can imagine that boy a fine manly president of a deacons' quorum—one who will *do things*! One who will be a leader, and have an influence for good wherever he goes. And there is crying need for such Sunday school teachers as this little man had, who have faith and influence enough to get practical results from their classes. We don't need to be told that such a teacher lived her religion, and was "true blue." No other kind would have suf-

ficient inspiration and influence with a class of innocent children to get them to make such a sacrifice.

A Sunday school superintendent was spending the day at a pleasure resort. He was invited by some friends who were eating their dinner, to join them. During the meal some bottles of beer were opened, and a glass was offered to him. He was about to take it, when he saw a little girl belonging to his Sunday school off at a little distance watching him, so he declined the beer. "Oh take a glass," said his friend, "it won't hurt you. Look at your Church members all around you drinking it, are you better than they? There are lots worse things than taking a glass of beer." He again glanced at the little child. Her eyes were still fixed upon him and he said, "No thanks, I don't drink beer."

He felt like he wanted to be alone and got up and walked away. The little girl ran after him and took hold of his hand and looking up lovingly into his face said, "Bro.———I was watching you over there at that table, *I knew our Sunday school superintendent wouldn't drink beer.*" He glanced at her in a frightened way, fearing she had read his thought; but no, she had given him full credit, in her childish heart, for having refused the beer, because it was wrong to drink it. She didn't know that if it hadn't been for her innocent eyes he would have drunk it. After she had left him he sought a secluded place where he couldn't be seen and removing his hat asked his heavenly Father to forgive his unworthiness, and solemnly covenanted that, henceforth, he would be worthy the love and confidence of an innocent child.

But suppose he had drunk that glass of beer? It only cost five-cents, and his friend would have paid that. But, what would have been *his* loss? What would have been the consequences to that little child? What would the harvest be? Who can estimate it? Where would the consequence end? And what a tragedy would have taken place in the heart of that little child. "Tragedy" is none too strong a word. What is more beautiful than the love and confidence that beams from the countenances of little children for whom they love? Parents know what it looks like, and if the officers and teachers of our auxiliary organizations haven't seen it in the faces of those over whom they preside and teach, it is because they haven't desired it. I have never seen an angel, but if an angel's face can show anything more heart-satisfying, soul-inspiring, and wonderful, it must be beautiful indeed. Well isn't anything that destroys this sweet, childish confidence and in its place plants suspicion and doubt, an awful tragedy? I wonder how many such tragedies are happening every week in our homes and associations and cities! Isn't that the offense the Lord means when he says: "Who shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the

sea." The offense that merits such a punishment must be as serious and vital as death itself. And why shouldn't our lives be blotted out if our example tends to evil, and to pull down and destroy the souls of our fellows?

"Well, but," says one, "the drinking of a cup of tea or coffee or beer, or the smoking of tobacco are such small offenses. Is that true? Is anything that is wrong small or insignificant? Is one less a thief who steals a dollar than who steals a thousand? It's the offense that is the crime, not the amount. Would it have been a small thing if the usefulness and influence for good of that superintendent had been destroyed? Yet that is just what would have happened, had he drunk that glass of beer. That little girl, in her sorrow and disappointment, would have told her classmates and her family, and in a short time it would have been known throughout the whole ward.

It is considered a very proper and reasonable thing for a victorious army to take for their own use the flocks and herds of their enemies, but when Saul, King of Israel, took those of the Amalekites, cost him his kingdom, for the Lord had commanded him to destroy every living thing. The sin was in the disobedience.

It would not lower the Pope of Rome, or the President of the United States very much in our estimation if they smoked their cigars or pipes, but if President Joseph F. Smith should do such a thing, it would shake the Church to its very foundation. Even the smokers in the Church would be heartbroken and wonder how in the world he could do such a thing. Yet hasn't he as good a right to indulge in these things as we have? Isn't our influence and example as potent for good or evil in our sphere as his in his sphere? Haven't we made the same covenant? Are we not under the same law?

Tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor are just as harmful to the world as to us, so far as the body is concerned, but we come under a condemnation that doesn't apply to them, for the Lord has told us that these things are not good, and has commanded us to refrain from them. And we are under covenant to keep his commandments. When we indulge in these things, we suffer a moral degradation as well as a physical hurt. We are covenant-breakers, and feel self-condemned. Non-"Mormons" can partake of these things and will retain the respect and confidence of their wives and children and associates, for with them it is merely a habit or "weakness." But when we do these things, we are stripped of our power and influence for good among the people. Even the non-"Mormons" think less of us, for they know that we claim to live above these things. In addition to the injury to the body which others as well as we receive, we violate our consciences. A person who persistently violates and smothers the voice of conscience weakens his powers to resist evil in other directions. He is

a moral coward. He knows what is right but refuses to do it. He lowers the flag of his high ideals. Such a one doesn't need the day of judgment to condemn him; he is condemned already.

Are these small things? It's a small thing for a cow to kick over a lamp, and yet such an insignificant accident burned up the great city of Chicago. No wonder that when Relief society officers, Sunday school superintendents, M. I. A. presidents, Sunday school and other teachers are guilty of these small offenses that they lose the influence and power necessary to make them successful in their work.

There is a growing sentiment throughout the Church that in order to be a successful presiding officer, one must be a strong personality, magnetic, educated, fine-looking, well dressed, and not a "moss-back." He must in short be "up-to-date." And that is true. It is a pleasure to look upon such a one. A great evil among us today is mental laziness. So many of us are "back numbers."

Some one has paraphrased Maud Muller:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—He's a has-been."

But there are a few small things that are additionally necessary. He must be virtuous and humble and prayerful. He must be true to his covenants. He must be true to his brethren. He must sustain and speak well of those who are over him, and thereby prove that he is worthy the love and support of those over whom he presides. He must keep the Sabbath day holy. He must keep his body free from anything that would defile it. But why particularize? Let us cover the whole ground in one sentence, *he must be a genuine Latter-day Saint*. One who is lacking in these, may please the eye, tickle the ear, and even instruct the mind, but *he will leave our hearts cold and hungry*. The Saints are hungry for heart-food, and any presiding officer or speaker or singer who can touch their hearts and fill their eyes with tears, has a wonderful and marvelous power, and is always listened to with grateful attention.

When we find presiding officers who have been faithful, who have clean records behind them; who, notwithstanding their weaknesses and shortcomings, (and they will have plenty of them) have nevertheless lived pure, consistent lives, when they speak there is a light in the eye, an inspiration and a ring to the voice, and a convincing power and demonstration of the spirit, that the unfaithful and the unclean are not entitled to and do not possess.

Verily: "It is the Spirit that giveth life."

Such presiding officers have found the secret of successful presiding.

Urim and Thummim

BY JOEL RICKS

DEFINITION

In several places in the Bible, the old Jewish historians have left us references to a curious instrument which was given to the High Priest who was to wear it upon his breast when he went into the holy precincts of the temple to officiate in behalf of the people; but nowhere have they given us a description of what the instrument was. The Book of Mormon writers are a little more explicit as to its appearance and uses, but even they refer to it in such meagre terms as these: "And now he translated them by the means of these two stones which were fastened into the two rims of a bow." (Mosiah 38:13.) The Jaredite historian refers to the instrument as two stones. (Ether 3:23.)

It is left to the Prophet Joseph Smith to give us definite information as to the appearance of the wonderful instrument which played so important a part as a revealer of mysteries in the various dispensations of the past. This is his statement, "With the records was found a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummim, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow." Compare this clear statement with the following: "The Urim and Thummim were two small oracular images, similar to the teraphim, personifying revelation and truth, which were placed in the cavity or pouch formed by the folds of the breastplate, and which uttered oracles by voice." (*Popular Bible Encyclopaedia*, page 1,693.) The description given by the Nephite writers and the Prophet Joseph indicate that the instrument was very similar to a pair of old style spectacles, minus the appendage that passes over the ear.

HISTORY

Just when the Urim and Thummim was first given to man must remain a mystery, but the first reference we have of it was when the brother of Jared received the instrument from the Lord. This was somewhere near the year 2000 B. C. The brother of Jared had been shown some wonderful visions which he was commanded to seal up that the world should not know of them until after the coming of Christ. He was also commanded to seal up the two stones with his records. Whether the instrument was

attached to the twenty-four plates found by the men of Limhi, and thus came into the possession of Mosiah, we are not informed, but from the statement of Moroni, (Ether 4:1-3) it is evident that Mosiah received the records and passed them on down to Moroni who buried them in the earth to be revealed 1400 years later.

It seems from the reference, in Mosiah 8:13, that the Nephite prophets were the custodians of a Urim and Thummim of their own, which had been handed down from generation to generation long before the finding of Jaredite records, so it seems not improbable that for a period, at least, they had two of those instruments in their possession.

The first Bible reference to the Urim and Thummim, is made when Moses was preparing the robes of the high priest who was to administer in the tabernacle. After being instructed to put the two onyx stones on the shoulders, and engrave on them the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, he was instructed to make a breastplate, of the bigness of a span, and to place in it four rows of stones, in rows of threes, and to engrave on each the name of one of the tribes. The breastplate was to be made double, and the Urim and Thummim was to be placed within the breastplate and was always to be worn on the breast of the high priest when he went into the sacred precincts of the tabernacle or temple to officiate before the Lord. (Exodus 28:30.) It is generally understood that the Urim and Thummim was in the possession of the Jews until the destruction of Jerusalem by the Babylonians, about 600 B. C., when it disappeared. After the return from captivity the priests regretted its loss, and refused to determine certain matters until a priest stood up with the instrument who could adjust the matters satisfactorily.

Josephus is authority for the following, (Book 3:8) in regard to the two stones set on the shoulders of the high priest:

"But as to those stones, of which we told you before, the high priest bare on his shoulders, which were sardonyxes; (and I think it needless to describe their nature, they being known to everybody); the one of them shined out when God was present at their sacrifices: I mean that which was in the nature of a button on his right shoulder, bright rays darting out thence: and being seen by those that were most remote: which splendor yet was not before natural to the stone. This has appeared a wonderful thing to such as have not so far indulged themselves in philosophy, as to despise divine revelation. Yet will I mention what is still more wonderful than this: for God declared beforehand, by those twelve stones which the high priest bare on his breast, and which were inserted into his breastplate, when they should be victorious in battle: for so great a splendor shone forth from them before the army began to march, that all the people were sensible of God's being present for their assistance. Whence it came to pass that those Greeks who had a veneration for our laws, because they could not possibly contradict this, called the breastplate the Oracle. Now this breastplate, and this sardonyx, left off shining two hundred

years before I composed this book, God having been displeased at the transgression of his laws."

It is evident from the above that Josephus attributed to the stones in the breastplate the miraculous power of manifesting the Divine will to the high priest and the people. Inasmuch as the Urim and Thummim was lost about 600 B. C. and the stones in the breastplate continued to shine down to about 200 B. C., it is clear that there was no connection between the two.

The room in the temple where the high priest went to commune with God was without windows, and was therefore a dark place. This probably explains the statement of Solomon: "The Lord said that he would dwell in the thick darkness." It is probable that the shining of the stones in the breastplate indicated to the high priest the presence of the Lord, and gave light to the room.

THE PURPOSES FOR WHICH THE URIM AND THUMMIM WAS USED

This subject has been more widely discussed than any other, bearing on the Urim and Thummim, due to the fact that the ancient writers failed to leave us an explicit statement of the uses of the instrument, thinking probably, as Josephus expresses it, "I think it needless to describe their nature, they being known to everybody." There are a number of statements made by ancient and modern writers, which indicate quite clearly the uses of the instrument.

The following is from the *Popular Bible Encyclopedia*:

"The meaning of the words, Urim is rendered as Haw-oo-reem, or lights; Thummim is rendered veh-hat-toom-meem, or perfections. The septuagint render them as revelation and truth. It is generally believed that these stones, in answer to an appeal to God, in difficult cases, indicated his mind by some supernatural appearance. It has been conjectured by others that the response was given in an audible voice to the high priest, arrayed in full pontificals and standing in the holy place with his face towards the ark."

The translator of Josephus in a footnote, on page 87, says:

"I say these answers were not made by the shining of the special stones, after an awkward manner, in the high priest's breastplate as the modern rabbis vainly suppose. For certainly the shining of the stones might precede or accompany the oracle, without itself delivering that oracle, but rather by an audible voice from the mercy seat between the cherubim."

That neither of these views is wholly correct is proved by the fact that David utilized the Urim and Thummim which had been carried away from the tabernacle by the priest Abithar, to obtain information from the Lord on several occasions, when in sore need. On such occasions David sent for the ephod which contained the Urim and Thummim, and made a personal appeal to God, who gave him an immediate answer. If it were not that it is

so evident that the Urim and Thummim was used as a medium in receiving these answers, we would incline to the opinion that the answers were by an audible voice, but the following quotations would indicate more clearly how the answers came:

"Now Ammon said to him, I can assuredly tell thee, O king, of a man that can translate the records: for he has wherewith that he can look and translate all records of ancient date; and it is a gift from God, and the things are called interpreters, and no man can look in them, except he be commanded lest he should look for that he ought not, and should perish. And whosoever is commanded to look in them, the same is called a seer." (Mosiah 8:13.)

Moroni refers to the instrument as follows:

"Wherefore the Lord hath commanded me to write them; and I have written them. And he commanded me that I should seal them up; and he also hath commanded that I should seal up the interpretation thereof; wherefore I have sealed up the interpreters according to the commandment of the Lord." (Ether 4:5.)

"Joseph kept the Urim and Thummim constantly about his person, by the use of which he could in a moment tell whether the plates were in any danger. Just before Emma rode up to Mrs. Wells, Joseph, from an impression that he had had, came up out of the well in which he was laboring, and met her not far from the house. Emma immediately informed him of what had transpired, whereupon he looked in the Urim and Thummim, and saw that the record was yet safe." (*History of Joseph Smith*, by his Mother, page 104.)

On this subject David Whitmer says:

"A piece of something resembling parchment did appear (i. e., in the Urim and Thummim), and on that appeared the writing, one character at a time would appear and under it was the translation in English." (*An Address to All Believers in Christ*, page 12.)

Martin Harris is quoted as saying:

"By aid of the seer stone sentences would appear and were read by the prophet and written by Martin and when finished he would say 'written' and if correctly written the sentence would disappear and another appear in its place; but if not written correctly it remained until corrected."

"Some time after Mr. Harris begun to write for me, he began to importune me to give him liberty to carry the writings home and show them: and desired of me that I would inquire of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim, if he might not do so, I did inquire and the answer was that he must not." (*History of the Church*, Vol. 1, page 21.)

The prophet often refers to its use in terms like this, "I inquired of the Lord through the Urim and Thummim and received the following." A difference of opinion arose between Oliver and Joseph which they agreed to settle by the Urim and Thummim. An important revelation was received through the instrument in answer to their request:

"And now behold I say unto you, that because you delivered up those writings, which you had power given unto you to translate, by means of the Urim and Thummim, into the hands of a wicked man, you have lost them." (Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 10:1.)

"That of which I spoke, which Joseph termed a key, was, indeed, nothing more nor less than the Urim and Thummim, and it was by this that the angel showed him many things which he saw in vision; by which also he could ascertain at any time, the approach of danger, either to himself or the record, and on account of which he always kept the Urim and Thummim about his person." (*History of Joseph Smith*, by his Mother, page 106.)

From the foregoing quotations it is clear that the Urim and Thummim was not only used for the purpose of translating ancient records; but as a medium of communicating with God, also of seeing visions of things past, present and to come. Understanding this, one can readily see the reason why the high priest was commanded to wear it upon his breast continually, when he went into the sacred precincts of the temple to communicate with God. The Tirshatah understood its importance as a medium of receiving divine instruction, and were not willing to act until a priest stood up with Urim and Thummim. We can now understand how the two stones given to the brother of Jared were to magnify to the eyes of men, the sacred things which he had written. One can readily see why David sent for the instrument when he desired to know the will of God pertaining to himself and people. In fact, it makes plain many things which heretofore have been little understood, and throws greater light on the following extracts from the Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 130:6-10:

"The angels do not reside on a planet like this earth, but they reside in the presence of God, on a globe like a sea of glass and fire, where all things for their glory are manifest—past, present, and future, and are continually before the Lord. The place where God resides is a great Urim and Thummim. This earth, in its sanctified and immortal state, will be made like unto crystal and will be a Urim and Thummim to the inhabitants who dwell thereon, whereby all things pertaining to an inferior kingdom, or all kingdoms of a lower order, will be manifest to those who dwell on it; and this earth will be Christ's. Then the white stone mentioned in Revelations 2:17, will become a Urim and Thummim to each individual who receives one, whereby things pertaining to a higher order of kingdoms, even all kingdoms, will be made known."

LOGAN, UTAH

A Cloud by Day

Marvelous Provision to Furnish Water for Drink

BY NICHOLAS G. SMITH, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION

When I received a call to come to South Africa, on a mission, my heart seemed to stop with a dull thud, and when I reached a telephone, and told my wife that it was South Africa, she said, "Oh what, to that horrid black place!" and burst into tears. My mother, as she heard the name of the mission to which I was called, tried hard to hide the tears that rushed to her eyes, as she said: "You will do what the Lord wants you to do, my son." My desire is best shown in the words of the song:

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be."

My object in writing this letter is to reach those who have received calls, and those who may receive calls, to come to this land; and let them know the advantages of coming to such a blessed place.

In the first place, I might have asked to have my mission changed to a closer and as I thought a more civilized country. But the authorities knew where they wanted me. I was not calling myself on a mission, but the servants of the living God had designated the place where they needed me and wanted me to go. Who was I that I could tell the Lord that he was mistaken, that I was better needed elsewhere? I had fifteen days time to sell my furniture and turn over business interests that really needed my attention, and get myself, wife and three children ready for a six weeks' journey to an unknown land.

The trip to England by train and boat, is without doubt a very interesting one and, of course, much talked about by the many people who make it; but it can not compare with the trip from England to South Africa. A fact to which the few fortunate ones who come here can testify.

Saving nothing about the cold, bleak, windy Atlantic which is so well known by our people, I will begin our trip at Southampton.

The evening was rather chilly as we sailed out past the needles into the North Atlantic ocean, but we were interested in watching the lights of other ships that were rising and falling.

so that we hardly noticed the cold. We walked up and down the decks, which, by the way, are so much more roomy and attractive than the decks on the ships plying between Europe and America, and wondered how we would stand another rough and uncomfortable journey for three weeks. We did not spend much time on deck that evening as we were tired out from the day's business in arranging to embark, so we soon retired to our cabins which were much bigger and better than the ones across the Atlantic. We slept well.

On arising in the morning we found that we were in the Bay of Biscay, with a clear sky, a smooth sea, and a most refreshing breeze. The weather was ideal and, in fact, continued so until we arrived at Madeira, three days later. Really, it was a wonderful sight to see the Island as we approached it, dressed in its tropical vegetation. Here we stopped for a few hours, and were surprised to see, as we went ashore, the sleds that are drawn by oxen to take sight-seeing crowds around the city over the pebble-made pavements which are worn very smooth. Beautiful hand-made faces are displayed on every hand by the Portuguese inhabitants of the island.

After leaving Maderia we set our course due South and the next morning had the opportunity of seeing the outline of the Canary Islands, as we passed them. This is the last land we saw until we arrived in Table Bay fourteen days later. The weather was grand all the way. Dances were held nearly every evening on the decks, and during the day all sorts of sports were indulged in. Over \$500 were gathered up to be given out as prizes.

Day after day, we wondered just what Cape Town was like, and whether we would like it or not, and whether the people would be to our liking or not, or if it could compare with our own dear home in the mountains. Last, but not least, we wondered whether the immigration officials would let us land in peace, or whether they would cast us into prison, and keep us there until another boat should leave for England on which we could be deported.

What intense excitement filled our whole souls when just before dawn, the propeller which had been pushing us through the water for two weeks slowed down and stopped. We jumped out of bed and stuck our heads out of the port holes; and there, with its dark outline against the sky, we beheld Table Mountain with hundreds of lights twinkling around its base, which seemed to come right down to the water's edge. As daylight came, and we looked on this beautiful city from the deck of the ship, we felt that we would give our very life to walk upon good old mother earth, even though it be in the detention bureau with the undesirables from India, China, Italy, Greece, and the poor Russian Jew who has come to a land of freedom.

Cape Town's main street, which is only about the length of two Salt Lake blocks, is Adderley Street. On it the shops all have balconies which extend out over the sidewalk and protect you from the tropical sun, and the rain in wet weather. The shop windows are all fixed up just as tastily as are the windows in our big stores in Salt Lake City. The sidewalks are always crowded with people dressed in immaculate, white clothes, many without hats, but nearly all walking up and down to see how well other folks can dress.

American goods of all sorts can be purchased here, in fact, petroleum is the fuel of the country; and it comes from America. Nearly everyone uses an American oil stove, and we pay twenty-five cents a gallon for our oil. Ford cars are everywhere to be seen and cost \$900.

Cape Town proper had a population, in 1911, of 67,170 people, 37,237 of the total being colored. With the suburbs Cape Town extends almost around Table Mountain, and has a population of about 170,000 with about half of them colored. The wholesale houses and factories are located right in Cape Town, and the laborers live in the nearest suburbs. Woodstock, where we have a very nice branch of the mission, is where most of the laboring classes live. As you go on out around the mountain the homes become more pretentious and the people have their auto's to travel in. The street cars are double deckers and run three-fourths of the way around the mountain, and this trip as viewed from the top story of the car, is the most beautiful one I ever took, notwithstanding the fact that I have visited most of the great and beautiful cities of the world.

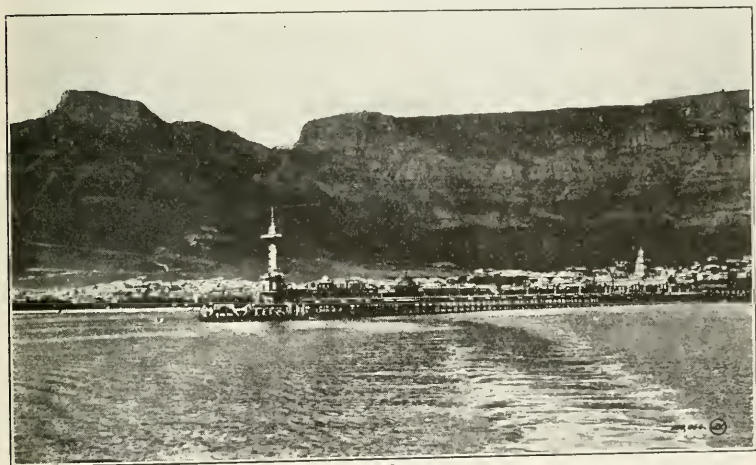
Tropical vegetation of every sort thrives here, and the statement is made that on Table Mountain alone there are two hundred more species of plant life than there is in the whole of England. Chief among the number is the famous Silver Leaf tree which it is claimed is only found on the slopes of Table Mountain. The blue and red gum trees, with their beautiful blue and deep red flowers, are everywhere to be seen; mighty oaks spread their branches everywhere; eucaliptus trees and weeping willow, palms of every sort, cactus and shrubbery of every imaginable kind, covers the earth. A peculiar thing is that nearly every kind of vegetation bears flowers of some sort. The great fir trees that have been planted all over the mountain, by the municipality, bring forth cones which produce a nut similar to our pine nut, but with a shell as hard as a Brazil nut.

November to March are the dry months, or summer time, as they call it here: and, during that time the grass and weeds all die for want of moisture. We have had very little rain since October, so you can see it is an easy matter for this tropical sun to destroy the plant life and bake the soil to such an extent that it

looks just like red brick dust. From March to October we have rain most of the time in the afternoons, and when the season begins the vegetation springs up like magic, and the whole face of nature takes on a most beautiful hue.

To me the water supply is the most wonderful part of the general make-up of the city. In Africa the rivers are mostly dry gulches in the summer time. Cape Town would be in serious difficulty if she had to depend on rivers or snow for her water supply, in the summer. Herein lies the glory of Table Mountain.

Table mountain rises to a height of three thousand five hundred and eighty two feet (3,582) and is flat on top, with a general slope towards the south. Here the city has builded a number of reservoirs which are filled with water from the clouds. In the winter season, when it rains all the time, it is not so wonderful that the reservoirs should be full; but in the summer time, when we have no rain for three months, it would take a wonderful basin to hold enough water for one hundred and seventy thousand people with their domestic animals and gardens. Here is where



PROMENADE PIER AND TABLE MOUNTAIN, SOUTH AFRICA

the Lord shows his power to a wonderful extent. During the summer, we have what are called south-easters, or a wind that blows from the south-east; and when that wind is blowing there is a cloud that settles on the top of the mountain and extends down over the edges, and has become known as the table cloth. This cloud remains right there for days when one would think it would blow away; and all the while it is depositing moisture which is drained into the reservoirs, and then brought down to the plains below, to give life to all living there.

We marvel when we read the account of how the children of

Israel were cared for in their journey through the wilderness. Manna was furnished to them for food, and living water gushed forth from solid rocks, at the magic touch of the prophet's staff; and a cloud was set to lead them. Yet in our day we have our heavenly Father showing his power in the self-same way by a cloud, and by that cloud giving us drink day by day. People can



TABLE MOUNTAIN

With famous table cloth, as taken by Conference President June B. Sharp, January 25, 1915.

see the divine when it is a long way off, but not when right at their doors.

Truly this is a civilized and a wonderful country, and my wife, with eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed with happiness, as she looks at our three bonny boys, says, "I love this horrid black place, and I thank the Lord that he called us to such a lovely land to do our little part."

"MAGDALA," CAPE COLONY, AFRICA

The Test*

BY R. S. BEAN, HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG
UNIVERSITY

It was the first real work they had ever done, and the Boy's heart was half-exultant, half-anxious, as he drew the lines over his young team and noted their quick response to every word and touch. Would they stand the long strain? It was more than they should have been asked to do. This the Boy knew better than anyone else, but there seemed to be no alternative.

For a year previous, the lad had been caring for and training these babies of his, who were yet hardly three years old. The mare was a fine gray, with a large frame well covered with muscle. Her eye, though kind, might have shown more spirit, and her ears were not as alert as was desirable. The Boy knew the signs and said:

"If she's ever over-done in her first year or two, she's no good any more."

The horse, a sorrel, showed the same large frame, but his eye and ear indicated that he more than made up in courage what he lacked in muscle.

"He'll work her to death and not be tired," prophesied the Boy: "and she's better'n most of 'em."

With much patience he made them familiar with the harness, having halter-broken them as foals. Then with fall seeding came first two, then three, then four hours a day on the drill, each working in turn at the side of a veteran who took the heavy end and the initiative. When winter set in, there was manure-hauling; and starting with light loads and the old horse as a helper, each was taught how to pull; the loads increasing in size as they gained confidence in their own strength and their driver.

Finally the old horse was left out and the colts were hitched together. This meant light loading again while they learned to know each other. Never were they loaded so heavily that there was any doubt of their pulling it. Never were they kept at work until over-tired. Gradually they showed signs of liking the harness; and when spring came the Boy was boasting:

*A story handed in as an exercise in English. It illustrates well what Prof. N. L. Nelson insists upon as a cardinal principle of composition; viz.: that young writers should make experience the basic theme-material, and learn to trust and draw upon their own native feelings for color and emphasis.—EDITORS.

"Hitch 'em to old Nebo, and I'll pull the earth backward!" Little did he realize how soon the test was to come.

Up at the head of the Sevier, the melting snows and spring rains were playing havoc. Swollen streams converging at the Hatch-town reservoir had broken its banks, and the released flood was rushing down the valley, inundating farms and threatening the mammoth dam a hundred miles below; especially as it was already severely strained under the unusual spring freshets. Higher each day rose the water, as anxious farmers watched the big embankment for signs of weakness. Finally a seep appeared, then a portion of the huge pile slipped, and a swift appeal went out for help.

A call just at oat-seeding and harrowing time is not so readily responded to. Yet the crops of a thousand farmers below are in danger. A hundred teams are needed at once. The appeal comes home to the heart of every farmer within miles of the reservoir.

"But, Dad," protested the Boy, "they're too young. It will pull them to death."

"Go and do what you can. If they can't keep their place, pull out and rest them occasionally, or load lighter."

So the Boy piled some hay and grain into the wagon, hitched up his pets, and started.

The next six hours seemed interminable. The road was sticky and slippery, and the wagon, every rod or two, dropped into chuck-holes to the hubs. The colts had difficulty in keeping their feet, and the driver his seat. And to make conditions still more disagreeable, a cold, drizzling rain fell all day.

The teams reached camp at last and the Boy busied himself for some time in caring for his darlings; all the while crooning a boy's love-song of mild chastisement.

"Oh, you no-account mustangs! You ornery crowbaits! Ye think ye're fine, don't you? Proud of yourselves? Why, you cayuses! You've got nothin' to be proud of. Whew; but you're dirty! For two cents I'd leave that mud on ye!"

A note of affection in the voice softened the banter, and belied the harshness of the words; and the expression on the Boy's face, as he ran his eye over them during pauses in the work of grooming, showed an admiration and a love that only a lad can bestow on the first creatures he calls his own. Once, to a mischievous dig from the Boy, the horse responded with a playful nip. Again, as he scratched the mare's jaw with his fingers, she ceased eating and, twisting her head to one side, lowered a muddy forehead at the same time. She was rewarded with a good massage around the base of each ear, just where a colt most likes it.

"And you two plugs purtend to be good horses! Why, ye're not growed up yet. Ye're only babies, and I bet you're homesick right now."

Finally, between spells of loving and petting, he got them cleaned and blanketed. Then, while they contentedly munched their grain, he went to find himself some supper and a bed.

Early next morning, while the rain was still drizzling, they toiled to and fro between chute and dam, slipping with every step, and occasionally dropping to their knees. The tongue worried their necks with never-ceasing jerks, as the wagon dropped into the numerous chuck-holes in the road. It was enough to discourage more experienced horses, and the Boy wondered at the way they responded, on the heavy pulls, to his clucking and kissing.

But this was just a beginning. How long could the young legs stand that terrible pulling? Some of the more thoughtless young drivers jeered at him, with his big team and small loads. But though he flushed with anger, he refused to load beyond their strength. The older drivers smiled encouragingly at him; one or two told him his colts were pretty good, and those men the Boy loved.

When quitting time came that afternoon, the colts were taking full loads, nor had they fallen back a single place in the line. Moreover, the Boy had the satisfaction of pulling by one of the scoffers, who now stood up on his load and lashed and shouted at horses which were already too bewildered to know what was wanted of them. The Boy was not an angel so he halted and said:

"Want me to pull it out for ye?"

The driver declined with many thanks (?) and dumped his load where it stood. Then a friend gave him a roll on the wheel to help free the wagon.

Thus ended the first day. But after being unharnessed, the colts stood for some time without offering to touch their grain. The Boy's heart ached, and his voice shook as he talked to them.

"What's the matter, Andy, old boy? You're not done up by that little bit of play, are ye? And you, Bird, shame on you, to sulk like this, jist 'cause we had to work a little. Come, get in on them oats; they'll taste mighty good tonight."

After he had done considerable chiding and coaxing, slapping and patting them the while, they began to nose the grain around, and he went to his own supper with a light heart.

The second day promised to be better than the first. The sun came out and the footing got a trifle firmer. But after dinner fine rain began falling again and the tracks were soon as bad as ever.

By four o'clock the colts were showing indications of weariness. They took the hard pulls with difficulty. The careful placing of their feet was gone; they pawed the mud at random, slipping more and more all the time; and when they stopped to breathe, there was a quivering of the muscles.

"Steady, old boy. Come on, old girl. Take it easy. Only three more trips now," encouraged their small master, and they toiled on.

It was the last load. Two scrapers coming close together across the chute had put on more than the usual amount of dirt. As the Boy pulled away, someone said:

"He'll never make it. Those colts are ready to stop right now."

"That would be too bad," said a gray-haired driver. "The kid handles them well, and they are really fine."

The Boy heard, and knew that his own heart was entertaining the same doubt. So he breathed them at the bottom of the first sharp pull, trying hard to steady his hand and voice with the usual slapping and crooning. Then—

"Come, Bird; come, Andy," accompanied by a long-drawn kissing. They took the pull with a rush.

"Bad work, you cayuses!" remonstrated the Boy as they rested at the top. "That's no way to pull. Take it easy now."

They moved on and started the next pull. Just at the crest the mare slipped and both front feet went into a hole at once. She struggled to regain her balance, leaned over against the tongue, and turned the front wheels out of the ruts into mud, stiff and sticky, and reaching almost to the hubs.

The colts stopped and both leaned back in the traces, trembling in every muscle. The Boy's heart dropped like a chunk of ice. He seemed to realize that this was the end. At last the thing he had so long feared, had come: they were discouraged and "stuck."

But no! It could not be—it must not be! They would pull it with a minute's rest. He got down from the wagon, patted and rubbed them, swore at them lovingly, picked up their feet and cleaned the dirt out of them, then rubbed their shoulders vigorously. Climbing back upon the seat, he gathered his lines and spoke.

The horse started, but the mare made not a move. The fall had evidently taken the last bit of nerve out of her.

By now a long string of loaded wagons were waiting for him to move on, and those going back empty had stopped to look on. However, as most of them had on their last loads and were intensely interested in the outcome, they cared little for the delay.

"Better let us pull you out," said one. "They're done. You see she won't start."

"Thanks; but I want to know she won't," said the lad and got down again.

He dug up the dirt under their feet, cleared it from in front of the wheels a little, pushed the horse back against the wheel, and led the mare up as far as possible. Then he was ready for a last try.

"Steady now, Andy. Easy, boy."

The horse leaned out in the collar. The mare feeling the weight, responded in like manner, refusing from force of habit to be so easily thrust back.

"Come, Andy, come now."

The horse crouched and leaned harder and harder, the mare gradually responding as the weight on her end of the eveners increased. Now they were straining every muscle!

"Gee, now, Andy! Get up, boy! Bird! don't you come back now!"

They leaned to the right and the nigh front wheel moved in its bed of mud.

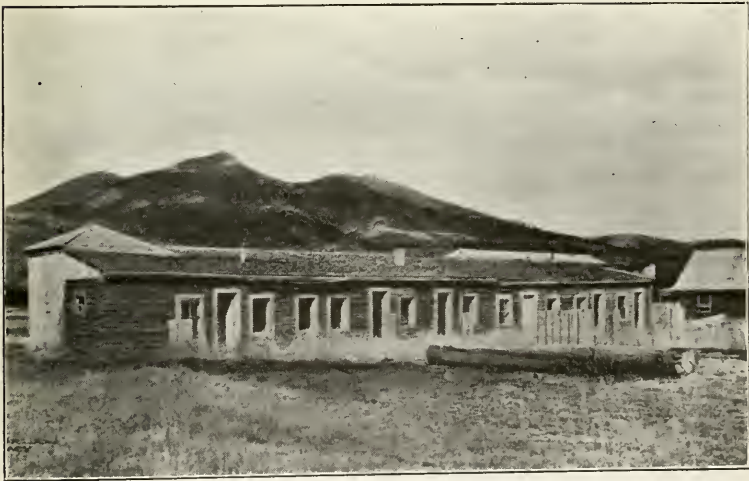
"Get down there, you cayuses! Take it away. Now!"

A shout arose from the onlookers as the wagon moved, rolled back into the ruts, and went on its way.

When the Boy was alone with his pets, he buried his face in their manes to hide the tears of happiness that involuntarily welled up in his eyes.

The next morning was bright and clear. The work of the night shift had put the dam out of danger, and the water was slowly falling in the reservoir as it rushed out through the wide-open gates.

So the Boy did not go to work that day, but turned his pets toward home. Though their muscles were stiff from the strain, they responded to his voice; and he knew that though sorely tried their spirits had not been broken.



OLD "MORMON" FORT, NEAR FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA

Missionaries

BY GEORGE D. KIRBY

[The author was recently asked to prepare a farewell address to be given at an entertainment by the Seventies, to seven of their number who were leaving on missions. In sending it to the ERA for publication, he says: "I cannot claim entire originality, as I read some sermons preached by different ministers, as well as by President Anthon H. Lund and Elder Nephi L. Morris; and the latter part of my remarks is taken, with slight alterations, from a sermon preached October 8, 1905, by Elder Rulon S. Wells."—EDITORS.]

The question of missionary work, or evangelism, is of the greatest importance, when considered in all its scope. It is the greatest work in all the world. What constitutes a missionary? Not only the one who bears the message of the word of God, but the one who bears the message most effectively and understands it and lives it thoroughly. The missionary must have a personal acquaintance with the Savior, love him, and also love his fellowmen. There are millions of people in the world who cannot be reached by the Church as a body, and this great mass of humanity must be reached by our elders through personal evangelism. God works for humanity through men and women. When he wants to warm a human heart, he takes another human heart and places it beside the one he wants to touch.

In the work of missionaries, we have a great teacher in the life of Christ. He won many of his followers through his personal efforts, rather than in his talks to the multitudes. If you want to be followers of Jesus Christ, you must be workers for him. It may take sacrifice on your part to bear the message, but to the one who receives it, it means much. Self-control is one of the most conspicuous characteristics of missionaries. They accept poverty and adversity with serenity and cheerfulness, and pursue their purpose with an abiding sense of their personal responsibility. There are no limits to the possibilities of faith. The Savior invites us to a greater zeal; God knows our ability and what we do is done under the divine eye.

If we are to realize certain results, we cannot minimize missionary labor. Christ's last command was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." Three things must go with the preaching; humility, pure example, and aggressiveness as against sin; holding up before the world the living God.

The question has been asked: "What is the best way for

a man to win his fellowman to an active and useful life for God and humanity?" I would suggest: The most effective way is that of personal missionary effort. The humblest as well as the greatest men are to be used by the Lord in this persistent propagation of the gospel. I believe that according to the modern working of God's providence will the world be saved, not so much by the striking efforts of great leaders as by the faithful toil of the rank and file of the men and women who follow Christ. Only one Niagara thunders forth its vapory anthem for one continent, but multitudinous meandering streams flow on their mighty mission of fertilization all over the land. Every Latter-day Saint should be a well-spring of salvation, that flows over and out to all thirsty souls who come within their range of effort.

The young men of the Church should be encouraged to look forward to a mission as an important event in their lives, and they should prepare themselves spiritually and financially to accept a call when it comes. One who gives two or more years of his life to the work of preaching the words of salvation comes back better equipped for the problems of life. He has been made stronger and broader-minded by his experiences while away from home. It is a blessing to a young man to be called upon a mission. He has an opportunity to visit other lands and other peoples. This has an educational value. It tends to broaden his views of life. Then again, he is prevented from becoming selfish, for he must leave at home the business of acquiring riches, and go forth, without pecuniary compensation, paying his own expenses, or relying upon his relatives or friends.

It has been said that the Latter-day Saints are a peculiar people, and sometimes I have wondered in what did this peculiarity consist. Wherever we go, we find that we are somewhat different from the rest of mankind, so much so that we are pointed out and observed. In fact, we might say we are the observed of all observers, when we get out into the world. Many times it has been said of our missionaries, "Your men are different from ours; they seem to be a different class of people." Why is it? Is it not the effect the gospel of Jesus Christ is producing among the Latter-day Saints? If we are living in harmony with the teachings of the gospel, it will have the effect to make those peculiarities still more pronounced. There is an influence that goes with the gospel of Jesus Christ that is felt among the people of the world with whom we associate. I do not wish to convey the idea that we have so far advanced and become so perfect that we claim to be holier than the rest of mankind, but I do wish to convey the idea that there has been an effect wrought upon the world as a direct result of our religion. It has opened the eyes of our understanding. It has caused us to look at life from an entirely different view. We have been enlightened by

the power of the Holy Ghost conferred upon us when we entered into covenant with the Lord. The peculiarity that is more prominent with us than all others is the spirit of love. The spirit of the gospel is the spirit of love, and there have been exhibitions of that love in the whole career of the Latter-day Saints.

In pursuance of this quality, which so distinguishes us from other peoples in the world, our young men leave their fathers and their mothers, their wives and children, and go out into the world without remuneration to proclaim the glad message of great joy. Oh! what a wonderful manifestation of love towards their fellowmen. Where in all the world can such a thing be found, other than among the Latter-day Saints? There may be isolated instances of great devotion on the part of men who are sincere and honest in their motives; but where, upon the face of the whole earth, will you find a whole community who are willing to make this sacrifice, because of the love which they hold towards their fellowmen? The spirit of this work, the spirit that impels these young men to go out into the world, distinguishes them wherever they go, and manifests itself in the spirit of love. You do not hear of the missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints being full of hatred and venom and seeking whom they can destroy; you do not find them laying traps, or disseminating falsehood, or doing that which will bring their opponents into discomfort. No; you will find them laboring for the salvation of the souls of the children of men. You will find them going from door to door, holding forth upon the corners of the streets, and encountering all kinds of opposition. You will find them proclaiming the fact that God has spoken from heaven and restored to earth his everlasting gospel. You will find them traveling without purse and without scrip, oftentimes going hungry, and submitting to great indignities and privations. These are not acts of men filled with the spirit of hate, but they are impelled by the spirit of love, a spirit to benefit and bless their fellowmen. There is a spirit of peace that accompanies them in their ministrations; there is an influence which they carry with them of which they themselves seem to be unconscious. They do not realize the great force and influence that is with them when they go out into the world. The influence that impels the Latter-day Saints is the spirit of the gospel, which is the spirit of love. God is love, and if we possess his Holy Spirit it will manifest itself in acts of love. The man who is in possession of the Spirit of the Lord carries with him an influence that is a strange thing in the world, and it will cause those who come in contact with him to recognize the fact that he is different from the majority of mankind.

In the 121st section of the book of Doctrine and Covenants you will find these words:

"45. Let thy bowels also be full of charity towards all men, and to the household of faith, and let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly, then shall thy confidence wax strong in the presence of God, and the doctrine of the Priesthood shall distil upon thy soul as the dews from heaven.

"46. The Holy Ghost shall be thy constant companion, and thy sceptre an unchanging sceptre of righteousness and truth, and thy dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto thee for ever and ever."

If the Latter-day Saints will allow their hearts to go out in sympathy and love for their fellowmen, and especially for the household of faith, their faith will grow stronger, day by day; they will increase in the knowledge of God, and their confidence shall wax strong in his presence, and this doctrine of the priesthood shall distil upon their souls as the dews from heaven. Their whole being will be lit up by the power of the Spirit of God, and this power will make itself felt among the people of the world. This is the great advantage we have received in yielding obedience to the gospel. It is in this regard that we are different from the rest of mankind. This is not saying there are not millions of good people upon the face of the earth who desire to do the will of the Lord. But I would say to such that if they will also accept the truth as it has been revealed from heaven, the same power, the same gifts, and the same influence, will distinguish them from the rest of mankind. It is the marvelous power of the Spirit of God; the doctrine of the priesthood distilling upon the souls of those who allow their hearts to go out in sympathy and love toward their fellowmen, and who manifest that love in going out into the world to proclaim the truth as it has been revealed from heaven. It is the same love that imbued the Savior of the world when he gave his life for the salvation of men. Greater love than this hath no man, that he will lay down his life for his friends. It is that love that impelled the Prophet Joseph Smith to lay down his life, and to go as a lamb to the slaughter. It is that love that impels the servants of the Lord in this day to take their lives in their hands and go into the world, which is so full of hatred and prejudice against the work of the Lord. Those who rise up against the Latter-day Saints, what justification can they find in that? What spirit is it that imbues the men and women who disseminate falsehood and misstatements, which have the result of arousing prejudice and hatred toward the Latter-day Saints? What spirit is it that impels men and women to raise their voices against men whom they know to be honorable men of virtue and integrity, for the purpose of blackening their lives, and making them appear in the eyes of the world as men of the vilest character?

Contrast this spirit with the spirit that animates our missionaries. It seems to be the heritage of the Saints to be hated of the world, and to have all manner of evil spoken against them

falsely. It was so in the case of the Savior himself. It was so with the prophets and holy men who have spoken under the inspiration of the Spirit of God. It is that which has helped to distinguish them in the different periods of the world's history. They have always stood out prominent among the inhabitants of the earth, and their names have been had for good and for evil in all the world. The name of the Savior himself was had for good and evil. The prophets of God have been despised and hated and stoned to death. The Latter-day Saints in this day and age of the world are no exception. They are spoken evil of by those who possess an evil spirit, and they are spoken well of by those who are honest in heart.

Having said this much about the peculiarities of our people, let us, my brethren and sisters, continue to be a peculiar people. Let our influence be felt wherever we go. Let it be said of us that we are indeed a peculiar people, in this, that the love of God abounds in our hearts, and that we seek to build one another up, not to tear down. When we come in contact with the people of the world let them feel that we have no spirit of hatred toward them, no spirit to tear down, but that in the depths of our hearts we desire to save their souls and to do them good. This gospel is the gospel of Jesus Christ, the power of God unto salvation; through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith it has been restored to earth, never again to be taken away, and never again to be thrown down; those whom God has chosen to stand at the head of his people, today, are inspired of him and possess the spirit of their calling. I pray that God may help us all to attain this testimony for ourselves, and to uphold and sustain his servants with all our hearts.

SUGAR CITY, IDAHO

Only Two Elders Left, but the Work Goes on

Elders Howard M. Andreasen and J. Frank Petersen, the former of Tremonton, Utah, and the latter of Preston, Idaho, write from Bergen, Norway, March 10: "We are the only two elders in this district left to care for the Bergen conference of the Scandinavian mission. We have four branches to oversee,—Aalesund, Haugesund, Stavanger and Bergen,—but manage to look after the Saints and at the same time to do some tracting and visiting with friends and investigators. Our meeting place here is not the best, as we cannot well accommodate strangers as we should. We hope the future will bring a change for the better in regard to our accommodations. We look forward to receiving several applicants for baptism in the near future. The Saints are helping along the work very much. We have a fully organized Sunday school, Relief society and Mutual in each of the four branches, and all of these are doing a good work."

In Memoriam

Yea, all the dead of ages slumber still,
And their lost voices come to us no more ;
They rise not up, come forth on plain or hill,
Ascend to life from ocean's sunken floor.

They lie, the friend and foe, as they have lain—
To time of peace the time of tumult yields—
Who died for Thee or in Thy name were slain,
In grassy mounds on countless battlefields.

Wing we our eager feet, or weigh with lead—
With deeper knowledge shall the game be won ?
In trust shall we above our cherished dead,
With ashen lips repeat, "Thy will be done" ?

Yet not Thy words, O Christ, nor love shall fail,
More sweet with years Thy teaching ever sounds ;
May we the heights of Thy completeness scale,
And know beyond dead formalism's bounds ?

Yea, unto doubt itself Thou bring'st a hope,
Unbound by selfish or by narrow creed ;
Yea, still thy mighty love of boundless scope,
With cross we follow where Thy footsteps lead !

ALFRED LAMBOURNE

The Psychology of the War

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER

For the past twenty years the war in progress has been more or less in the mental frame-up of the various nations now engaged in it. Each of the nations has not only calculated its own superiority at arms, but has also figured out the weaknesses of its probable antagonists. What these nations have thought and expressed of themselves and one another has given to the world a mental picture of the events which would take place on the field of battle. It is interesting, in view of what is taking place, to recall what we may term the psychology of the war.

The nation which has drawn the most complete mental picture of what would take place is beyond all question Germany. The Germans as a consequence built up the most wonderful fighting organization the world has ever known. Their wars with Denmark, in 1864, with Austria, in 1866, and with France, in 1870, made Germany the most feared of all military countries of Europe. They also created a national self-confidence that gave rise to the glorification of war in the minds of the people of that vast empire. The acquisition of large and valuable territory, the confederation of the Teutonic race, and the indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 from France, made the German people quite generally believe that to them, in the future, war would mean vast benefits in commerce, in territory and in dominance as a European power. They never admitted the possibility of defeat; indeed, they never dreamed that such a contingency was possible. They were as confident of their future military exploits as the other nations were fearful. True, they did not anticipate such an array of opponents, nor did the statesmen of Europe generally believe that such a combination against Germany was possible. The diplomatic contests of the past twenty years have shown this self-confidence on the one side, and the fear of German arms on the other. It has taken five years of a threatened outbreak to brace up the leading nations, now opposed to the dual alliance, to muster courage enough to accept the challenge of the Germans when they pressed into the foreground of diplomatic contention the threat of war. The result has been the cautious diplomatic preparation of the Allies on the one hand, and the reckless diplomacy of the Germans on the other. Bismarck's shrewd isolation of all other nations when he undertook war with any one of them has been grossly neglected in Germany's preparation for war. The counsels of that old pilot of

state who was so ruthlessly dropped have not only been disregarded, but have been directly opposed. With the emperor, strategy has been everything, diplomacy, nothing.

France was fearful, but she was at the same time revengeful. Every approach to national friendship offered by the Germans she rejected. She nurtured social and political antagonisms. They in turn aroused in Germany a determination further to humiliate France. The French knew their comparative helplessness, and sought alliances that aggravated the Germans.

The English saw in the naval program of Germany a danger to her supremacy upon the seas. She asked Germany to take a naval holiday for a year or two that the burdens of the people of the two countries might be lessened. The answer was more German dreadnaughts. The English believed themselves impregnable upon the seas, and they were as over-confident in their naval supremacy as the Germans were in their supremacy on land.

Russia was fearful. The unexpected had happened in her war with Japan. That war had made the Russians more or less a negligible quantity in the German mind.

Italy was a part of the Triple Alliance. She might fight for Germany and Austria, under certain circumstances; but she did not anticipate a war with England, against which she could hardly be induced to fight.

Germans have been heard to say that the English soldier was no good, that one German soldier was good for from three to a half dozen Englishmen. When war broke out, the German agent, whose mission it was to keep England out of the war, confidently informed Sir Edward Grey that the assistance of the English on land would be of no consequence to France. On the other hand, Lord Churchill proposed to go over to the German coast and dig the German navy out like rats.

Again, consider the mental attitude of the European nations in the matter of the fortifications of the Dardanelles. Writers generally, for the past two decades, have regarded that water-way as impassable. Certain forts, particularly those of Antwerp, were considered impregnable.

Such were quite generally the mental conceptions of the world when the present war broke out. The best informed men have been compelled to admit their disappointment or surprises. This war has taught us the dangers of any mental calculations that do not make ample allowances for the unforeseen, for God's rights as an arbiter in the destinies of nations.

Tommy Atkins is a real fighter of the first order; the German submarine has astounded the world, and Russia has surprised even military experts. It looks as if the passage of the Dardanelles might now at this writing be forced. Thirty years ago I had the captains of merchant vessels point out to me, as I trav-

ersed that waterway on different occasions, the impregnable forts which lined it, and I heard the absolute assurance of English, French and Russians, that its passage by war vessels was not even thinkable. What a strange contradiction of opinions and facts!

Heretofore war has been an affair of two or three nations at most, at one time. There was an alliance to crush Napoleon; but today we must admit our surprise at the spectacle of all Europe at arms, or what promises to be the most universal war any continent or even all the world has ever witnessed. The end is not yet. All Europe is frenzied by the spirit of destruction. In the presence of such devastation and loss of human life, what an impotent thing is even the imagination!

Perhaps it is best to conclude that more and greater surprises await us; that God is a reality in the history and destiny of this world; and that our calculations which do not make conservative allowances for his interventions are never safe.

Memorial Day

Today we scatter the blossoms
 Wet with our sorrowing tears,
 O'er the mounds where lie the ashes
 Of heroes of bygone years.
 We mark with the nation's emblem
 Each valiant soldier's grave
 Who answered the call with his life-blood
 His war-racked country gave.

Today we scatter the blossoms,
 With service of song and prayer,
 And glimpses of war-time horrors
 That veterans with whitening hair
 Recall from a past unforgotten:
 Pray God that this glorious land
 Such terrible toll from her people
 May never again demand.

Today we scatter the blossoms
 With a prayer for the lands afar,
 That are numbed with the awful anguish
 Of the world's most appalling war.
 For the unburied dead and the dying
 'Mid the terrible scenes that are,
 We would plant the Savior's emblems—
 The Lily, the Cross and the Star.

And while we scatter the blossoms
 For the dead with a lavish hand,
 Let us remember the living
 Who battle for peace in the land.
 With blossoms of praise encourage
 The loyal and faithful ones,
 Who would for the good of the nation
 Spare the blood of her sons.

A Hand on My Shoulder

Not for one hasty word spoken,
Did my heart lay crushed and broken,
Now newly torn and bleeding.
Months of coldness and censure
I had met with, lone and pleading,
Until my heart was sore and bruised.
Courage, hope, and faith were gone,
Still love had kept my heart strong.

Labor had multiplied, burdens had grown,
Constant toil, self-denial for love unreturned,
Had smitten my strength; my life it had burned,
Until I was done, my grip I had lost.
I felt my feet slipping, fast slipping down;
I knew I was losing my place, my hold
On the pathway of duty, a pathway of gold.
Surging below me, awaiting my fall,
The River of Despair for my ruin did call.

Out in the night away from the eyes of men,
My soul cried to God, to save me from those I loved
Who loved me not.
I heard a sound, light as a babe's footstep,
Felt a shadowy presence, an angel-like peace;
A hand was laid on my shoulder,
An arm slipped around my neck,
A voice, that I knew in the troubles of boyhood,
Spoke to me, now, words of healing, then:
"My boy, I am proud, so glad of your strength,
Your patience to suffer in silence; like Jesus
To love and be true. I never knew you till now.
My suffering, my sorrow, my pain, are rewarded,
In you I have joy." A light pressure of the arm
About my shoulders, a warm kiss on the forehead,
And Mother was gone. Gone from my side.

God had answered my prayer,
My strength had come back, my heart was renewed.
Years have passed by, my mother has gone to her rest;
But never has hope, or strength, or heart failed me.
My joy has been full to this day, since my mother,
So small, so weak, so timid, so mighty,
Laid her hand on my shoulder that night.

Editors' Table

General Condition of the Church

At the opening session of the 85th Annual General conference, April 4, 1915, President Joseph F. Smith expressed himself as follows in regard to the general condition of the Church:

"There never has been a time, at least within my remembrance, when the Church was in a better condition, spiritually and temporally, than it is today. I do not believe that there has ever been a time when the organizations of the various quorums of the priesthood were more nearly perfect or more diligent than they are at present; or when the stakes of Zion were more properly guarded, and their interests watched, by those who are presiding over them, than they are today. I believe that our general and auxiliary organizations of the Church, also the standard organizations of the priesthood, are performing their duty quite as well now, and I think somewhat better, than at any previous period of the Church's history. Why should it not be so? We are not 'ever learning and never coming to a knowledge of the truth.' On the contrary, we are ever learning and we are ever drawing nearer to a proper comprehension of the truth, the duty and the responsibility, that devolve upon members of the Church who are called to responsible positions in it. Not only does this apply to those members who are called to act in responsible positions, but it applies to those who may be termed 'lay members;' if we may use such a term with reference to members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Duty of Parents to Children, and Officers to Members

One of the important instructions given by President Joseph F. Smith at the late annual conference related to the duty of parents to teach their children the principles of the gospel. Some of the stakes have adopted a home evening for this purpose, upon which the children are gathered together once each week to spend the evening with their parents, at which time the parents take special delight in teaching them, among other things, the principles of the gospel. Here is what President Smith stated upon the subject:

"A great and important duty devolving upon this people is to teach their children, from their cradle until they become men and women, every principle of the gospel; and to endeavor, as far as

it lies in the power of the parents, to instil into their hearts a love for God, the truth, virtue, honesty, honor and integrity to every thing that is good. That is important for all men and women who stand at the head of a family in the household of faith. Teach your children the love of God. Teach them to love the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Teach them to love their fellowmen, and especially to love their fellow members in the Church, that they may be true to their fellowship with the people of God. Teach them to honor the priesthood, to honor the authority that God has bestowed upon his Church for the proper government of his Church. The house of God is a house of order, and not a house of confusion; and it could not be thus, if there were not those who had authority to preside, to direct, to counsel, to lead in the affairs of the Church. No house would be a house of order if it were not properly organized, as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is organized. Take away the organization of the Church, and its power would cease. Every part of its organization is necessary and essential to its perfect existence. Disregard, ignore, or omit any part, and you start imperfection in the Church; and if we should continue in that way, we would find ourselves like those of old, being led by error, superstition, ignorance, and by the cunning and craftiness of men. We would soon leave out here a little and there a little, here a line and there a precept, until we would become like the rest of the world,—divided, disorganized, confused, and without knowledge, without revelation or inspiration, and without divine authority or power. Of course, it is very necessary that those who preside in the Church should learn thoroughly their duties. There is not a man holding any position of authority in the Church who can perform his duty as he should, in any other spirit than in the spirit of fatherhood and brotherhood toward those over whom he presides. Those who have authority should not be rulers, nor dictators; they should not be arbitrary; they should gain the hearts, the confidence and the love of those over whom they preside, by kindness and love unfeigned, by gentleness of spirit, by persuasion, by an example that is above reproach and above the reach of unjust criticism. In this way, in the kindness of their hearts, in their love for their people, they lead them in the path of righteousness, and teach them the way of salvation, by saying to them, both by precept and example: Follow me, as I follow our head, the Redeemer of the world. This is the duty of those who preside. The duty of the high councils of the Church, when they are called to act upon questions involving the membership or standing of the members of the Church, is to find out the truth, the facts, and then judge according to the truth and the facts that are brought to their understanding, always tempered with mercy, love and kindness, and with the spirit in their souls to save and not to destroy and cast out. Our mission

is to save, not destroy; our aim should be to build up, and not to tear down. Our calling is to convey the spirit of love, truth, peace and good will to mankind throughout all the world; that war may cease; that strife may come to an end, and that peace may prevail."

Our Thankfulness for Peace

President Joseph F. Smith expressed himself as follows upon this subject:

"I thank God, my heavenly Father, as you do, every one of you present here today, and as do all the people of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that our land is at peace, as much as it is. I am sorry that there should be any internal disruptions, divisions, or contentions existing at all, among the various organizations of the people of our land. I am sorry that there should be strife. If they had the true spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ they would not have strife; they would cease to harbor feelings of contention and strife; if trouble came they would meet together and deliberate in the spirit of wisdom, meekness and humility, invoking the blessing and spirit of Almighty God upon their deliberations and counsels, and calmly decide together upon that which would be for the common good, and then go as one man to do that which is necessary to build up the nation and the country in which we dwell. I am glad that we have kept out of war so far, and I hope and pray that we may not be under the necessity of sending our sons to war, or experience as a nation the distress, the anguish and sorrow that come from a condition such as exists upon the old continent. Oh God, have mercy upon the poor children in Europe, and throughout the world, who are brought under the awful conditions that exist there because of the ambition and pride of men who claim the right and power to dictate, even to life or death, the conduct of the people over whom they rule.

"My brethren and sisters, God is with you; the Lord is with this people; and if we will be his children, in very deed, as he is in very deed our Father, I tell you that God will temper the elements for your good; he will bless you with health; he will bless you with abundance; he will bless the earth and make it fruitful. Those who reap their harvests by the toil and sweat of their brows, from mother earth, will have bounteous harvests, if they will only serve God in their hearts and in their outward life. I feel just as sure of this as I do that I am standing before you here."

The Tithing of the Latter-day Saints and its Expenditure

President Joseph F. Smith in his opening address at the April conference called attention to the fact that the Presidency have not the means to provide as amply as they would like for the necessities of the poor. He called attention to the tithing record

containing the names of the members of the Church who do not pay their tithing, and told the people that they need not wonder why the Church has not more means to provide for the poor, when so many were upon the delinquent tithing record. He stated that the Presidency were doing the best they could with the means they have on hand, and then he read the following statement, with comments, of what the Presidency are doing with the means that the people have consecrated to the Lord for the upbuilding of Zion :

"The general Church Auditing Committee has examined the receipts and disbursements of the tithes of the stakes of Zion and missions, also the accounts of the Presiding Bishop's Office, and the accounts in the office of the Trustee-in-Trust. Their report will be rendered before the close of the conference, I suppose. The following report will show how the tithing of the Church, for the year 1914, has been disbursed. Now I am taking a liberty that has not been indulged in very much; but there have been so many false charges made against me, and against my brethren, by ignorant and evilly disposed people, that I propose to make a true statement which will, I believe, at least have a tendency to convince you that we are trying to do our duty the best we know how :

"Means expended for the erection and maintenance of stake tabernacles, ward meeting houses, amusement halls, and other stake and ward expenses for 1914.....\$730,960

"For the maintenance of the Church Schools during the same year 330,984

"For the maintenance of our temples, four, from St. George to Logan 64,508

"Disbursements in the missions, for the erection of mission houses, general mission activities, and for return fares of missionaries, during 1914..... 227,900

"For the maintenance of Church buildings and Church institutions, including the Temple Block and the Presiding Bishop's Office 99,293

"For the completion and maintenance of the Latter-day Saints' Hospital, during that year..... 136,727

"To explain why this happens to be so much, I may say that we have built a very beautiful and convenient addition to the hospital, which has made this expense much greater. One who knows, who has had experience and seen, says that the William H. Groves' Latter-day Saints Hospital is one that would be a credit to any country in the world.

"For the erection of the Cardston Temple, Canada..... 52,647

"For the erection of the new Church office building, which is in course of erection, already..... 128,663

"Paid to the worthy poor out of the general tithing funds.. 116,238

"This amount out of the tithing; there are other funds besides it that have been used for the poor.

"These appropriations and application of the tithing of the Latter-day Saints, for the year 1914, amount to.....\$1,887,920

"Now some people have reported that the tithes of the Church amount to millions every year, and Joseph F. Smith has the abso-

lute control of all these millions, and never gives any account of them to the world, nor to anybody else. Now we are not giving this to the world; we are giving it to the Latter-day Saints. These amounts which I have read, I think it may be proper to state here, cover the entire tithing of the Church in all the world, for the year 1914. Now when you come to talk about the millions and millions of dollars in tithing paid by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, it is simmered down to \$1,887,920, for the year 1914, and that was an average year. I may be pardoned, perhaps, if I say here, for the benefit of any who do not know the facts, that the law of tithing is a voluntary law; that is, it imposes only a voluntary duty upon the people. No person's standing as a member in the Church, is jeopardized because he doesn't pay his tithing. There are a good many of us who don't observe all the laws, and it is a good thing that the Lord does not execute justice and judgment upon a great many of us because of it.

"The expense of the general authorities and the maintenance of the First Presidency are paid out of the revenues derived from investments, and not out of the tithes of the Church. These investments, as a rule, consist of contributions of stocks of various kinds to the Church on tithing, which have been held by the Church; and the dividends that we derive from these stocks and investments are for the benefit of the people in every instance, for the Church has never made an investment that had not for its object the benefiting of the whole people, as far as possible, fostering industries, and the colonization of our country. It has been done for aiding the settlers of our country, our state and adjoining states, as far as possible, by assisting them with means, to help them lay the foundations of prosperity for themselves.

"In addition to the amount paid out of the tithes to the poor, \$116,238,

"There has been collected and expended to the poor by the Relief Society, \$74,290;

"By the bishops, from the fast offerings and other ward charities and funds, \$76,000,

"Making a total paid to the poor, for 1914, of \$266,528.

It just occurs to me that we are talking to you on the Sabbath day, and some people, perhaps may feel that it is somewhat out of place for us to talk about money and temporalities, about tithing, or the expenditure of means and the uses made of it, on the Sabbath day, but the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. God made or designated the Sabbath day for a day of rest, a day of worship, a day of goodly deeds, and for humility and penitence, and the worship of the Almighty in spirit and in truth.

"There has been collected for the war sufferers, which is being expended under the direction of President Hyrum M. Smith, of the European Mission, \$33,000. This was done on one day, prac-

tically, a day set apart for general contributions for the benefit of the sufferers in consequence of the war. I have a list of the names of all the stakes of Zion and the wards which contributed these means, and it was all contributed and handled and sent to the sufferers to be distributed equally and impartially,—to Latter-day Saints, mind you, first; I want to tell you that, we will be honest with you; we feel that it is the first duty of Latter-day Saints to take care of themselves, and of their poor; and then, if we can extend it to others, and as wide and as far as we can extend charity and assistance to others that are not members of the Church, we feel that it is our duty to do it. But first to look after the members of our own household. The man who will not provide for his own house, as one of old has said, is worse than an infidel. So we make no apologies for saying that we have collected these means for the suffering Latter-day Saints that are afflicted because of the war, in Germany, in Austria, in Italy, in Switzerland, Holland and in England and anywhere else where they are suffering in consequence of it. It cost the fund not one penny, not even a postage stamp, for collection. May be you would like to know that; there were no paid agencies, no paid collectors. No one received a nickel from the funds contributed for the assistance of the afflicted and the suffering. It was done through the channels of the holy priesthood, through the organization of the Church, in the regular way, and it has cost nobody anything. The First Presidency received the following cable message from the President of the Swiss and German Mission:

“Two thousand dollar relief fund thankfully received. Express gratitude to God’s people. Conditions satisfactory.—VALENTINE, President Swiss and German Mission.

“We have received also a number of returns from President Hyrum M. Smith, but in volume, and these returns have not been condensed, so that they can be presented here.”

Interesting Statistics and Advice

Among other statistical statements made by President Joseph F. Smith at the April general conference, the following show the birth and death rate, marriages, and other important items relating to the Latter-day Saints. He made comments thereon as they appear below:

“Now, we have a few more statements that I desire to read: Our records show that 73% of all the Latter-day Saint families, residing in all the stakes of Zion, own their own homes. I am sorry that this figure is not as large as it has been in the past, but we have become more numerous than we were when 95% of the people of the Church owned their own little homes and owed noth

ing to anybody for them. Let me inject here, once more, my standing admonition to the Latter-day Saints. My brethren, see to it that you do not put a mortgage upon the roof that covers the heads of your wives and your children. Don't do it. Don't plaster your farms with mortgages, because it is from your farms that you reap your food, and the means to provide your raiment and your other necessities of life. Keep your possessions free from debt. Get out of debt as fast as you can, and keep out of debt, for that is the way in which the promise of God will be fulfilled to the people of his Church: that they shall become the richest of all people in the world. But this will not happen while you mortgage your homes and your farms, or run into debt beyond your ability to meet your obligations, and thus, perhaps, your name and credit be dishonored because you over-reached yourselves. 'Never reach farther than you can gather,' is a good motto.

"The birth rate of the Church, for the year 1914, is 39.5 to the thousand.

"The death rate is 8.3 to the thousand. The marriage rate is 17 to the thousand.

"During the year there were 14,717 children blessed in the Church.

"There are 1,316 elders and 115 women laboring, in the missions, as missionaries. Of the membership of the Church, residing in the stakes of Zion, 319,000 were born in the United States.

"There has been a net increase in the membership of the Church, in the stakes of Zion, from the year 1901 to the year 1914, of 129,493 souls.

"There are now 739 organized wards, and 33 independent branches. There are 68 organized stakes of Zion, and 21 missions. During the year 1914, twenty-one new wards were organized and two stakes of Zion. From each of the newly organized wards we have received calls to assist to help build new meeting houses; and so the work goes on. I have read the figures of the hundreds of thousands that we are appropriating for the assistance in the erection of meeting houses, tabernacles; and amusement places for the youth of Zion, to keep them under proper restraint and control.

"The work in the temples has been the largest on record. There have been performed in the temples, during the past year, 166,909 baptisms for the dead,—an indication that we are increasing the membership of the Church very, very much faster, in the spirit world than we are on earth. Endowments for the living and the dead, 72,952. Altogether 326,264 ordinances have been performed in the four temples. This is a very considerable increase over any previous year.

"The ward teaching has been given considerable attention by the stake and ward officers, with the result that in some of the stakes of Zion the work has been so well developed that 96% of

all the families in the stakes are visited by the ward teacher each month."

The Spirit of Missionary Work

During the 85th annual conference, in April, a number of the speakers called attention to the change in the missionary personnel. It is decided that a greater number of older members of the Church shall be called as ministers abroad. To this end, a large number of Seventies have been and are being called to the various mission fields in the world. Whereas, it has been the recent custom to have nearly all young men in the field, boys in some instances, it is now decided desirable that at least two elderly people to one young man shall be called to the work. In the closing remarks of President Joseph F. Smith, he also referred to this subject, and particularly dwelt upon the spirit of the missionary. He said:

"I want to read a passage of the scripture which will apply not only to the Seventies but to all the Saints:

Wherefore, honest men, and wise men should be sought for diligently, and good men and wise men, ye should observe to uphold; otherwise whatsoever is less than these cometh of evil.

And I give unto you a commandment, that ye shall forsake all evil and cleave unto all good, that ye shall live by every word which proceedeth forth out of the mouth of God;

For he will give unto the faithful line upon line, precept upon precept; and I will try you and prove you herewith;

And whoso layeth down his life in my cause, for my name's sake, shall find it again, even life eternal;

Therefore be not afraid of your enemies, for I have decreed in my heart, saith the Lord, that I will prove you in all things, whether you will abide in my covenant, even unto death, that you may be found worthy;

For if ye will not abide in my covenant, ye are not worthy of me.

"I think that this passage of scripture opens to us a vast field and subject for thought and reflection, for research, and careful attention. I believe in all the words that have been spoken by the holy prophets concerning the dispensation of the fulness of times and the establishment of the kingdom of God in the earth. I believe it is good to seek knowledge out of the best books, to learn the histories of nations, to be able to comprehend the purposes of God with reference to the nations of the earth; and I believe that one of the most important things, and perhaps more important to us than studying the history of the world, is that we study and become thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the gospel, that they may be established in our hearts and souls, above all other things, to qualify us to go out into the world to preach and teach them. We may know all about the philosophy of the ages and the history of the nations of the earth; we may study the wisdom and knowledge of man, and get all the information that

we can acquire in a lifetime of research and study, but all of it put together will never qualify anyone to become a minister of the gospel, unless he has the knowledge and spirit of the first principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

“Another thing—one of the indispensable qualifications of the elders who go out into the world to preach is humility, meekness, and love unfeigned for the well-being and the salvation of the human family, and the desire to establish peace and righteousness in the earth among men. We can not preach the gospel of Christ without this spirit of humility, meekness, faith in God, and reliance upon his promises and word to us. You may learn all the wisdom of men, but that will not qualify you to do these things, like the humble, guiding influence of the Spirit of God will. ‘Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.’ It is necessary for the elders who go out into the world to preach to study the spirit of the gospel, which is the spirit of humility, the spirit of meekness and of true devotion to whatever purpose you set your hand or your mind to do. If it is to preach the gospel, we should devote ourselves to the duties of that ministry, and we ought to strive, with the utmost of our ability, to qualify ourselves to perform that specific labor. And the way to do it is to live so that the Spirit of God will have communion and be present with us to direct us in every moment and hour of our ministry, night and day.”

Temperance and Prohibition

At the Priesthood meeting, on Monday evening at the April conference, President Joseph F. Smith expressed himself in regard to his stand upon the subject of temperance and prohibition. It appears that some of the brethren who were present were doubtful as to his position. Consequently, at the closing session of the general conference, he expressed himself clearly upon this subject as follows:

“There is a disposition—I feel almost indignant to refer to it at all, but I am led to believe that there is a feeling and a disposition—on the part of some of our brethren to misconstrue my position, my feeling, and my desire, with reference to the temperance question. I thought I expressed myself here last night as plainly as man could do it, and yet the very remarks that I made here last evening, before the priesthood meeting, have been, I am told, so misinterpreted and misconstrued that I am beset to know what I meant, and as Brother Golden said, ‘I am going to tell you something.’ I started out in this ministry in 1854, a boy fifteen years of age. From that hour until now, I have never relented nor relaxed one moment, in my advocacy of abstinence from strong drink, and my advocacy of temperance and prohibition, wherever prohibition can be effected. I believe in it. I believe that the

time will come and that it is close by, when the people of this state will have to join in the procession of other states and adopt a law of state-wide prohibition; I believe the time will come when they will be forced to do it, to keep in line with the other states in the Union.

"I am delighted with the effort that is being put forth in Great Britain,—the motherland and fatherland of many of the Latter-day Saints, and one of the most fruitful nurseries of the Church,—where people have been let loose to indulge in drunkenness, to wallow in the debasing evils of the 'public house,' the 'beer shop,' and to indulge in every species of licentiousness which leads to degradation and poverty. Many of the mayors of the great burroughs and cities are principal owners of the ale houses, and dispensaries of intoxicating drinks. Now the authorities of that great nation, the leaders of the people, are waking up to these monstrous evils, and are setting to work with a will and a determination to establish temperance in that land. It will be the salvation of our mother country, if they will only do it as Russia has done it. I propose to continue to preach abstinence and to advocate the cause of temperance; I not only believe in temperance, as applied to the using of strong drinks, but I believe in temperance in all things. I not only believe in and will advocate this, but I will also advocate and strive to the best of my ability to use every opportunity or power within my reach for prohibition, in wisdom, and not in unwisdom; if I go to any extreme at all, in any matter, I hope it will be in the cause of justice, truth, temperance, righteousness and honesty of life and purpose. I may get extreme in matters of that kind, but I may not be so extreme as some people are in questions of policy."

Gone to her Reward

Sarah Ellen Richards Smith, wife of President Joseph F. Smith, died in Salt Lake City, March 22, 1915, where she was born August 25, 1850. She came into the world only about three and a half years prior to the death of her father, the late President Willard Richards, beloved and trusted companion of the Prophet Joseph, who stood by him in the tragic hour of his martyrdom in Carthage, Illinois. Sister Smith was for many years a teacher in the Relief Society of the Seventeenth ward, also in organizing and directing the Daughters of the Pioneers, and in recent years she took great interest in temple work, laboring in the Salt Lake Temple in behalf of her kindred dead. She was married to President Smith on March 1, 1868, and accompanied him on his third mission to Great Britain in the spring of 1877. She was a faithful

wife, a devoted mother, a valiant friend, and an inspiring teacher. She was a cherished wife and a wise, careful and loving mother. Six children survive her, as follows: Joseph R. Smith, Minerva Smith Miller, Willard R., Franklin R., Jeanetta and Asenath Smith, all of Salt Lake. Five are dead: Mrs. Lenora Nelson, Alice, Heber, Rhoda and Ellen Smith.

Sister Smith was extremely devoted to her home and children, and all who knew her loved her modest and kindly ways and her sweet spirit. The love and respect which she inspired in people is shown in the following tribute paid to her some years ago:

"Sarah Ellen Richards Smith was a beautiful, faithful and noble girl, is a most beloved and cherished wife, a wise, careful, loving mother, a genuine homemaker, and the mother of eleven children in whom no parents on earth are more blessed or more happy. For more than forty-three years she has shed forth ever-increasing joy and happiness upon the life of her husband, her home and family; and her children and children's children, to the latest time will joyfully call her blessed."

The Era Story Contest

The winner in the March \$25-prize story contest was Elsie Chamberlain Carroll. The title of her story is "Jim's Oration." It has a local western setting and application that will grip both young and old. The judges were Elizabeth Cannon Porter, Hugo B. Anderson, Thomas Hull and Edward H. Anderson. The stories for May should be in hand by May 5. The winner for April will be named in the June ERA.

Messages from the Missions

[The ERA solicits short, pertinent messages of important happenings, and faith-promoting incidents in the experiences of the elders; portraits of persons and places connected with such experiences, and illustrating the text, will be acceptable, especially if the pictures are out of the ordinary—illustrations of action. Groups, with names alone, can be used only to a very limited extent.—EDITORS.]

MISSIONARIES WHO DIED IN THE HARNESS

Benjamin Everet Wilhelmsen contracted pneumonia while on a mission in Louisville, Kentucky, and died on March 27, 1915. The funeral was held on the 3rd of April in Salt Lake City in the Third ward chapel. Elder Wilhelmsen made a good record as a missionary, and his associates deeply regretted his death. When called on a mission a year ago, he was a third year student at the Latter-day Saints University in excellent standing and with many friends.

Ernest M. Ernstsén, thirty-nine years old, died April 9, 1915, in Racine, Wisconsin, where he was laboring as a missionary. He was born in Aarhus, Denmark, January 23, 1876. The body was sent to the home of his parents in Loa, Wayne county, for funeral services and burial, and President Joseph Eckersley, of Wayne stake, accompanied the body from Salt Lake to Loa. President German E. Ellsworth in a letter to the First Presidency, paid an impressive tribute to his character and missionary labors. Elder Ernstsén was set apart March 8, 1914, to fill a mission in Norway, and was transferred last October to the Northern States mission, being appointed to labor in the Wisconsin conference. He was of a hopeful and cheerful disposition, with undoubting faith in the gospel, desiring to fill his mission to the last moment. Soon after arriving in Scandinavia, he related a dream or an impression, which he had to the effect that he would not finish his mission in Scandinavia, and after landing in Wisconsin, he told some of the elders that he still felt that he would not finish his mission there.

EXPECT A CHAPEL OF THEIR OWN

Elder Hugh A. Wright, president of the Rhode Island conference, reports that in that part of the world people are rather indifferent toward religion, despite the fact that the cities are full of churches.



Notwithstanding that fact, the elders are looking forward to several baptisms this spring. "Recently the elders of Providence attended a revival service in one of the churches,—one of the old-fashioned sort,—rather bombastic. Testimonies were called for at the close of the meeting. After many others had spoken, one of the elders received permission to bear his testimony. As a result one of the members of the congregation present demanded that all the 'Mormons' leave the church. The demand was complied with immediately. The act created sympathy in favor of the missionaries, and even in the church the anti-Christian deed brought censure upon the perpetrator. An investigator in New Haven has offered us a choice of five building lots for a spot

to erect a church upon, and the Saints of New Haven are looking forward to the time that they will have a chapel of their own. The ERA, like a true friend, arrives every month, with good instruction, advice and encouragement, and is appreciated by the elders and the Saints as well as by our friends. The ERA is not only a friend, but succeeds in making more friends. The elders laboring in this district are: Standing, back row: Lancelott Bills, Riverton; D. Hutchinson Eccles, Ogden; Janett McNeil, Logan; Alta Johnson, Richfield; Louise Thomas, Lehi, Utah; Jesse M. Smith, Snowflake, Arizona; Herman Hatch, Hatch, Idaho; sitting: Ralph M. Aldous, Salt Lake City, Utah; Hugh A. Wright, conference president, Rexburg, Idaho; Marshal H. Flake, Snowflake, Arizona; Mission President Walter P. Monson; Charles O. Jackson, Venice, Utah; W. N. Delaware, New Haven, Conn.; Jas. H. Parker, Murray, Utah; front row: Asael C. Tanner, Clover, Utah; Arthur W. Fletcher, Magrath, Canada.

WAR SPIRIT RUNNING HIGH IN PORTSMOUTH

Elder E. M. Greenwood, Elsinore, and Elder O. C. Anderson, Annabella, write from Portsmouth, England, February 26: "We have been laboring in Portsmouth, one of England's naval sea-ports, 85 miles south of London. The city has a population of about 250,000. The war spirit is running high, and perhaps seventy-five per cent of the men one meets on the streets are in uniforms. The parade grounds are full of soldiers from morning till night, drilling for active service. Large companies of soldiers march through the streets accompanied by the music of brass bands, harps, bugles, and bagpipes, on their way to the front. They whistle and sing, and are apparently happy in the thought of serving their king and country. Many wounded soldiers and starving Belgians arrive here, and the civilians are doing all they can to relieve their sufferings. We have a little branch of over fifty souls, and these scenes aid them in fully realizing that the prophecies of holy scripture are being fulfilled. It causes them to be more diligent in serving the Lord. We have a thriving branch, fine Sunday school and Mutual, and the sacrament meetings are well attended."



Priesthood Quorums' Table

A New Battle Cry for the Lesser Priesthood Quorums

The Priesthood Committee reported as follows at the April Conference:

DEAR BRETHREN: The Committee on Priesthood outlines respectfully report and refer to two important items of progress inaugurated during the past two years, and to a new slogan for the year to come.

First—The proper organization of Priests' quorums and classes throughout the Church. This succeeded to such an extent that whereas, a few years ago there were in fact only a very small number of Priests in the Church, and very few bishops presiding personally over Priests quorums, now there are 8,830 Priests in the Church, over 6,000 of whom are attending their quorum meetings and classes. These Priests, the choice young men of the community, are being instructed and presided over by the bishops of the Church. The results arising from such instruction by the bishops, and the contact of the young men with the presiding authorities, of the Church, are themselves very satisfying, and a great impetus to progress.

Second—The second item is improvement made in ward teaching. The work in this line was practically followed up by the Presiding Bishopric, until there resulted a complete revolution in the matter of ward teaching throughout the Church. The per cent of families throughout the Church visited monthly by the teachers has grown from a very small proportion to a very satisfactory proportion. In some stakes little if any teaching was done; in others it was very indifferently and unsystematically attempted. Through the efforts of the committee, supplemented by the splendid work of the Bishopric, the average per cent of families visited during each month of the year by the ward teachers in the various stakes of Zion now totals forty-five, or practically one-half of the families of the Church visited monthly by the ward teachers. The results of these visits, the contact of the people with the teachers, the number of men put into active service, and the instructions given have awakened a great interest in the doctrines of the Church, and in their practice among the Saints. Spiritual growth has been promoted, and the spirit of the gospel has been fanned into flame among many members of the Church.

The prosecution of this noble work should continue until there shall be greater efficiency in every department, until practically every family in the Church shall be visited by faithful teachers each month; every bishop throughout the Church shall have a class of Priests under his tutelage, and until every Priest in the Church shall be active in his duties and brought in contact with the spirit of the gospel through his presiding officer.

And let us here revert to the special labor of quorum officers. Upon them rests the responsibility in the first place to see that their members continue in all good effort, faithfully to perform their duties. And not only that, but their specific duty is to maintain the identity and high standard of their quorum, and look to it that its record as a quorum shall equal the good standing of its membership. The quorum as an entity should be ambitious to do something worthy, and as a quorum be alive to the opportunities to render practical help to the

work of the Lord. What have you done as a quorum? That is a question quite as pertinent as, What have you done as a member? The officers are responsible for the proper answer.

We call the attention of stake and ward authorities generally to another work that we desire to inaugurate among the Priesthood during the coming year. It is class leadership, and more direct and specific supervision in the Teachers and Deacons' classes. Improvement here may be more difficult than in ward teaching and Priests' organization. But it can be and should be made. It is one of the crying needs of our quorums at the present time. Proper leadership and supervision and a better teaching corps in the Priesthood quorums throughout the Church should be our next slogan. Much difficulty is being experienced by the bishops in obtaining the proper material for instructors. There is also great chaos in methods of supervision.

We suggest that in every stake of Zion there be appointed a committee from the high council to take supervision of the training of teachers for the Lesser Priesthood quorums; that this training be given by specialists once each month. This should be done by competent instructors, who should be filled with the spirit of the gospel, and selected in the various stakes to instruct and prepare class instructors for the quorums.

The lessons which the quorums are studying should not, as is now the case in most instances, be made the ends in themselves, but be practically applied, so that the members of each quorum may take active part in the work of the Church. The lesson in itself is of only little use unless it is applied; an emotion is simply an excitement, and is useless unless the sentiments of that emotion are put into active work. Our present method of teaching is often merely intellectual. It ends with knowledge, which in itself, of course, is good, but which, without work, is vain as far as practical results go.

The task before us, then, is to provide practical instructors who not only know how to teach the theories and doctrines of the gospel, but who can show the members of the quorums how these theories may be put into practice; how these doctrines may be made applicable to their daily lives. Every instructor should be required to make assignments of work, so that each member shall have some weekly duty to perform, in which the theories, and the doctrines which he has learned shall be put into practice in his life. This means assignment each week for some useful action, deed or work. It means that the following week these assignments shall be reported in class, where free discussion should follow, and the problems temporal and spiritual that have been met shall be solved practically, and to the satisfaction of the quorum members.

To inaugurate and direct in the details of this work, we have the members of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, supplemented by efforts of brethren who may be selected by them. These men are competent and anxious to instruct the stake presidents and high councilors who, aided by such men as they may select, are competent to put into practice the instructions of the Twelve. The bishops, with the instruction of the stake presidency, and supervising high councilors, and with the help of such men as they may select in every ward, are competent to teach instructors training them in detail how this work may be accomplished. Then it will be the duty of the instructors in these various classes to make assignments, to teach theories, and to hear such reports and introduce such discussions as shall make the members of the class competent helpers and workers in the Church.

This is the work that should be made the battle cry for Lesser Priesthood quorums for the year to come.

As far as the Higher Priesthood is concerned, competent men as a rule are placed as leaders in these classes, but in these quorums also more practical and efficient work may be done, by which more service, spiritual and temporal, shall be rendered to the people. The Priesthood are the servants of the people, and it is their duty to render the most efficient service in their power to the members of the Church. When we shall have our present large number of 11,450 High Priests; 11,112 Seventies; 27,382 Elders; and 750 Bishops engaged in rendering magnificent temporal and spiritual service to the people and to each other, unitedly teaching not only the theories and doctrines of the gospel, but the practical methods of putting these theories and doctrines into effect, we shall have service unequaled in the world. Their efforts being aided by the Spirit of the Lord, no power can hinder his blessings from resting upon those who are engaged in this marvelous work among the Latter-day Saints.

Our suggestion, then, is better leadership through proper supervision and training of instructors, more efficient work in the classes, the application of knowledge gained to service among the people, the assignment of weekly duties to the members, report weekly on such duties, free discussion of conditions and problems with a view to rendering practical aid, spiritual and temporal.

Our prayer is, therefore, that the various authorities of the Church named will take these thoughts into consideration and, with the aid that will be rendered them by the general authorities of the Church, execute this work unitedly so that the leadership and service of the Priesthood shall become more efficient.

RUDGER CLAWSON, Chairman.
DAVID A. SMITH, Secretary.

Suggestive Outlines for the Deacons

HOW SHALL WE MAKE OUR LESSONS INTERESTING?

There are two types of pleasant feelings; one naturally follows self-expression: For example, when a husband and father pursues his vocation with the thought in view of making home more comfortable for his wife and children. The other type arises through some of the sense organs being stimulated. Such, for example, as the eyes being used on moving pictures or the sense of taste in the drunkard being stimulated with his dram. They do not conflict necessarily, but there must be pleasure through the first, in order to get legitimate interest. The individual who gets pleasure only through sense organs being stimulated from without, cannot be said to have interest. Neither does he have interest if he only (through self-activity) excites organs for the pleasure awakened in them. Interest is taken through the individual's striving to reach some ideal he desires to accomplish.

With the above brief description of interest in mind, let us turn to its use in class work. To illustrate, sometime ago a boy, in company with his playmates, came into our class work. Two or three visits showed him to be a boy of earnest and honest turn of mind. He was diligent in school, but was not as successful as his effort warranted. One time the lesson was on the Word of Wisdom. The instructor understood the principle of interest, and began the lesson by asking: "Who of you desire to improve your ability to get and understand your lesson in school?" A number of hands were raised, including the

visitor's. "Now I'll read to you a promise made by our Heavenly Father, on condition of our doing certain things." The teacher then read Doc. and Cov. 89:15-18, giving emphasis to verse 16. After some few comments, some wanted to know what those conditions were. Then the instructor read the other part of the Word of Wisdom, making comment as he proceeded. The point that struck the visitor most forcefully, as he afterwards related, was that pertaining to tea and coffee. At the close of the class-work the instructor said: "Now, if any of you are not keeping these teachings of wisdom, I am going to ask you to observe them for a month and then we'll ask you to report."

In three weeks, our visitor related in substance the following: "I went home and asked my parents to let me try to get along for a while without the tea and coffee they had been giving me. They laughed at me and said, 'Oh! you are going to be a "Mormon," are you?' I said, 'I don't know that I am,' but let me try getting along without the tea and coffee. Pretty soon, they said, 'All right.' Now, I'd like to tell you boys that I am sleeping better and am not so nervous and can study harder."

This incident illustrated how an instructor made the Word of Wisdom interesting to boys. The points to be noted are, he learned what the boys had ambitions in, in the sphere of the Word of Wisdom. Then the boys became interested in listening to that revelation and some of them sufficiently interested to put it into practice.

Similarly, the boy's ambition to "make the team" in basket-ball, base-ball, and track-events can be used to acquire an interest in knowing and keeping the Word of Wisdom. It becomes an aid to him in what he has to do.

LESSON 17

(Text: *The Latter-day Prophet*, Chapter XVI)

Problem: What course ought a Latter-day Saint to pursue in the midst of persecution?

Preparatory to studying the chapter, discuss with the boys what leads to quarrels and fights among them. Give them an opportunity to express themselves as to what they think is right on these matters, also concerning what they should do in persecution.

Study the chapter as suggested before.

What were the causes for the persecution? What do you think of the justice of these causes? What was done? How did the brethren feel towards their persecutors? What course did the Saints pursue to get redress of grievances? Do you think the Saints took the right course? Why? Compare with the teaching of our Savior to Peter when he wanted to defend Jesus with the sword (Matt. 16:21-28). Tell what the Saints did, as related in this chapter, which shows their course towards their persecutors.

LESSON 18

(Chapter XVII)

Problem: Same as in Lesson 17.

Study the chapter.

What was done by the mob? What were the causes? What did the Saints do? Were they justified? Why? What did they do that shows their love of peace? What course did the Saints pursue towards their persecutors?

LESSON 19

(Chapter XVIII)

Problem: Same as Lessons 17 and 18.

Study the Chapter.

In what peaceable way did the Saints attempt to regain possession of their homes? What was the governor's decision as to their rights to their homes? In what did the Saints fail? Why would they not sell their land? What sign did the Lord give to encourage them and cause their enemies to fear? Compare Matt. 24:29. Compare the attitude of Governor Dunklin and President Andrew Jackson towards the Saints with Pilate's attitude towards our Savior (John 19:4-6). Compare the Saints' course towards their persecutors with the course of our Savior towards his. Read Doctrine and Covenants 101:81-92. Did the Saints comply with those instructions? Show how? Of what great warfare was the Missouri persecutions a continuation? The persecution of our Savior on the earth? Answer the problem of the three last lessons. Of what is the course the Saints took in Missouri an evidence?

LESSON 20

(Chapter XIX)

Problem: To be doing peaceful works while persecution brings suffering, is an evidence of what?

Study the chapter.

What was the Prophet doing in and about Kirtland while the Saints were being driven from their homes? Give instances which show his bravery in trouble? What was the most important mission the Prophet was to fill while he lived on the earth?

Answer the problem of the lesson.

General Annual M. I. A. Conference

The June Conference. The M. I. A. annual conference will be held Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 11, 12, and 13. Following is the schedule of meetings:

Friday, June 11: First session—9:30 a. m.; 12:30 p. m. Joint. The first period (9:30—11) will be devoted to consideration of joint problems. Assembly Hall. The second period (11—12:30) will be given to demonstration work along social lines. Deseret Gymnasium.

Second Session—2. p. m. Preliminary try-outs in contests. Music section—Assembly Hall. Public speaking section—Bishop's building. Retold story section—14th Ward Chapel.

Friday Evening—Entertainment for visiting stake officers.

Saturday, June 12: Separate meetings, 8 p. m.—Grand finals in contests. Assembly Hall.

Sunday, June 13: 10 a. m.—Joint officers' meeting. Tabernacle. 2 p. m. and 7:30 p. m.—General meetings. Tabernacle. The program in detail will be published later in the Deseret Daily and Semi-Weekly News.

The usual conference rates and time limits will prevail.

Mutual Work

Athletic and Scout Work

What Some Scouts are Doing

George A. Christensen, Scout master, Bear River City, tells an interesting story of his scouts:

"We hold our meetings regularly each Saturday night at 7:0'clock. In the fall, before it became too cold, we took trips out into the most natural territory that we have. We have given skating trips, camping trips, and have tried to make all of our theory practical. We have organized a scout orchestra, and are trying to arrange to start a brass band.

"Last Saturday all the boys turned out with teams, wagons, shovels, and each a pair of willing hands, and hauled gravel, cinders, and sand on all the sidewalks where they were muddy enough to make it disagreeable. About twenty scouts and myself worked hard all forenoon. The boys keep close watch on the poor, aged, and widows, of our town, and always keep their wood sheds filled with good wood. The work has taken such a root that many boys, almost every meeting, are asking to be admitted as scouts. Our boys even take trips through the town looking for something they can do for those in need.

"Each meeting we open with prayer. This has taught many of our boys to pray. Some could not pray when they joined the work, but now they can do it very readily. We then have a short preliminary program of songs, speeches, etc., and then we have a report on 'good turns.' (By the way, every scout gives from one up to five or six each week.) We then take up some new topic or subject connected with the scout work. After this has been illustrated, tested, tried, etc., we feel that the boys are ready for a game, so we start one going, in which all take part. We then discuss the needs of our community and our organization and other matters that might come up, and then dismiss with prayer."

Known by Their Good Behavior

"We are very much encouraged in our work. We now have one hundred per cent of boys of scout age enrolled, besides two over that age. More than half are second class scouts, and some have applied for first class tests. Our work is also being felt in the schools. One principal told me that he could pick out boys engaged in scout work by their marks and behavior."—J. KARL WOOD, Logan, Utah. March 10, 1915.

Vocations and Industries

To Ward Presidents and Vocation Counselors:

Through your Stake Superintendent or Vocation Supervisor, entry blanks, rules and report blanks covering the M. I. A. Boys' Half-Acre contests have been sent you. Upon receipt of these blanks, we suggest that the following things be done immediately as the season has already

arrived when the boys who are to be successful must begin their work.

1.—Read the rules over carefully so you will be familiar with their contents and can explain them to the boys.

2.—Make a careful canvass of the boys of your ward, and interest as many as possible in this movement. Often you will find it advantageous to go to the boy's home, talk with his father, and have the father designate the plot of ground that the boy may have. Get the boy to go on the land with you, step it off with him, and offer any suggestions that will be helpful in getting him started in the work.

3.—Explain in detail the rules of the contest to each boy, and show him how to keep a record, so he can fill out his report at the end of the season. The report is simple, and any boy who keeps a note book to record what he does will have no difficulty to render it completely and accurately, as per our blank.

4.—Before you leave the boy, have him fill out the entry blank, and sign it, and after all the boys have been visited, send the entry blanks promptly to us.

5.—Get up a local contest. Call on a few of the leading men of the ward and interest them in offering prizes for the best records made by the boys of your ward. The prizes offered need not be expensive, but they should be of a nature to please the boys.

6.—Enroll all the boys in your ward in this contest, and if you are interested you can do much to stimulate their efforts, and most of them will continue to the end. Take a live interest in their affairs and visit them occasionally. Your personal influence will be a big factor in their success, and the success of this movement.

7.—Let the boys feel the pleasure of the contest. Keep it from being looked upon as a drudgery. Teach them that whether they secure a prize or not they cannot lose.

8.—Keep in touch with your stake supervisor and, through him, with the Committee on Vocations and Industries. Make good use of his services in this work. Let him help you.

9.—Remember that your boys are eligible for the state and national championships. You should get in touch with the county and state leaders of these contests.

10.—This contest will impress upon the boys the value of money and the worth of time. It will teach them habits of thrift and industry. They will learn something of the science of cultivating the soil, and will develop to some degree their business instincts. This kind of training is worth while, and the man who inspires a boy to cultivate it, is certain to get great satisfaction and joy from his labors.

Your brethren in the gospel, The Committee on Vocations and Industries, Roscoe W. Eardley, secretary.

"A Hike to the Yellowstone," by Ogden Scouts, will be one of the features in the June ERA, with other scout articles; also an illustrated article by John V. Bluth, on "The Dee Hospital," recently acquired by the Church. "Where the Sabbath Day Begins," by Dr. Crockwell; "Jim's Oration," by Elsie C. Carroll, a gripping story which won the ERA prize in March, and a boys' story by John Henry Evans, will appear. The July ERA will be a complete story number for delightful summer reading.

Passing Events

Augusta Joyce Crocheron, a pioneer of Salt Lake Valley, died Wednesday, March 17, 1915, in Salt Lake City. She was widely recognized as a writer of poetry, and for many years was a well-known worker in the Mutual Improvement Associations, and other organizations of the Church.

The Utah Panama-Pacific Exposition building was dedicated in San Francisco, April 12. The state was represented by Lewis A. Merrill, vice president of the Utah exposition commission, and D. S. Spencer, the latter acting as chairman of the day. An appropriate program was carried out, and the Utah Society of Northern California appeared prominently in the program.

The eleventh session of the Utah State Legislature cost the state for salaries of the senators, representatives and employes, and other expenses, \$35,000; for printing bills, \$9,000; journals, governor's message, etc., \$10,000; binding, \$1,000; miscellaneous expenses, \$3,515.84, making a total expense of \$58,515.84. The session laws this year will consist of one hundred and twenty-two chapters.

The Mexican Situation. In early April the national convention met in the national palace. Provincial president Roque Gonzales Garza presided. The convention government authorized the payment of \$20,000 indemnity for the death of John B. McManus, the American citizen recently killed in Mexico by Zapatista soldiers. Fighting about Celaya occurred on April 14 between General Villa's forces and Carranza's under General Obregon. The latter reported 5,000 dead and 6,000 taken prisoners in this battle.

Prohibition in England. The British government is on the point of following the Czar in the matter of prohibition. There has been strong talk of promulgating a decree of absolute prohibition of all trade in liquor throughout the United Kingdom, while the war continues. Mr. Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, according to the telegrams, declared that drink was a greater and more deadly foe to England than Germany is. Both King George and Earl Kitchener favor complete prohibition, and have stopped the use of strong drink in their households.

The United States submarine F-4, built in Seattle in 1912, was accidentally submerged in the Honolulu harbor, March 25, and never rose again to the surface. The crew consisted of twenty-five men, commanded by Alfred L. Ede, born in Nevada, 1887, a graduate of the Naval Academy in 1909. Several attempts were made to raise the submarine but up to this writing, the efforts have been futile. One of the crew was a former resident of Salt Lake City—Frank N. Herzog, whose mother now resides here. The government has authorized the expenditure of \$20,000 to recover the submarine.

The Newhouse hotel, Salt Lake City, opened its doors on Saturday, March 27. Fully ten thousand people visited the hotel during the day, and in the evening some twelve hundred people were entertained at the opening dinner and ball. Two hundred and fifty guests registered during the day. One of the events of the opening day was the communication by long distance telephone to New York, and the entertainment of several business men and officials by the proprietor,

Samuel Newhouse, at a luncheon. Over the telephone could be heard music in a New York office 2,600 miles away.

Byron Groo, a well-known newspaper man, and former state and federal official, died April 13, 1915, in Salt Lake City. He was born in Grahamsville, Sullivan, county, New York, August 11, 1849, being the son of Isaac and Sarah E. Gillett Groo. The family came to Salt Lake in 1854, and Byron was educated in the ward schools in which his father taught. He enlisted as a private for the Black Hawk war when only 17 years of age, and gained the rank of lieutenant by gallant conduct. He attended the University of Deseret, now Utah, and taught school during the winters of 1866-7. He was later a deputy and territorial marshal and city marshal. In 1873, he joined the staff of the *Salt Lake Herald*, and three years later became its editor, filling that position with noteworthy success until 1892, when he resigned. He was later a member of the state board of land commissioners, being secretary for seven years. He was director and secretary and treasurer of several business institutions, and later became cashier of the Utah Commercial and Savings Bank.

Margaret Burch Goff died in Springville, April 10, 1915. She was the oldest person in Utah, at the date of her death, having been born December 25, 1808, in Delaware. Her grandfather fought for the independence of the American colonies, in the Revolutionary War, and her father fought in the War of 1812. She joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in 1834. She came to Utah in 1850, and lived in Provo for more than fifty years. Mrs. Goff was personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, being only three years younger than he, and thus enjoyed his acquaintance as a mature woman. She often related incidents in connection with early Church history. Her husband in Nauvoo was a personal friend of Joseph Smith, and accompanied the bodies of Joseph and his brother Hyrum from Carthage to Nauvoo after the martyrdom. She was married four times and was the mother of eleven children, only two of whom survive her.

Charles H. Wilcken, soldier, pioneer, and prominent citizen of Salt Lake City, died April 9, 1915. He was born at Eckhorst, Holstein, Germany, October 5, 1830. He served in the Prussian army during the war with Denmark over the Schleswig-Holstein provinces. He was decorated with the iron cross for bravery in battle, by Frederick William, the king of Prussia. Brother Wilcken was the trusted friend and associate of Presidents Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff and George Q. Cannon, and many other leaders of the Church. He came to America in 1857, joined Johnston's army, just then preparing to go against the "Mormons." On leaving the army, he cast his lot with the people of Utah, being shortly thereafter baptized into the Church. He continued to be a faithful and valiant member to the day of his death. He was active in the building up of the commonwealth, occupying many civil and ecclesiastical positions of honor and trust, and died an upright, courageous, loyal and faithful Latter-day Saint.

Charles S. Zane, first chief justice of the state of Utah, and many years territorial judge before Utah became a state, died on March 29, 1915, at his home in Salt Lake City from a stroke of apoplexy. Judge Zane was a well-known lawyer in Utah, and once belonged to the law firm of Lincoln, at Springfield, Illinois. When Lincoln was elected to the presidency of the United States in 1860, Zane succeeded him in the law firm. He was present at all the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Judge Zane was born at Morristown, New Jersey, March 2, 1834. He entered

the McKendree college, in 1852, graduated in 1855, campaigned for Lincoln in 1860, and then became a member of the firm of Harndon & Lincoln. In 1884, he was appointed chief justice of the Utah territorial supreme court by President Chester A. Arthur, remaining in that position until 1893, since which time he has practiced law in Utah. When Utah was admitted to the Union as a state, he became chief justice of the supreme court, but was defeated for re-election. He was popular among members of the bar of Utah and his decisions are considered among the best delivered in the state.

Recent demands made of China by Japan are causing considerable excitement and feeling in China, and some apprehension in other quarters, especially in the United States. The Japanese garrisons have been increased, and it is reported from Peking that there are now 150,000 Japanese troops in China. The Chinese commissioners have agreed to a number of the Japanese demands, but hesitate to consent to those that deal with the Japanese control of the Hanyang iron works, and of several important mining properties. The present government led by Count Okuma was chosen at a recent parliamentary election, and he is pledged to a further increase in the Japanese army. The growing anxiety of the American people over the situation was relieved somewhat on April 12 when the *New York Independent* published a message from Count Okuma in which he says that the uneasiness and suspicion of the United States in connection with Japan's negotiations in Peking are based on misunderstanding and misinformation. Japan is not trying to secure a monopoly in China, nor to create a protectorate.

Gen. Hugh L. Scott, chief of the general staff of the United States Army, brought with him to Salt Lake City, on March 25, the leaders in the recent southern Utah uprising,—Old Polk, Old Posey, Tse-ne-gat and several other Piutes. While the Indians had successfully resisted all attempts to take them by force, General Scott's persuasiveness captured them. They came willingly to Salt Lake where they were imprisoned. When General Scott parted with them he assured them that they would be treated honorably. Tse-ne-gat was later taken to Colorado where he will answer in the courts of that state on the charge of murder of a Mexican sheepherder. The other Indians remained for a few days in Salt Lake City, and left for Thompson's on April 12, on their promising that they would go and behave themselves on the Ute mountain reservation. The released Indians were Old Polk, Old Posey, Posey's boy Jack Ute, Jackrabbit Soldier, Noland May, and John Hammonds. It would have cost \$25,000 to get soldiers enough into the wild encampment of the Indians, and it would have taken at least two regiments, to subdue them. The persuasiveness and kindness of General Scott made this expense unnecessary. While in Salt Lake General Scott spoke at the L. D. S. U., at the University of Utah, and visited the state capitol and the West Side high school. He also visited the First Presidency who congratulated General Scott on having effected a peaceable settlement of the Indian trouble, saying that that had always been the policy of the Church in its dealings with them. At the L. D. S. U., Professor Young on behalf of the students expressed to General Scott the deep admiration he had inspired by the masterly display of justice and love of peace he had given in inducing the Indians in San Juan county to surrender. General Scott was greatly impressed by the excellent showing made by the cadets of the West Side high school, remarking particularly on their good training.

The Great War. The main activity during the past month in the great war was in the Carpathians between the Russians, the Austrians and Germans; and the bombardment of the Dardanelles by the allied

fleet. Activities on the sea have continued and many of the ships of the Allies have been destroyed by the Germans.

March 14.—The German cruiser "Dresden" was sunk near Juan Fernandez island by the British ship "Glasgow" and the cruiser "Orama" and "Kent."

March 15.—The Russians capture the eastern defenses at Przemyśl. The British government announces that no merchant vessel will be allowed to proceed on her voyage to any German port unless given a pass. No merchant vessel from any German port shall be allowed to proceed on her way, and all her goods must be discharged in an allied port.

March 17.—The French battleship "Bouvet" and the British battleships "Irresistible" and "Ocean" were sunk by mines in the Dardanelles. Four British merchant vessels were sunk on the Dutch coast, and in the channel by German submarines—"Leeward," "Blonde," "Fingal," and "Glenartney."

March 19.—The Russian squadron appears off the Bosphorus.

March 20.—The Dutch steamer "Zaanstroom" laden with eggs was seized in the North Sea by the Germans and taken to Zeebrugge. Scotch women register for army service. "Hanford" and "Blue Jacket," British steamships, were torpedoed in the English Channel.

March 22.—The Russians capture Przemyśl. There is great rejoicing at Petrograd. Many thousands of prisoners were taken.

March 25.—The Kurds massacre Christians in Persia. The Dutch steamer "Medea" was sunk by a German submarine off Beachy Head.

March 27.—The British ship "Aquila" was sunk off Pembroke, and the "Vosges" off the Cornish coast.

March 28.—Ten more warships joined the allied fleet at the Dardanelles. The Okuma ministry wins Japanese elections. The Liverpool boat "Falaba" was sunk near St. George's channel and one hundred lives lost. The British steamer "Eston" is sunk.

March 29.—The Russian Black sea fleet bombarded the forts at the entrance to the Bosphorus.

March 30.—The Austrians lose eighteen thousand men in defending the Carpathian passes.

March 31.—The Germans repulse the Russians in Augustowo forest and on the Vistula. The French steamer "Emma" was sunk by a submarine in the British Channel—19 of her crew missing.

April 1.—The Russians gain the Beskid heights in the Carpathians and take seven thousand prisoners. Three Tyne trawlers were sunk by German submarines.

April 2.—The American steamer "Sweetbriar" was sunk by a mine in the North Sea. The British battleship "Lord Nelson" is reported lost in the Dardanelles, and the allied fleets have suspended bombardment. The Norwegian bark "Nor" was sunk; and the British ship "Lockwood" was torpedoed.

April 4.—The Russians report having taken between March 20 and April 3, 378 officers, 33,155 men, and 17 cannon and a hundred machine guns in the Carpathian mountains. The Glasgow steamer "Olevine" and the Russian bark "Hermes" sunk off the Isle of Wight by German submarine.

April 5.—The British steamer "Northlands" and the trawler "Agantha," sunk off Beachy Head.

April 7.—"Prinz Eitel Friederick," the German raider sheltering at Newport News can not escape, and internes for the war with her officers on parole.

April 11.—"Kron Prinz Wilhelm," the German converted cruiser which slid out of the New York harbor August 3 last, after eight months preying on commerce, enters Newport New, having destroyed nine British, four French and one Norwegian ships, valued with cargoes at \$70,000,000, and taken 960 prisoners.

The General Board Y. L. M. I. A. has just published a "Hand Book for the Beehive Girls," an organization to be presided over by the regular Mutual officers and whose purpose is to "perfect our womanhood, to hold the faith of our fathers, and to develop it in our individual womanhood." The new and handsome booklet contains the general plan, conditions of membership, awards, duties of officers and members. It is a step in the right direction, and a credit to the Board and its authors. We advise every girl in the land to read it, and to join the "ranks" of the "Beehive Girls."

A Book for Young People. *Little Sir Galahad* is a new book just issued by Small, Maynard & Co. It is a story of a little crippled boy, a little abused girl, a drunken man who is later reformed, a kind-hearted but unthinking millionaire and his son who falls victim to intemperance but "comes back" through the fine strength of his own will stimulated by the love of a noble girl. It is a sweet story, told in a way that holds the interest throughout. *Little Sir Galahad* demonstrates the triumph of faith throughout. The book is one of the few novels nowadays that inculcates a living faith in God. It is one of the few books that discountenances the use of tobacco and encourages temperance. The faith of the crippled boy, throughout, is most healthful, the whole text having a tendency towards the establishment of trust in God, and belief in what our people term the Word of Wisdom. Phoebe Gray, the author, has succeeded in dressing her characters with a "faithfulness to real life which is absolutely convincing, and which awakens the finest and deepest emotions of the human heart." The book has likewise a "wholesome entertainment, blended skilfully with a great moral lesson." Price \$1.35, at the Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, Salt Lake City.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Romantic Ruins	Fontispiece
Work. A Song of Triumph.....	Angela Morgan 565
Faith	Nephi Jensen 567
Unbidden Guests. Prize Story.....	Nephi Anderson..... 572
The Story of the Salt Lake Theatre II. Illustrated.....	Hcrace G. Whitney..... 580
Anthon L. Skanchy—XIV—XVIII	Dr. John A. Widtsoe..... 593
Does God Answer Prayer?.....	Prcef. L. F. Moench..... 599
The Secret of Successful Presiding.....	J. H. Dean 605
Urim and Thummim	Joel Ricks 611
A Cloud by Day. Illustrated.....	Nicholas G. Smith..... 616
The Test. A Story	R. S. Bean 621
Missionaries	George D. Kirby 626
In Memoriam. A Poem	Alfred Lambourne 631
The Psychology of the War.....	Dr. Joseph M. Tanner..... 632
Editors' Table—Conference Topics.....	Prest. Joseph F. Smith.... 636
Priesthood Quorums' Table—Report.....	Rudger Clawson 649
Mutual Work	 654
Passing Events	 656

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