

Elder Theo. W. Baldwin

IMPROVEMENT ERA



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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
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Giant waves the ocean lash,

But the Life Boat onward sails!
God himself the builder is,
All its perfect works are his,
Sure are all his promises,
For his wisdom never fails.

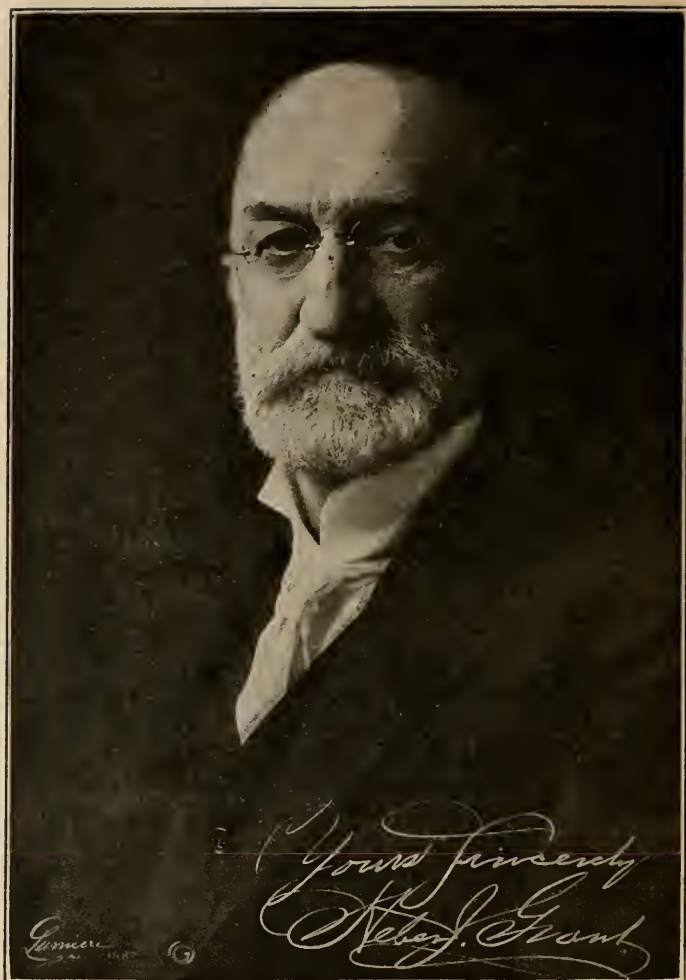
Captain, Mates and all the Crew
Have their special work to do—
Passengers are honored, too,

All with tasks they may perform.
All who will may enter in,
Casting off the weight of sin,
And on entering begin
Helping breast the world's wild storm.

"Peace! Peace!" But—"there is no Peace!"
War and tumult do not cease—
Earthquakes, fires and floods increase,

But the Life Boat still holds sway.
Seek, O man, its safety realm,
Which no storm can overwhelm—
God and Christ are at the helm!
Board their Life Boat while you may.

LULA GREENE RICHARDS.



HEBER JEDDY GRANT

President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints,
who celebrates his 70th anniversary November 22, 1926.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXX

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THE LIVING PROPHET

BY ELDER JOHN A. WIDTSOE, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

The seventieth anniversary of the birth of President Heber J. Grant will occur on November 22, 1926. This notable milestone in life's journey furnishes the people of the Church with another occasion on which to voice their loving appreciation of their great and good leader.

The men who have led modern Israel, as general, stake and ward officers, are a mighty evidence of the divine origin and progress of the Church. They have been uniformly men of high intelligence, of single purpose and of spiritual understanding. Were it not so, the remarkable achievements of the Church, temporal, intellectual and spiritual, could not have been accomplished. The presidents of the Church, now seven in number, form an unparalleled succession of unquestioned leaders. Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith and Heber J. Grant—each of tremendous stature by every test of greatness, and growing greater with the years. Something more than human wisdom has secured the continuation of such outstanding leadership, from the Prophet Joseph Smith down to the present day. The office itself lifts men into new powers of mind and spirit. Probably no other organization in the long history of the world can show a corresponding unbroken line of powerful leaders over seven changes and a period of nearly one hundred years.

President Heber J. Grant stands shoulder to shoulder with his predecessors in this noble line. From his very youth he has been a distinguished figure in the affairs of his community. His striking personality impels the passing stranger to ask about him. When he speaks, whether in private conversation or from the pulpit, he commands attention. His activities have been of large and beneficial interest and

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importance to his fellowmen. Under his administration the Church has maintained a vitality never before exceeded. Withal, he has remained an approachable, friendly and companionable man. His life is marked by simplicity. In retrospect, his three score years and ten, lived in the full light of public life, are without blemish, full of human service and devotion to God.

Men who attain true greatness adhere carefully to fundamental, guiding principles. This is notably true in the life of President Grant. Faith in God and in his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the restored gospel, has guided him from boyhood. It is quite impossible to understand his notable career unless the guiding power of this faith is taken into account. He has measured all his plans by the gospel standard; if they failed there, they passed beyond his consideration. He has always declared his unwavering trust that, by the application of the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, all the honorable hopes of man may be realized, and that only by conversion to the gospel, by word and deed, can full happiness and lasting peace be won for humanity. Likewise, he has borne witness constantly that he knows that Joseph Smith was divinely ordained to restore in this day the gospel of Jesus Christ, to explain many of its principles and to organize the Church anew. Such beliefs, if used in daily affairs, become guides that of necessity lead men into lives of rich value.

Coupled with such fundamental faith are many inborn gifts that have characterized the life of President Grant. A blunt veteran, who has known President Grant since his boyhood, sent him a message the other day, "Tell President Grant I love him," and then he added, "You know, Heber was always a kicker, but never a knocker." That was high tribute: A kicker, but never a knocker! If this subtle distinction were understood and practiced throughout the world, many of our difficulties would vanish overnight. And that is a good description of President Grant in action. A kicker against the false, the shabby, the crooked, the unsound, against evil and sin; a kicker for good, for better things, for new light, for more truth; but never a knocker of institutions, however weak, reared in good faith, or of men who build in honor though they build unwisely. That is, he is a constructive critic; not a destructive one. Some men pull down the house to get at the rats; he saves the house, but destroys the rats. The sturdy loyalty to his brethren, his Church and his God, that resides in the soul of President Grant is well illustrated in this homely comparison of kicker and knocker.

The early training of President Grant was of a nature to qualify him for leadership. His father, Jedediah M. Grant, first mayor of Salt Lake City, counselor in the First Presidency, impassioned preacher of righteousness, died when Heber J. Grant was nine days old. The mother, left alone, and without means of support, but of unshakable faith and independent character, made a living for herself and her son by humble tasks; such as, sewing, and taking in boarders. The lad

received stern training, to which his ambition and fiery spirit responded. The mother toiled for him; she stood pretty much alone;—well, he would rectify all that; he would do things; his mother should be relieved of toil; the fortunes of his father's house should be restored; he would yet compel success to wait upon him! Thus, ambition was nurtured, and determination to succeed became fixed within him. He reached out early for a place in the affairs of men, and won material success at an age when most youths are yet in the play-day of life. The guiding principles of his life stood him in stead from the beginning of his career.

During these youthful days, when his unusual abilities and sterling character began to impress those who employed him, he showed the quality of persistence, which has marked his whole career. Boys played marbles then as now; he determined to excel in the game; he soon led his playmates in skillful playing. Baseball held his youthful attention; he resolved to be worthy of playing with the winning team, and in time he helped win what we could now call the state championship. He decided to become an expert penman, and in time took the diploma for excellence in penmanship at the State Fair. Each of these and other achievements was preceded by long, persistent practice, which helped form his vigorous character. Ambition and perseverance remove life's obstacles. However, when first place had been secured, these minor activities were largely laid aside. It was the discipline of self-control and of doing one's very best that the young man sought. President Grant has ever been mindful of relative values, and he has not allowed himself to become submerged permanently in the minor issues of life.

Naturally, a young man of such faith, fidelity, ambition and perseverance, attracts attention. When just under twenty-four years of age, he was called to be the president of the Tooele stake of Zion. To this calling he gave his utmost endeavors. His time, strength and means were spent in behalf of the people who had been placed under his care. Then, about two years later, he was called into the Council of Twelve Apostles. As he had been one of the youngest stake presidents, so he was one of the youngest men called to the apostleship. When these calls came, the powers of President Grant were maturing. He stood on the threshold of what promised to be the most successful financial career in the State. That which the world holds of highest value lay, as it were, within his grasp. The call of the Church implied probable sacrifice of worldly success; yet his choice was never in doubt. Was not the Master's work of first importance? So, this man, who now leads the Church, laid down the common ambition of men; took upon himself the burden of human lives; and, instead of accumulating dollars, set out to spend his life in saving souls for the cause of God. He did not view his decision as a sacrifice. He recognized that service to God is man's greatest opportunity. Humbly, he wondered if he were worthy of so great a calling. He was bowed

down with the feeling of his own weakness in standing before God and men as a special witness of the Lord, Jesus Christ, until a comforting assurance came to him one day in the wilderness. Is not this a lesson to us all? Do we give freely of ourselves to God's latter-day cause? Do we understand the relative value of the opportunities of life?

Into the work of the ministry he entered with full zest. His indefatigable labors among the stakes of Zion are known to young and old. He preached righteousness with a direct courage and frankness never surpassed. His financial affairs tumbled to the ground at times; but the spiritual leader, Heber J. Grant, never wavered from the course of his duty. When large public questions arose, answerable by the laws of the gospel, he did not hesitate to take sides. And when he fights, he fights to the finish. As a believer in the Word of Wisdom, he fought for prohibition until it was won; first in the state, and later in the nation. No one man did more to win prohibition for Utah than did President Grant. Here, again, his life is a lesson to all. Safety lies in directing all our actions by the gospel rule.

He was called to open the Japanese mission; and was successful in laying foundations upon which much useful work was done, and more will be done. He served as president of the European mission, and administered well the affairs of the Church in Europe, and won the abiding love and confidence of the elders who labored with him. As a general officer of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, he spared no effort to advance the welfare of the membership of the Association. He has an energizing touch. People follow his leadership. Intelligence, courage and devotion have carried his labors to success.

In the midst of the consuming, spiritual duties of his office, he has always kept close to the temporal affairs of the people. His business genius and experience have been used more for the benefit of the people than for himself. The value of this training has often been evident, as in the panic of 1893, but especially in the hard years after the war, when several important industrial enterprises were about to fail, to the great distress of the people scattered far and wide over the Church. Then the financial courage and acumen of President Grant saved these institutions from failure. The Church as a whole has prospered materially under his wise understanding of the intricacies of business.

Every man who can be accounted great, particularly in the spiritual domain, responds quickly and deeply to the world of creative, artistic, and aesthetic impulses. This is notably true of President Grant. Astigmatic eyes made reading painful in his early days; yet he has read and reads much more than the average man, and his love of books is an exquisite commentary on his character. True to his generous nature, the very essence of his life, he likes to pass on to others that which he finds good. Consequently, he has become the greatest giver of good books ever known in the Church. The responsibilities of his

youth made it impossible for him to secure an extended school education; but his support has ever been given to schools and other means by which knowledge of truth may become easily available to all. The Latter-day Saints University and the University of Utah both have received substantial gifts from him for the assistance of worthy students who find themselves without sufficient funds to continue their work. And, these endowments were made in the day of his own financial distress! Under his administration the funds of the Church have been used most liberally to foster education. Works of painting and sculpture have ever appealed to him. The artists of the Church and State have had in him a strong and active friend, and they testify to the help he has given them in money and encouragement. At one time President Grant controlled one of the daily newspapers of Salt Lake City, and has always given support to popular education through the public press. He loves Nature in her many moods, and has helped make the beauty spots of the West more available to the people. His soul responds to beauty.

But, his greatest love has always been humanity. The children of his heavenly Father have been his life's concern. They do him wrong who class him primarily as one interested in temporal affairs. Since his early call into the ministry, his every act has been influenced by his spiritual mission. This love has manifested itself, not merely in a general concern for all mankind, but in a care for individuals. The poor and the needy have always received of his bounty. The quick response of his heart to those in distress is a commonplace among his associates. Money has been given, as also the personal help that the strong may give the weak. President Grant is generous to a fault, charitable to the full limit of his power, and naturally, therefore, true to his friends and loving to his family. He stands in his high office with love in his soul for all people, urging upon all men to cast out selfish desire. At the conference just closed, the spirit of his address was not merely that we as a people might be prospered, but that we as a people might give of our strength to bring the good tidings of the gospel to all the world.

This is not a biographical sketch; nor does space permit a comprehensive study of the man who, under the direction of the Almighty, now leads the Church. Some years ago his colleagues among the general authorities were asked to write tributes to his character. They said that he was full of faith in God, full of love for his fellowmen, sympathetic, generous and charitable, direct, frank and truthful, courageous, sagacious and persevering, punctual, practical and energetic, a splendid organizer, and, above all, a real man.

That is the best description, a real man; for it is neither flattery nor fulsome praise to say that, in the providences of the Lord, a man of vision and breadth, a rounded man, with such varied interests and experiences that he can sense the needs of our complex world, stands at the head of the Church. He is not a faultless man. In fact, the people

rejoice that with his virtues he is human, so that he may recognize human needs. But, the test of manhood is whether the virtues overshadow the faults; and in the case of this man the virtues are many and large, and the faults few and small.

Heber J. Grant stands as president, prophet, seer and revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. To the people of the Church he is the mouthpiece of God. He bears aloft the ensign of truth before the Church and all nations. His testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ and of the restored gospel pierces the soul with its thrilling earnestness. Under his leadership the Church is moving onward rapidly. Faith abounds among the people. The teachings that come from the mouth of the Prophet are being followed with benefit to the members of the Church. The evidence of inspiration accompanies his official acts. The people of the Church understand that the Lord accomplishes his purposes through earthly instruments—men and women—often weak and imperfect; but that if leaders and people support one another, and render obedience to the revealed law, all that may be said or done will be overruled for the good of the great latter-day cause. It is a joy to know that those who are called to lead Israel meet human and divine standards. Those who are closely associated with President Grant know, and do so testify, that, when in the exercise of his calling, he towers in judgment and power far above the greatest of his colleagues. This is a marvelous testimony to the presence of the power of God that has directed this people from the beginning.

The Church is grateful for the life, example and presence of President Grant. He has given his life and strength, his all, to the cause of the Church. His reward on earth is the love and prayers of a mighty people. May his life be lengthened out, and his labors continue to be joyful!

Thanksgiving

Thank God for the wind-swept commons,
And the gold of the Autumn sun,
For the frost that opens the chestnuts,
And the joy of a task well done.

Thank God for the fluttering snow flakes
Which blanket the freezing earth,
For the little, white-breasted snow birds
That welcome Winter's birth.

Thank God for abundant harvest,
The sunset of garnering's day,
The fireglow that cheers the evening,
And turns dull care away.

Thank God for friendships proving,
For the smile of a little child,
For the love that endures through Autumn
And Winter's snow—high piled.

Rock Island, Illinois.

A. HENDERSON.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT'S SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Seventy years will have passed since our beloved leader, President Heber J. Grant, was born in Salt Lake City, November 22, 1856. He was the first native son of Utah chosen to fill a vacancy in the Council of the Twelve. He is also the first native son of the State to act as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Darwin T. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, wrote a book some years ago, entitled, *Let Us Have Peace*, a choice book of more than four hundred pages of his collected magazine articles and other addresses on peace, business, and on conditions that prevailed before, during, and immediately following the World War. This great financier and thoughtful author, in presenting a copy to President Heber J. Grant, wrote on the flyleaf of the book:

"To Heber J. Grant, patriot, pioneer and president, with great respect.—D. T. Kingsley."

What was stated then concerning President Grant is not overdrawn, and applies with even greater emphasis today. He is a respected patriot, pioneer and president. Life is a battle seemingly no less cruel and deadly, so it has been said, than have been or may be the wars of the nations. He who survives in its battles is among the strong and wise and just. When a man reaches three score and ten years and has stood the fire of the long fight, attaining the summit in victory, vigor of spirit and strength of mind and body, as has President Grant, he is a veteran to be respected. He stands with honor in his position, and that because of his achievement over obstacles; because of his love for the people, his loyalty to God and to his country; because of his victory in moral and religious achievements; his triumph over adverse things, and the undoubted integrity of his character. He has proved a clean hero in the conflict with evil, both past and present. He has fought an honest, fair fight, through seventy years of struggle. In recent years, by the help and inspiration of the Lord, he has solved in wisdom the complex and often vexatious problems of his people. He bears the scars of honorable combat. He is true to the faith, and a patriot in the greatest nation on earth. As a native son of these mountain fastnesses, he is a born pioneer in this "marvelous work and a wonder" established of the Lord. He is thus the honored and beloved leader of a grateful and happy people, who appreciate him because of his open, free, charitable, sympathetic and lovable qualities.

It is said that self-indulgence takes the wheels off character; but in all his career, self-denial for the advancement and blessing of others has been President Grant's practice. His character is untrammelled by

anything that could in any way be styled self-indulgence. He shows great tolerance with the views and opinions of others, but is heart-of-oak against sin and evil. No man in the Church has been a greater champion of the Word of Wisdom, clean living and clean morals, both by example and precept, than President Heber J. Grant. He has kept widely apart from iniquity, and in that way the laurels for his brow have been woven by his people from his own clean life and consuming passion for righteousness.

On the event of his seventieth anniversary, his many thousand friends will join the *Improvement Era* office force in congratulating and upholding our beloved President, and wish him many years yet of activity in his exalted calling.

* * * * *

President Grant illustrates the efficacy of faith, the divinity of the great latter-day work of God, and the power of the Priesthood, by repeating apt stories, from time to time, in his sermons, which may be read with profit and interest by all who desire to be built up spiritually in the faith. We select a few examples for this occasion that, in our opinion, are especially characteristic.

THE FRUITS OF THE GOSPEL

The first man baptized in the German Empire was Karl G. Maeser, the man who stood at the head of the Church school system, from Canada on the north down to Mexico on the south, and was known as the grand old man of the educational system of the Church. When Karl G. Maeser was baptized, Elder Franklin D. Richards was the president of the European missions. He went from Liverpool, the headquarters of the mission, to be present at the first baptism of the first persons converted to the gospel in Germany. There were Brother Maeser and his brother-in-law and quite a large crowd of them. The man, through whose instrumentality they were converted, and who spoke German, was Brother William Budge, afterwards president of the Logan Temple.

As I was going with Brother Maeser up into Oregon to visit one of the conferences there, he told me about it with his own lips. He said: "Heber, when I came out of the waters of baptism I looked up into heaven, and said, 'O Lord, I have accepted what I believe to be in very deed the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. Give me a witness of the divinity of the work; give me a knowledge and a testimony of this work that I have embraced, and I pledge you here this night to give, if necessary, my life for its advancement.' After the others were baptized and we were walking back to Dresden [they had come out several miles from Dresden to be baptized], I asked questions of Apostle Richards. Brother Budge interpreted them; and when the answer was given, he interpreted it back into German for me. Pretty soon President Richards said, 'Don't interpret those questions, Brother

Budge. I understand them perfectly.' And then immediately afterwards I turned to him and said, 'Don't interpret those answers. I understand them perfectly.' We walked on for several miles," continued Brother Maeser. "I asked questions in German, and President Franklin D. Richards answered them in English. He did not understand German. I did not understand English. And, yet, we understood each other perfectly. Finally we came to the river Elbe, and as we were crossing a bridge over that river we became separated, and when we reached the other side of the river I asked another question, and Brother Richards said, 'Interpret it, Brother Budge; I do not understand it.' And when the answer came, I said, 'Interpret it, Brother Budge; I do not understand it.' The next question was, 'President Richards, why was it that you could understand me, and I could understand you for miles, and now we cannot understand each other at all?'"

Elder Richards told him that one of the fruits of the true gospel of Jesus Christ is the interpretation of tongues. "You have reached out your hand, figuratively speaking, and plucked the fruit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. God has given you a testimony and witness that you have found the truth, and has allowed you to partake of part of the fruits of the true gospel." Brother Maeser said to me, in substance, "Brother Grant, I trembled like a leaf. I looked up into heaven, and said, 'O Lord, you have given me a witness, you have answered my prayer, and again I renew my pledge to give my life, if need be, to this cause.'"

Those of us who knew Karl G. Maeser know that no other human being in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has more perfectly given his life to the work of God than he did. Day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out, Karl G. Maeser labored for the Church and the Church alone, with no special thought of himself or his own advancement. He was an honest tithe-payer and an observer of the Word of Wisdom, a man who had the inspiration of the living God with him.

THE DEAD WERE RAISED

Hyrum Grant, my brother, had yellow jaundice which turned to black jaundice. He became as black as my coat. He weighed slightly more than seventy pounds, and was in a most terrible condition. A doctor Van Cott, as I remember it, was waiting on him, and finally announced that my brother was dead. He said, "His pulse has not been beating now for some four or five minutes. He is gone."

Hyrum's son and son-in-law laid their hands upon his head and prayed to God that his spirit might return, that he might live to fulfil a promise made to him that he should live to preside over the Davis stake of Zion. When they got through praying, my

brother opened his eyes, and said, "What is the matter with you folks? You look scared half to death."

He got well and did preside over the Davis stake of Zion, notwithstanding the fact that Apostle Lyman told me, when he bade me good-bye in Liverpool, as he was returning home, that his first official act when he got home would be to install Henry H. Blood as president of the Davis stake of Zion. When Brother Lyman arrived home, he said to President Joseph F. Smith, "I am going up to the Davis stake conference, and I should like to reorganize the presidency. The president has been dead for several years, and Hyrum Grant has been sick now for a year or more. It will be some time before he recovers, and probably never will recover. I think that stake ought to have a president, and I am going to install one." "Who are you going to install?" asked President Smith. "Why, I am going to install Henry H. Blood," was the answer. "No, you are not," said President Smith. "Hyrum Grant is going to get well. I blessed him and the Lord gave me a testimony that he would get well. He has earned the position and he is going to have it. If you want to put him in, although he is sick abed, put him in, but you cannot put anyone else in."

Hyrum lived to fulfil the patriarchal blessing given to him.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH

My brother, Hyrum, had charge of a livery stable, and he took an excursion down to Calder's Farm from the Z. C. M. I. shoe factory. This was between thirty and forty years ago. He had a long drag that would carry about forty people. In the afternoon he noticed that a storm was brewing, and, calling the Z. C. M. I. employees together, he said, "The State road is a turnpike. If it rains, and we get the least bit off the track with this great, long drag, carrying forty people, we are likely to turn the vehicle over and someone may get hurt or killed." These people voted that if there was any accident they would hold the company blameless. They said they were going to have a good time. A terrible storm came up. It was dark, and on the way home, lo and behold, this vehicle turned over. Several persons were very seriously injured. One girl suffered a number of broken bones, and pneumonia set in. The doctor finally announced that she could live only a day or two at the most.

The fact that my brother was driving the team when the accident happened filled his heart with anxiety and remorse. Finally he came to me and said, "Heber, I have been beseeching the Lord to spare that girl's life, and I have had a manifestation that if you and I administer to her she will recover." I said, "It will be a pleasure to go with you, Hyrum." We went to her home. I walked up to the bed and then called Hyrum to one side and whispered to him and said, "Hyrum, she is dying right now. I do not believe we could bless her before she would be dead. I think that in your anxiety

and excitement you have received the wrong idea." He turned deathly pale, and said, "Heber, I know I am not wrong. I know I have received a manifestation that if we bless her she shall live." I apologized to him and we did bless her. Among other things, I said that her bones should knit, that she should recover and that she should go back and run her machine in the shoe factory. I did not know that she had been running a machine, but I was inspired to make her that promise. I did not know her occupation, except that she was working in the shoe factory.

That afternoon I met William H. Rowe, the superintendent of the Z. C. M. I. shoe factory. He said, "Heber, I have just returned from the home of Maria DeGrey (that was the sick girl's name), and I fear she is dead by now. I was up there about an hour ago and she was dying." I said, "Brother Rowe, go upstairs into your office and write on a piece of paper, 'Maria DeGrey is not dead; Maria DeGrey will not die; Maria DeGrey will get well and go back to the Z. C. M. I. shoe factory and run her machine.' Did she run a machine before she met with this accident?" I asked. "Yes," he answered. "Well, she will be back," I continued. "I know she will come back because I had a manifestation from God while blessing her that that is exactly what should happen."

"Well, there's no need of writing it down, Heber," he said. "The doctor told me that my daughter would die before morning. That was before I ever came from London out here to Utah. I sent about three miles across London, to where the elders were staying, for Junius F. Wells and his companion to come and administer to her. The next morning the doctor came and delivered into my hands a certificate stating that my girl was dead. I took him into the parlor and introduced him to the corps (?) that had gotten out of bed and was sitting up, and the doctor nearly dropped in surprise. Now, you don't need to tell me that Maria DeGrey will get well; if you had a manifestation that she is going to come back, she will, because I know we have the power of the living God in our Church, and that the life of my girl who is right here in Salt Lake City with me, and who is now a married woman, was saved by the healing power of God." Maria DeGrey lived and went back and ran her machine.

THE DESTROYER REBUKED

A relative of mine had a daughter who was dying, so the doctor told me, of diphtheria. He said she would die before morning. The father broke down and wept and begged me to pray for the girl. As I was walking home from his office I earnestly prayed to the Lord for the restoration to health of that little girl, that she might not die, and the inspiration came to me, "The power of the Priesthood of the living God is on the earth. The destroyer is just as active as he can be; he delights in taking the lives of people. The power to re-

buke the destroyer is here. Get John Henry Smith, and get him quickly, and go to that house and rebuke the destroyer, and the girl shall live."

I did not waste any time in getting John Henry Smith. I ran all the way to his house, and when I got Brother Smith our haste did not slacken until we arrived at the sick girl's home. We went upstairs, where we found the father and mother, uncle and aunt, and others of the relatives, expecting her to breathe her last. We laid hands upon her head. I anointed her with oil and John Henry Smith confirmed the anointing. He promised her she should live and not die. We then went downstairs, and pretty soon the father came down, and said, "My daughter whispered to me after you left the room, and said when that large man [Brother Smith weighed about 250 or 260 pounds, and was a tall, big man] was praying over me, father, I was in intense pain, and it has all left me. I haven't a particle of pain now. I am sick but I am in no pain at all."

The next morning I met the doctor. I said, "How about this young lady [calling her by name], did she die last night?"

"Why," he replied, "I went to see her this morning and, I declare, the little girl is going to get well. I never was so dumbfounded in all my life. I never saw such a case. I cannot understand it."

I did not care to tell him that I could understand it. He was not a member of the Church. I did not care to tell him that I knew why she was getting well; that the destroyer had been rebuked by the power of the Priesthood, which is on the earth, and a promise made by John Henry Smith that she should live. I knew I had a testimony that she would live, and she did live.

THE PRIESTHOOD VS. BULLET WOUNDS

In the days of the "underground," when more than a thousand of our people went to the penitentiary for living with their wives whom they had married in good faith, a man by the name of Joseph W. McMurrin was guarding the servants of the Lord. (I think you all know Joseph W. McMurrin. He is president of the California mission, and has preached in the Salt Lake Tabernacle many times.) The brethren were holding a meeting in the Social Hall. A deputy U. S. marshal came to the back door where Joseph W. McMurrin was standing, and Joseph put his arms around him to keep him from going through that door. The deputy finally got his hand loose and took his pistol and, pressing it against Brother McMurrin's body, fired two bullets clear through his vitals. Those bullets lodged just under the skin in his back.

I went with John Henry Smith to Brother McMurrin's home, and saw where the flesh was burned away around those terrible gaping wounds. I saw where the bullets had gone clear through him. I heard John Henry Smith say, "By the authority of the Priesthood of

the living God which we hold, and in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, we say that you shall be made absolutely whole, and that there shall be no physical weakness left upon your body because of these terrible wounds that you have received while guarding the servants of the living God."

Joseph W. McMurrin is alive and well, and has never had any physical weakness because of those terrible wounds. Tell me that sickness is not cured by spiritual power, by the power of God, in the Church of Jesus Christ! I know that it is as well as I know that I live.

THE DECREE NULLIFIED

When my wife died, I took my three little girls (ten, twelve, and fourteen years of age, the oldest of the family) to visit New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, Washington and other cities of interest, that they might forget the sorrow of the death of their mother. While in Washington my oldest girl was taken down with diphtheria. In those days, thirty years ago, diphtheria was almost sure death. I have known more than one family in which six, seven, or eight children have died of diphtheria. It was an alarming disease. Very soon thereafter my second daughter came down with it, and they were both sick nigh unto death. Finally I heard the doctor say to the nurse regarding my second daughter, "If you miss giving that child a stimulant every fifteen minutes—if you miss just once—she will die. She cannot live a half hour without this stimulant."

I stayed up all night to see that she did not miss giving the stimulant, and the next morning the child was no better. I went into my room and shed some bitter tears at the thought that, in all probability, I should have to take that little girl home in a coffin. Kneeling down, I pleaded with the Lord to spare her life, for the very joy I was giving to my girls added to and intensified my own sorrow; and I asked that I be not obliged to have an additional sorrow in taking that little girl, whom I had brought away from home to give her pleasure in order that she might forget the death of her mama, back to her home in a coffin. I begged that that might not come into my life. The testimony of the Spirit came to me: "The power of the Priesthood is here on the earth. Send for the elders and rebuke the power of the destroyer and that girl shall live."

Immediately I thanked the Lord for the whisperings of his Spirit, and I shed tears of gratitude and thanksgiving, after shedding tears of bitter anguish. George Q. Cannon was in Washington at the time, and also Bishop Hiram B. Clawson, the father of Elder Rudger Clawson of the Council of the Twelve. I sent at once for them to come and administer to my child. Brother Clawson anointed her, and Brother Cannon confirmed the anointing. In that confirmation he said something that I have never heard, before or since, in my life. He said, "The adversary, the destroyer, has decreed your death and made public

announcement of his decree, but by the authority of the Priesthood of God, which we hold as his servants, and in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, we rebuke the decree of the destroyer and say, you shall live."

As I was leaving the boarding house where I had been with my children, after they had recovered sufficiently to travel, the husband of the woman who kept the boarding house (she was away that day) said, he could not keep from telling me a joke on his wife. He was a clerk in one of the departments at Washington. He said, "Mr. Grant, had she been here you would never have heard it, but she is not here today and I am going to tell it to you. She believes in spiritualistic mediums and in communication through the mediums, and when our little girls were taken down sick in the house, she went to a medium, who told her the following story:

"I see in your home two little girls. I see that the older one of the two little girls is taken sick. I see that she is very sick. I now see that the next little girl is taken sick. I now see that she is very sick. I now see that both of them are sick nigh unto death. I now see the older of the two girls recover. I now see the second little girl die.' "

Then she described the journey of that body in a coffin from Washington to Salt Lake City. She described it passing through big cities, one after another, and then stopping in a large city and changing cars. Everybody who has been in Chicago knows that all have to change cars in Chicago. She then described the body leaving Chicago, going through another city of considerable size, then crossing a great river (the Mississippi), always going to the west. He said she described going through some more cities, finally crossing another great river (the Missouri.) She did not mention the Mississippi or the Missouri, however, but said two great rivers. It still traveled to the west hundreds and hundreds of miles. It is somewhat more than two thousand miles to Salt Lake City from Washington. She finally saw it climbing mountains, mountains, mountains, first describing the plains, the level country of Nebraska, then climbing the Rocky Mountains; then saw it go south for a short distance (from Ogden to Salt Lake City.) She then described the Salt Lake Valley, almost completely surrounded with mountains, which is true. She then described a burial ground on the side hills, and that is just where it is. She then saw my little daughter lowered into the grave.

I knew then the meaning of the inspiration of the living God to George Q. Cannon when he said, "The adversary has decreed your death, and made public announcement of it, and we rebuke that decree." It was rebuked, and, instead of the little girl being buried as the spiritualistic medium said she would be, because the devil himself has inspired her to do so, by the priesthood of God rebuking the decree of death, she is alive, healthy and strong. She is the mother

of seven beautiful children, and, in the providences of God, George Q. Cannon is their great-grandfather.

This same girl, when quite young, was promised that she should live to be one of the leaders of her sisters in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and she is now a counselor to the president of all the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, with 50,000 membership.

THE FORE-WARNED MINISTER TO THE "MORMONS"

A young man was educated for the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church, at Manchester, England, and he was instructed by Dr. Iliff of that denomination as to his course of action. That young man, Benjamin Birchall, came out to Nephi, Utah. He was given a lot of anti-"Mormon" literature, etc., and was told, "Don't you go into the homes of the 'Mormons;' don't you take their Book of Mormon; don't read it; don't read their tracts, but just give them the inattention they deserve."

The young man studied what he was told to study, and loaded, figuratively, his double-barreled shotgun with anti-"Mormon" ideas, and the first time he fired it off was at one of the two bishops of the wards in Nephi. The bishop laughed and said, "Who has been stuffing you with lies?"

He said, "Those are not lies."

The bishop said, "They are, and I happen to know that some of them are myself."

He told the young man what he knew, and the latter was astonished. He said, "Bishop, can I come down to your house and spend an evening with you?"

"Come right along," answered the bishop. He disobeyed the Reverend Iliff's instructions and went down there, and he spent, not one evening, but many evenings. Finally he said, "Will you kindly loan me your Book of Mormon?" It was loaned to him. "Will you kindly let me have some of your tracts?" And he studied them. Finally he resigned his job of preaching for money for the Methodist Episcopal church, joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and went out pitching hay, I think it was, for a living.

Subsequently he was called to go back to his native land on a mission. The first man he called on in Manchester was his former instructor, the minister who had educated him. He was the minister's star pupil. The minister was delighted to see him, and they had a very delightful visit for a little while. Finally he said, "How do you get along with those awful 'Mormons' in Utah?"

"Oh," said the young man, "I get along pretty well with them. They are not half as bad as I thought they were when I went to Utah. I have become acquainted with them, and, do you know

there are a great many of their doctrines that I cannot overturn and explain away, and I would be grateful if you would point out the errors in them."

"Why," said the minister, "that will be a pleasure to me. They are almost heathens, those 'Mormons.' They are not Christians at all."

And when the young man commenced showing him our doctrines, and when he started to try pointing out the errors, he got into deep water, and soon began to flounder. Finally he doubled up his fist and shook it at the young man and said, "Look here, look here! I believe you have become one of them."

"Oh, I have," replied the young man, "but if there is anything wrong in their doctrines, if they are not scriptural, if you can show me they are wrong, I am willing to renounce them."

Well, this minister opened the door, and emphatically told the young man to get out before he kicked him out.

THE WARM WELCOME

I call to mind reading an article (in the *Improvement Era*) while I was over in Japan, telling of a young man who had become converted and had been baptized. He had graduated from a university and persuaded the elder who baptized him to go with him to his home, saying that he had the finest father and mother who ever lived, a choice man and a choice woman, none finer in the world, and he knew they would gladly receive the gospel. It was several hundred miles to his home, and the elder got permission from the conference president to go into another part of Scandinavia.

He started with this young man to his home. When they arrived at the railway station, which was several miles from the home, it was raining hard and there were no vehicles there. The young man having been away for a year or two from his home persuaded the elder, who was about his own size, to walk with him through the rain, despite the soaking they would get, for he said that as soon as they got home they would have awaiting them some dry clothing, a warm welcome, and a hot meal prepared for them. The young elder said, certainly, he did not mind getting wet, and that he would put some of the convert's dry clothing on when they arrived at their destination.

Upon their arrival they received a warm welcome. The young man introduced the missionary as his friend, and he was fervently received. The mother immediately started to prepare a warm supper, and the boy, being an enthusiastic convert, could not wait to change his clothes before he blurted out to his father, "Father, congratulate me, I have found the gospel; I have found the plan of life and salvation. I have become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

"What!" said the father, "do you mean to tell me that you

have become a 'Mormon'?" "Oh," answered the young man, "that is a nick name. We believe in the Bible; we also believe in the Book of Mormon. We don't call people 'Bibles' because they believe in the Bible. Why call us 'Mormons' because we believe in the Book of Mormon?"

"Never mind, my son. Are the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and the 'Mormon' Church one and the same people?"

"Yes," said the boy, "they are."

"All right," said the father; walking to the door and opening it. He continued, "My son, go out into the storm. Never darken that door again as long as you live. Choose tonight between father and mother and all that I possess [he was a wealthy man] and this hateful religion called 'Mormonism.' Choose this night. I had set my heart upon you making a record worthy of your name. Never darken our door again unless you denounce this thing called 'Mormonism'."

The mother stopped in her cooking, turned deathly pale. The boy turned to his mother, and reaching out his arms, said, "Oh, mother, do you, too, turn me out into the cold and storm, and say, 'never darken my door again, never let me lay eyes on you,' as father has said?"

She replied, "Your father's word is law in this house."

The young man turned to his companion and said, "Come, brother, come!" And they went out into the storm.

He came to Utah and devoted his life to the cause. Finally he went back to his native land and proclaimed the restoration of the gospel to the earth—the plan of life and salvation.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED

I was a ruined man financially many years ago. I was somewhat more than one hundred thousand dollars worse off than nothing, and my family did not have homes to live in. My mother's home was mortgaged. I came home one morning at 1 o'clock. I generally worked until eleven, twelve or 1 o'clock trying to earn enough to pay the interest on my debts, and for four long years I had between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars of debts on which I did not pay a cent of interest. Thank fortune, they were good friends of mine and never asked me for it. Before one of them died he called his family to his bedside and said that if they ever asked me for one dollar of that money he would hold it against them when he met them on the other side. On this particular occasion, when I came home at 1 o'clock in the morning, my wife, who is now dead, was sitting up, and she said, "Heber, you do not use tea, coffee, tobacco or liquor, but you are breaking the Word of Wisdom, because of working the way you do, more than if you used tea and coffee; and I am not sure that you are not breaking it more than if you were to use

tobacco. It is a crime the way you are abusing yourself—" She stopped suddenly, and was blessed with the gift of tongues, and as she blessed me (I knew she was blessing me, although I could not understand a word of it) I wept for joy. When she got through, she said, "Do you have the interpretation?" I said, "No." We knelt down and prayed for the interpretation, and it was that I should live to cancel every obligation I had; that I should live to have a comfortable, happy home, paid for and free. Three weeks ago next Tuesday I paid the last obligation that I owed on earth, and I have a very nice home and have somewhat more than five hundred dollars in the bank.

I had never been on a mission at that time, but in that same blessing she said, "You shall live to proclaim the gospel in many lands and in many climes." I was subsequently operated on for appendicitis, and the doctor said I had to die. My own family physician asked that I send for my stenographer and tell my last story, for blood poisoning in the third and last stage had set in and I could not possibly live. This was after I had made a bargain with the doctor to tell me whether I should live or die, and if there was one chance in fifty, I would take that one chance and get well; but, if there was no chance at all, for him to tell me so that I could send for my clerk. My wife who blessed me by the gift of tongues, and who afterwards died, visited my wife who is now living, within a few hours after I had made this bargain, and told her that she need not worry, that I was not going to die then, that my mission on the earth was not yet ended. When my wife told me of this manifestation, I remembered the promise made years before by the gift of tongues, that I should live to lift up my voice in many lands and in many climes, proclaiming the restoration of the gospel. So I knew that promise would be fulfilled; and when the doctor told me I had to die, as soon as he went out of the room, I commenced laughing, and, turning to my wife, said, "Isn't it wonderful that you and I know more than the doctor, and, although blood poisoning in the third stage has set in, that I do not have to die; that I shall live to fulfil that promise made by the gift of tongues by my wife, who has told you that my mission is not ended."

That operation was performed in 1897. Since then I have lifted up my voice in the Hawaiian Islands, in far-off Japan, in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Holland, France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Canada, Mexico, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, from the Canadian line clear down to Florida, bearing witness that I know, as I know I live, that God lives; that Jesus is the Christ; that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God; that the gospel commonly called "Mormonism" is in very deed the gospel of the Lord, Jesus Christ; with every gift, grace, power and blessing that was enjoyed in the former days.

ENGLAND AND THE JEWS

BY J. M. SJODAHL

Dean Inge, of the St. Paul Cathedral, London, has recently expressed pessimistic views concerning the future of the great British empire. According to an Associated Press dispatch, he said, "The omens are at present very unfavorable." "It seems unlikely," he added, "That our position as a world-power will endure much longer." He feared internal troubles, due to the "antisocial and unpatriotic sectionalism which is the curse of industrial civilization, especially dangerous in a country situated as we are."

Not only Great Britain but every big country in the world, to say nothing of the smaller ones, needs an Isaiah to set before the people in the most vivid terms the consequences of the prevalent anti-Christian spirit, and a Jeremiah to weep, in prophetic anticipation, upon the ruins of a Godless civilization. If Dean Inge can arouse the people to a serious contemplation of the dangers ahead, he will have done much towards escaping them.

But although the sounding of the foghorn, to indicate the rocks ahead, must be admitted to be timely and necessary, yet I, for one, believe that the Almighty has his protecting hand in mercy over the British empire, and will continue to bless its people, as long as they will befriend the children of Abraham and carry out the purposes of God concerning them.

The promise of the Lord to Abraham, "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee," is as much in force now, as the day it was given. Great Britain has always blessed the children of Abraham by giving them liberty, under the British flag, to worship God, and to rise to the highest positions in the state, and finally by proclaiming the policy of the government to be the protection of the Jews in their efforts at making Palestine their homeland. If for no other reason, the Lord is bound, Dean Inge, by his own covenant, to bless Great Britain in return for this declaration of the Balfour government, which has no parallel in history since the proclamation of Cyrus about 500 B. C. (Ezra 1:1-4.) This is the weightiest reason possible for believing that the hand of the Lord is over Great Britain for good, and will be for a long time to come.

Nor do we forget that the English government has always protected the people of God in these, the latter, days in all the rights and privileges of a free country, even against the clamor of mobs. We have seen that the blessings of the Lord have been bestowed upon countries where the Latter-day Saints have found liberty and protection, while misfortunes have overtaken other countries. This, again, is in fulfilment of the promise given to Abraham and his seed.

But we, as Latter-day Saints, have one more reason for that belief.

When Orson Hyde, on Sunday, Oct. 24, 1847, dedicated Palestine for the gathering of the Jews, he prayed the Lord, among other things, to let the nation and the people that labor for the restoration of Jerusalem find grace before him, and protect them against the enemy, famine and pestilence. "Let not," he prayed, "their enemies prevail against them, neither let pestilence or famine overcome them, but let the glory of Israel overshadow them, and the Power of the Highest protect them; while that nation or kingdom that will not serve thee in this glorious work must perish, according to thy word—yes, those nations shall be utterly wasted."

This prayer was offered by an inspired Apostle of the Lord. It was offered by a man specially called by the Lord to perform that wonderful mission. It has been, and will be, fulfilled to the letter.

Orson Hyde also petitioned the Lord to make the country fruitful. "Let," he prayed, "springs water the dry ground; let the vine and the olive flourish; let the skies pour forth life and wealth; let the flocks and herds multiply on the hills; let the big ships of the nations carry the people from far off islands; let them come as clouds, and as doves to their windows."

All this is being wonderfully fulfilled before our eyes.

During the last few years, the Jews have gathered to Palestine to the number of 20,000 annually, and the present Jewish population is perhaps not far from 150,000. About 1/18 part of the country now belongs to the Jews, and nearly all of this is under cultivation. Vast sums are being spent on improvements, by two great organizations created for the redemption of the land.

The Jewish national fund (the *Kajemeth Lejisrael*) has undertaken especially the work necessary for irrigation and drainage.

The country has a rainy season from September till March, but the rest of the year is dry, and the hot eastwind burns up all vegetation, seemingly. By storage of the water and irrigation the land in many places could be made to yield two harvests every year.

The organization mentioned (*Keren Kajemeth*) spent during 1924 and the first 6 months of 1925 circa \$700,000 for irrigation canals and dams, and about \$1,700,000 for draining-canals. These are necessary in many places where the stagnant pools become the breeding places of mosquitos which carry the malaria germs to nearby settlements. The *Keren Kajemeth* sees to it that all stagnant water is carried away, and that even rain water is properly taken care of, and all draining is through pipes under the ground, instead of open ditches, in order to prevent the mosquitos from breeding.

Another feature of the settlement through this organization is that the land obtained through its agency cannot be bought. It can only be leased for 49 years. This seems to be a revival of the ancient law concerning ownership of real estate, according to which the title

every 50th year, the year of jubilee, reverted back to the original owner. So the land of this organization always remains its property. But if the lease holder takes proper care of it, he has the right to renew the lease. He can also transfer it to his heirs. For the privilege of using the land he pays two per cent annually on the invested capital for agricultural land, and 4 per cent for city lots. Every colonist is entitled to as much land as he and his family can use, but no more.

The funds at the disposal of this organization consists of free-will offerings of Jews and their friends all over the world. It has about a million little savings banks placed in as many homes, and in these coins are dropped for the "redemption of the land." Everyone who sends in as much as five Turkish liras (about (\$22.00) receives a neatly printed diploma, and when 20 liras (\$88.00) is received, the name of the donor is inscribed in the "golden book" at the headquarters in Jerusalem. A recent traveler says there were, when he was there, two such volumes, each containing 5,000 names, representing about \$880,000.

But the Jews have also another organization, the *Keren Hayessod*. This body receives the tithes which the Jews are paying, and lends the money to the colonists, at a low interest, thus enabling them to buy the necessary implements, to build houses and establish themselves in various industries. This money is paid back in installments and again lent out to others. It is a kind of perpetual redemption fund.

There are at present about 100 Jewish colonies. Some are flourishing cities. Others are rural communities, modern and prosperous.

It is evident that the prayer of Orson Hyde on Mount Olivet, eighty-five years ago, concerning the gathering of the Jews and the regeneration of the country is being fulfilled at the present time. There is no reason to doubt that his petition for the protection of the nations that befriend the Jews is being heard as surely as the other part of his apostolic prayer.

Regrets

Aye, lad, I know they're hard to bear;
And it's hard sometimes to say, "Don't care;"
For regrets have a way of lingering there,
Down in your heart where it's hard to bear.

Aye, I know a heart is slow to mend,
And a broken one may seem the end
Of all this world for you, and bend
Your head down low, ere it will mend.

Aye, it isn't so easy at times to smile,
When life seems full of trouble and trial.
But brace up, lad, and try it awhile;
There's always hope for a man who can smile.

GEORGE WALTER.

REINHARD MAESER

BY J. W. JENSEN

On the morning of Friday, September 17, 1926, Reinhard Maeser, an English teacher at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah, called the roll of his first class, and fell to the floor dead. Heart failure was the cause. Never was there a better exemplification of a man's "dying in the harness." It was an ideal ending for a most active and useful life.

Reinhard Maeser was seventy-one years of age, having been born in Dresden, Germany, March 19, 1855. His parents were the great educator, the first principal of Brigham Young Academy, Karl Gottfried Maeser, and Anna Meith Maeser. He emigrated to Utah with his parents when but a child, and endured many of the privations incident to early Utah life. The greater part of his life was spent as a teacher in the public schools of Provo, the Murdock Academy of Beaver, and Brigham Young University, but he had numerous other interests and held many responsible positions, both civil and ecclesiastic. He was always an active church worker, and filled two missions, one to his native land in 1874-76, and one to Chicago in 1926. In both of these missions he won the love of the Saints with whom he labored. Just before entering his class room for the last time he listened to the kindly greetings sent him through a fellow-worker from the Saints in Chicago.

A devout member of the Church, he was always kindly disposed to those about him, enjoyed joking with his friends, and took an active interest in youthful sports and pastimes. He did some temple work after returning from Chicago. While on a temple excursion he was called to speak, and gave expression to the sentiment, "Let us so live that those for whom we are working may be proud of us as their representatives." That reflected the spirit of Reinhard Maeser. So also is reflected that same spirit in a letter to his son on his fortieth birthday, perhaps the last letter he ever wrote:

*To Karl: My Dear Boy:—*By the time this reaches you, you will have attained to a wonderful period of life—your fortieth year. Just think of it, a son 40 years old! What shall I say to him? Should I not have said already to him all that a father should say? Would anything I now should say have effect upon his life, as if I had said it many years ago? Anyway, I should rather myself live such a life as will say to my children, "Come, follow me," than merely to say a few words that have no meaning in my own life.

When I say to you, Seek the Lord for wisdom, let his holy Spirit be your guiding force in life, I say it because I try to do that very thing myself. When I say to you, be diligent in prayer, I do so because I try to be so myself. If I tell you to be faithful in the observance of the Word of Wisdom, it is because I know what I am talking about. Be honest with the Lord respecting your tithes and offerings, for again I know what I am talking about. Be diligent in your associations with the brethren and sisters in their meetings,

where you can learn of the principles of the gospel, and partake of the sweet influences of the Spirit of God. Train up those children of yours in the fear and admonition of the Lord; teach them the doctrines of the Kingdom, that they may be worthy of eternal life in the kingdom of God. So live, in short, that your children may rise up in years to come and bless your memory for the good things you have given them, and the way of the Lord you have taught them. Be kind, but also be firm for the right.

It has taken years of precious times to build up a name that my father, your worthy grandfather, would be proud of—a name that can always be referred to with pride; it needs only a moment to destroy that for which we have labored these many years. I am happy to know that my children are upholding that worthy name. It has been my aim these many years to do those things that my earthly and my heavenly Father might be well pleased with. I can ask the same of you, which, if you will do, you shall be blessed as no other thing shall bless you.

My vacation has now closed and I am ready for work. I have some things to do before school begins, and yesterday President Eggertson told me I should be thinking about getting ready outlines for teacher's work in the stake. Last year I prepared, for all the stake, outlines for ward teaching. Now the year has rolled round and the work of ward teaching is to be renewed and more outlines are required and I am to prepare them, twelve in all, one for each month. Besides this I have a large responsibility in the high priests quorum, in which I am first counselor. The quorum is looking to me for suggestions for the year's work. This is a stake quorum, and therefore requires some careful consideration. But then, I should worry. I'd rather wear out than to rust out, and if I can make myself useful, I shall be happy. To serve is, after all, the highest ambition one should have.

Karl, I certainly am happy in my labors here in this stake and in our ward. I have the glorious privilege of associating with the best men in the very best way—in councils, in prayer circles, in social ways, in short, in every way that is uplifting and enjoyable; surely the Lord has been kind to me in giving me these great opportunities. I haven't said a word yet about my great pleasure at being one of the members of the faculty of the B. Y. U., a joy that is beyond expression. Oh, the many happy moments I spend in that association. And now, my dear boy, let me tell you the greatest joy of all my life,—it is the fact that my boys and girls are all faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Oh, may they ever prove true to this holy trust, that not one may be found unworthy of a place in the celestial kingdom of our God. I know your mother joins me in this hope and prayer. God bless you, my dear boy, and may you see many happy years yet to come in your life. Make your life a useful one and you shall be blessed, to which end I pray the Lord to bless you in all your righteous undertakings, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.—Your affectionate father, *R. Maeser.*

Provo, Utah.

A Thought

No other man living in the nineteenth or, so far, in the twentieth century ever claimed to have so sure and comprehensive a testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ as Joseph Smith. No man living who has a testimony approximating Joseph Smith's could or would deny that he was divinely inspired.—*Junius F. Wells.*

BORROWED SHADE-TREES

BY DOUGLAS BRIAN

George Thyberg was slowly digging away at a hole in front of the house. His brow was drawn into a scowl and he labored as if every movement were torture.

Presently Jimmie Wells came along and stood watching the perspiration drip from George's face. George raised his head, looked longingly at an old gentleman approaching and began to speak.

"It's no use, Jim," he said, with a surly voice, "I can't get off. Ma wants me to plant shade trees and, of course, she'd pick the worst day in the year to have it done. Did you get the tickets printed?"

"No, I guess we won't need any," drawled Jimmy. "I hate to think of what Mary'll say about it but Casey says he won't be in on it. Not that he'd do anything much but we'd never get a crowd without him because he's the only one that's got any *pull*."

A slow shuffling of feet on the side-walk became noticeable when it stopped. The boys turned around and the old man, at whom George had been looking, stood facing them. The boys did not welcome the intrusion, at this time, so they turned their backs and went on talking.

"That affair would be a great success if we could get any backing," remarked Jimmy, "but I'd never try it without Casey. That's always the way with him though, as soon as we get a chance to do something big, he quits."

"Yes, that's the way it usually works out," said George, wiping his brow, "but I guess that don't make it any more pleasant planting trees this kind of a day even—."

He felt a tap on the shoulder and turned to find the old gentleman standing very close. George dropped his spade and looked dismally at a newly-formed blister on his thumb.

"Say, boys," said the old man with a tremulous voice, "I just thought of a story I'd like to tell you, if you don't mind. The best way I know of to keep from forgetting a thing is to tell it to somebody. In fact the only way to get *anything* to do you any good is to use it; that's my idea of it."

Jimmy seemed to be irritated at the old fellow's interruption, but George's kindly attitude was clearly explained when he remarked, "Let's go over in the shade and sit down; I guess Mrs. Blakely won't care."

Once seated in the cooling shade of a willow tree, the boys resigned themselves to listen to the story. The old gentleman was very well dressed and showed all the signs of culture and character. He leaned back against the tree in a meditative pose and his voice seemed more tremulous than before as he began:

"It was somewhere back in the sixties that it starts, when I was a mere lad. I'd studied law some and figured on going into politics. I kept my ears open pretty much to catch the trend of public opinion, and some weeks before the convention I had decided to take a stand with a few who were for a public lighting system in the town. Most of the people wanted it, but the business men were opposing it on the ground that the town was not large enough to justify the move. And so wherever I expressed my views I found opposition, and I was afraid to stand on my own legs. I was about ready to give up the whole business when one day Senator Bruell stopped me on the street. I felt a thrill at having him speak to me confidentially, because, although everyone recognized that he was too old ever to run for office again, his judgment was tempered by long experience and his opinion always proved powerful.

"He asked me what I thought about running for office, and I told him I hadn't thought much about it. A position as city attorney looked pretty big just then, and I was a little shy about admitting that I had thought myself capable of handling the job. I was afraid to assert myself.

" 'Young man,' said he, 'if you'll support us in getting that lighting system, I'll nominate you for mayor. Furthermore, if you'll follow my instructions we can win in a walk.'

"My breath came in short gasps; the bubble of success flitting before my eyes made me dizzy, and yet—with the Senator at my back I was sure to win.

"And so, at the convention, Senator Bruell's fine reasoning succeeded in getting me nominated. At once I was cast into the spotlight of the public. I was looked up to as being something which I was afraid I was not. I was called upon to speak at public meetings and was startled at the sound of my own voice, but I was perfectly sure that I could stammer and blunder without fear, because my stalwart friend was always near to smooth over my mistakes and hold me up lest I should fall from my lofty pedestal with a crash equaled only by my colossal ignorance.

"One morning, however, I was forced to change my tactics. I picked up the paper to get an idea of the situation as it had developed since the last edition. As my eyes fell on the headline I dropped back into my chair fairly gasping for breath—Senator Bruell was dead!

"Cold sweat came out on my face and my arms hung limply at my sides. The situation before me was plain and simple. I had staked my all on the campaign—my money, my reputation, even my home—I had staked it all on a sure thing and lost. My head swam giddily and I lay back staring with a stupidity that was pitiful.

"I was too weak to go out. I was afraid to step from my own doorstep. I felt as a child who, being unable to swim, is taken out into the deep water and left. The Senator had launched me in a fight that I should never have dared to enter otherwise, and now he had died

and left me in the middle of the fray. Nothing happened until late in the afternoon and then a note came. It was from my opponent and simply said:

"The world gets pretty hot at times for men who depend upon other people's shade trees. I hereby challenge you to a debate upon the principal issue of this campaign. This will be made public in tomorrow morning's issue."

"I was trapped. They knew my weakness and were not long in taking advantage of it. In the frantic hours that followed I could have died many times without the least degree of sorrow for having to do so. My despair was almost complete when another note came. It was not signed by anyone, but the writing looked very much like my father's. It said: 'There are two ways to win a fight. Senator Bruell had *pull*—have you any *push*?'"

"Long I sat and pondered over these words and my thoughts simmered down to two or three things. I was a full-grown man with a fair education—my spine was perfectly normal and I decided that it would allow me to stand alone if I would only give it a chance. By nine o'clock I was studying harder than I had ever studied in my life.

"Well, to make a long story very short, the debate was held and my opponent, seeming to under-estimate the job ahead of him, lost. I kept on working night and day and when the election came off he had the same kind of luck. Since that time I have become a Senator myself and may be said to have a pull, but the thing that got me there was *push*.

"Well, boys, I just wanted to repeat that little tale so I could keep it in mind, and I appreciate your listening; anyway I guess we've taken enough advantage of borrowed shade-trees."

A week later George and Jimmy were sitting quietly on George's front porch when a certain lady friend came up.

"Hello boys," she said, laughing, "wasn't Casey excited when he saw that crowd begin to roll in? Why everyone's talking about what a grand success it was and say—what a splendid lot of shade-trees you've planted."

Route No. 2, Ogden, Utah.

The fun of life is in growing rather than in possessing. Every successful man will tell you this. We really enjoy only the things which we ourselves make or earn.

When you get married be content to start in a humble way, as your parents did. Don't try to start where your parents now are.

Make up your mind to work. Do a little more and do it a little better than the boss expects.

Honesty is not only the best policy, but it is the foundation of civilization.

The time to save money is when you are making it.—*Roger W. Babson.*

WESTERNERS IN ACTION



The above tree, now bearing apples, was grown from an apple seed planted in 1877 by Mrs. Caroline Kimber. The tree is located on the Wm. J. Kimber ranch, at Grouse Creek, Utah. It has borne fruit for many years, having had as much as fifteen bushels of Winter Pearmaine apples in one year. Its branches are loaded with fruit this season. The *Era* is under obligation to L. J. Kimber for the picture and the information. The tree is repaying by its fruits the commendable act of its planting, by supplying generations of people something to eat, and apparently also giving comfortable shade to flocks and herds.

Head Work

BY H. R. MERRILL, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

A single thought, many times in history; has been worth a million dollars; sometimes it has been concerning the destruction of a man; sometimes, the saving of a city or a nation. A thought in the mind of an Arizona youth was worth \$270 in cold cash to nine Arizona students, eager to study at the Brigham Young University, in Utah, but who were short of money. That sum will almost pay the entire expenses of one of their number during a college year.

A little head work—coupled with a little courage and a little “push”—did it.

This is the story:

— In the little town of St. Johns, Arizona, there were nine young people—five boys and four girls—who desired, in all earnestness, to study at the Brigham Young University, the parent Church school.

They were all short of money, but they all hoped that the way would be opened for them to journey to Provo. Evidently they did a lot of thinking.

The railroad fare alone was \$42.50, a sum that was large enough to make a hole in the little pile of savings. Here was the first place they applied their constructive thinking.

"There are nine of us," thought one young man, "I wonder if we can't buy a group ticket?"

Then the thought struck him—"Why buy a railroad ticket at



Shown in the picture are Arminta Gibbons, Mrs. Lawrence Jones, Guy Richie, Lawson Hamblin, Earl Platt, James Garcia, Roy Gibbons, brother of Arminta.

all? There are nine of us; I wonder if we can't get to Provo some other way and—save!"

Saving had been ground into those Arizona youngsters.

The youth started on a quiet hunt for a conveyance. His father or his grandfather might have tackled the journey horse back or in a buck-board as, it is reported, President A. W. Ivins tackled his missionary journey of nearly one thousand miles.

The youth found a man with a truck who listened kindly to his tale.

"My wife and I would like to visit Provo," said Lawrence Jones, the owner of the truck. "If you can fix my outfit up so that it will be comfortable, we'll take you."

The group came together and the plan was laid before them. They thought it sounded attractive to them, since the auto road would

out through four states, past Ship Rock and Moab. What young person would not respond to a trip like that? Work began upon the truck. Regular wagon bows and a wagon cover were secured for the journey. They were placed over the body of the open truck and the boys set to work making seats. In a short time the rig was ready and the day for the journey was set.

But the head work did not cease there. The intelligence spark inside kept right on throwing out rays of light in various directions to find other ways to help that group up to and through school, for all knew that every dollar saved or earned on the front end of a college year comes in very splendidly on the latter end.

Three of the group were musicians. They had a friend who was a musician; therefore, another thought was born. Why not give a program to the town folks and tell them that the proceeds were to go toward financing the boys in college?

The local picture-show manager responded kindly to the suggestion. The musicians set to work upon a musical concert. In practically no time they were ready to appear.

A packed house met the performers. The tickets cost little, because the boys were eager to have a crowd, for they looked upon the program as a farewell entertainment for all of them.

When they counted their money and paid their bills, they discovered they had cleared the neat little sum of \$53. In other words, the three musicians had enough to pay their fare on the truck to Provo, and a little besides. They had literally tooted themselves to college.

The week before Brigham Young University was to open for the season, the journey began. Nine happy youngsters chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Jones set out in their "desert ranger" for the promised land of education. After a journey replete with interest, they landed in Provo safe and sound on the Saturday prior to the opening of school, and rarely have such pleased young people ever been seen on the campus, for they had done a heroic act in order to materialize their dreams. That always brings satisfaction.

When they came in a group—the male portion—to my office, I asked them why they had come so early.

"We must have a job," said one. "We are not out of the woods yet, but we'll make it!"

I feel sure they will, for they are willing to work their bodies as well as their heads, and I believe the process will be just as effective.

The names of the members of the group are Roy Gibbons, Ar-minta Gibbons, his sister; Earl Platt, James Garcia, Lawson Hamblin, Guy Richie, Genevieve Pulsipher, Elaine Sherwood, Idella Sainsbury. The driver and chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Jones.

These young people, by using their heads a little, cut down their transportation expense from \$42.50 to \$12.50 each, and three of them, at least, made that amount in their concert. Such ideals, such schem-

ings, such saving, have meant an education to hundreds of intermountain boys and girls; it will continue to mean an education for them as long as they have the pioneer spirit of originality and resourcefulness.



NIELSON GYMNASIUM, ONEIDA STAKE, IDAHO

A patrol leaders' school, Franklin county district, Cache Valley Council, B. S. A. The course was given under the personal direction of Field Executive Orville E. Howell, who is now serving as Deputy Commissioner. Alfred Kern is now Field Executive, instead.

THANKSGIVING

BY FRED J. HOLTON

Thanksgiving! What memories it conjures up—what visions it awakens to old and young! It is essentially a “home coming” time.

Today, son and daughter—children scattered far and wide from the old homestead, in the battle of life—turn now with unresisting step toward the “old home;” there to meet Father and Mother, brother and sister, relative and friend, under the old “roof-tree”—to circle once more the jovial “board” laden with the good things of life; there again to review experiences and renew the “home” spirit of early youth. And the eyes of Father and Mother will twinkle with what looks suspiciously like a tear, as they behold once more their children—yea, their children’s children—gathered around their knee.

Proudly again in their lovely offspring do they see their strength and beauty, their tide of “life” perpetuated and renewed again in the vigor and comeliness of their loved ones.

Surely, for the day, at least, should all gloom be banished—all strife depart—old feuds be forgotten, in the very gladness of the hour, as we review again the golden memories of the past, and project the future with hope!

Thanksgiving! ’Tis a pleasing, joyous custom. “’Twas born of the travail, the hardships, and struggle of the past, and although it be true that the nations of antiquity—Egypt—Babylon—Greece—Rome—and later the nations carved from Rome, each had its own peculiar day, and rite, and ceremony, to celebrate the “Harvest Home;” still, as we know it, our “Thanksgiving Day” is peculiarly an “American” institution, in its very spirit and origin.

This day brings to us vividly again that little colony of the “Pilgrim Fathers,”—their sturdy virtues, their unconquerable heroism, —who braved the dangers of the stormy deep, for Conscience’s sake, and guided their “barque,” in the light of “Destiny,” to the bleak New England shore—there to find an elysium, a spot of earth, upon which they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience.

They landed in the dead of Winter. The roar of the breakers, the sighing of the pines, their only welcome home.

They wrestled with wild nature and wilder men. Through the dread Winter, disease and want thinned their ranks, but they were sustained by the unconquerable resolution of *liberty*. They subdued the soil, and with its first fruits proclaimed a “Glad Thanksgiving Day!”

Ah! well might they rejoice! They builded better than they knew. The “seed” of a race, the choice winnowing of nations, all the future strength, glory, power and majesty of the “Republic of Liberty,” was already there, in embryo, in that little band, as the mighty oak is po-

tentially in the tiny acorn. So from then till now, in days of the Nation's peril, as in prosperity, peace and plenty, has the pleasing custom of *Thanksgiving* come down to us.

And *why not?* It is natural to be grateful. The rightly constituted man or woman cannot fail to see that Paul may plant and Appollos water, but the Lord of the Harvest, alone, must give the increase.

The poet truly says:

"He that hath Nature in him must be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law
'That links the chain of being to each other.' "

And David, the sweet singer of "Israel," fitly exclaims: "O give thanks to the Lord, for he is gracious, and his mercy endureth forever."

And for what should we give thanks?

Let us be thankful for "Peace!" In past years the world has been locked in deadly combat. The blood of brothers has been poured out as water—the youth, the pride, the choice manhood of nations have perished, that liberty might live, and be the common heritage of man. Though clouds still darken the horizon, the light of the new day is dawning. Let us turn to it in hope, and labor for its coming!

Let us rejoice and give thanks, for equal rights, equal opportunity, freedom under the law, extended to all under the glorious ensign of the "Stars and Stripes." As that freedom was purchased at a price—the blood of our patriot forefathers—still let us highly resolve to hand down that precious legacy unimpaired to our posterity.

Let us rejoice for life in the Twentieth century; that we live in this swiftly moving age, heirs of the ages to the accumulated wisdom and learning of the mighty past. Let us turn gladly to the mightier future, thinking new thoughts, doing the deeds that shall solve the problems of our time.

For the goodly heritage of our land, our chosen land, our glorious state, redeemed from the desert and consecrated by the faith and labors of the Pioneers, let us give thanks! For homes upon that sacred soil, surely our hearts go out to God in gratitude.

For valley, plain and mountain, for the treasures of the hills, for the glory of the mountains, for bounteous harvests, the fatness of the earth, in the season thereof, let us give thanks!

But not in every home is joy—there are vacant chairs, little cots now empty, where the angel of death hath called away the little ones! Vacant chairs by the fireside, once occupied by forms of son, daughter, father, mother,—these shall not again return here—they rest in peace. To the bereft *Thanksgiving* comes to remind of joys that have fled!

Again we see the darkened chamber; we hear the moan of pain, as weary sufferers, sick with dread disease, linger twixt life and death, through dreary, wasting days! Then we turn to the unfortunate—the poor, the old, the weak, the disconsolate, pinched with poverty, pining for consolation!

Oh! let us turn to these in loving service. Let us give words of solace, hope and cheer, heal the wounded, bind up the broken-hearted, feed the hungry, clothe the naked!

"Freely ye have received, and freely give!"

Thus only shall we rejoice in that *higher* spirit of *Thanksgiving*, expressed in Service to our fellows—in the Spirit of *Him*, who came in lowly guise, in loving service to bring joy unto men, and who still speaks and utters forth his Voice to men and nations; and amidst the world's deep unrest, from out its gathering clouds, cries: "All men are brothers; Peace! Peace! be still!"

Faith

O Faith, the fire that lights the soul,
Kindled by God, who puts us here,
Inspired the prophets and seers of old,
And calms our every doubt and fear.
O Faith, the worlds all by thee framed,
The mouths of lions held secure,
The seething fire held by thy reins,
The ocean's turmoil safe and sure.

Then give me faith, that precious gift;
Its hallowed light around me throw,
As, likewise, works, its counter-part,
That I may blessings here bestow,
Proving by acts a faith divine,
And by that faith a love to serve,
That I may train this soul of mine
To work and hope with might and nerve.

That I by faith may understand
The sacred rights of friend and foe,
And not misjudge my fellowman,
As mortals often do below.
May pride ne'er rule this life of mine,
But judgment, truth and sympathy,
That I may be a friend as kind
As I'd have others be to me.

That I by faith my lot may bear,
Hoping, strugg'ing, battling on,
Helping others, their sorrows share,
And making life a merry song.
Oh, give me life, and light and love,
A hope in all my fellowmen,
A confidence that leads above,
With kindly service to the end.

AMONG THE "MORMONS"

BY CAPTAIN GILBERT FRANKAU

[Captain Gilbert Frankau, as will be remembered, spoke in the Salt Lake Tabernacle on May 23, 1926. His short address contained very favorable utterances respecting the Latter-day Saints. It is not unusual to have people from all parts of the world speak in the Tabernacle before the "Mormons," and there give fair and often flattering statements concerning this people. Many, however, on reaching other places, under other circumstances, are not so outspoken in their favor. Captain Gilbert Frankau is a noted exception. In his own country he did not change his opinion expressed in Salt Lake City concerning the "Mormons." This is made plain from a writing reproduced, by permission, in the *Millennial Star* of August 26, 1926, from the *Sunday Pictorial*, London, of July 4. As stated by the English press, he was commissioned to clear up for Britain the entire "Mormon" situation. The *Pictorial* article was accompanied by an editorial introduction, reading:

"In continuation of his tour through America, Mr. Frankau has visited the city of rumors, Salt Lake City, and found that it is the finest and best administered of all he has visited. The graphic story of the original pilgrimage of the first 'Mormons' to their Zion is recounted, and Mr. Frankau disposes once and for all of the story that polygamy is still secretly practiced there."

An editorial in the *Millennial Star* further states that it is recorded that Captain Gilbert Frankau himself stated: "The time has come for the misconceptions in Britain regarding 'Mormons' to be wiped out. That feeling is a menace to the coordination of thought and action of the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples."

The *Era* takes great pleasure in reproducing Captain Frankau's article, and in adding thanks to him for his fairly spoken sentiments about this Church and people.—*Editors.*]

"This is the Place—*Brigham Young.*" Look down, as I looked down yesterday, from the Wasatch foothills, from the plain granite pillar which bears this simple inscription; and you will admit that Brigham Young, maker of the State of Utah—though he did have nineteen wives and fifty-six children by them—was more of a leader than any, barring Mussolini, whom this planet breeds today. From the place of the pillar—and not eighty years have gone by since he first came to it—you can see much of this dead leader's handiwork. Snow-capped mountains circle his chosen valley. Beyond, at the foot of the Oquirrh range, Salt Lake shimmers silver to the sunshine of the West. And this side the lake spreads Salt Lake City, the hub of "Mormonism," and of all those exaggerated rumors which have been such a gold mine to the story-tellers of the past. For most of the things you have heard about "Mormons" are rumors. There are no walled harems in this modern Zion, and hardly a "plural wife," and few even of those "wild parties" whereby present-day young America seeks to prove that humanity can never be made moral by an unnatural law.

Zion, today, is a city of much peace, of law and order, of religious tolerance, of granite buildings, and of wide streets, tree-lined, where monogamous young lovers walk o' nights. Listen, for a moment, to the romance of this city's founding. They came here—Brigham Young, one hundred and forty-three men, three women and two children were with him—driven by murder and political persecution from that other city, Nauvoo, which they had founded in Illinois. They came in ox-carts and on horseback, across thirteen hundred miles of barren flats, and steep canyons, and aching deserts, whereon the bleached buffalo skulls winked like yellow lanterns in the driven dust. They wrote messages on the buffalo skulls, "Passed this way. All well. June 20": because, behind them were to come many thousands, trusting in their guidance to the Promised Land. And they did come after, those many thousands, some of them so poor that they could afford neither oxen nor horses, but only handcarts for their humble gear. And how many died on their way to the Promised Land only the prairie coyotes knew.

But long before those handcart parties staggered wearily through Emigration Canyon, the first seeds of the pioneers were sprouting, and the first potatoes gathered, and town planning—as the rest of America does not understand town planning—had begun. That was in 1847; and for many years thereafter, right up to the early eighties, Brigham Young's great work went on. Out of sage brush desert he made a civilization. All across the State, which is as large as Great Britain, he built his cities, drove his ploughshares, sent his horsemen, planted his fruit trees, sunk his mines. Material prosperity grew, and the prestige of the "Mormon" Church with it, until, just about the time of our Queen Victoria's first jubilee, the great outcry against polygamy began. But since the system existed, had existed for two generations—though only about four per cent of the male "Mormons" were practicing it at the time—it happened, as always happens with the stubborn Anglo-Saxon, that the great outcry provoked a great fight.

Polygamy, remember, was part, though by no means the essential part, of the "Mormon" religion. And accordingly, when the United States Government passed a law abolishing it and providing that only the "first wife" of a "Mormon" should be recognized by law, the "Mormons" challenged that law in the Supreme Court, and, having lost their case, went to prison rather than renounce their "celestial sisters" or make illegitimate those children who, according to their Church, were as legitimate as yours or mine. Until, in the end, after six years of struggle, during which the "Mormon" Church was actually deprived of its lands and properties, Anglo-Saxondom reached its usual compromise. The plural wives and children of the past were declared legitimate, provided that polygamy for the future should be barred.

That compromise was reached in the early nineties. Today

(believe one who has journeyed far for this investigation.) "Mormonism's" bar against polygamy is of the stoutest steel. The Church of Latter-day Saints (to give it its correct title) has kept its bargain with the United States Government. Nowadays polygamy, if detected, means excommunication; and because, both in its faith and its actions, this particular Church is far more rigid than the most rigid Roman Catholicism, that penalty of excommunication is enough. I stake my good name as a realist that here, in Salt Lake City, the most active searcher will fail to discover any trace of recent polygamy. The few plural wives who still live—I have met some of them—are mere curiosities, mere relics of the pioneering past. To me as a novelist their tales are interesting; but nowadays such tales are stuff for fiction and not for fact. Yet, it is a fact that "Mormonism," as a religion, still flourishes; still holds its believers; still makes many converts—and still suffers, not always in silence, from the legends of its past.

Let me give you an instance of this. Today, Sunday (the "Mormon" Church allows "Gentiles" to preach at its services). After I had spoken in the vast, steel-roofed Tabernacle, which seats its ten thousand and possesses one of the finest organs in the world, there came to me, along with an ex-officer of the Norfolk Regiment and his sister, another Englishwoman, newly converted, young and handsome, with something of laughter and something of anger in her bright, blue eyes. She told me her name, which—though she did not ask me to do so—I will keep confidential. "You may have heard of me," she went on. "The newspapers at home made an awful fuss about my conversion. They said I had been kidnaped and that mother had rushed over here to see if there was any way by which I could be saved. Mother's of the Church, too. She only came out on a visit. We've had many a laugh over the things that were written about us. It is funny, isn't it? Still, we do wish the newspapers wouldn't print such rot."

The truth about "Mormonism" is simple. Religiously, it is merely a creed like so many others. And though I personally cannot bring myself to believe in its main tenet, that God the Father and God the Son appeared in person to a callow boy, named Joseph Smith, in New England a few years after the Battle of Waterloo—any more than I can believe that some of the very pleasant people at whose houses I have foregathered, are "priests forever after the order of Melchizedek"—these "Mormons," judged by their works, seem to me justified before the world. As I have said, the State of Utah owes its founding to their energy. They have made it, and are continuing to develop it. Their habits are ascetic; their energies immense. Their "Book of Wisdom" forbids them to smoke, drink, lie, swear or gamble. But they are intensely tolerant of other people's habits and of other people's religions. Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Jews, Methodists, Christian Scientists, Episcopalians, are all enjoying here their full religious freedom.

Brigham Young himself, indeed, gave the Utah Roman Catholics their first piece of land and their first hundred pound subscription, while the present Governor of the State, elected just as we elect a Member of Parliament, is of that same Roman Catholic faith, though 66 per cent of the electorate are "Mormons." "Mormons," moreover, pay the full, old-time 10 per cent of their income for Church upkeep and charity; take care of all deserving poor in their parishes; set their faces against Socialism, Bolshevism, and Communism as rigidly as they set their faces against murder or arson.

Their missionaries come to us in England at their own expense. They even pay the Church for the "literature" which they distribute. So, however much we disagree with these people, at least let us leave off libelling them. Earnest they certainly are. Too earnest, perhaps. But they are earnest only in their religious doctrine, in their belief that the "Mormon" Church has received a new revelation. Ulterior motives they have none.

And if anybody after reading this article still imagines that "Mormon" missionaries come to Great Britain for the purpose of decoying British spinsters of certain or uncertain ages into secret harems—I can only advise him to take a little walk down State Street or South Temple avenue, Salt Lake City, when the high moon is riding molten above the elms and the poplars which Brigham Young planted, and observe the many Utah maidens, whose bright eyes regard the stranger sideways from under silken lashes as he passes by. For they are very, very alluring, these Utah maidens—so alluring, indeed, that "Mormon" polygamy, if ever it comes to be re-started, will most certainly begin, like "Mormon" charity, at home.

His Presence Seems Everywhere

Somehow when away from the city,
 Away from the marts of men,
 There's a feeling of worship far more sublime
 On the mountain top, in the lonely glen.

There's a sense of awe, as one hears the sigh
 Of the stately pine trees there,
 For they seem to whisper the Master's love,
 As their music fills the air.

There is perfect peace and contentment there,
 And one's heart is filled with love,
 As they list to the happy song of the bird,
 As they praise their Maker above.

It takes from one's soul the slightest doubt,
 For an unseen power is there;
 And you breathe a prayer to the Giver of all,
 For his presence seems everywhere.

Mesa, Arizona.

IDA R. ALLDREDGE.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL FINDS IN ARIZONA

BY J. M. SJODAHL

In the *Improvement Era* for July, 1925, there appeared a paper on certain "Archaeological Finds in Arizona." The information contained in that paper was gathered from letters addressed to President Anthony W. Ivins.

The finds consisted of metal plates, in the form of double crosses, fastened together with lead rings, or rivets, and containing very legible inscriptions in Latin. At the time, six such crosses had been found, and also some other objects, and illustrations were given of some of them.

Two of the inscriptions were dated A. D. 880 and A. D. 895, respectively, and contained references to wars, convulsions in nature, and an "unknown land. They also contained Scripture names in their Latin forms.

In the *Era* article I tried to point out that the artifacts, if genuine, in all probability were made some time after the sixth century and before the arrival of the Spaniards. (This may perhaps be said to have happened in 1530, or thereabouts, counting from the remarkable cross-country journey of Cabeza de Vaca and his three traveling companions.) The reason for this assumption was, in the first place, that the use of the Christian chronology for the annotation of dates, Anno Domini, was not thought of previous to the sixth century, and did not become general till very much later; and, in the second place, that the inscriptions show no trace of Spanish origin.

One point suggested in my previous paper, I beg to refer to again. There is on one of the crosses an inscription in which a great religious leader, Benjamin, is said to have been slain. The recorder of that event, who, as I understand it, signs himself "Josephus," says that he heard this of his father five hundred years "after the mountain." Now, according to the Book of Mormon, one of the most terrible battles of history was fought around the hill Cumorah. This, according to the accepted chronology, happened in the year 385 A. D. Five hundred years after that "national tragedy" would be 885 A. D. But the two dates in the inscriptions, A. D. 880 and 895, respectively, are so close to the Book of Mormon date referring to the battle of Cumorah, as to form a very striking coincidence.

The article in the July number of the *Era* received some attention in the press, and the question of the genuineness of the finds was brought up. According to an Associated Press dispatch, dated Tucson, Arizona, Dec. 14, 1925, Dr. O. A. Turney, from Phoenix, Arizona, an archaeologist, did not believe that the finds antedated the coming of the Spaniards.

Dr. James T. Shotwell, professor of history at Columbia University, according to a dispatch from New York, of the same date, expressed doubt on the "authenticity" of the relics, because it would be most unusual for persons living in the 8th or 9th century to date their documents such and such a year, A. D. Documents of that period are usually dated with the year of the reign of some king or emperor, or not dated at all. This is perfectly true, but, as I called attention to in my previous article in the *Era*, the use of the Christian annotation of years was first proposed in the year 527 and was quite early adopted in Italy, and became general after the year 1000. It follows that a document dated in such and such a year A. D. may, possibly, have been written some time between the years 600 and 1000, especially if the text is Latin, since the Romans were the first to adopt the proposed innovation.

There is another line of reasoning which may have some bearing on the age of the inscriptions. The very early writings extant have no divisions between lines and words. Towards the end of the 5th century writers and copyists began to break the letters off into lines, and in the 9th century they began placing a dot between the lines. From this improvement there was but a step toward the separation of the words by a dot, as in the inscriptions on the Arizona crosses. That does not prove a definite date, but neither does it preclude the possibility of the authenticity of the dates inscribed.

Now, according to further information received by President Anthony W. Ivins, Dr. Byron Cummings some time ago delivered an address before the A. A. A. S., at Kansas City, Mo., in which he gave a detailed description of the objects found and the circumstances under which they were brought to light. He believes they were deposited there before the coming of the Spaniards to Arizona. Dr. Cummings, formerly of the University of Utah, is now at the head of the department of archaeology at the University of Arizona. His address follows:

THE SWORDS AND CROSSES RECENTLY DISCOVERED NEAR TUCSON,
ARIZONA

(Address by Dean Byron Cummings before the A. A. A. S., Jan., 1926, at Kansas City, Mo.)

In September, 1924, Mr. Chas. E. Manier and his father, while inspecting an old lime kiln about nine miles northwest of Tucson, noticed a bit of metal projecting from the side of the trench that had been cut through the formation to open an entrance to the bottom of the kiln. On digging away the gravel and caliche in which it was imbedded, the object proved to be a cross made of lead alloy. It has been cast in a crude mould on the surface of ground over which were scattered fragments of ore, caliche and gravel. Made in two parts, the inside of each half had been smoothed and engraved with inscriptions in Latin.

Excavations were then made to the right and to the left of this trench by Mr. Thomas Bent, who owns the land, and Mr. Manier. Scattered over considerable area at between two and one-half to six feet below the surface have been found four other double and three single crosses. Besides these crosses there have been uncovered three swords and four parts of swords, three spears

and two spear heads, and a peculiar paddle-shaped object that may be called a *labrum*. All of these are more or less engraved with inscriptions in Latin and various symbols and drawings. On the two unusual crosses entwined with serpents are found some Hebrew inscriptions and symbols.

All of these articles were found imbedded in caliche and gravel at practically the same level. None of this superimposed material shows any evidence of having been disturbed since laid down by natural forces. The highway, now known as the Silver Bell road, takes a northwesterly course out from Tucson, along what was once the old stage and freight route from Tombstone through Tucson to Yuma. On the right stretches the Santa Cruz valley, while on the left the road is flanked by an irregular bench of sand and gravel and loose rocks that has been cut by arroyos and tiny valleys. The ridges between end in points and low, rounded hills, such as would be left by the slow erosion that has been going on for many, many years; in fact, ever since the Tucson mountains were thrown up and formed the low volcanic range that stretches across this country for miles. These points and ridges form the foothills and lower bench of these mountains. This road threads, for the most part, along the edge of this bench which formed the bank of the Santa Cruz when its waters spread out over its entire valley.

Just before one reaches the old "Nine-Mile Water Hole," the bank on the upper and left-hand sides is quite abrupt. In this bench was built the lime kiln referred to at the beginning of this article. This kiln was constructed by sinking a cylindrical shaft down through the surface soil, gravel and caliche to the depth of about six feet. This shaft was then lined with brick. A trench was cut in to it from the edge of the bank, otherwise the bench is undisturbed. It was in this undisturbed material, principally at the right of this trench that these articles were found. One rumor says that the men who cut this trench some forty-five years ago found some pieces of metal, but up to date we have been unable to verify this report. It is easy to distinguish the material thrown out upon the surface from the shaft and from the trench when the kiln was constructed and used; but there is no evidence that this formation has ever been disturbed, either on the level at which these objects were found, or in the strata overlying them. This caliche is a lime crust formed irregularly through sand and gravel deposits by the leaching of the calcareous material from the superimposed and surrounding soil and rock. It settles into pockets, spreads out into sheets and cements the sand and gravel together in hard masses that can be broken up only by a sharp pick or a charge of dynamite. Many of these objects were imbedded, in part or the whole, in this solid caliche and could be removed only by vigorous effort with a good pick. Some lay in pockets or thin strata of sand which were overlaid with strata of caliche. Lenses of gravel and sand extend along horizontally above these articles which, if these articles had been "planted" in recent years and the holes filled up with caliche and gravel, would be broken and the lines of demarkation readily distinguishable. This formation is also similar to that of the entire bench at this point and to that of the projecting hills on either side.

Just when the torrential rains swept this mass of rock, sand and gravel down from the slopes of the mountains, we may never know; but it looks as though this had once formed a continuous bench along the banks of the river and then when the waters subsided and the current changed, the arroyos cut through this bench and the storms rounded off the hills. At the bases of these mountains on both sides of the place where these objects were found, we have encountered two periods of ancient Indian culture. The floors of the homes of the earlier culture lie $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 feet below the surface, while the other is encountered close to and at the surface. The latter seems contemporaneous with the well known ruins of the Gila valley which are estimated to be at least some eight hundred years old. Just how much older

the earlier culture is, is hard to determine; but suffice it to say that it is a much cruder culture and was overlaid with from 4 to 5 feet of accumulated deposit before the homes of the later culture were built. Most of these artifacts are found at from 5 to 6 feet below the surface, a slightly lower level than that of the earliest pueblo culture yet encountered. Thus, there are two outstanding facts in this problem: the articles are covered with from 5 to 6 feet of undisturbed natural deposit and they lie at approximately the same level as the earliest prehistoric pueblo culture of the valley, a culture showing no characteristics in common with these artifacts. The condition of the overlying deposits precludes their having been "planted," and the articles could not have been of Indian manufacture.

The articles are made of a lead alloy. Assays show lead and antimony with traces of tin, gold, silver and copper. Ores of this character are mined in the Tucson mountains, a few miles away, and in other mountains farther away to the south. The ores have probably been crushed and crudely smelted, the metals duddled and then used in the manufacture of these weapons and emblems. Two of the articles, the labrum and one of the serpent swords, may have been manufactured elsewhere and brought into the country. The metal seems to contain more copper and the workmanship is rather better. But the probabilities are that even they were wrought there from a different locality. The most of the articles have been cast and then shaped by hammering and smoothing. The scratches made by stone and either a rasp or a file or both, are plainly visible on the surface of some of the objects. Nicks are also to be seen in some of the swords as though they had been struck with similar weapons and with the points of spears. All are crudely fashioned and show such work as you might expect to be produced by men in the desert country of Arizona, with few tools and no mechanical appliances.

The engraving has been done by a sharp point with a straight stroke in some, while in others the smooth line has been cut and then the edges tooled by a diagonal stroke. In the double crosses, the inside of each half has been smoothed and the inscriptions cut in the plain surface. Then these surfaces were covered with a thin coating of wax, the two parts fitted together and fastened with lead rivets which were headed down.

The Latin is in the capital script that was in common use for records and religious inscriptions up to about the eighth century A. D. The words are separated by dots, and the construction follows that of the classic Latin of Caesar and Virgil. There are a few mistakes in spelling. *Regem* is used where you would expect regentem. The nominative is used in one instance where you would expect the accusative. The sentences are brief and aim to be mere records of facts. One would judge that they had been carved by one who had a limited knowledge of classic Latin and had woven expressions with which he was familiar into the record he desired to make. In the matter of proper names you find the Latin form in most instances; but with *Gaul*, the English spelling, in one instance; and *Gaule*, the early French, in two others. This, however, may show an acquaintance with some old records using the form *Gaule* and the *e* was omitted by accident in this one instance.

The places mentioned are Britain, Gaul, Rome and Calalus. Calalus is always given this spelling whether used in the nominative or accusative case and is repeatedly designated a *terra incognita*, an unknown land. The expression *Provehimur pelago* (we are carried over the sea) is used several times also, and indicates a journey by water to Calalus.

The Hebrew inscriptions on the two serpent swords are words and expressions such as Jehovah, good peace, mighty empire, etc. For the interpretation of the Hebrew we are indebted to Dr. Davis and Dr. Bender of Princeton and Dr. Kraeling of Union Theological Seminary who were kind enough to examine the articles and give an opinion of the Hebrew words.

The drawings and symbols show Jewish and Roman influence and are

rather ecclesiastical than military or political. The so-called "crown" is more like a patriarch's cap, and the patriarch's double cross appears twice. The angels with drawn swords and the serpents suggest the story of the fall of man, while seven candles hark back to the ancient temple of Jerusalem. The square and compass indicate a knowledge of masonry. The drawings of the temple and the suggestion of the *fascies* are Roman. Other symbols have no parallel as far as we know; but their origin may yet be traced.

Thus we have manifest in the objects themselves, wide and varied influences. On the face, these evidences would indicate the work of men who, slightly versed in classic Latin, Roman affairs and Jewish history, wished to record this evidence to astonish their contemporaries. But would any people, one or more centuries ago in this remote region, have had time or means or desire either to hoodwink other men by their show of learning or deceive posterity? The white men who lived in and traversed this region even fifty years ago, had very little time for fun or fiction of this elaborate character, if any possessed the ability to have manufactured or inscribed these articles. Life was too strenuous to have permitted such activity. The struggle for mere existence left no time for studying Latin or recording the history of the Israelites.

Some have suggested that the Spanish padres may have had a station near here and left these records as evidence of their learning. But none of these objects show Spanish ideals or influence, a thing which surely would have been manifest had the zealous Jesuit fathers had anything to do with their manufacture or decoration. Besides, these fathers like other pioneers were too busy in marshalling the Indians to raise food and build churches to have resorted to the production of such records. Nothing like them has been found elsewhere in connection with the missions, and would it not be strange to find the padres indulging in such recreation in the arid country of southern Arizona?

The conditions under which they have been found preclude the possibility of their having been left there within a century or two. It seems impossible for the formation over-lying them to have assumed its present condition in less than several centuries. This evidence, together with the data found on the articles, indicate that they were left there at some time preceding the coming of the Spanish adventurers and padres into southern Arizona. The articles were commemorative of their leaders, symbols used in their religion, and weapons for their defense against their enemies—such articles as a group of men driven to the last extremity would leave behind them. If this supposition be true, then the bones of these brave men, their camp site and further evidences of their character and customs must lie scattered beneath the caliche in that locality. To uncover these and solve this mystery is the task to which we are setting ourselves.

Source Divine

Beauty of sky-realm,
Life in the sod,
Truths found in science,
All are from God.

Molecules so tiny,
Tempests rough-shod,
Eyes lit with laughter,—
These are from God.

Atoms of mist—damps,
Oceans so broad,
Tridell, Utah.

Mate-calls of bird-land,
All are from God.

Energies, hid in the
Commonest clod,
Spheres' sure gyrations,
Measured by God.

Yearnings unnoted
Where your feet trod,
Needs—erst unheeded—
Heed thou, for God.

MRS. ALICE MORRILL.



Photo by Frank Beckwith
An Indian hieroglyphic on a lava rock south of the town of Deseret

THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE DESERET NEWS

BY GRACE WHARTON MONTAIGNE

When the white man came to Millard county, he found the red man already there;—in fact, the red man had been there for many, many scores of years, in uncounted generations, so far back does his habitation extend.

There are a number of craters in Millard county and two main lava flows, one being west of Fillmore, and in it are a number of Indian hieroglyphic designs. Another lava flow is a few miles south of Deseret, and again, in it, similarly, are many groups of sacred writings. One of the largest of those at Deseret is carved on a big boulder about twelve by fourteen feet in size, and weighing many tons. When the big stone broke off from the cliff of the lava flow above, it rolled down the hillside until it came to rest near the bottom; when it stopped rolling, what had been the inside, or "cleavage side," was presented outward. On that surface the ancient artisan had cut freely, in lines as broad as one's finger. But on the top of this same rock, the cutting is entirely different, there being "pecked out" with the tiniest little bits removed, because the top surface of the rock was the surface suddenly cooled by contact with the air, and hence much harder. That surface he was unable to carve as freely and with such broad lines as on this softer side.

This must be explained.

Some time in the earth's history "a fissure lava flow" had occurred, which oozed out of some crevice south of Deseret, and spread in a great mass like stiffening candy, two hundred and fifty feet high, from a mile to three miles broad, and about five miles long. When this lava flow came to rest, it cooled on the edges first, and this sudden cooling in the air gave that surface a skin-like hardening similar to glass. Breaks occurred in the mass, and boulders of all sizes broke away from

the high ledges and rolled down the hillside. The inner surface, or that surface which had been joined to the rest of the mass, cooled slowly, and was "annealed" as it were, thereby being much softer.

As the rocks rolled down after breaking away, if a hardened, skin-like, vitreous surface were presented outward when the stone came to rest, the ancient Indian (of no one knows how many generations ago) wrote upon it, "pecking out" the tiniest bits of material to give him his design, careful (as he had to be) to remove the minimum of material only, because of the excessive hardness of the rocks, and to save himself much labor.

To cut that hard surface he must have used some material which was very hard; a material capable of being brought to a very fine point. He must have hit that instrument a sharp blow with something used like a hammer, to break through the hard, dull, red skin, to expose the lighter-toned material beneath.

On the other hand, if the surface presented outward when the falling boulder came to rest were the inner or cleavage surface, that surface, as we have noted, being "annealed" as it were, was much softer. Into it he cut boldly with a blunter tool, or pounded away freely, following a design or "layout" on the rock, making designs as broad as one's finger, whereas the tiny "peckings" are not larger than an eighth of an inch.

The photo shows two young ladies reading "The First Issue of the Deseret News," as it has been facetiously called, playing on the word which names this town (Deseret) and the same word for the leading afternoon paper of the metropolis. Both these young ladies had been told by their respective fathers that the first issue of *The Deseret News* was about June 7, 1850; they are now correcting that error by pointing out indubitable proof that this issue antedates that time by many centuries, and they will be able successfully to maintain their position. This extended group of cuttings is very ancient.

One of the girls is pointing out a double circle to her companion.

Above it and to the left is an irregular circle with a vertical bar dividing it, which has a curious resemblance to the letter of the ancient Greek alphabet name, "phi." This character recurs near Deseret about seventy times. Often it is alone; sometimes it is in groups with other designs. There is no means of knowing its intent.

The entire group of cuttings has every resemblance to work done with "narrative intent." That is to say, the ancient artisan of the long, long ago, was engaged in the serious labor of expressing thought by means of ideographic characters, with a minimum of "pictures" intermixed to convey the meaning. To him and to his contemporaries, he "had written something," which they, of his own time and for possibly a period after, could read; then, gradually, its meaning was lost, as the people drifted from the paths of peace to roam more and more as nomads. It is of course now lost to us; it remains an inexplicable mystery baffling all our attempts to solve it. But certainly we can concede that the large group has every resemblance to actual writing.

And so extensive in character as to be a veritable newspaper to all who knew its contents.

It is rather curious that on the upper side of this rock, which is the outer, of skin-like, highly glazed, very hard surface, there is drawn by "pecking" one large figure of a man, with a few brief characters. Among that group may be recognized the "phi"-like resemblance. The combination of an extended piece, feature story or essay, on the one side, accompanied by a "picture," and a briefer group is a further reminder of newspaperdom; because in that business a leading article is given space with an accompanying illustration. In the parlance of the press-room it is "a feature story with a close-up half tone."

Permit me to be indulged by the reader for a brief moment, while this thought is expanded.

Could it be possible that in a dim and distant long ago, a man mighty in his tribe, of great sway, and whose reign (if so we may term it) was characterized by many and important events, whose deeds were valiant both in war and in chase, had died, and that here we find his monumental inscription? Here we find a record of his life, of the game he proved his prowess by killing; or the self-glorification of a proud monarch, or the modest recording of events by an after-scribe, whichever it may be—for locked in that "First Issue of The Deseret News" is the mystery of this uninterpretable "writing," which may be a recital of a Rameses an Ashur-bani-pal, or mayhap merel ythe essay of a learned scribe. Who can say?

Imagine a lava flow in which, for generations upon generations, a convenient and adaptable niche between two boulders would provide a choice spot as a burial repository for the dead; ceremonies as the person was laid away, of the simple kind we are wont to associate with a primitive people; and this having gone on successively for those untold years a people has inhabited this mild, arid desert as a Winter home. Then complete your thought that something (locked to us in impenetrable mystery) was said, a something about the illustrious great of those dead, silently sleeping near to this monument—a something like the west bank of the Nile, "the city of the silent folk," and you then have just what has happened at Deseret.

For generations upon generations a people has lived there; snow-fall is light; Winters are easy; hunting abounds; it is adapted to the manner of living of a primitive people;—a wealth of evidence of the modern Indian is found there. And in this lava flow is found the evidence of the presence of the very ancient man.

Much of the writing there is sacred—has a monumental purpose. And that the modern Indian thought so is evidenced by his reverence not to molest the ancient writing by his own paltry efforts—in fact, he loitered around the uncanny spot not at all, being in the immediate vicinity only under the like necessity of burying his own dead.

To assign a certain definite date in years as to when these characters were incised would draw the fire of controversy; suffice it to say

they are very old, assignable to a remote antiquity. In that time of the long ago the ancient race was closer to its heritage than at any later time; they remembered more of "learning," of the art of reading and writing, in that period when roaming mayhap may not have begun, and before degeneration had much set in. They were as yet possessed of remembrance. They had not forgotten. 'Twas then they carved "The First Issue of The Deseret News."

Deseret, Utah

The Lord Is My Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, on him I'll rely;
When evil approaches, to him I will cry.
To my supplication an ear he will lend;
The light of his presence my fear will forefend.

The voice of my Shepherd I'll strive to obey;
To walk in his footsteps, I can't go astray.
He'll lead me to pastures that always are green,
To his sheep-cote as well, where rest is serene.

His voice is so gentle, sweet-sounding and clear,
It has such a power no wolves venture near.
Now am I contented to rest in his fold
Where all sheep are priceless, not purchased with gold.

The Christ is my Shepherd, his Church is my fold;
Here life is eternal with pleasure untold.
To follow my Shepherd, Oh, surely I'll try,
Where wolves cannot enter, and sheep never die.

Sandy, Utah.

DAVID ARCHIBALD.

Bits Of Philosophy

Purity is power.

Sentimentality is not a substitute for spirituality.

Vanity is that subtle something which enables us to discover the god in the looking glass.

The only way to get rid of distracting care is to have only cares that are worth caring about.

A fool is a fellow who insists on having all the fun there is, all in one day, so that he will be sure to have a raging headache all the rest of eternity.

The real Saint never feels very saintly.

Of true riches we keep only what we give away.

Our joy is as deep as is our gratitude for what we have.

Sentiment feeds the fancy; truth satisfies the deep hunger of the soul.

We never do anything admirable while we are seeking for admiration.

Declamation is what we resort to when our hearts are empty and we are real anxious to let people know about it.—*Nephi Jensen.*

WHERE CHUMSHIP SHOULD REIGN

[In *The Valve World*, published by Crane Company, Chicago, we find this confession of a father in relation to his "Little Feller." It is copied from the pages of the *South Works Review*, published by and for the employees of the Illinois Steel Company. The attention of the *Improvement Era* has been called to it by a loving father, Elder Sylvester Q. Cannon, Presiding Bishop of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who remarked in a note, "This appears to me very admirable for the *Era*." We agree with him, and pass it on to our readers, for the benefit of fathers and mothers and "little fellers," the growing "Jimmies" and "Janes" of this very good world of ours.—*Editors*.]

"Listen, son: I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot, stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily I came to your bedside.

"These are things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, 'Good-bye, Daddy!' and I frowned, and said in reply, 'Hold your shoulders back.'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly logic.

"Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped.

The Good-night Kiss

"You said nothing, but ran across, in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from

my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

"And there was so much that was good, and fine, and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotion, and so ashamed!

"It is a feeble atonement, I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: 'He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

"Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers, and the damp forehead, and the yellow curl; and, if it were not for waking you, I would snatch you up and crush you to my heart.

"Tears came, and heartache and remorse, and I think a greater, deeper love, than when you ran through the library door and wanted to kiss me!"

The Shrine of Sleeping Childhood

"I do not know of a better shrine," adds the editor of the *Valve World*, "before which a father or mother may kneel or stand than that of a sleeping child. I do not know of a holier place, a temple where one is more likely to come into closer touch with all that is infinitely good, where one may come nearer to seeing and feeling God."

Here And There

With the person who knows it all, it is always too late to learn.

The still, small voice can be heard even by those who are totally deaf.

No wonder humans are jazzy! It is enough to jazz anyone when he stops to realize that Niagara Falls, rubber tires, brick walls, molasses runs, soap boxes, time flies, wine vaults, organ stops and marble busts.

Don't turn in disgust from a small job; the mighty oak was a little nut once.—*Dorothy C. Retsloff*, San Diego, Calif.

WHAT A FATHER MEANS

BY N. GLENN STANFORD

Andy's freckled face flushed crimson under the scoffing of his friends and his red hair almost bristled with sudden anger. What had he done to deserve such treatment? Why should his old friends treat him thus just because he could not sink low enough in crime to steal a poor old widow's watermelons?

"I tell you," he faltered; "I—I never did 'fall down' on you before,—I've always stuck by the gang,—but I just couldn't bear to see poor old widow Brown sitting there, so saint-like, on her porch and us all gorged from eating her melons. Why, boys! I would feel like the dirtiest sneak that ever lived, and so would you fellows—and you know it."

"Aw g'wan!" bawled a roguish looking lad of fourteen. "She's got lots of them and besides she's a cranky old hen, any way; what's a few watermelons in a life time, huh? You've just lost yer nerve, Andy Green, tha's all."

Andy sobbed. How could he stand this insult, he, who had always been the leader of the gang. He, who had been their hero ever since the old days when they had hunted for toads by Caron's dam, and had feasts of green apples from old man McGuire's orchard. He,—it was almost more than he could bear; hot tears welled up in his eyes and he turned and started for home amid the jeers of his former companions.

As he neared his home, he could make out the outline of his father as he sat in the gathering gloom on the vine-clad porch. His father always sat that way, quiet and morose. Andy couldn't remember his mother; all he knew of her was what Mrs. O'Mally had told him—that she was a really good woman and had died when he was born. He wondered if his father would tell him about her tonight; he would ask him.

He approached his father silently and touched him on the shoulder. "Daddy," he said; "tell me about my mother tonight."

His father looked up, and a close observer would have seen just the least little shadow of paternal love flicker in his brooding eyes. But the boy didn't see it, and as he stood by the big chair he trembled slightly. Why did his father always treat him like this, he wondered, why didn't he take him on his knee, as other boy's fathers did, and talk to him and ask him questions?

"You run on in the house and eat your supper, Son, and then crawl in bed for we have not to get going early in the morning, and sometime I'll tell you about your mama."

Andy turned and entered the house but he couldn't eat. The supper was cold and unpalatable, and a dull pain throbbed in his chest.

He sought a secluded spot back of the cow shed and cried as if his heart would break. All his life he had been starving for some understanding; his heart ached for a little kindly interest from his father. He wondered what it would seem like to go fishing with him, or attend Sunday School together. It fairly thrilled him to think of it, and in his ecstasy he hugged the old post which he was leaning against. Oh, if his mother was just alive, and he gave the post an extra strong hug as he thought of it, how happy he would be. What a consolation it would be to curl up in her lap and confide to her all the aching of his little unsophisticated heart. In spite of the fact that he had never known her, he felt that she was near, somewhere she was shaping his destiny; slowly it forced itself upon him that it was she who had made him withdraw from the old gang; it was she who made him love his father, and there, in the shadow of the cowshed the soul of a boy cried out to the mother it had never known. He suddenly felt calm and composed and as he searched his way through the darkness to the house his spirit almost sang aloud with joy, a joy which he could in no wise understand. That night, for the first time in his life, he offered up a short prayer. "Bless and protect my darling mother," he prayed; "and—and, please God—bless daddy."

In his bed, alone, Axel Green thought of his lad, and wondered if he was spending enough time with him. "Oh, he has enough friends to keep him company, and I would just be in his way," he thought. Little did he think that his boy was starving for just a little show of interest, even if it was clumsily given, or did he realize, strong man that he was, that a few words of love could mean more to a boy than a pile of gold.

Andy awoke with a jerk the following morning, vaguely sensing that his father was up and that it was, therefore, time for him to rise also. Pulling on his overalls, he slid through his bed room window and, untying old Jerry from the stall, drove in his father's work horses.

Axel Green stood in the barn door as Andy came up the lane enveloped in a cloud of dust and slid off Jerry at the watering trough.

"Hurry up with breakfast," was his only greeting. "And don't burn the bacon."

As Andy busied himself with dishes and broke the eggs in the sizzling pan, an idea occurred to him. The Mutual was having a fathers and sons' outing and he would ask his father if he would go with him. He knew his father became lonesome at times, and that it would do him the world of good, still—his heart almost failed him as he heard his father's footsteps on the gravel path.

"Daddy, I—we," he faltered. "They are having a fathers and sons' outing and" he thrilled at his own words, "they want us to go," he said, thinking that some one's else invitation would prove more effective than his own; "and I'd like 'awfully' well to go."

"You know I haven't any time for such nonsense." His father replied. "The weeds are growing fast and the Summer-fallow needs

cultivating again—but,” and his voice softened, “you go with them; you can take Jerry, and the boys will be company enough—I’ve got to work to keep the farm going,” he excused himself.

“But Daddy, it’s a father and sons’ outing and all the other boys will have their dads with them and I’ll be all alone,” he pleaded.

“Well, you can adopt Bishop Smith as your father for the outing, you know you like him, but I’ll have to stay home and work so that I can keep you in clothes.”

The boy washed the dishes, with eyes that were blurred with tears. “I know he doesn’t love me,” he sobbed to himself. “The boys will all make fun of me because I wouldn’t help them steal the melons. Oh, I can’t go without daddy! I don’t see why I try to be good,” he cried broken-heartedly. “I might just as well steal the water-melons. Father won’t care if I go to jail; there is no use in trying to be good, if no one loves me; so, I’ll go with the boys tonight and show them that my nerve isn’t gone.”

He spent the day in a sullen mood. After supper he milked the cows and washed the dishes, then, slipping quietly through the back door, he sped swiftly through the dark to where the gang was to meet. He knew the boys would be glad to see him, and his heart sang with a reckless joy as he reiterated in his mind the many years he had led the gang and how they depended on him. He thought of the widow but it was only with a reckless bravado. He had forgotten his good resolutions as he sped quickly along the tree-bordered roadway to their meeting place.

As he passed the widow’s house, something almost stopped him. It seemed as if he could feel, as he had never felt before, the spirit of his dead mother drawing him back,—clinging to him—pleading with him.

Suddenly, while his mind was debating as to what he should do, he heard the rustle of footsteps in the garden and the sound of hushed voices, and he knew that the boys had already started on their raid. He was undecided as to what he should do. He longed to join the boys and the excitement of the occasion surged in his blood. He started for the fence, but again he thought of the widow. “What if she was your mother?” A voice seemed to ask him, and he turned back. “Tell the widow,” the voice said, and he fairly ran towards her house. He pounded on the door and, when no answer came from within, he became frantic and kicked and pounded as hard as he could.

He heard a window open and then a frightened voice asking: “What’s the matter?”

“They are stealing your melons,” the boy whispered back to her. “Quick, they are in the south patch.”

The window fell down and in an incredulously short time the door opened and the widow stood before him with a light wrap about her and a lantern in her hand.

“Quick,” she said. “Please frighten them away, I feel afraid.”

Andy grabbed the lantern and, with his heart beating with excitement, he ran towards the field swinging the lantern in circles around his head.

As he ran into the patch he heard the starts of surprise, and then fleeting footsteps while dark shadows flitted all around him in the darkness. Thrills ran up and down his spine. For the first time in his life he drank of the wild, exultant spirit of the hunter. In the past he had enjoyed the excitement of being hunted but it was nothing when compared with the thrilling, intoxicating and triumphant feeling which came when fighting for the right.

When the last of the shadows had flitted over the fence and the running footsteps died away in the distance, he carefully picked his way back to the house.

The widow was standing by the gate. She impulsively gripped his arms, and then, much to Andy's embarrassment, she gave him a big hug. "You are a very brave boy, and I am sure your mother must be proud of you," she said.

"I haven't any mother," he answered simply. "I've only got a daddy and he don't care what happens to me."

"You poor boy," the widow cried, "come in, and I will make some lemonade and you can tell me all about yourself," and taking him by the hand she led him into her little front room.

The boy tearfully told her all the longings of his heart, and long before he was through, the widow had put her arm around him and was quietly sobbing with him. Perhaps she had once fondled a boy for she seemed to understand him, and for the first time in his life the boy had found someone in whom he could confide.

Andy did not know that the widow visited his father next day, that she had told him the same story she had heard, and had finally left him in tears and slipped quickly home. He was, therefore, very much surprised when he returned and found his father packing up a supply of food and filling some sacks with grain.

"I am going on the trip with you," he said, in a voice which vibrated with emotion, and then, ashamed of his weakness, he added huskily: "I don't suppose it will hurt the horses to rest for a week."

"And so it happened that when the company of happy holiday-makers jostled their way up the rugged canyon on the following morning, there was among them a boy and his father who both felt strange in each other's company but in whose hearts a new-born joy was growing and that love which can only come from companionship was slowly entering the heart of each.

The week was coming to an end. The boy had spent a glorious week and the father, although he never mentioned it, had never been so happy before. As they lay in bed at night with the stars dancing over head, while in the distance a lone coyote was yapping spasmodically, the boy pillowed his head on his father's arm and wondered why he had not always slept with his father.

The final day had come and a big fete had been arranged. They had foot races for old and young, horse races and many other athletic events. In the shade of a big covered wagon, a bunch of happy, expectant, young boys watched some of the older ones turn the ice cream freezer; they had spent a happy week and now they wanted to see their mothers but, still, they would not let homesickness interfere with their appetite for a dish of the luscious cream.

Axel Green watched his lad compete in the contests, and his heart beat with pride as he saw him win prize after prize. While Andy, conscious of his father's admiring glances, put his whole heart into the task before him and, with the dexterity which had made him leader of the gang at home, proved himself hero of the day.

That night, as they all stood in the shadow of the spruce grove and watched the silvery moon rise molten above the ragged mountain peaks in the distance, Axel Green put his arm clumsily about his boy and wondered why he had ever been lonesome at home, and Andy, responding instantly to this little show of affection, put his arm around the huge waist of his father and, raising his eyes shamelessly to the luminous heavens, thanked God in his heart for the father he had found.

Manchester, England.

Thoughts and Maxims

There should be no such word in the language as "pastime." Life is so short that every minute of our time should be used.

Never joke at the expense of another, unless you are reasonably certain that he or she will enjoy it almost, if not quite, as much as yourself and the third party or third parties present. You have no right to humiliate or injure the feelings of others for the amusement of yourself and friends.

Shun the person who always smiles cynically when the honor of statesmen and other highly placed persons is mentioned. It is ten-to-one he would do, if opportunity arose, what he suspects of them.

One of the strangest, and often saddest, things is that millions do not profit from history, not even when it is made in their own day.

Be slow to criticise another for what you regard as a shortcoming. It may be that he has seen something just as bad and perhaps worse in you, but was too considerate, or too refined, to mention it.

Some people carry the principle of minding their own business so far that they never think of raising hand or voice when tyranny or vice is stalking abroad.

"Business is business," as a justification of some act that would seem to conflict with the life and duties of a Christian, is often quoted. Has anyone ever heard this worn-out phrase used the other way about, "Religion is Religion?"

If socialism had been founded on love instead of hate, it would have succeeded long ago.

There are people who, once deceived, would rather be kept deceived than suffer the shock of disillusionment.

What some people boast of as their broadmindedness may be nothing but an inability to think for themselves.—*Fred L. W. Bennett.*

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

A House with a History

This house is located on the St. John river, at Middle Southampton, York county, New Brunswick. Elder Owen Grant of Granger is standing in the foreground. More than fifty years ago, so we were told by an elderly man, two elders were holding meeting in this house, when a mob of men broke in the door, beat the elders and drove them out of town. The resi-



dents of the house moved to Utah, and it stands today, as it was left more than fifty years ago, a witness against this act of violence. It has been twenty years since the last elders labored in this particular part of the province, yet nearly every one remembered them. In spite of the treatment imposed upon our predecessors, the people endeavoring to starve them out, we were treated in a very friendly manner. Few people have refused our literature, and not once in nearly a month was it necessary for us to sleep out. In this time we covered nearly two hundred miles on foot. The elders of the New Brunswick conference are all rejoicing in the work of the Lord, and send best wishes to all similarly engaged.—*Walter F. Ririe*, Conference President, Box 23, St. John, N. B., Canada.

Twenty-two Baptized

An inspiring semi-annual conference was held at Amsterdam, Holland, on the 28th and 29th of August. President and Sister John T. Lillywhite were in attendance. The Spirit of the Lord was manifested in rich abundance. We held four meetings. The elders of the Amsterdam conference report enjoying their labors immensely. We are trying our best and working hard, and it is indeed gratifying to see some of the results of our efforts through the help and grace of the Lord. In the last three months we have had the privilege of baptizing twenty-two souls into the Church, and we see a general improvement in all lines of the work. Our meetings are well attended by both strangers and Saints. Sometimes we have as many as thirty-five investigators present at our meetings.—*William F. Ashton*, Conference Secretary.



ELDERS LABORING IN THE AMSTERDAM CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: C. Fred Berghout, Ogden; William F. Ashton, Salt Lake City; Martinus Vuyk, conference president, Salt Lake City; Peter Noorda, Salt Lake City; Albert R. Venema, Salt Lake City, Utah. Second row: George A. Grover, Parker City, Idaho; Chas P. Mietus, Ogden; Rupert Ravston, Clarkston, Utah; W. G. Esplin, Cedar City, Utah; Royal G. Smith, Salt Lake City; Samuel Reed Andrus, Ucon, Idaho.

The Martinez Sunday School



This school was organized in Martinez, California, on the 27th of June, 1926, under the direction of President W. Aird MacDonald of the Oakland branch. At its organization there were fifty-six souls present. The picture was taken on a return visit by President MacDonald on August 22, 1926. Ten months ago Martinez was visited by Elders David F. Haymore and J. Lyman

Fawson, who remained there two nights, one at the home of Brother and Sister John H. Bunce, where we held a cottage meeting, and the second night with the Bunce family and their next-door neighbors, who were not members of the Church. "Again, during the first week of May this year, we visited Martinez, accompanied by Elders Anthony T. Hansen, Russell P. Minson and Wm. C. Drage from Vallejo. Three "Mormon" families were located instead of one this time, and another cottage meeting was held. Elders were chosen to tract the town, and other "Mormon" families were soon located, and on the 27th of June an organization of the Sunday school was effected, with Brother John H. Bunce as superintendent. A recent communication from Elder Leo H. Nielsen, in charge, reads: 'We have now located twenty-two families, a total of seventy souls. Our attendance last Sunday was the largest yet.' So the work is growing. In behalf of the missionaries of the San Francisco conference, we express our appreciation of the *Era* each month.'—*David F. Haymore*, Conference President.

Quit Tea and Coffee When They Hear the Gospel

We are informed by President John G. Allred that it had been just six weeks (Oct. 6, 1926) since the first elders to labor in Cambridge, Minnesota, arrived. Since that date there has been organized a Sunday School composed entirely of non-members, who desire to learn of the messages which the missionaries have to offer them. Regular classes are conducted and much enthusiasm shown. Street meetings are also being held, and the attendance ranges from seventy-five to three hundred persons. The elders obtain advertising through the medium of the rural mail carriers and the country newspapers. At the close of a meeting in an old meeting house, in one of the towns, one of the oldest residents said to the elders, "This old church house has stood here for fourteen years. We've had preachers come from the twin cities, but the sermons given here tonight by you young men are the best that have ever been preached within these four walls." Many of the residents of the town in which the elders are laboring have given up their tea and coffee, and are trying their best to live the gospel as they are being taught it. "We believe that many will apply for baptism and a goodly harvest is expected."



Elders and members of the Sunday school. Left: President John G. Allred and Elder Alma N. Redding. Right: Elder John V. Johansen.

British Mission Commences Fall Conferences

The Fall-conference season of the British mission was ushered in on Sunday, September 5, when the Liverpool conference convened at Blackburn, England. All three sessions were attended by a large number of earnest investigators and resident members. The conference president reported that twenty-two baptisms had been performed thus far this year, and that resident members throughout all the branches of the conference were showing increased activity. The missionaries have been tracting the country towns and villages that had not been visited by our elders for many years, and in all our accomplishments we recognize the hand of the Lord. Aside from the general conference sessions, separate meetings of the Mutual Improvement Association, Relief Society, the Priesthood and the traveling elders, were held, in each of which instructions were given by President or Sister James E. Talmage. We receive the *Era* regularly and appreciate it very much, because we derive much good from reading and studying its contents. We wish it continued success. —Wilford L. Hansen, President Liverpool Conference.



ELDERS AT LIVERPOOL CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Welden G. Green, Salt Lake City; Wilford L. Hansen, conference president, Richfield; James E. Talmage, mission president, Salt Lake City; David M. Kennedy, conference clerk, Riverdale; David W. Eardley, Baker, Oregon. Back row: Harry I. Willmore, Logan; Kenneth A. Nielson, Emmett, Idaho; Robert M. Adams, Cedar City; Kendall D. Garff, Salt Lake City; Horace L. Barker, Ogden; Jesse R. Smith, Salt Lake City; Grant W. Wilde, Union, Oregon; Marvin P. Thain, Logan.

The Lord's Mysterious Way

The semi-annual conference of the Long Beach conference, California mission, was held at Santa Ana on June 26, 27 and 28, 1926. Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin was in attendance and gave valuable admonition and instruction to missionaries and Saints alike. Among those present were two recent converts, who were noticeably impressed with the spirit of the occasion. Their conversion somewhat exemplifies the quotation, "The Lord moves in a mysterious way." In praying and searching for the true Church, the wife saw in a dream an elder conferring the Holy Ghost through the lay-

ing on of hands. She dreamed that she also received the ordinance, and immediately knew that the man officiating had the authority of God, as she felt a change come over her. Several months later a short-term missionary, Elder Heber T. Willis, tracted the home of these people, and the woman immediately recognized him as the man seen in her dream. Elder Willis explained the principles of the Gospel to them, during the course of several visits, and after one month they were both baptized. The missionaries of the Long Beach conference look forward with keen anticipation to the arrival of the *Era* each month. It is, indeed, a missionary in itself, and we appreciate the kindness of the authorities in sending it to us. This conference is back of the *Era*.—*T. Delice Andelin*, Conference President.



Top row, left to right: Ethel H. Chadwick, Jean West Hawkes, Jane F. Stewart, Edwin J. Neuffer, Virelda West (released), E. Joseph West (released). Center row: Cora Jeffry, Thomas E. Doman (released), Mission President Joseph W. McMurrin, Thomas E. Cheney, former conference president (released), Stella Mae Rees. Bottom row: W. D. Cranney (79 years of age), Marion Tanner (released), Lois Webb, Iris Coombs, O. Robert McKinley, Thomas D. Andelin, conference president.

President Talmage Visits Norway

The Narvik branch, Norway, is the most northern branch of the Church, not only in that country, but in the world. "This branch was organized in 1903. From that time until the great war, in 1914, we had elders from Zion laboring here almost constantly, but in 1914 they were released, and we have since taken care of ourselves. In 1922 the branch was reorganized and I was set apart as president. Since that time we have baptized two and three persons each year. Elder Hyrum Lynn Jensen, Jerome, Idaho, is laboring here now. On the 1st and 2nd of August, this year, we had a visit from President and

Sister Talmage and our mission president, Martin Christopherson. Four meetings were held and many friends and Saints attended them, and had an opportunity to hear an apostle of the Lord, Jesus Christ. I am a local elder, but resided in Utah from May, 1910, to September, 1911, and also one and a half years in Idaho. With kind regards to all the Saints in Zion from us in this land, sincerely your brother in the gospel."—*Emil John Evensen*, Narvik, Norway.



Front row, left to right: Edmund, Olaf, Ellen and Henry Evensen. Second row: Hausine Evensen and our baby, Rolf Evensen, May Booth Talmage, Mission President James E. Talmage, Mission President Martin Christopherson, Aslang Sorensen, Marie Lassen, Kirsten Hind. Third row: Johanne Evensen, Branch President Emil Evensen, Hyrum Lynn Jensen, missionary, Jerome, Idaho. Fourth row: Henry Sorensen, Theodore Karolinssen, Olaus Evensen.

Working in Untrodden Fields

From Conference President James H. Bowns, we learn that the elders of the Sheffield conference, of the British mission, have been assiduously engaged in proclaiming to the people of their section the glad tidings of the restored gospel of Christ. To quote from the letter: "We have departed from the well beaten paths and highways of the cities," say Elders James S. Chadwick and Theodore N. Hutchings, "and have entered into the quiet, peaceful lanes of the country district. Here amid the so-called simple, yet sincere, people, we have sown the seeds of truth and righteousness. In the course of our travels, we have made the acquaintance of people who have never heard of the so-called 'Mormons.' In walking from town to town, from village to village, canvassing the country on our way, and tracting, holding open-air meetings and cottage meetings, we have been able to distribute a great amount of literature, and gained entrance into the homes of the people, making many friendships. By our efforts we have broken old prejudices, and created in the people a desire to hear more of our message. The picture herewith portrays Elder Theodore N. Hutchings speaking to a group of people who have assembled

on a street corner to listen to his few remarks regarding the plan of life and salvation. In many of these meetings, our friends have protected us from the railings of our enemies, and in many cases they have materially aided us. A



great deal of good has been accomplished by our efforts, and we look forward to the harvest of the seeds that perchance may have found a resting place in the warm hearts of some kind souls."—*Elders James S. Chadwick and Theodore N. Hutchings, Sheffield Conference, British mission.*

Six Hundred Saints in Forty-one Counties

Elders Joseph H. Seeley of Hayden, Utah, and Orion N. Follett of Logan, Utah, have enjoyed unusual success laboring in West Virginia North conference. In this conference there are six hundred Saints, scattered through forty-one counties. Many of these members have not seen elders for many



Missionaries covering territory by help of a Ford.

years. Living in the fastnesses of the hills and in a scattered condition, few missionaries have been able to cover the territory. By the help of Elder Follett's Ford, these conditions have been overcome, and the gospel has been preached to many who are hungry to hear more. Three thousand miles have been traveled in sixty days, thus affording opportunity of distributing much literature also. Many cottage meetings have been held with the Saints. One good brother, Ove Lester, had not seen the elders for twelve years. Another investigator was overjoyed to see them again, saying, "It is twenty-one years since I saw the 'Mormon' elders." The *Era* is a welcome monthly visitor.—*Clifford L. Madsen*, President West Virginia Conference North, Eastern States Mission.

Four Baptisms in Gavle, Sweden

Elder Wilford F. Peterson, writing from the Swedish mission, informs us that the work is progressing there quite satisfactorily, a number of earnest investigators having attended the meetings. "We have had four baptisms," he says, "to date this year, and feel that others are ready to take the step soon." At their Fall conferences the meetings have been well attended and much interest shown by both Saints and investigators. The elders have been tracting a new district this year, leaving the local brethren to take charge of the meetings at times in the cities.

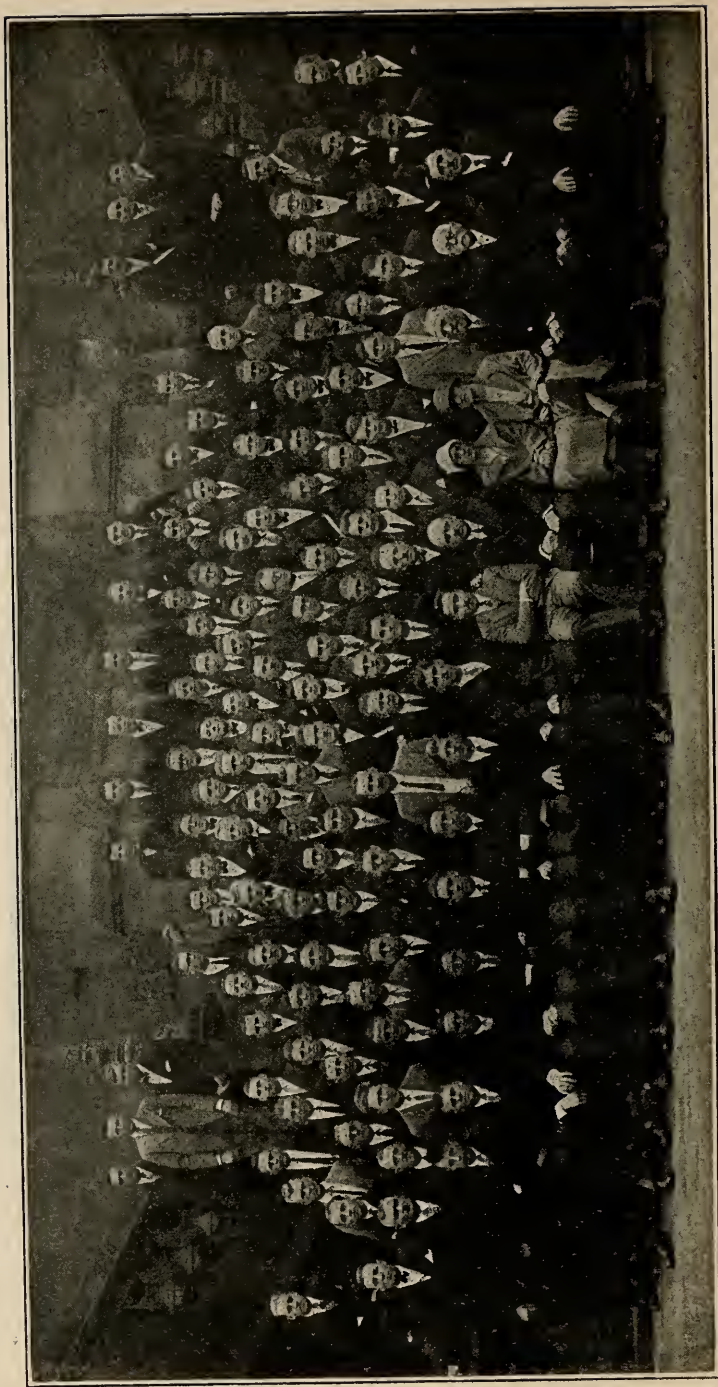


ELDERS OF GAVLE CONFERENCE, SWEDEN

Standing, left to right: Knut T. Borg, Wilford F. Peterson and J. C. Bergland.
Sitting: Andrew Johnson, Stockholm; Gustaf E. Anderson, and mission president John H. Anderson.

Elders Walk to Conference

The greatest conference of the German-Austrian mission thus far was held on August 14 and 15 at Dresden, the mission headquarters. Every elder of the entire mission was in attendance, and at least 75% of them had walked from their various fields of labor, thus bringing the gospel message to the attention of the country people. Since the division of the German-Austrian



MISSIONARIES OF THE GERMAN-AUSTRIAN MISSION

All were in attendance at the Dresden Conference, and most of them walked from their fields of labor.

mission from the Swiss-German mission in August, 1925, an earnest effort has been made to do more country work. The main session of the conference was held on Sunday evening, August 15, which was attended by approximately 850 persons. On Monday and Tuesday, August 16 and 17, an elders' convention was held, at which every missionary was given the opportunity to express himself. The experiences related were both interesting and inspiring. In one instance the elders found a woman who had been praying that same day that the Lord would send her some knowledge of the true Church. She is now engrossed in the study of the principles of salvation which the elders presented to her. At the conclusion of each missionary meeting, each of which was continued for ten hours, a banquet was held, the large depot restaurant having been hired for the occasion, and about one hundred twenty participated. At the banquet on the second evening, Sisters Eliza W. Tadge, Ann Cannon and Lucy Van Cott were present. Sisters Cannon and Van Cott, who were touring Europe together, displayed a genial American spirit. At this banquet several excellent toasts and speeches were made, "What America Means to Me" and "Our Pioneers" being the principal themes. The good results of both the conference and the missionary convention are already apparent. Shortly after the elders had returned to their various fields of labor, thirteen friends in the Dresden branch alone entered the waters of baptism.—*Robert R. Burton, President Dresden Branch.*

Our Baby

Thou mystery of creation,
 What do I see in thee?
 A little cherub of spirit land
 Out of eternity,
 Come here to earth, thy former self
 Forgotten and unknown,
 And through probation of earthly life
 To return to the Savior's throne?

Am I aware of the treasure
 That God has loaned to me?
 Can I assure a parent's love—
 The responsibility
 Of this my place in the physical world
 In advancing the human race—
 And through my parenthood insure
 This child in the Savior's grace?

For lo! it guarantees to me
 A partnership with accord:
 I am an appointed co-worker
 In the universe of my Lord.
 So, welcome thee, little cherub,
 Coming from Heaven above!
 We are both of God's own kingdom
 And one in the bonds of love!

Los Angeles, Calif.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

Editors' Table

Mission of the Saints to Declare the Gospel by Word and Act*

BY PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I am very thankful indeed for the opportunity of meeting with the Saints in another general conference. I rejoice in the very splendid turnout that we see here today, and realize that even with the overflow meeting in the Assembly Hall there are many who will be disappointed in not getting room in this building or the adjoining one. But it is estimated that fully one hundred thousand people will hear these services today over the radio.

I understand that the amplifier installed here will make it entirely unnecessary for me to raise my voice beyond that which would be needed in an ordinary hall. I am very glad of this for the reason that exerting oneself in order to be heard is very much more of a strain than to talk in just an ordinary voice. I should be very glad to know if any in this audience are failing to hear distinctly what I am saying at the present time. If so, will they kindly raise their hands. I discover that everybody is hearing my remarks, and I am not talking any louder than would be necessary in a room containing only a few hundred people.

I earnestly and sincerely desire the faith and prayers of the Latter-day Saints to attend not only myself but all of the speakers during this conference, that they may be inspired by the Lord to say those things which will be calculated in their nature to encourage the Saints to renewed diligence in discharging the duties and obligations that rest upon them as members of the Church.

Changes in Officers

It will be interesting to you, no doubt, to know regarding the changes that have taken place since our last conference.

The Wayne stake now has a new president—Brother William F. Webster.

Mission presidents released and appointed, during the past six months:

Mark V. Coombs has been released as president of the Tongan mission, and J. A. Cahoon appointed to succeed him.

Eugene J. Neff has been released as president of the Hawaiian mission, and William M. Waddoups appointed to succeed him.

J. Wyle Sessions has been released as president of the South African mission, and Samuel Martin appointed as his successor.

Melvin J. Ballard has been released as president of the South American mission, and Karl B. R. Stoof appointed as his successor.

Brother Kenneth L. Haymore has been released as acting-president of the Mexican

*Opening address at the semi-annual conference, October 3, 1926.

mission on account of the return from South America of Rey L. Pratt, president of that mission.

Hyrum W. Valentine has been appointed to succeed Fred Tadge as president of the German-Austrian mission.

The following new wards have been organized:

Eden ward, Minidoka stake.	Conda ward, Idaho stake.
Emerson ward, Minidoka stake.	Wendell ward, Blaine stake.
Hazelton ward, Minidoka stake.	Jewett ward, Young stake.
Ogden 19th ward, Weber stake.	Ely ward, Nevada stake.

New Stakes Organized

Lyman stake, formerly a part of Woodruff stake, President Melvin H. Rollins.

Nevada stake, formerly a part of North Weber stake, Carl K. Conrad, president.

Bishops who have died: William C. Hegstrom of Central ward, Bannock stake, and Bishop John A. Hunt of St. Charles, Bear Lake stake.

At the present time we have 96 stakes of Zion, 915 wards and 74 independent branches, making 989 wards and branches. And we have 27 missions.

Alma's Desire to Cry Repentance

I will read from the 29th chapter of Alma in the Book of Mormon:

"O that I were an angel, and could have the wish of mine heart, that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth, and cry repentance unto every people!

"Yea, I would declare unto every soul, as with the voice of thunder, repentance and the plan of redemption, that they should repent and come unto our God, that there might not be more sorrow upon all the face of the earth.

"But behold, I am a man, and do sin in my wish; for I ought to be content with the things which the Lord hath allotted unto me.

"I ought not to harrow up in my desires, the firm decree of a just God, for I know that he granteth unto men according to their desire, whether it be unto death or unto life; yea, I know that he alloteth unto men according to their wills, whether they be unto salvation or unto destruction.

"Yea, and I know that good and evil have come before all men; he that knoweth not good from evil is blameless; but he that knoweth good and evil, to him it is given according to his desires, whether he desireth good or evil, life or death, joy or remorse of conscience.

"Now, seeing that I know these things, why should I desire more than to perform the work to which I have been called?

"Why should I desire that I were an angel, that I could speak unto all the ends of the earth?

"For behold, the Lord doth grant unto all nations, of their own nation and tongue, to teach his word, yea, in wisdom, all that he seeth fit that they should have; therefore we see that the Lord doth counsel in wisdom, according to that which is just and true.

"I know that which the Lord hath commanded me, and I glory in it. I do not glory of myself, but I glory in that which the Lord hath commanded me; yea, and this is my glory, that perhaps I may be an instrument in the hands of God to bring some soul to repentance; and this is my joy."

The Joy of Missionary Work

I believe that every Latter-day Saint who has received a testimony of the divinity of the work in which we are engaged has this same feeling that Alma had—a desire that all the world might hear the testimony of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. When men and

women receive a testimony of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith, they are anxious that all the world should have that same knowledge and faith. They are anxious that the gospel should go to every honest soul. And there is no other labor in all the world that brings to the human heart, judging from my own personal experience, more joy, peace and serenity than proclaiming the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I remember that while I was laboring in Japan, on account of my failure to learn the language, I was not entirely happy in my work there. I remember going out into the woods, kneeling down and praying to God that, when my work was finished there, I would appreciate it if I were called to the British Isles to succeed Brother Francis M. Lyman. Shortly after uttering that prayer I received a cable: "Come home on the first vessel." When I arrived home President Smith told me that they had decided to send me to Europe to succeed Brother Lyman. He said: "We realize that the two years or more that you have been in Japan have been anything but satisfactory from the standpoint of the joy that comes into the hearts of the missionaries in bringing souls to a knowledge of the truth, and we want you to have at least a year of real, genuine missionary experience." When I went into his office and bade him good-bye, and said, "I will see you in a year," he said, "We have decided to make it a year and a half." I said, "Multiply it by two and say nothing about it, and it will please me," and that is exactly what he did. I was there a little over three years, and never have I had sweeter joy, more genuine satisfaction in my life than during those three years, when I had no thought except the spreading of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Worth of Souls

We have recorded in the 18th section of the Doctrine and Covenants the following:

"Remember the worth of souls is great in the sight of God;

"For, behold, the Lord your Redeemer suffered death in the flesh; wherefore he suffered the pain of all men, that all men might repent and come unto him.

"And he hath risen again from the dead, that he might bring all men unto him, on conditions of repentance.

"And how great is his joy in the soul that repenteth!

"Wherefore, you are called to cry repentance unto this people.

"And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my father!

"And now, if your joy will be great with one soul that you have brought unto me into the kingdom of my father, how great will be your joy if you should bring many souls unto me!

"Behold, you have my gospel before you, and my rock, and my salvation.

"Ask the Father in my name, in faith believing that you shall receive, and you shall have the Holy Ghost, which manifesteth all things which are expedient unto the children of men.

"And if you have not faith, hope and charity, you can do nothing. * * *

"Behold, Jesus Christ is the name which is given of the Father, and there is none other name given whereby man can be saved."

The foregoing revelation was given through the Prophet Joseph Smith to Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer, and they were instructed to seek out twelve apostles who should have the spirit of the mission to go forth and proclaim the gospel of glad tidings which the voice out of the heavens declared to the Prophet Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon.

Men Have Seen Christ in Our Day

"And this is the gospel, the glad tidings, which the voice out of the heavens bore record unto us—

"That he came into the world, even Jesus, to be crucified for the world, and to bear the sins of the world, and to sanctify the world, and to cleanse it from all unrighteousness;

"That through him all might be saved whom the Father had put into his power and made by him." (D. & C. 76:40-42.)

In that same revelation we find, and I have repeated it time and time again:

"And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives!

"For we saw him, even on the right hand of God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the only begotten of the father—

"That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God."

We have this testimony to bear to the world, that men in our day have seen Jesus Christ; that he has restored to the earth the gospel of life and salvation; that in the Kirtland temple the Savior appeared to Oliver Cowdery and Joseph Smith, also Moses, Elias and Elijah, and that the keys of every dispensation of the gospel were committed into the hands of those two men. They were given this authority, and it is a source of great joy. (Doc and Cov. 110.)

What the Church is Doing to Proclaim the Gospel

I rejoice in announcing that the Church is doing more today in the spreading of the gospel, and it has a larger body of missionaries in the field proclaiming the gospel, than at any other time in its history. A year ago we called for volunteers of men of maturity, men of experience and testimony, men who were seasoned in the gospel, to go out into the field for a period of six months. Hundreds responded to that call, and I have listened to some of the most remarkable and wonderful testimonies of the manifestations and blessings of the Lord to those men, as I have conversed with them upon their return home, that I have ever heard. The signs verily follow the believer in this Church, and people receive the witness of the Spirit wherever the gospel is preached.

The Command to Preach the Gospel Supreme

I have culled out a few quotations from the Doctrine and Covenants that I would like to read here:

"Go ye into all the world, preach the gospel to every creature, acting in the authority which I have given you, baptizing in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"And he that believeth shall be blest with signs following, even as it is written." (Section 68:8, 10.)

"And this Gospel shall be preached unto every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people.

"And the servants of God shall go forth, saying with a loud voice: Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come;

"And worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of water." (Section 133:37-39.)

"I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." (Section 82:10.)

The one supreme thing that devolves upon me, upon you and upon every Latter-day Saint is the preaching of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, in public and in private, and above all to proclaim the gospel in our lives, by being absolutely honest in the keeping of the commandments of the Lord.

Who is Fitted to Teach the Gospel?

No man can teach the Latter-day Saints under the inspiration of the Spirit of the living God, or proclaim to the world, that there has come a commandment from the Lord in our day for men to observe the ancient law of tithing unless that man is a conscientious and honest tithe-payer. On the other hand, the inspiration of the living God attends those men who proclaim the law of tithing, when they are obeying it themselves. No man can, under the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord, warm the hearts of the Saints, or benefit the people of the world, by proclaiming the Word of Wisdom, who does not obey it himself. But the man who obeys the Word of Wisdom can touch the hearts of the Latter-day Saints in proclaiming that wonderful revelation that the Lord has given to us for our health and our benefit, and above all that has been given to us with a promise attached thereto.

And let me say right here that I am convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that if the Latter-day Saints had observed the Word of Wisdom, and if the money that has been worse than wasted for tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor, had been utilized for missionary service, we would have had the millions of dollars for the work of the Lord that has been expended for that which the Lord Almighty says is not good for man. I desire to read that revelation from first to last.

[President Grant then read section 89 of the Doctrine and Covenants, in full.]

Promises of God Conditioned on Obedience

There is no promise made to you or to me or to any Latter-day Saint that the destroying angel shall pass us by, or that we shall have hidden treasures of knowledge, unless we obey the Word of Wisdom, and the way above all other ways for men and women to teach their children the necessity of obeying the Word of Wisdom is by obeying it themselves.

"There is a law irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—

"And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated." (D. & C. 130:20, 21.)

I believe beyond the shadow of a doubt that there are hundreds and thousands of Latter-day Saints who but for the obeying of the Word of Wisdom would not be here today. When they have been attacked by serious diseases and have been in a critical condition physically, having obeyed that law, having fulfilled an irrevocable law of God, he was bound to bestow the promised blessings, and they have come to the afflicted ones.

Parents Must Teach Their Children by Example

We find recorded in section 68:

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

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

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

"And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk uprightly before the Lord."

And the best way in the world to teach your children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord is to pray yourselves, thus setting an example of prayer, and to walk uprightly before the Lord yourselves. When a man fails to be honest as a tithe-payer, when he fails to observe the Word of Wisdom, the teaching of his children to obey those laws will have but very little effect. There is more in example than can possibly come by teaching. No amount of knowledge will save a man; no amount of marvelous revelations and visions and dreams will save a man. But the keeping of the commandments of the Lord and the obeying of those things which the Lord has revealed to us for our Salvation, will give us a power and influence with our children for good, and we will be able to make an impression upon their hearts that will keep them in the straight and narrow path which leads to life eternal.

Josiah Quincy's Testimony of Joseph Smith

When I picked up the memorandum that is supplied to me of the songs that are to be sung here this morning, I found that the first song that we were to have today was, "We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet," and I remembered and immediately hunted up the quotation, a very remarkable tribute paid to the Prophet Joseph Smith, by Josiah Quincy, at one time the mayor of the great city of Boston; and while it has been read time and time again in our hearing, and published often.

at home and abroad, I thought I would like to read to you again the wonderful testimony of Josiah Quincy, from a book entitled, *The Figures of the Past*. He says:

"It is by no means improbable that some future text-book for the use of generations yet unborn will contain a question something like this: 'What historic American of the nineteenth century has wielded the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen?' And it is by no means impossible that the answer to this interrogatory may be thus written: 'Joseph Smith, the "Mormon" Prophet.' And the reply, absurd as it doubtless seems to most men now living, may be an obvious commonplace to their descendants. History deals in surprises and paradoxes, quite as startling as this. The man who established a religion in this age of free debate, who was and is today accepted by hundreds of thousands as a direct emissary from the Most High—such a rare human being is not to be disposed of by pelting his memory with unsavory epithets. Fanatic, imposter, charlatan, he may have been; but these hard names furnish no solution to the problem he presents to us. Fanatics and imposters are living and dying every day, and their memory is buried with them; but the wonderful influence which this founder of a religion exerted and still exerts throws him into a relief before us, not as a rogue to be incriminated, but as a phenomenon to be explained. The most vital questions Americans are asking each other today have to do with this man and what he has left us. * * * A generation other than mine must deal with these questions. Burning questions they are, which must give a prominent place in the history of the country to that sturdy self-asserter whom I visited at Nauvoo. Joseph Smith, claiming to be an inspired teacher, faced adversity such as few men have been called to meet, enjoyed a brief season of prosperity such as few men have ever attained, and, finally, forty-three days after I saw him, went cheerfully to a martyr's death. When he surrendered his person to Governor Ford, in order to prevent the shedding of blood, the prophet had a presentiment of what was before him, 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter,' he is reported to have said, 'but I am as calm as a Summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense and shall die innocent.' "

And a further quotation: "And it shall yet be said that I was murdered in cold blood," which is not in Josiah Quincy's statement.

"I have no theory to advance respecting this extraordinary man. I shall simply give the facts of my intercourse with him.

"A fine looking man is what the passer-by would instinctively have murmured upon meeting the remarkable individual who had fashioned the mould which was to shape the feelings of so many thousands of his fellow mortals. But Smith was more than this, and one could not resist the impression that capacity and resource were natural to his stalwart person. I have already mentioned the resemblance he bore to Elisha R. Potter of Rhode Island, whom I met in Washington in 1826. The likeness was not such as would be recognized in a picture but rather one that would be felt in a grave emergency.

"Of all men I have met these two seemed best endowed with that kindly faculty which directs, as by intrinsic right, the feeble or confused souls who are looking for guidance.

"We then went on to talk of politics. Smith recognized the curse and iniquity of slavery, though he opposed the methods of the abolitionists. His plan was for the nation to pay for the slaves from the sale of the public lands. 'Congress' he said, 'should be compelled to take this course, by petitions from all parts of the country; but the petitioners must disclaim all alliance not recognized by the Constitution and which foment insurrection.' It may be worth while to remark that Smith's plan was publicly advocated eleven years later by one who mixed so much practical shrewdness with his lofty philosophy. In 1855, when men's minds had been moved to their depths on the question of slavery, Ralph Waldo Emerson declared that it should be met in accordance 'with the interest of the south and with the settled conscience of the north. It is not really a great task, a great fight for this country to accomplish, to buy that

property of the planter, as the British nation bought the West Indian slaves.' He further says that the United States will be brought to give every inch of their public lands for a purpose like this. We who can look back upon the terrible cost of the fratricidal war which put an end to slavery, now say that such a solution of the difficulty would have been worthy a Christian statesman. But if the retired scholar was in advance of his time when he advocated this disposition of the public property in 1855, what shall I say of the political and religious leader who had committed himself, in print as well as in conversation, to the same course in 1844? If the atmosphere of men's opinions were stirred by such a proposition when war clouds were discernible in the sky, was it not a statesmanlike word eleven years earlier when the heavens looked tranquil and beneficent?"

It was a statesmanlike and an inspired proposition, from a man who was in very deed a prophet of the true and living God.

"General Smith proceeded to unfold still further his views upon politics. He denounced the Missouri Compromise as an unjustifiable concession for the benefit of slavery. It was Henry Clay's bid for the presidency. Dr. Goforth might have spared himself the trouble of coming to Nauvoo to electioneer for a duelist who would fire at John Randolph, but was not brave enough to protect the Saints in their rights as American citizens. Clay told his (Smith's) people to go to the wilds of Oregon and set up a government of their own. Oh, yes, the Saints might go into the wilderness and obtain the justice of the Indians, which imbecile, time-serving politicians would not give them in the land of freedom and equality. The prophet then talked of the details of government. He thought the number of members admitted to the lower house of the national legislature should be reduced. A crowd only darkened counsel and impeded business. A member for every half million of population would be ample. The powers of the president should be increased. He should have authority to put down rebellion in a state, without waiting for the request of any governor; for it might happen that the governor himself would be the leader of the rebels. It is needless to remark how later events showed the executive weakness that Smith pointed out—a weakness which cost thousands of valuable lives and millions of treasure. * * *

"Born in the lowest ranks of poverty, without book learning and with the homeliest of all human names, he had made himself at the age of 39 a power upon the earth. Of the multitudinous family of Smiths, none had so won human hearts and shaped human lives as this Joseph. His influence, whether for good or evil, is potent today, and the end is not yet.

"I have endeavored to give the details of my visit to the 'Mormon' prophet with absolute accuracy. If the reader does not know just what to make of Joseph Smith, I cannot help him out of the difficulty. I, myself stand helpless before the puzzle."

The Migration West—Joseph Smith's Prophecy

The Latter-day Saints do not stand helpless before the puzzle. They rejoice in the wonderful inspiration of the man who prophesied that "the Latter-day Saints would continue to suffer much affliction and many would be put to death by their persecutors, and others would lose their lives in consequence of exposure or disease, but some would live to go and make settlements, build cities, and see the Saints become a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mountains."

What kind of a place was the Rocky Mountains when this remarkable prophecy was uttered? One of the greatest American statesmen, Daniel Webster, is reported to have said regarding it:

"What do we want with this vast, worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or those endless

mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting and not a harbor on it. Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is."

Government Placed Stamp of Approval on the Prophet's Utterance

I rejoice in an individual testimony of the truth of the statements of Joseph Smith, that his name should be had for good and evil in all parts of the world; that the time would come when not only a city, a county and a state should be arrayed against the handful of people called "Mormons," but the day would come when the whole United States of America should be arrayed against them. And the army of the United States was sent against them, and the government of the United States did confiscate all of the property belonging to the Church. Day after day and month after month during the litigation for the return of the Church property I picked up the paper and read, "The United States of America versus the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." And I have laid the paper down and said, "Thank the Lord that the United States have placed the stamp of divinity upon the utterances of the Prophet Joseph Smith."

The Great Obligation of the Saints to Declare the Restoration

Our boys and girls go out into the world with a love of the gospel, young, inexperienced men and women, and God gives to them the witness of the Spirit and an individual testimony so that they can stand up and say before all the world, "I know that God lives, I know that Jesus is the Christ, I know that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the true and living God, and that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, the plan of life and salvation, has been restored to the earth through his instrumentality." The one and great thing that devolves upon me, upon you, and upon all Latter-day Saints is that this proclamation shall be sent to all the world, and I rejoice in knowing that it has never been carried with more force and by a greater number of faithful, diligent workers than at the present time.

May God bless each and every one of us who has a testimony and a knowledge that he lives and that Jesus is the Christ, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and living God, and so to order our lives that all men seeing our diligence, our humility, our charity, our love of our fellows, may be led to investigate the gospel of Jesus Christ, is my prayer, and I ask it in the name of the Lord our Redeemer. Amen.

Concerning Plural Marriages

At the close of his opening address, at the general conference, October 3, 1926, President Heber J. Grant read the following statement:

Notwithstanding frequent verbal and printed instructions issued by President Joseph F. Smith and counselors to the effect that the solemnization of plural marriages was prohibited by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and these instructions having been reiterated time and time again by myself as President, cases occasionally arise where certain individuals are teaching that it is legitimate to enter into plural marriage, and that such marriages can be performed by certain members of the Church claiming to have authority to do so.

The revelations of the Lord inform us most plainly that there is but one man on the earth at a time who holds the keys of this sealing power; namely, the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. As President of the Church, I once again solemnly declare that no man living has the authority to solemnize a plural marriage; and I hereby announce that it is the bounden duty of every Latter-day Saint, male and female, who knows of any such pretended marriage being performed, to inform the proper officers of the Church, in order that the Church's honor may be maintained and that such individuals may be dealt with according to the rules and regulations of the Church and excommunicated therefrom.

The Ninety-Seventh Semi-Annual Conference

President Heber J. Grant's opening address was an appeal to individual repentance, and to an individual desire to preach the gospel of repentance. He referred to the 29th chapter of the book of Alma, reading it and the revelation on the Word of Wisdom as themes for his address. The Church today is doing more missionary work than at any time in its history. He was especially complimentary to those who had filled and are filling the call for mature missionaries for short missions at the last October conference, and rejoiced in the splendid experiences of the missionaries who responded to this call. One great duty devolving upon the members and the leaders of the Church is to proclaim the gospel, and especially by their actions in life. No one can advocate the law of tithing or the Word of Wisdom, or any other principle of the gospel, unless he is an honest tithe-payer, unless he obeys the Word of Wisdom, and unless he lives in conformity with the doctrines and principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. A number of promises have been made by the Lord as a sure reward for those who live in harmony with the requirements made of his people. We obtain no blessing except through obedience to the law upon which the blessing is predicated.

During all the meetings of Sunday the seats in the Tabernacle were filled to capacity, and also the standing room. Besides, there were large overflow meetings in the Assembly Hall at 10 and 2 o'clock. The radio was used, and it was stated that at least a hundred thousand people would hear the services that were given in the Tabernacle during the first day.

President Anthony W. Ivins, in an inspirational sermon, discussed the attitude of the Christian world toward "Mormonism," and the slanders resorted to by the clergy to make believe there is a retrograde movement in this Church. He called attention to the vast congregation, and other thousands who had assembled, and were listening in,

to obtain the inspiration of the Lord at this conference, as clearly disproving these charges. He named two important world events; namely, the turmoil in Mexico, from which he believes good will come to the people of the land; and the British-Israel World federation, which recalls ideas that have been preached by the Latter-day Saints for nearly a hundred years.

Concerning the charge of certain ministers as to what they call a retrograde movement in this Church, it might be interesting to state here that the Priesthood meeting held on Monday evening, October 4, showed an increase of 1,548 persons over the largest Priesthood meeting ever held in the Church before. There were 4,818 in attendance, the largest general Priesthood meeting ever held in the Church.

President Charles W. Nibley spoke in great earnestness of freedom and liberty, paying tribute to the founders of this nation and to the reformers of the world for the pioneering they had done in preparing the way for the introduction of the gospel in these latter days. Without their labors, and the work of the patriots of this country, the Church could scarcely have been established in our day.

The speakers following in the various sessions, until Tuesday evening, contributed practical and inspiring discourses, to the delight and inspiration of the large audiences at all the meetings.

The Tabernacle Choir did itself proud, especially in the rendition of "Worthy is the Lamb," on Sunday afternoon, with Laurinda P. Brewerton as soloist. Their singing was greatly commended by many who were present.

Altogether the conference was a notable one, and will contribute largely to the enthusiasm of the workers in the Church, in their labors for the furtherance of the work of the Lord.

The auxiliary meetings on Sunday morning and evening, and at other times during the conference, were unusually inspiring and interesting.

Nathan Hale, Martyr

"On Sept. 22, 1776, a 21-year-old captain in the Revolutionary Army waited to be hanged as a spy by the British. With the rope around his neck, he said quietly: 'I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country.' The life was that of Nathan Hale, martyr, hero.

"Last week in his birth-place, in South Coventry, Conn., citizens assembled to honor the 150th anniversary of his death. A message from President Coolidge was read:

" 'There is no finer record of high character and patriotic devotion, of unselfish service and of a spirit unquenched and majestic in death than that of Nathan Hale.* * * The hero's story should be taught to every child in our schools.* * * ' "—*Time*, a weekly news magazine, Oct. 4, 1926.

Priesthood Quorums

(All of the matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood presented under this heading are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric)

Instructions to Aaronic Priesthood Quorums by Bishoprics

Under the plan now in operation for the supervision of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums, the members of the bishopric are expected to have charge of the various grades of the Priesthood. They are to act in an advisory capacity with the presidency of the quorum and to train them in the business of directing the proceedings of the meeting.

Of course, in the case of the priests' quorum, the bishop has immediate direction as the president of that quorum. But even in that quorum he may call assistants to conduct the exercises, so as to furnish development for the young men in the matter of presidency.

In this connection it may be well to remind all those connected with this work that an order of business for each quorum should be outlined by those in charge, in cooperation with the quorum presidency, and then be regularly carried out in the meeting. A suggested order of business has already been submitted by this office for the consideration of all ward officers. Such an arrangement will promote system and dispatch in the business of the meeting.

The plan above mentioned for the Aaronic Priesthood provides for a class supervisor in each quorum, who shall be thoroughly prepared to conduct the class work after the preliminary business of the class or quorum is put through. In addition to this work it would appear from our personal experience with deacons' quorums that in these quorums particularly it might be advisable for the supervisors to call the roll and make the proper entries, since most deacons are hardly experienced enough to keep a roll book accurately and neatly.

The particular phase of the work, however, which we desire to stress here is that the member of the bishopric in charge of the quorum should occupy from two to five minutes time in each meeting, after the preliminary matters have been carried out, and before the lesson work, in a brief discussion of some topic that has to do with the duties, qualifications or habits of the members.

For instance, it is important to discuss with the boys from time to time such topics as the names, quorums and duties of the General Authorities; stake and ward organization officers; observance of tithing; avoiding profanity; how to do good ward teaching; developing moral stamina; the bad effects of the use of tobacco; developing will power; personal cleanliness; proper administration of the Sacrament; having purpose in life; learning a trade or profession, and many other details that are very timely and vital in the training of the boy.

Such topics treated briefly, but in some detail and in such a manner as will appeal most to the boys, will prove very interesting and influential in their growth and progress. Think what it will mean to have such practical and stimulating matters discussed from thirty-five to fifty times each year in addition to the splendid lessons provided!

Richards Ward Lesser Priesthood Rally

Bishop Clarence L. Gardiner of the Richards ward, Granite stake, reports a rally held Sunday morning, October 10, at the regular Lesser Priesthood meeting, at which there were present 104 boys holding the

Aaronic Priesthood, 11 instructors and 9 visitors, including the bishopric and representatives of the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee. The purpose of this meeting was to encourage the boys to renewed activity in their priesthood quorums at the beginning of the Fall and Winter seasons. The rally proved to be a very enthusiastic meeting.

At this meeting, twenty-three boys were approved for advancement in the priesthood quorums. These boys had been previously prepared for ordination by the supervisors, who had instructed them in the duties and responsibilities of these higher callings, and had impressed upon them the importance of keeping free from the use of tobacco, and of being physically and morally clean. Letters had also been written to the parents requesting their assistance in encouraging the boys in their duties. A meeting had been held prior to this meeting, at which the boys to be advanced were present. They were encouraged by the Bishopric and others in various phases of their work.

This ward has arranged that whenever any special affairs are given in connection with the Aaronic priesthood work the stake committee are invited to attend and be shown every consideration.

Changes Reported by the Presiding Bishopric

Jewett ward, Young stake, Joseph E. Wheeler has been appointed bishop.

The Lee's Ferry branch, Kanab stake, which was a dependent branch, has been disorganized.

The address of the Northcentral States mission has been changed to 3044 Elliott Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



The Oneida stake Fathers and Sons' Outing was held this year at Willow Flat up Cub River canyon. The picture shows Scout Master Christen Hansen, Troop 45, of Mink Creek, and Deputy Commissioner George Glade, entertaining the fathers and sons with an Indian dance during the outing. We are indebted to Victor Lindblad, Scout Executive of the Cache Valley Council Boy Scouts of America, for the picture and the information. By the crowd shown in the picture, it is evident that a good time was enjoyed both by the youngsters and their fathers.

Mutual Work

Introductions to the M. I. A. Slogan 1926-27

"We stand for a testimony of the divine mission of Joseph Smith"

This year's slogan should be presented at our regular weekly meetings, and the Standards Committee is suggesting material to be used as introductory settings for the slogan. The introduction and scripture passages for October treated on how to obtain a testimony.

The restoration of the gospel is a very important event, and the announcement of that restoration should be considered during November. The committee suggests the following quotations to be read in connection with the introduction of the slogan in the various organizations for the five weeks of November:

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE RESTORATION OF THE GOSPEL

1. Doctrine and Covenants 1:17, 18: "Wherefore, I the Lord, knowing the calamity which should come upon the inhabitants of the earth, called upon my servant Joseph Smith, Jun., and spake unto him from heaven, and gave him commandments;

"And also gave commandments to others, that they should proclaim these things unto the world; and all this that it might be fulfilled, 'which was written by the prophets.'"

2. Doctrine and Covenants 4:1, 2: "Now behold, a marvelous work is about to come forth among the children of men. Therefore, O ye that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day."

3. II Nephi 3:15, 16: "And his name shall be called after me; and it shall be after the name of his father. And he shall be like unto me; for the thing, which the Lord shall bring forth by his hand, by the power of the Lord shall bring my people unto salvation. Yea, thus prophesied Joseph: I am sure of this thing, even as I am sure of the promise of Moses; for the Lord hath said unto me, I will preserve thy seed forever."

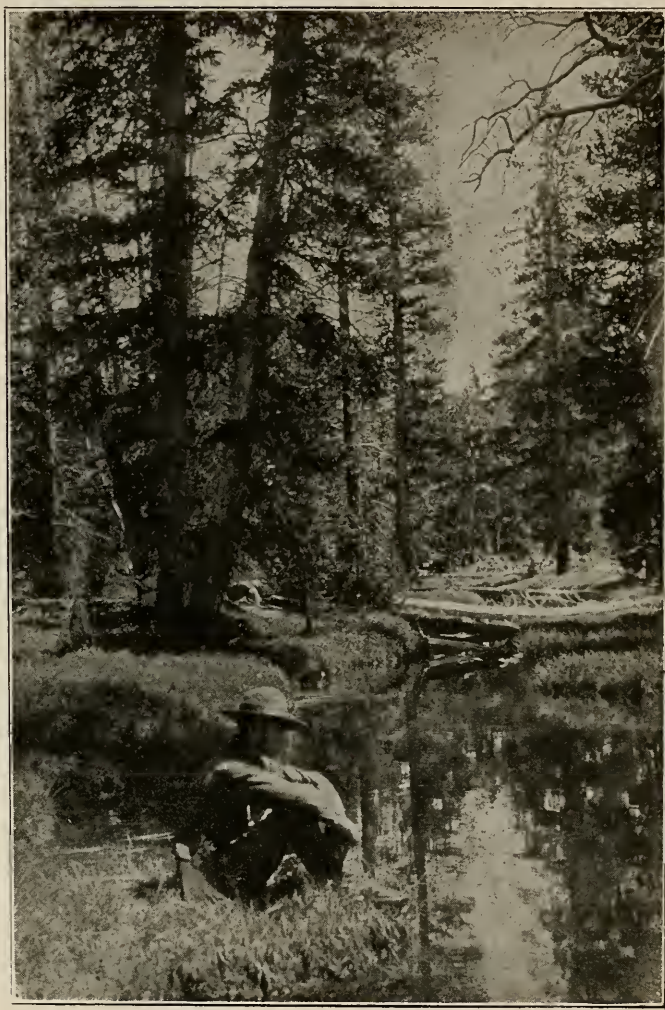
4. Revelation 14:6: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

5. Doctrine and Covenants 1:1, 2: "Hearken, O ye people of my Church, saith the voice of him who dwells on high, and whose eyes are upon all men; yea, verily I say: Hearken, ye people from afar; and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together. For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape; and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated."

Eagle Scouts at Granddaddy Lakes

The first "Eagles' Flight" to be conducted as a State affair commenced on August 16, 1926, when Eagle Scouts from various parts of Utah assembled at Stewart's ranch on the upper Provo river, on their way to the Granddaddy lakes country. Logan, Ogden Gateway, Salt Lake and Timpanogos councils were represented. The road led up Wolf Creek canyon toward the divide; thence, down to the North Fork of the Duchesne river and up a one-way road to Savage's ranch, where they camped for

the night. After the routine camp duties were attended to, the scouts held their council fire, and inside the ring of light were eighteen faces, lighted also with joy. Songs and stories formed the evening's program, each council doing its part. Before sunrise the following morning, these eighteen husky Eagle Scouts wended their way up through the aspens, along the stream, through the evergreens, up the trail to the divide. Though they had hiked six miles uphill, there was so much to see that the distance seemed



IN NATURE'S SOLITUDES

really short; and just before noon they looked down on the basin heavy with timber and spotted with hundreds of lakes. Luncheon was eaten at Granddaddy lake, the largest in the basin; and then the pack train took the lead toward Pine Island lake, which was their destination, and which they reached late that afternoon. After making camp, they tried their skill and luck at fishing, two of the scouts making use of a raft they found

there, and some swelled with pride at their bringing in a few fine trout. After supper, preparations were made for another campfire. The following days were filled with continuous excitement and activity—fishing, swimming, exploring, photographing, rafting, playing ball and horseshoes, with hikes to Four Lakes Basin and Wall Lake, and ending each evening with a campfire program long to be remembered. Religious services were held on Sunday, August 22, and the regular scout rites observed. Early Monday morning found them ready to commence their return trip. They stopped again at Savage's ranch, where their equipment was packed on the three cars, and they were soon speeding rapidly down the canyon road to Stewart's ranch, and then on toward home.—*D. Alton Partridge*, Eagle Scout Scribe, Provo.

What To Do In November

Give attention to class leaders. Proper class leadership means a successful year for M. I. A. Efficiency reports should be in the hands of the General Secretary by November 10.

Check on slogan and reading course. By this time the reading course should be at its height. See Slogan introductions in this number.

Music—This is music month in our recreation program. Choose from the following events. 1. Concert. 2. An evening with composers. 3. Musical trip around the world. 4. Opera. 5. Music Drama.

It will be recalled that it was stated at our superintendents' luncheon, held at the June conference, that the campaign for the *Improvement Era* was to be put over during two weeks in October. All the superintendents agreed that it could be done. A canvass was to be made in each ward of every family, which would then entitle the ward to ten in the Efficiency Report. The stake which had all its wards do the same will also mark ten. Where a complete canvass has not taken place, a final effort should be made to have it done now.

A very important item is to see that manuals for all the classes are provided; and here let us emphasize the need of having manuals in the Scout class as well as in the Advanced Junior class, and of course in the Senior and Advanced Senior classes. Every class member should be encouraged to read and study them. This year we have an unusually excellent array of manuals, five in number, for the study of the classes of the M. I. A. They are not only valuable for the members of the classes, but for all members of the Church, and are of a religious character throughout, and at the same time written in such a way that they interest everybody who may read.

Missionary Work

At the Y. M. M. I. A. meeting of the general conference, held Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, October 3, 1926, the general theme was missionary work, and the training of young men in spiritual affairs.

Four superintendents, chosen from various stakes of the Church, were first heard. They were, Don Carlos Wood, of the Salt Lake stake; W. L. Van Orden, Benson stake; Clifford E. Young, Alpine stake; and Elias L. Day, Grant stake. They spoke on "The Stake Superintendent, His Obligations and Plans for the Year's Work." Each gave a most inspiring talk, outlining the course of procedure in his stake for the year to come on management, the fund, *Era*, recreation, class studies, and social events. Their remarks were an inspiration to the whole audience of superintendents and representatives, including stake presidents and bishops from the various stakes and wards of Zion.

Speeches followed by Superintendents George Albert Smith, Richard R. Lyman and Melvin J. Ballard; also by Elder Rey L. Pratt, of the First

Council of Seventy, who recently returned from the South American mission.

Elder Ballard referred especially to the three great responsibilities resting upon the Church; namely, preaching the gospel to all the nations of the earth; caring for and training young and old of the Church, who have already accepted the gospel, and thus establishing and building the Church here at home; and, third, opening the doors of salvation to the dead. He dwelt especially upon missionary work, the preaching of the gospel, at home and abroad, and the responsibility resting upon the leaders of the Church and its organizations in warning the youth of the world of the restoration of the gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith. He asked all the officers to read the 133rd section of the Doctrine and Covenants, requiring us to preach the gospel to the inhabitants of the earth, that Zion and Jerusalem might be established, from which centers the voice of the Lord should issue. He specifically pointed out the responsibility of the Mutual Improvement Association leaders of their duty to warn their membership of these things and of the calamities to come to the disobedient, and to be instructed from on high that they might walk in the true light, and avoid being delivered over to darkness. He remarked that the doctrines of the Church are ever sound and can not be attacked, and that it is the duty of the leaders of the Church and of our organization to give information concerning these doctrines, so that the young men may be well informed on the gospel, and in addition be clean in their hearts and live with individual testimonies of the truth. The Y. M. M. I. A. program is a rescue program. Let us make this clear to all and be alert with warning voice.

Elder Richard R. Lyman complimented the workers and urged continued progression in the work.

Elder Rey L. Pratt emphasized the duty and value of leadership, saying that nothing is more needed in the Church today. We must recognize that young people are being influenced on every side by that which tends to destroy their faith in God. This should be counteracted by the very best efforts of our leadership and teaching.

Superintendent George Albert Smith spoke of the compliments that eminent men have given the M. I. A. leadership, especially in the field of recreation. He urged the workers not to take too much credit to themselves. He called attention to the rich field there is among the young men and women of the Church for delightful work by those who take an interest in it, and urged that the message of the gospel be carried to the hearts of the boys and girls at home as well as to those out in the world.

The contest music for this year, "Prayer Perfect," was sung by a quartette of M Men, under direction of Mrs. Mary Salt of Liberty stake.

Superintendent I. E. Riddle, of Parowan, pronounced the benediction.

M Men Notice

To encourage the reading of the Book of Mormon, the *Improvement Era* offers a two years' subscription for the best written statement and application of the story connected with the "Waters of Sebus." The story should give the setting, or environment, and draw a lesson from it all, applicable to present-day conditions. The story should not be more than five hundred words in length.

Writings must be in the hands of the editors of the *Era* by the 20th of December. One year's subscription to the *Era* will be given also to each of the writers of the second and third best stories. Each paper submitted must give the name and address of the author, and the ward M Men class of which he is a member.

"The Picture with a Story"

The judges chosen to select the winners from the twenty-eight poems received in this contest, have decided the merits of the poems as follows:

First—"Fond Recollections," by Josephine Mower, Springville, Utah.

Second—"Desire," by Mabel Jarvis, St. George, Utah.

Third—"The Pioneer Heart," by Christen Hansen, Mink Creek, Idaho.

Fourth—"As a Day Comes and Goes," by Owen Woodruff Bunker, 358 East First South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The names and addresses have been sent to the author of "The Picture With a Story," and the prizes have been forwarded to the winners. The poems will be published in a future number of the *Improvement Era*.

New Y. M. M. I. A. Superintendents

The following superintendents have been appointed:

Nevada—The new stake has chosen John E. Horton as superintendent. His address is McGill, Nevada.

Pioneer—Edward H. Sorenson, 929 California Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Canadian Mission—President Joseph Quinney, Jr., 36 Ferndale Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Northwestern States Mission—Orville H. Stanfield, 264 East 25th Street, Portland, Oregon.

Gunnison—Charles E. Embley, Centerfield, Utah, vice Christian A. Peterson, ordained bishop of the ward.

Picking Beans



We are informed by Victor Lindblad, Scout Executive, Cache Valley Council Boy Scouts of America, that picking beans affords an excellent opportunity for boys to earn money for their Winter schooling. The picture shows scouts out picking beans in the bean patches of Cache valley. The boys are organized into small groups, under leadership, and receive two cents a pound for the picking. The scouts are from various troops of the Council.

Current Events

A STUDY FOR THE M. I. A. ADVANCED SENIOR CLASSES 1926-1927

(Prepared by the Advanced Senior Committee)

LESSONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1926

1—POLITICS AND INDUSTRY

1. The League. Reference: *Time*, September 20, 1926. The Seventh Assembly of the League of Nations convened at Geneva last week, and voted Germany within the League, and at the same time it proposed that the council be enlarged by three semi-permanent seats. After some protests to the semi-permanent seats, forty-eight affirmative votes were cast and President Nintchitch of Yugoslavia announced that Germany had been unanimously elected to membership in the League of Nations and to a permanent seat on the League Council. As soon as Berlin got the news, forthwith the German delegation, headed by Foreign Minister Stresemann and Count von Bernstorff, left for Geneva. (See *October Era*, p. 1213.)

After the German delegation had been greeted by President Nintchitch, Herr Stresemann made the following speech:

"Today Germany enters into the circle of states, to some of which she has been attached by untroubled ties of friendship; whereas, others were allied against her during the Great War. It surely is an event of historical importance that Germany and these latter states are now brought together within the League of Nations for permanent and pacific cooperation.

"The Divine Architect of the World has not created mankind as a homogeneous whole. He has made nations of the different races.

"But it cannot be the purpose of a divine-world order that men should direct their supreme national energies against one another, thus ever thrusting back the general progress of civilization."

When Herr Stresemann had finished, Aristide Briand, Foreign Minister of France, ascended the Tribune:

"Away," he said, "with rifles, machine guns, and cannon! Make way for peace!

"Gentlemen, today means peace. Germany and France are here to say, '*C'est fini!*' (It is finished!)"

"The fact that you Germans and we French are now here together in this Assembly, speaking the same words of optimism, does not mean that all of our differences have been removed. * * * But now we shall confront them in a new spirit which guarantees us against another conflict. * * *

"If, as Dr. Stresemann says, there is a divine plan in which war has no place, he must admit that in the past this sometimes has been lost sight of. Let us hope that the divine plan will now be carried out.

"Arbitrage—that word has now all its prestige and all its force. Treaties of arbitration follow one another. One people after another promises not to fight any more.

"That is the spirit which the League of Nations is spreading and that is why peoples should aid and protect the League.

"With the League, peace. Without the League, risks of bloody war."

Questions: Where and by whom was the League of Nations conceived? What is its purpose? How many countries have joined it? Where and how often does it meet? What is the spirit of the League that Briand mentions? Discuss the League pro and con. Look up other magazines.

2. Barriers between France and Germany Continue to Exist Regardless of Germany's Entering the League.—Reference: See article *Salt Lake Tribune*, September 26, 1926, by Frank H. Simonds.

"How has Germany's entrance affected the League?" That is a question on many lips. Some think that as a result of it the crisis of the

League has been reached and that it is destined to enter a period of real decline. That it is not as democratic as reported—that is, a democratic institution made up of great and small powers each of which were independent; but rather an institution where the great powers exercise a controlling influence over the small ones, the result being that the small powers are disappointed.

Germany doubtless entered the League to obtain the evacuation of the Sarre and Rhineland, to seek the return of the Danzig corridor, together with Upper Silesia. In other words, to serve her own ends. She believes she can fight better for her interests in the League than out.

France, on the other hand, has assented to Germany's admission because she believes that Germany, under the influence of the League, in which France is strong and has many friends, can best be opposed. That is, she can lose less with Germany in, than without. Each one is for number one first.

Questions: If the above is true, are the words of conciliation between Minister Stresemann of Germany and Minister Briand of France at the last Assembly of the League sincere? Has each country an ulterior purpose in entering the League, or a sincere desire for permanent peace and good will between nations, or both? Discuss by consulting other references.

3. *German and French Industrial Combine*—References: *Salt Lake Tribune*, September 26, 1926; article by Wm. Bird.

"From now on it looks as if the two great continental powers must be dealt with as one. The iron of Lorraine and the coal of the Sarre—perhaps eventually of Upper Silesia as well—are united, and together they constitute a machine shop second to the United States alone."

Questions: When this economic cooperation of France and Germany is completed and becomes a working reality, how is it going to affect continental Europe? How England? How America? Why has France forsaken her allies on the south and east, as well as on the west? Will she benefit more by the new combine? If so, how?

II.—ART AND LITERATURE

Olga Samoroff, able Russian pianist, lately returned from Europe, and, writing for the *New York Evening Post* in an article for that paper, declares that Europe, the great center of musical culture, has lost her musical prestige. She says it is sad to see this condition and laments it very much. "On the human side," she says, "poverty is the rule, and actual misery only too frequent among musicians, while on the artistic side, the activities of concert halls and operas, filled as they are with memories of past glories, force upon the observer the conclusion that art is hopelessly dependent upon economic prosperity.

"A large percentage of composers, performers, and teachers who make our musical life what it is today, are Europeans, and the fundamentals of the whole art as we know it today, are European. But America is without doubt the centre and seat of achievement in musical performance.

"The standards in Europe have lowered because of the inferior music there produced, and the audiences have already deteriorated in quality. The cultured class have not the money for concerts and operas, and the others cannot discriminate between the good and the mediocre music."

Has America really become the music centre?

If so, will Europe leave her in undisputed possession of this coveted title?

What would be the cause of such a change?—See *Time*, September 13, 1926.

It is interesting to note in an article by Clifford Smith in the *International Book Review* of the *Literary Digest*, that through a questionnaire sent out by Mr. Clarence E. Cason, it is affirmed that Charles Dickens is still one of the most widely read authors in the United States. A leading bookseller reports that he sells more sets of Charles Dickens than any

other author, a statement more or less in agreement with testimony from others who are in a position to know who's who in the book world. The opposite is true of his contemporaries. Dickens is as much read as he ever was, if not more; but there is less interest as time goes on in Thackeray, Scott and George Eliot. Records of booksellers and agents would indicate that the circulation of the novels of Dickens is about fifty per cent above that of the average standard fiction.

"Dickens has just been proved a twentieth century best seller, while the average Victorian novel carries a foreign, unappetizing flavor to twentieth century palates."

"How can we explain the extraordinary vitality of his work? Not in his pathos, nor in his style. We cannot explain the inexplicable. The secret of Dickens is the secret of all genius. He created a world of his own and filled it with the creatures of his imagination. A vivid world, a world unforgettable, as intensely human, for all its grotesqueries and exaggerations, as the world we live in. A world of Micawber, Captain Cuttle, Squeers, Picksniff, Pickwick, Sam Weller and Uriah Heep. Worlds of that sort do not pass with the passing century."

Have you read Dickens? What do you consider his charm? What is his greatest literary merit? What reforms were the result of his writings? What makes Dickens and his contemporaries live in the memories of the people?

Let Dickens speak for himself.

III—SCIENCE AND INVENTION

We all have what is called a human aura; it is sometimes called the etheric double, or etheric body. Attempts to photograph the aura have not been successful. An illuminating article on this phenomenon appears in *Science and Invention* magazine of July, 1926, p 203. What is the Aura? Is it seemingly related to our emotions? Has our health anything to do with the etheric self?

A machine is being used to determine whether a person is telling the truth or not. *Science and Invention* magazine, July, 1926, page 224. Discuss the probable effects of measuring morals by machinery.

What is your judgment of the \$21,000 challenge made by the magazine, *Science and Invention*, October number, 1926, page 503?

What is the relative value of freshly cooked foods and warmed-over foods? Are vitamins in food destroyed by long cooking? (See *Literary Digest*, Sept. 25, 1926, p. 220.) May eggs be infected by what the hen eats? Will intoxicants cause less drunkenness because they are made at home? Which is more dangerous, the home-brewed beer and the home-made wine or the commercially prepared beer and wine? Does nature care any more for human beings than she does for the lower animals? ("The Danger of Home Brew," *Literary Digest*, September 25, 1926, p. 24.)

Is it a good thing to discuss one's misfortunes? Can joy of work or love be commanded any more than appetite can? What would Dr. Redtenbacher substitute for force in education, family life and civilization? (See "The Failure of Force in Education," *Literary Digest*, September 11, 1926, page 20.)

Herbert Hoover has recently said that the entire banking fraternity does not perform the service to mankind in a year that Faraday, long since dead, performs every day. Who was Faraday? Who is Herbert Hoover? Who organized the National Academy of Science? Who are the members of this academy? How is it supported? Why is it perhaps the best investment of our government from a money-making point of view? (See article, "The Money Value of a Scientist" by French Strother, in the *Reader's Digest* for October, 1926, p. 331, or *The World's Work*, September, 1926.)

"Modern discovery makes the miraculous more credible than less so. As far as communication from unbridged space is concerned this offers no difficulty to the age of wireless. As radio was unknown until recently, other means of communication from mind to mind, not yet understood, may in the future be discovered. (From *Scientific Monthly*, September, 1926, p. 196.)

Passing Events

The Catholic petition for repeal of the church laws in Mexico was rejected by the Mexican chamber of deputies, Sept. 24, by a vote of 171 to 1.

French war veterans informed Poincare, on Oct. 10, that France cannot pay the United States seven billion francs. Poincare replied that France would not undertake to pay beyond her capacity.

Enforcement of the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, and of the Volstead Law is the program of the Republican party in the state of New York, according to the platform adopted, Sept. 27, 1926. Participation of the "wet and dry" referendum by the voters is also urged.

An international disarmament conference, to convene before next September, was agreed on, Sept. 24, 1926, by the unanimous vote of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. Our government is said to object to the presence at such a conference of representatives of countries that have no navies.

The Rt.-Rev. John Joseph Mitty of New York was installed as bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Salt Lake City, by Patrick Cardinal Hayes, archbishop of New York, at the Madeleine Cathedral, Oct. 7, 1926. Among the distinguished attendants present were the governor of the State, the mayor of the City and representative business men.

Wm. H. Bywater, former fire chief of Salt Lake City, died in a Salt Lake City hospital, Oct. 6, after a long illness. He was born in Sheffield, England, June 27, 1859, and came to Utah while still a young man. In Jan., 1920, he was appointed chief of the fire department by Mayor Bock and was re-appointed by Mayor Neslen in 1921. He resigned June 30, 1925, and was succeeded by his assistant, Walter S. Knight.

A rather heavy fall in the temperature in Utah and all over the Northwest was reported on the 24th of Sept., 1926. At the Salt Lake weather station, the thermometer registered 35 above at 8 o'clock, a. m., at Brighton and in the City Creek it was 24 above. Snow and frost were reported from Wyoming, Montana, North Dakota, and southern Canada. Spokane, on Sept. 23, had the earliest snow since 1903 and a fall of the mercury to 31 above zero.

An unusual display of Aurora Borealis was witnessed in Salt Lake City, Oct. 15, about 7 p. m. As many as six shafts of light shot up out of the north and illuminated the sky. A violent magnetic storm swept over the northeastern parts of the United States and Canada, and the "northern lights" were so strong that the operation of telegraph and cable wires was interfered with by the earth currents. From San Francisco and Kansas City also came reports of magnetic earth currents strong enough to interfere with the wire service.

Italy and Great Britain were represented in a private conference, Sept. 30, 1926, on board an Italian yacht, near Leghorn, where Austen Chamberlain, British foreign secretary, was the guest of Mussolini, the Italian dictator. What the subject of the conference was is not known, but it is surmised that the meeting was intended to counterbalance the meeting at Thoiry between Stresemann and Briand, shortly after Germany had been admitted to the League of Nations. But it is not apparent that the latter conference called for a "counterbalance." It was a very natural expression

of good will between two former adversaries, and a beginning of a new, peaceful policy. The Anglo-Italian confab had no such significance.

Relics of the ill-fated Sir John Franklin expedition, which perished in the Arctic regions in 1847, were brought to Edmonton, Alta., Oct. 15, 1926, by J. F. Moran, a Canadian government inspector. The articles included a skull and a bit of navy cloth, a piece of oak from an ice sled and a bit of shoe leather. The relics were found by Peter Norberg, a trader, at Thunder Cove, Adelaide peninsula, 1,300 miles northeast of Edmonton, and will be taken to Ottawa. Sir John set out in 1845, in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, with 129 officers and men, to explore the Arctic ocean. They all perished on or near King William's land. Many bodies were found by Lieutenant Schwatka in 1879-80.

His eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes dedicated a new church at the Dolores mission, Oct. 10, 1926, as part of the Catholic celebration of the San Francisco sesqui-centennial anniversary of the foundation of the city and the 434th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The prelate, in his sermon said, in part, that Mussolini had "appreciated the value of religion" and that his attitude was "symptomatic of an approachment between the forces that have been hostile since the days of Garibaldi." In other words, in the estimation of Cardinal Hayes, Mussolini, the political despot, appreciates the value of an alliance with the pope, the ecclesiastical autocrat.

Richard Franklin Pettigrew, former U. S. senator from South Dakota, died Oct. 5, 1926, at Sioux Falls, S. D., 78 years old. He was born at Ludlow, Vt., July 23, 1848, and came to Sioux Falls, in 1869, when that place still was in the tent and log cabin stage. He soon became one of the political leaders, and, in 1896, he became a figure of national note when he walked out of the Republican national convention upon its adoption of a platform ignoring his belief in the free coinage of silver. He supported Bryan in that election and thereafter joined in the support of independent party movements. He was the first senator from South Dakota on that state's admission to the Union in 1889, having previously served as a delegate to congress from Dakota territory.

The giant biplane S-35 was a total loss, Sept. 21, when an attempt was made to hop off for a non-stop flight between New York and Paris. The plane, carrying a record weight of 28,000 pounds, was unable to rise, but instead crashed over an embankment on the Roosevelt field. It caught fire almost instantly. Charles W. Clavier, radio operator, and Jacob Islamoff, mechanic, perished in the flames, but Captain Rene Fonck, commander, and Lieutenant Lawrence Wm. Curtin, U. S. N. navigator, succeeded in saving themselves. A crowd of more than 1,000 that had cheered the fliers two minutes before stood helplessly by, awe-struck, unable even to attempt a rescue of the two trapped men, while the 2,300 gallons of gasoline in the plane burned with the intensity of an inferno.

Sheep for Russia. No less than 700 sheep were shipped from Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete Co., Utah, to Russia, according to a dispatch dated Sept. 16. They were the finest Rambouillet sheep, and will be used to improve the stock. The purchases here included 265 head from John H. Seely & Sons Company, 200 head from W. D. Candland & Sons and 225 ewes and fifty-four rams from John K. Madsen. The members of the commission, who visited the Mt. Pleasant flock-masters and personally selected their purchases, were Michel S. Pereferkovitch, Jacob W. Slodtervitch, Stephen Obinzow and J. W. Pincus of the Amtorg Trading Company of New York, fiscal agent for the commission. This is the second shipment of Mt. Pleasant's world-

famed Rambouillets to be shipped to Russia, the Russian government having made its initial purchase here in 1925.

Mrs. Annie Brown Adams, the last surviving member of the family of John Brown, the hero of the tragedy of Harper's Ferry, passed away, Oct. 4, 1926, at Eureka, Cal., at the ranch home of her daughter. She recently had a fall in which she fractured her hip, and this accident, it is thought, hastened her death. However, she was 87 years of age. In 1859 she witnessed the hanging of her father at Harper's Ferry, Va., for his part in a revolutionary movement by abolitionists. She was then 20 years old. Throughout her life Mrs. Adams was reticent regarding her spectacular, tragic girlhood, when talking to immediate members of her family. She talked more freely of the Harper's Ferry raid and her father's execution with intimate friends. The growing weakness which marked her last days clouded her memory and erased from it Harper's Ferry and all that it meant to her.

Calvin Willard Richards passed away, Oct. 3, 1926, at a Salt Lake hospital, after several months' illness. He was the son of Dr. Willard Richards and Rhoda Foss Richards, and was born in Salt Lake City, Oct. 7, 1852. His father, who was the first editor of *The Deseret News*, died when Calvin was a babe and soon after his mother moved to Farmington, where he grew to manhood, becoming her chief support. He married Emma Irene Walker in December, 1872. He superintended the building of the Davis county courthouse in 1878 and the same year homesteaded land east of Fielding and was a pioneer in bringing Bear river water on the land there. He took contracts in 1880 on the Santa Fe railroad construction in Arizona. All this time he retained his home at Farmington, moving to Fielding in 1893. His wife died the same year leaving him with nine children. He married Martha Louise Madsen of Brigham City, in 1900 and in 1902-4 filled a mission to England. Surviving are his widow and 11 children, 39 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren also a number of brothers and sisters.

Joseph Richards, 14-year-old son of *Stephen L. Richards*, died, Sept. 30, 1926, at his home, as a result of injuries sustained when struck by a street car the preceding evening. It seems that the boy was walking down the track with his hat down and his head bent forward, to protect his eyes in the heavy storm, and that the motorman did not see him until it was too late to prevent the collision. The accident happened at 2890 Highland drive. According to the motorman, the car, which was southbound, was stopped in about three car lengths after he had hit the boy. He said that he could not stop sooner because of the slippery condition of the track, due to wet leaves and the rain. The motorman also said that, even though he had a headlight on the street car, the headlights of approaching automobiles limited his vision to only about ten feet in front of him, from which statement it would appear that the glaring headlights, which so many automobiles carry in defiance of the regulations, are a menace to the public. The police report stated that a dent was found in the street car fender and the glass of the headlight was broken by the impact when the boy was struck.

Ex-Governor Simon Bamberger passed away in his apartment, in Salt Lake City, Oct. 6, 1926, after a brief illness. Acute indigestion was given as the cause of death. Mr. Bamberger was born in Darmstadt, Germany, Feb. 27, 1845. At the age of 14 years, he came to America, and made his way to Cincinnati, O., and then to Pleasant Hill, Mo., where he and his brother established a small store. Later he made his way west and came to Salt Lake, where he became interested in mining and railroading. In Utah, he was elected a member of the board of education, then a state senator, and, in 1916, the governor of the State. Since retiring from public service with the expiration of his term as chief executive, Governor Bam-

berger had devoted his time and energies toward the operation of the Bamberger Electric railroad, of which he was chairman of the board of directors, and toward the building of a railroad to connect Salt Lake City with the Uintah basin. Until within the past year he occupied the position of president of the Salt Lake & Denver Railroad Company, which proposes to construct the Uintah basin line.

The Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Dean, of Shelley, Idaho, was celebrated in a most fitting style on Monday, Oct. 11, 1926, in the Shelley First ward chapel. The entire ward was invited, and many guests from the surrounding wards. A splendid program, giving a review of the activities of the couple for the last fifty years, was given. Delicious refreshments were served. Joseph H. Dean was born Oct. 16, 1855, in Tamiton, England, and came to Utah as a child. Sarah Arnold Dean was born at Fort Harriman, Utah, on Dec. 13, 1854. They were married in Salt Lake City, Oct. 11, 1876. Brother Dean and his wife filled a four-years' mission to Hawaii; he also filled two other missions: one to Samoa, in 1887; and another to Hawaii, in 1916. He opened the Samoan mission in 1888; accompanied by his wife, Florence Ridges Dean. He has spent ten years of his life in the missionary field. He has twenty-two children, each of his wives having had eleven. He has forty-seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild. As a musician, he is well known in the Church, being a composer of music as well as a director. Several splendid songs are sung to his credit. He has also given us many beautiful poems, published from time to time in the Church magazines.—Cora Christensen, Shelley, Idaho.

When And Where The Gospel Has Been Preached

We are indebted to Assistant Church Historian Andrew Jenson for the following dates showing the introduction of the gospel to the nations named:

1830—United States.	1850—Denmark.	1853—South Africa.
1833—Canada.	1850—Hawaii.	1853—Germany.
1837—England.	1851—Switzerland.	1854—New Zealand.
1839—Scotland.	1851—Norway.	1861—Holland.
1840—Wales.	1851—Iceland.	1864—Austria.
1840—Australia.	1851—India.	1878—Mexico.
1841—Palestine.	1852—Malta.	1875—Finland.
1843—Society Islands	1852—Siam.	1884—Turkey.
1847—Jersey Islands.	1852—China.	1888—Samoa.
1849—France.	1852—South America (Chili)	1888—Balkan States.
1850—Sweden.	1853—Gibraltar.	1889—Belgium.
1850—Italy.	1853—West Indies.	1891—Tonga.
		1901—Japan.

The Era Over the Top

As we go to press with this number, a telegram from Provo states that six of the leading wards of Utah stake have finished canvassing and obtained the full quota of *Era* subscriptions.

"We thank you for the *Improvement Era*, which we receive regularly. We appreciate very much the encouragement and inspiration from its valuable pages."—*Walter F. Ririe*, Conference President, St. John, N. B., Canada.

"Thanks for the *Era*. It contains splendid articles and an uplifting spirit. These are sources of help and encouragement to us in our important missionary work."—*William F. Ashton*, Conference Secretary, Amsterdam, Holland.

"The value of the *Era* to the missionary can hardly be over-estimated. The magazine is one of our chief connections with the outside world and the other missions. Accept our heartiest thanks for past issues, and our good wishes for the continued success of the publication in the future."—*Robert R. Burton*, Branch President, Dresden, Germany.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, NOVEMBER, 1926

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"You are a little dear," said the fond hubby to his expensive wife.—*Perrins.*

Height of hard luck—A Florida real estate agent with lockjaw.—*Perrins.*

A young man in horn-rimmed spectacles said to a pretty girl: "Do you believe in the higher pantheism?"

"No," said she, "I sure don't, but I must say there's no sense in wearing them as low as you do, so that they get all dirty and fringed at the bottom."—*L. F.*

More pleasant squeezes: An elderly lady was visiting the hospital. "Poor boy," she said to an ex-soldier who had been wounded, "you must have gone through some tight squeezes."

"Well, ma'am," he stammered, blushing a violent pink, "the nurses here have been pretty good to me, I must admit."—*L. F.*

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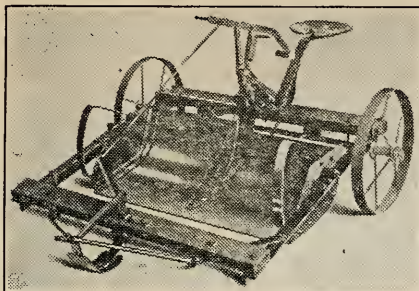
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tree, I declare on my honor you are the only girl I have ever loved."

She: "You always say such appropriate things, John. This is a chestnut
tree."—*L. F.*

* * * *

A farmer had just bought himself a car after about fourteen years of driving
a team and buggy. Without waiting for instructions, he was off in it. Swerving
and turning, he drove through town. A man seeing him shouted, "Hey, why don't
you use your noodle?" The farmer answered excitedly: "Where in heck is the
noodle? I've pushed and pulled and jiggered everything on the dashboard and can't
stop it."—*L., Twin Falls.*

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* * *

Jones and Smith were contemplating digging a well, in order to have sufficient water for their two farms. Upon second thought, Smith remarked: "Say, Jones, I don't believe I'll need a well. You see, there is so much due on my land that it won't be dry for some time to come."—*F. A. E., Utah*.

* * *

Solving the Mystery.—Recently the widow of a farmer, striving to keep the farm going, had some difficulty with her hens, and wrote the following letter to the Department of Agriculture:

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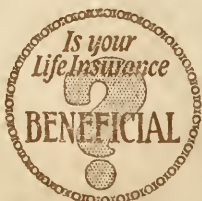
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