

The Improvement Era



DECEMBER, 1936

Volume 39 Number 12

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

COMING IN JANUARY

MORE NEWS OF THE CHURCH-WIDE ACTIVITIES OF THE CHURCH SECURITY PROGRAM, FEATURING PROGRESS IN THE STAKES AND AUTHORITATIVE STATEMENTS AND RELEASES.

"IN CENTRAL EUROPE'S LONELY DEMOCRACY," BY ARTHUR GAETH—THE STORY OF THE GOSPEL'S RECEPTION IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, THE LAND WHICH ONCE BURNED JOHN RUSS AND IMPRISONED OUR MISSIONARIES, BUT WHICH NOW WELCOMES THEM AND VINDICATES THEIR WORK IN ITS COURTS OF LAW.

THE STORY OF THE WRITING OF "WE THANK THEE, O GOD, FOR A PROPHET." THE HISTORICAL FACTS SURROUNDING THIS HIGHLY SIGNIFICANT AND MUCH SUNG MORMON HYMN, WRITTEN BY WILLIAM FOWLER, ARE ALMOST UNKNOWN. THE STORY IS TOLD BY GEORGE D. PYPER.

"TEN THOUSAND MILES WITH THE 'FIRESIDE FOUR,'" BY TOM JUDD AND MARVIN BERTCHI—THE STORY OF AN EASTERN STATES MISSIONARY QUARTET THAT CONDUCTED A "WELCOME INVASION" OF CHURCHES, LODGES, CIVIC CLUBS, AND PUBLIC GATHERINGS WITH MUSIC AND THE SPOKEN WORD.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT OF THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN—THE STORY OF POSEY, LAST PAH-UTE OUTLAW, BY ALBERT R. LYMAN.

POETRY
FICTION
PRIESTHOOD INSTRUCTIONS
EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE
BOOKS
CROSSWORD PUZZLE
YOUR PAGE AND OURS

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL
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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

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The IMPROVEMENT ERA

DECEMBER, 1936
VOLUME 39 NUMBER 12
"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT
OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD
TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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The Cover

A SYMBOL OF CHRISTMAS! A symbol of Security! This composite photograph and drawing by D. F. Davis and Fielding K. Smith pictures the L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, as viewed from in front of the historic old Lion House. From here is relayed the leadership to which hosts of men and women throughout the world look for temporal and spiritual guidance.



ALMOST CHRISTMAS

By ETHEL
ROMIG
FULLER

IT'S very difficult to wait
For Christmas day to come—
The house is filled with whisperings
Like a beehive's hum.

Holly wreaths hang on the doors.
Cedar scents the air,
Scarlet, tissue-paper clouds
Billow everywhere.

Strange, that time which always flies.
Should drag its wings this way;
That clocks strike ever slower, when
It's almost Christmas day.



Photo by Lionel Green.



CHRISTMAS and the CHURCH SECURITY PROGRAM

TO the humble shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem came the glorious announcement:

"Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." (Luke 2:10-11)

Though of royal lineage Jesus was not born in regal castle, nor wrapped in purple robes. Though the Prince of Peace, he was cradled in a manger and his first covering, swaddling clothes. Thus pomp and splendor were eliminated as deterrents to the approach of the poor and the lowly. The "tidings of great joy" were to be to all people. By direct revelation these tidings came to the humble shepherds; through science, they were revealed to the wise men of the East; through inspiration, to the "just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel." All who found Him on that first Christmas Season approached Him with an unwavering assurance that the Savior, the Prince of Peace, King of kings, and Lord of lords, had come to earth as a mere babe in the humblest part of that little Judean village.

To accept this eternal truth is the first and most important step along the pathway that leads to the comfort and happiness of mankind.

The second step is victory over weakness and sin. With Christ as our supreme Exemplar, working for the glory of God, we obtain power to triumph over selfishness; to gain control over hitherto unrestrained passions; to govern appetite, envy, hatred, and worldly ambition—things which arouse not peace and goodwill, but enmity in the hearts of men. At His birth Christ not only heralded goodwill toward men, but also pointed the way later when He said: "He that will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Goodwill will never exist permanently either among individuals or nations until men learn to submerge self for the good and happiness of others.

Such is the objective of the Church Security Plan, in explanation and commendation of which this issue of *The Improvement Era*, and other issues to follow, will be devoted in substantial measure. At the heart of this program lies the fact that "if a man loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, he cannot love God whom he hath not seen," and, "if you forgive not men their trespasses

neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." In the Gospel of Christ, the pathway that leads to brotherhood and peace, leads directly through the hearts of men.

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (Matthew 25: 35-40)

As Christmas approaches let us double our efforts to bring faith, happiness, and cheer into the lives of our fellow men. Let those who are blessed with comforts and luxuries share with those who are less fortunate, not with an air of superiority, but with an attitude of appreciation expressive of the feeling that it is a privilege to invite another out of the shade and cold of penury and discouragement into the sunshine of kindness and brotherly love.

Let us continue our efforts to make life better and brighter, and thus assist in carrying good tidings of great joy to all people. May all who contribute to the success of the Church Security Plan work with an eye single to God's glory, applying the principles of righteousness as personified in the life and teachings of the Savior to the end that comfort and peace may abound in homes, may be practiced in society, and applied by the nations of the world.

Only thus can peace and goodwill be established among men.

Joseph Smith
John Taylor
David Q. Miller
The First Presidency.



THE CHURCH SECURITY PROGRAM IN ACTION

WITH WARDS, STAKES, AND REGIONS COOPERATING MAY WE NOT HOPE TO ACHIEVE THAT "ONENESS" WHICH THE MASTER SAID WE MUST HAVE IF WE ARE TO BE NUMBERED AS HIS: "AND AGAIN I SAY UNTO YOU, LET EVERY MAN ESTEEM HIS BROTHER AS HIMSELF."

By HAROLD B. LEE

President of Pioneer Stake and Managing Director of the Church Security Program.

IN ONE of the less prosperous sections of the Church a storehouse was needed to store the surplus commodities that had been produced on projects during the past summer under the Church Security Program. This building accommodation was also needed to serve as a distributing center to wards within that section, and to serve as a regional storehouse and as a distributing point to other regions wherever need might be found. It was thought advisable to provide a storehouse that would serve the needs of two adjoining stakes. A search revealed that there was no building available to rent and that an outright purchase would have to be made because the need was too urgent to wait for building delays.

The question of providing the necessary finances was discussed at a meeting attended by the presidencies and ward bishoprics of these two stakes. Some suggested that the money be borrowed, others that the Church be requested to give the necessary funds as an outright grant. Finally, one of the stake presidents arose and made this significant comment: "Brethren, we are making a mistake in asking to borrow this money for our storehouse, or in asking for an outright grant, until we ourselves have done everything possible to provide the necessary money. If we are to realize the real spirit of the Church Security Program we must be willing to give until it hurts." In both stakes a special Fast Day was announced for the following Sunday. In the meantime all members of the wards were advised of the undertaking, with the result that an amount equal to an average of twenty-five cents per capita was paid as a fast offering donation through this special drive,

and this amount was sufficient to meet the cost of the needed storehouse. Cooperation! United Efforts! Those are the necessary elements.

This simple story of splendid achievement illustrates the spirit that is prevalent throughout the Church, and which is expressed in this slogan: "Every member of the Church gives what he is able to give and receives in return whatever he needs for the sustenance of himself and his family."

Reduced to a practical working basis this merely means that if an individual is blessed with bounteous crops or a cash income, he should be willing to give liberally in fast offerings and tithing, and, if necessary, additional donations, even beyond these amounts. If all he is able to give is time and labor, this he must be urged to give, although at present that person or his

family may not be in need. In return every individual who has thus been willing to give of his substance or his labor unselfishly shall be provided the necessities for himself and family.

What is true of individuals, must likewise be true of each ward where, through close cooperation, the three agencies designed by the Lord to look after the temporal welfare of the members of the ward, are brought together into a ward Employment Committee, through which representatives of the ward bishopric, ward Relief Society organization and Melchizedek Priesthood quorums are urged to stimulate the liberal giving of money or labor by the ward membership, and to organize to the end that the greatest possible progress is made toward helping each ward to become self-supporting and independent in providing for its members. Cooperation!

Likewise, each stake, through the team-work stimulated by the Bishops' Executive Council and inspired by the Stake Committee, and, also, the Regional Council composed of presidents of stakes within any given regional section of the Church, must do the same. Uppermost in the minds of these groups must be the objective to have every individual within their group and every group within their organization give to the extent of each one's possibilities and in return expect to receive the necessary assistance from other groups that which is beyond their abilities to supply.

An interesting demonstration of this principle was recently made in one of the regions of the Church where a crisis had been precipitated in a mining section, with the result that between three and four hun-

THE EDITORS of "The Improvement Era" view the Church Security Program as one of the most vital projects ever undertaken by the membership of the Church as a whole. It is our present purpose therefore to keep the Church informed concerning the growth and progress of this cooperative venture, and it is with pleasure that we present this first in a series of articles on the Church Security Program. The writer of this article, President Harold B. Lee, is Managing Director of the Church Security Program, and from its inception, and before, one of its most valiant champions.

dred families had been thrown out of employment through no fault of their own. The problem principally affecting two wards in this region was so great and the need so acute as to make it wholly impossible for these wards to provide for these families even though they had been active in the Church Security Program through the past summer in providing garden produce, canned vegetables, fruits, and bedding. The stake authorities were called into consultation over this matter, and it appeared that the combined efforts of the wards of that stake would be insufficient to meet the need, so a regional council meeting was called of all six stakes within that region, and, after a three and one-half hour meeting, the council reached the following decisions:

1. That a regional storehouse should be established in the wards where the crisis had been the greatest.

2. That the president of the stake in this locality be delegated to exercise the full power of the regional council to make necessary requisitions for meeting the needs of the members of the two wards most greatly affected.

3. That all stake lines be obliterated and that regional operation for the present, and until the emergency had passed, be put into effect, and that all collections and disbursements of supplies be done in the stricken area.

4. That the officers of this stake, and particularly of the ward Employment Committees of these two wards, be charged with the responsibility of providing work projects that would make it possible for each needy person "to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," so that no aid should be dealt out to any able-bodied man without effort on his part.

5. That an assignment be made to each stake in the region to provide at once an amount equal to 5½ cents per capita for the population of each stake to put the proposed storehouse in order and to make necessary initial purchases.

6. That all perishable supplies on hand in any of the stakes be ordered sent at once to this storehouse.

7. That an immediate survey be made in each stake to ascertain the exact amount of surplus supplies or fast offerings on hand that might be drawn on in the future whenever necessary.

With wards, stakes, and regions thus cooperating, may we not hope to achieve that "Oneness" which the Master said we must have if we are to be numbered as His?

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

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

Behold, this I have given unto you as



HAROLD B. LEE

a parable, and it is even as I am. I say unto you, be one; and if ye are not one ye are not mine.—*Doc. and Cov.*, Section 38, verses 25 to 27.

Perhaps more important than the successful working together of the ecclesiastical groupings referred to, is the realization of a greater Priesthood quorum consciousness. Within each of these ecclesiastical units there are divinely appointed corps of men which units are known as Priesthood quorums, upon whom the responsibility of membership in a quorum must be interpreted to mean just one thing: Service to one's fellow men! The importance of this Priesthood activity in the Church Security Program was stressed by President David O. McKay at the October conference in these words:

I do not know how long it will take to realize the powers within these groups if we can start them functioning. Unless they get to going they will be just like a boiler factory without any steam—it lies there as an inert body, as a physical thing, but if you start the steam going the wheels begin to turn and the things that can be accomplished are unlimited. That is what must be done with our quorums. They should be made to function for the completion of this plan.

Sensing the importance of the coordinating of the Priesthood quorums for the accomplishment of these high purposes, one stake is purchasing a hundred acre farm in a fertile, well-watered valley to be paid for and operated by the Priesthood quorums of the stake. The labor of planting, cultivating, and harvesting is to be shared by the Priesthood quorums, including those who are unemployed or others who may need assistance; and the products from this farm are to be garnered in a storehouse to be distributed in that stake or region or in

any other region of the Church wherever the produce may be needed. Another Priesthood quorum has produced a hundred tons of sugar beets, and from the earnings of this produce is fostering suitable recreational facilities that are greatly needed by Church members in that locality.

The time has arrived when we are beginning to see a new meaning in such phrases as "Giving thanks to the Lord," "Serving the Lord," "Paying tithes and offerings to the Lord." We are coming to see that after all there is only one way by which we may render service to our Heavenly Father, and the secret of that service is revealed in a simple parable given by Jesus the Christ:

When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: . . . Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.

In a revelation given to the Church in 1838 the Lord declared:

. . . That the gathering together upon the land of Zion, and upon her stakes, may be for a defense, and for a refuge from the storm, and from wrath when it shall be poured out without mixture upon the whole earth."

Without the ward Employment Committees functioning as outlined, without the bishops Executive Councils operating together with a live and aggressive stake committee supervising and directing,—and, most important, without Priesthood quorums sensing the seriousness of their Priesthood callings, there can be no Church Security Program in any stake or ward where such conditions prevail.

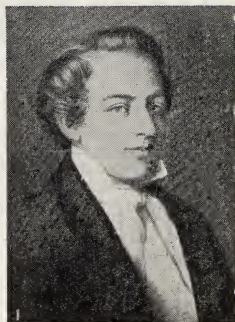
May we, in the language of that fine stake president, be willing "to give until it hurts" if necessary, and in that giving, fill the storehouses of the Lord to over-flowing that there may be "meat in my storehouse" when the day of need comes!

NEW WORLDS

By ISAAC B. BALL

President of Oakland Stake Mission

DECEMBER 23, 1936, marks the one-hundred thirty-first birthday anniversary of Joseph Smith. This month, as always, the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints hold him in revered honor as a "Prophet, Seer, and Revelator," and as the instrument in the hands of the Lord through whom the Gospel Restoration, foretold by scripture, was brought about more than a century ago. This is the third December issue of *The Improvement Era* to which Isaac B. Ball, a former Utahn, now residing in Oakland, California, has contributed an article on the inspired writings of the "American Prophet."



JOSEPH SMITH

THROUGH JOSEPH SMITH, THE AMERICAN PROPHET, HAVE COME GREAT AND MELODIOUS TRUTHS, WINGING INTO LOFTIER HEIGHTS: DELVING INTO PROFOUNDER DEPTHS.

"Be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of a Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice."

THUS THOREAU challenged all men to push forth into the far spaces and undiscovered fields of new ideas and great truths within him. open to whosoever seeks and asks, and knocks with a yearning that will not be denied.

What greater banner of exploration into even the farthest reaches of truth and great thoughts could a leader unfurl before his forward-facing followers than these Excelsior-like mottoes from the heaven-filled pen of the mighty seer, Joseph Smith, the American Prophet:

Seek learning by study and also by prayer.

A man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge.

And is not the old familiar hymn-poem, "O Say, What is Truth?" but a direct reflection of the Prophet's own intrepid example of a restless never-ending pioneering into new lands, a winging into loftier heights, a delving into profounder depths for the rich plunder of golden thoughts? Listen to the strong words:

O say, what is truth? 'Tis the brightest prize

To which mortals or gods can aspire;

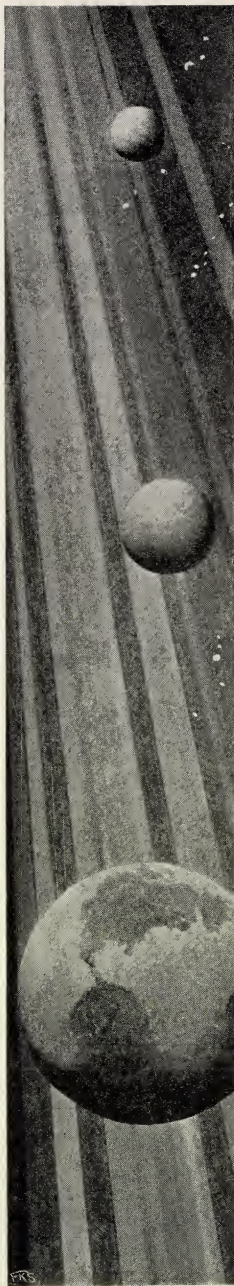
Go search in the depths where it glittering lies.

Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies;

'Tis an aim for the noblest desire.

In passing one cannot hold back the comment, what a glorious inscription to be chiseled over the entrance ways to universities of study and also to temples of prayer!

That Joseph Smith returned again and again from his soul's expedi-



OF THOUGHT

"IT IS MY MEDITATION ALL THE DAY, AND MORE THAN MY MEAT AND DRINK, TO KNOW HOW I SHALL MAKE THE SAINTS OF GOD COMPREHEND THE VISIONS THAT ROLL LIKE AN OVERFLOWING SURGE BEFORE MY MIND."—JOSEPH SMITH.

tions to new continents and to new worlds of thought within him and about him, weighted down with the most precious of all cargoes of truth is clearly evidenced by these words of his:

It is my meditation all the day and more than my meat and drink, to know how I shall make the saints of God comprehend the visions that roll like an overflowing surge before my mind.

Now let us turn specifically to the proof, the actual evidence, a typical example, if you please, wherein our Mormon Prophet was indeed a Columbus to new continents and worlds within him, opening "new channels, not of trade, but of thought." I would lead you for a moment to the wonders of the seventy-sixth section of that treasure-chest of riches, the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, to the famed revelation on the various degrees of glory in the worlds to come.

By way of preface hear the Prophet's own vouchment concerning the heavenly shores and the divine scroll whence he had brought back to all mankind perhaps this grandest of all visions ever won by a prophet for the enlightenment and comfort of the children of men. After referring to this sublime unfoldment as a "light which burst upon the world," he avers:

Every law, every commandment, every promise, every truth, and every point touching the destiny of man from Genesis to Revelation, where the purity of the scriptures remain unsullied by the folly of man, goes to show the perfection of the theory, and witnesseth the fact that that document is a transcript from the records of the eternal world.

The sublimity of the ideas; the purity of the language; the scope for action; the continued duration for completion, in order that the heirs of salvation may confess the Lord and bow the knee: the rewards for faithfulness and the punishment for sin, are so much beyond the narrow-mindedness of men, that every honest man is constrained to explain, "It came from God."

But turn to the revelation itself which we here have allowed to run into more or less measured lines as seems to fit the great melody of the theme and of the expression. Like diapason cords of great organ music do the melodious thoughts of that psalm which is the preamble to this heavenly vision charm us to worshipful attention. Listen as to angels' songs:

Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth,
And rejoice ye inhabitants thereof,
For the Lord is God, and beside him there is no Savior:

Great is his wisdom, marvelous are his ways,
And the extent of his doings none can find out:
His purposes fail not,
Neither are there any that can stay his hand:
From eternity to eternity he is the same
And his years never fail.

For thus saith the Lord—
I, the Lord, am merciful and gracious
Unto those who fear me,
And delight to honor those who serve me
In righteousness and in truth unto the end.
Great shall be their reward
And eternal shall be their glory.

.....



And their wisdom shall be great,
And their understanding reach to heaven;
.....
For by my Spirit will I enlighten them,
And by my power will I make known unto
them

The secrets of my will—
Yea, even those things which the eye has
not seen,
Nor ear heard, nor yet entered into the heart
of man.

And then forthwith the effulgent
light of the vision itself opens to the
astonished view: truly a "light
which bursts upon the world." The
enraptured Seer and companion sing
for us:

The glory of the Lord shone round about.
And we beheld the glory of the Son,
On the right hand of the Father,
And received of his fulness;
And saw the holy angels,
And them who are sanctified before his
throne
Worshipping God, and the Lamb,
Who worship him for ever and ever.

.....
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.

And then the curtain falls on this
glorious revelation of the radiant
Father, Son, and Holy Angels. A
far different picture now rolls before
the view of the two awe-stricken
witnesses—a picture black and awful
as the pit, and over it the heavens
weeping.

And this we saw also, and bear record,
That an angel of God
Who was in authority in the presence of
God,
Who rebelled against the Only Begotten
Son,
Whom the Father loved and who was in
the bosom of the Father,
Was thrust down from the presence of God
and the Son,
And was called Perdition,
For the heavens wept over him—
He was Lucifer, a son of the morning,
And we beheld, and lo, he is fallen! is
fallen!
Even a son of the morning.

.....
And we saw a vision of the suffering
Of those with whom he made war and
overcame,
.....
For they are vessels of wrath,
Doomed to suffer the wrath of God,
With the devil and his angels in eternity.

.....
And the end thereof, neither the place
thereof,
Nor their torment, no man knows. . .
Wherefore, the end, the width, the height,
The depth, and the misery thereof
They understand not,
Neither any man except those
Who are ordained unto this condemnation.

This scene now quickly changes
from deep despair to one of celestial
glory which outshines even the sun.
The record says, "we saw and heard

concerning those who come forth in
the resurrection of the just."

They are they who received the testimony
of Jesus
And believed on his name
And were baptised after the manner of his
burial,

Being buried in the water in his name, . . .
That by keeping the commandments
They might be washed and cleansed from
all their sins.

And receive the Holy Spirit
By the laying on of the hands of him
Who is ordained and sealed unto this
power;

And who overcame by faith . . .
They are they who are priests and kings,
Who have received of his fulness and of
his glory: . . .

Wherefore, as it is written,
They are gods, even the sons of God— . . .
These shall dwell in the presence of God
And his Christ forever and ever.

.....
These are they who are just men made
perfect

Through Jesus the mediator of the new
covenant, Who wrought out this per-
fect atonement

Through the shedding of his own blood.

These are they whose bodies are celestial,
Whose glory is that of the sun,
Even the glory of God, the highest of all,
Whose glory the sun of the firmament
Is written of as being typical.

Again the vision shifts. There
follows another and still another new
world of thought. Never before was
there a Columbus to so many great
continents of contemplation. Be-
yond man's loftiest dream of grand-
eur the glories of, not only the
celestial sphere, but also of the sec-
ond heaven opening to less worthy
earthlings. Attend still further:

And, again, we saw the terrestrial world . . .
Whose glory differs from that of the Church
of the Firstborn. . .
Even as the moon differs from the sun
in the firmament.

Behold these are they who died without law,
And also they are the spirits of men kept in
prison.

Whom the Son visited,
And preached the gospel unto them
That they might be judged according to
men in the flesh;

Who received not the testimony of Jesus
in the flesh

But afterwards received it.
These are they who are honorable men of
the earth

Who were blinded by the craftiness of men.
These are they who receive of his glory,
But not of his fulness;

These are they who receive of the presence
of the Son,

But not the fulness of the Father.

Wherefore they are bodies terrestrial,
And are not bodies celestial,
And differ in glory

As the moon differs from the sun.

Can there be yet another sphere
of glory than these two realms now
clearly defined! O, what surprise
awaits the world! Never before did
any pioneer of thought sail forth so
boldly but unerringly over mysteri-
ous and uncharted seas of concep-

tion. Wondrous, marvelous dis-
covery! A vast new universe of
Truth! Yea, a totally unsuspected
sector of reclaimed humanity! for the
vision declares that even the thor-
oughly depraved shall come forth
from the fiery furnaces of hell, their
souls' torment, and in due time in-
herit a surpassing realm of peace
and glory! With anxious expecta-
tion we harken yet once more:

And again, we saw the glory of the testial,
Which glory is that of the lesser,
Even as the glory of the stars
Differs from that of the glory of the moon
in the firmament.

These are they who received not the Gospel
of Christ,
Neither the testimony of Jesus,
These are they who deny not the Holy
Spirit.

These are they who are thrust down to hell.
These are they who shall not be redeemed
From the devil
Until the last resurrection . . .

.....
These are they who are liars, and sorcerers,
And adulterers, and whoremongers,
And whosoever loves and makes a lie. . .
These are they who suffer the vengeance
Of eternal fire.

These are they who are cast down to hell
And suffer the wrath of Almighty God.

.....
These all shall bow the knee,
And every tongue shall confess to him
Who sits upon the throne forever and
ever. . .

And they shall be servants of the Most
High;
But where God and Christ dwell
They cannot come,
Worlds without end.

Here indeed is deepest pathos!
"They cannot come, worlds without
end!"

What meditations, think you, re-
main with the seer after the vision
splendid has come to its climatic
ending? Will you note carefully the
deep reverence of these closing
phrases:

This is the end of the vision which we saw,
Which we were commanded to write
While we were yet in the Spirit.

But great and marvelous are the works of
the Lord,

And the mysteries of his kingdom
Which he showed unto us,

Which surpass all understanding
In glory, and in might, and in dominion;

Which he commanded us *we should not*
write. . .

And are not lawful for man to utter;

Neither is man capable to make them
known,

For they are only to be seen and understood
By the power of the Holy Spirit,

Which God bestows on those who love him,
And purify themselves before him;

To whom he grants this privilege
Of seeing and knowing for themselves;

That through the power and manifestation
Of the Spirit, while in the flesh,

They may be able to bear his presence
In the world of glory.

A VOICE "UNTO ALL MEN"



THE CHURCH ASSEMBLED IN GENERAL CONFERENCE AGAIN IS WITNESS OF TESTIMONIES PROCLAIMED TO AMERICA AND BEYOND, AS MILLIONS HEAR BY RADIO.

"WHAT IS MAN--"

By DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE

of the Council of the Twelve

A GAIN FROM the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City the Church assembled in General Conference sent out its message of the Latter-day Restoration to a nation listening by radio.

Sunday, October 4, 1936, as part of the fifth session of the One Hundred and Seventh Semi-Annual General Conference, the nationwide network of the Columbia Broadcasting System released during its Church of the Air series, 11:00 to 11:30 a. m. MST., a broadcast presenting addresses from two members of the Council of the Twelve, Elders Melvin J. Ballard and John A. Widtsøe, supplemented by the music of the Temple Singers, the Tabernacle organ, and the congregation estimated at near ten thousand.

This nation-wide radio service, which was also heard outside the confines of the United States, was presented under the direction of the Church Radio Committee with J. Spencer Cornwall conducting the singing, Frank W. Asper at the organ, and Richard L. Evans announcing. This is the third Church of the Air series that has originated with Radio Station KSL in the Tabernacle during a regularly convened conference, the first being on the occasion of the General Conference in April, 1936, when the First Presidency responded, and the second being at the Annual Conference of the Mutual Improvement Associations, June, 1936, when Stephen L. Richards of the Council of the Twelve spoke.

The brief addresses and testimonies broadcast by Elder Melvin J. Ballard and Dr. John A. Widtsøe are here reprinted in the order in which they were presented:

THE SECOND greatest question of life was asked by the ancient Psalmist:

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

In importance, this query is next only to that concerning the nature of God.

Inability to answer this question has often defeated fervent faith. The correct answer has enabled men and nations to build their futures securely. Faith has been most effective when accompanied by an understanding of man's relationship to Deity. The way out of the world's tragic chaos—the terror of poverty, sickness and war—must be illuminated by a comprehension of man's nature and destiny.

Man is one of the eternal, imperishable realities of the universe. His story begins in the infinite past, before the earth was made. His eternity reaches into the yesterdays as into the tomorrows. He belongs to the endless ages.

In the beginning, man was with God, a child of God, begotten by Him. He has a divine pedigree. In the pre-existent, spiritual domain, as a son or daughter of the divine Father, he increased in knowledge and power and grew in spiritual stature. At length he was prepared for the earth career and willing to accept its conditions. Man is not an accidental or transient invader of earth. Instead, he is a creature of plan and progress.

As a child of God, man partakes of the divine nature of his Father. Within him lie germs of infinite development. Potentially he is a Godlike being. Therefore he may rise eternally toward the likeness of his Father in Heaven. Upward, divine, unending, is man's high destiny.

The long climb of man from the dim beginning to the noble present, came from self-effort guided and directed by the Lord. His future ascent into glorious realms beyond human understanding will likewise result from his own strivings and struggles. True, man "lives and moves and has his being" under the law of progression; but progress is ever an inward, not an outward process. His increasing progress is not imposed upon him; salvation is a co-operative enterprise between God and man.

All men are the very children of God. They are brothers. Every man, however humble, of whatever race, has the same origin and possible destiny. The heavens and the earth were made and the plan of salvation was provided for each individual member of the human family. God is not a partial Father; each child is alike in his love. Since the plan of salvation is for all, it is fully consummated only when it has been accepted by all. Therefore it becomes a common concern to save every soul. Hence every man bears a direct responsibility for his brother.

Were this conception, which raises the individual man to immeasurable importance, more fully comprehended, there would come great modification of man's treatment of man. The inhumanity of man to man would soon vanish from the earth. The law of the beast would be replaced by the law of God. Love would triumph over hate. The record of history declares that nations which have recognized in part the true nature of man, have prospered most and survived the longest.

Little men who seek to take advantage one of another; rulers who look upon their people as pawns in a game; nations who wantonly toss thousands into battle to be maimed or

killed—these would falter in their evil designs before a knowledge of the divine origin and destiny of every human being, of his God-like nature. Righteousness would increase in the earth. We prattle about the brotherhood of man, but true fraternity can be realized only upon the acceptance of all men as our very brothers, possessing equal rights with us. There should be a comprehension of the innate greatness of every dweller on earth, of the possible attainment by the humblest man of an infinitely high goal. Such knowledge, widespread over the earth, would refine individual conduct, make men take thought before action, and would help bring about peace, the world's greatest need.

A sense of individual responsibility grows out of an understanding of man's relationship to other men and to God. The world is in serious need of a compelling sense of personal, individual responsibility. As men are, so is the social group. A righteous nation is but the assemblage of righteous men. National prosperity is but the sum of personal prosperity. When each man sets his own house in order, the whole world will be in order. There is much talk of governmental or other organized provision for our wants, material and spiritual, when in reality our greatest needs must be satisfied from within ourselves. To lean upon others for support enfeebles the soul. By self-effort man will attain his high destiny. It cannot be placed as a cape upon his shoulders by others. Upon his own feet he must enter the Kingdom of God, whether on earth or in heaven. By conquest of self he shall win his place in the everlasting glory of God's presence.

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

He is a very son of God, endowed with God-like power, who, if he respect his divine origin and high destiny, may bring to pass the long sought reign of righteousness on earth.



JOHN A. WIDTSOE

"NEW WITNESSES FOR CHRIST"

By MELVIN J. BALLARD

of the Council of the Twelve

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has a sacred mission to perform in the world. One of the most important features of that mission is to provide new witnesses to this doubtful and skeptical generation that Jesus is indeed the Christ, the very Son of the living God, who died for men and is still interested in them and presides under his Father over the destinies of this world. We proclaim with John that by him, as the Father's representative, was the world made. In the character of Jehovah before he dwelt among men in the flesh, he was the Spokesman of his Father, Elohim, delivering the commandments, inspiring the prophets and ultimately coming to dwell among men in the flesh, thereafter to be called Jesus Christ. He gave himself as a ransom to save the world and mankind; first, from the consequences of the fall which brought mortality and death. He brings us to immortal and eternal life. And through our obedience to his Gospel he redeems us from the consequences of our own sins.

But his interest in this world did not end when he had performed his great sacrifice. He is the Savior of all men, no matter where or when they have lived upon the earth. To his disciples at Jerusalem he said:

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." (John 10:16.)

It is generally agreed now that when he spoke those words there was a mighty multitude of people living in this western world. He was their Savior and knew of their existence.

Prominent among the witnesses this Church produces to support the testimony of the disciples at Jerusalem concerning Christ and his ministry is the testimony of a nation living upon this western hemisphere which was visited by him after his resurrection. Unto them he said, "Ye are the other sheep of whom I spake." Great destructions had occurred in this land at the crucifixion of Christ. The multitude who survived were standing about one of the temples marveling at the great changes which had taken place. The following account of this visit is recorded in the Book of Mormon, the Bible of America, Third Nephi, 11th chapter:

"And it came to pass that while they were

thus conversing one with another, they heard a voice as if it came out of heaven; and they cast their eyes round about, for they understood not the voice which they heard; and it was not a harsh voice, neither was it a loud voice; nevertheless, and notwithstanding it being a small voice it did pierce them that did hear to the center, inasmuch that there was not part of their frame that it did not cause to quake; yea, it did pierce them to the very soul, and did cause their hearts to burn.

"And it came to pass that again they heard the voice, and they understood it not.

"And again the third time they did hear the voice, and did open their ears to hear it; and their eyes were toward the sound thereof; and they did look steadfastly towards heaven, from whence the sound came.

"And behold, the third time they did understand the voice which they heard; and it said unto them:

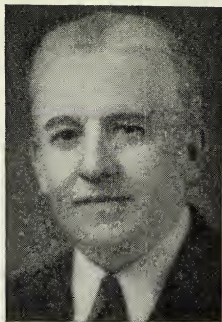
"Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name—hear ye him.

"And it came to pass, as they understood they cast their eyes up again towards heaven; and behold, they saw a Man descending out of heaven; and he was clothed in a white robe; and he came down and stood in the midst of them; and the eyes of the whole multitude were turned upon him, and they durst not open their mouths, even one to another, and wist not what it meant, for they thought it was an angel that had appeared unto them.

"And it came to pass that he stretched forth his hand and spake unto the people saying:

"Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified shall come into the world.

"And behold, I am the light and the life of the world; and I have drunk out of that bitter cup which the Father hath given me and have glorified the Father in taking upon



MELVIN J. BALLARD

me the sins of the world, in the which I have suffered the will of the Father in all things from the beginning.

"And it came to pass that when Jesus had spoken these words the whole multitude fell to the earth; for they remembered that it had been prophesied among them that Christ should show himself unto them after his ascension into heaven.

"And it came to pass that the Lord spake unto them saying:

"Arise and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain for the sins of the world.

"And it came to pass that the multitude went forth, and thrust their hands into his side, and did feel the prints of the nails in his hands and in his feet; and this they did do, going forth one by one until they had all gone forth, and did see with their eyes and did feel with their hands, and did know of a surety and did bear record, that it was he, of whom it was written by the prophets, that should come.

"And when they had all gone forth and had witnessed for themselves, they did cry out with one accord, saying:

"Hosanna! Blessed be the name of the Most High God! And they did fall down at the feet of Jesus, and did worship him." (3 Nephi 11:3-17.)

Jesus Christ spent three glorious days with the peoples of America. He organized his Church and taught them the same doctrine he had delivered to his disciples in Jerusalem. As he left them he promised to come again. This historic visitation is supported by the traditions of all the Indians of America who have the same story that their fathers were visited a long time ago by a fair God who taught his Gospel and blessed them promising to return again. The conquest of Peru and Mexico by a handful of white men was possible because of this tradition of the promised return of the white God.

And now another witness which this Church furnishes that Jesus Christ not only lives but that he is as deeply interested in this generation as he was in them of old is the witness of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery that on the third day of April, 1836, one hundred years ago, in the Kirtland Temple, built by divine command to provide a place for the Lord's appearance, the following event occurred:

"We saw the Lord standing upon the breastwork of the pulpit, before us; and under his feet was a paved work of pure gold, in color like amber.

"His eyes were as a flame of fire; the hair of his head was white like the pure snow; his countenance shone above the brightness of the sun; and his voice was as the sound of the rushing of great waters, even the voice of Jehovah, saying:

"I am the first and the last; I am he who liveth, I am he who was slain; I am your advocate with the Father." (Doctrine and Covenants 110:2-4.)

He further announced that the purpose of his visit and the sending of prophets of ancient times, who held keys of authority, was to inaugurate the dispensation of the fulness of times spoken of by the prophets, wherein all keys and authority of all former dispensations were to be reintroduced among men in the building and establishment of Christ's kingdom triumphant in the earth to which he would come to rule and reign as King of Kings and Lord of Lords for a thousand years, as the prophets had foretold. Jesus announced in this dispensation, therefore, that the hour had come when a great and marvelous work was about to commence among men, wherein everything would be shaken that could be shaken and only the truth would stand, and that the prophecies of old were about to be fulfilled, when the Spirit of God would be poured out upon all flesh and old men should

dream dreams and young men should see visions (Joel 2:28), and that as a result of it men would see wonders in the heavens and upon the earth.

What has happened in this world since that visitation a hundred years ago is in part at least a realization of the promise, for greater human progress has been made in the development of science in the last hundred years than in all the preceding ages combined. Surely the Spirit of God has been poured out upon all flesh, and men have caught visions of the secrets of God and the materialization of these visions has produced wonders in the heavens and upon the earth. The Lord's hand is in all that is now going forward. The conflict between good and evil will be fierce but out of every struggle will come the victory of the right and of the truth. Every man-made institution that stands in the way of God's purposes will be shaken and fall to the earth, and his Kingdom shall come and his will be done upon earth as it is in heaven.

Let all believers in Christ doubt not, for he delayeth not his coming, neither has he gone afar and forgotten us. Let us all join in continuing the glorious warfare to win this world for Christ, its rightful Ruler.

I bear witness that I know that he lives and that he is the Redeemer of the world. When that day shall come that I may stand in his presence and hear his voice, or like the doubting Thomas, thrust my hand into his wounded side and hands, I shall not know any better than that I do today that he lives and that he has visited the earth in this age in the reintroduction of his glorious Gospel in its fullness and that it shall be triumphant in the earth. God speed the consummation of this happy event. I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

OLIVER COWDERY'S TESTIMONY CONCERNING JOSEPH SMITH

OLIVER COWDERY, most intimate associate of the Prophet Joseph Smith during the days of Book of Mormon translation, has left some interesting notes on the Prophet's character contained in a series of letters written to W. W. Phelps for the *Messenger and Advocate* in 1834-1835. Although Oliver Cowdery later was excommunicated from the Church, he never denied these things or any others pertaining to the personal character of Joseph Smith or the divine origin of his work, and he was later rebaptized into the Church.

"... In consequence of certain false and slanderous reports which have been circulated, justice would require me to say something upon the private life of one whose character has been so shamefully traduced. By some he is said to have been a lazy, idle, vicious, profligate fellow. These I am prepared to contradict, and that too by the testimony of many persons with whom I have been intimately acquainted, and know to be individuals of the strictest veracity, and unquestionable integrity. All these strictly and virtually agree in saying that he was an honest, upright, virtuous and faithfully industrious young man. And those who say to the contrary can be influenced by no other motive than to destroy the reputation of one who never injured any man in either property or person.

"... I have been told by those for whom he has labored, that he was a young man of truth and industrious habits. And I will add further, that it is my conviction, if he never had been called to the exalted station in which he now occupies, he might have passed down the stream of time with ease and in respectability, without the foul and hellish tongue of slander ever being employed against him. It is no more than to be expected, I admit, that men of corrupt hearts will try to traduce his character and put a spot upon his name; indeed, this is according to the word of the angel; but this does not prohibit me from speaking freely of his merits, and contradicting those falsehoods—I feel myself bound so to do, and I know that my testimony on this matter will be received and believed, while those who testify to the contrary are crumbled to dust, and their words swept away in the general mass of lies when God shall purify the earth.

"For the present I close, with a thankful heart that I am permitted to see thousands rejoicing in the assurance of the promises of the Lord, confirmed unto them through the obedience of the everlasting covenant.

"As ever your brother in the Lord Jesus,

"OLIVER COWDERY."



The OUTLAW of NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

*The Story of Old Posey, Last
Pah-Ute Outlaw*

By ALBERT R. LYMAN

POKE

"The Old Bear"

"The Pah-Ute Cavalier"

CHAPTER IV—THE LITTLE SISTER

THAT snarl of tossing, sleepless Pah-Utes could not abide uncertainty and wait there in their defenses all summer. When they received the dull information that Uncle Sam's uniformed soldiers had turned back from a point forty miles away, they relaxed in disappointment. Breaking the monotony of their fruitless vigil they started off to hunt for deer on North Elk and down Indian Creek.

June had come, green and inviting; two months had passed since the big thrill at the springs; and no avenging hand had found energy or courage to reach far after them. They regarded the Horse-Ranch affair as a closed incident.

From Indian Creek they extended their hunt towards Lasal Mountain. With all their prosperity, their plunder, and their camp-furniture, they crossed Dry Valley in a motley caravan. In the big open country they saw neither horsemen nor tracks to disturb their composure, so they camped in a shady canyon of the mountain as content and as secure as if they held a deed to the whole country.

Their procession of horsemen, horsewomen, horses, goats, and dogs

THE STORY THUS FAR: More than half a century ago, when Kit Carson rounded up the Navajos and drove them into Santa Fe, New Mexico, to keep them there in the "bullpen" for three years, a disaffected handful of Pah-Utes broke away from their tribe north of the San Juan River and took possession of Navajo Mountain in Navajo territory. When the Navajos came back these Pah-Ute renegades refused to vacate the Navajo country and bad blood resulted. Sowagerie (Posey), the central character of this story, was a child of one of the Pah-Ute renegades. He grew up in a cradle of anarchy. Bitseel, a son of the ousted Navajos, is Posey's most bitter enemy. Frequent raiding parties between the two tribes and the killing and plundering of unsuspecting travelers, cattlemen, and ranchers, resulted in complications that forced the Pah-Ute deserters to rejoin their tribe. In the midst of this tense situation in 1879 a colony of Mormons was sent down to settle the San Juan country, largely for the purpose of improving relationships with the Indians. Thales Haskel was their chief interpreter—a man skilled in Indian dialect and psychology. But the Navajos and Pah-Utes continue to prey upon each other and upon the Mormon settlement. The feud between Posey and Bitseel continues, in gambling games and in subtle and secret warfare. As the last chapter closed, the Pah-Utes had killed a horse-raiser and a Colorado horse buyer, stealing all that was movable and burning all they could not steal. Drunk with blood and plunder, they moved their goods and progeny to a mountain retreat, anticipating the approach of white avengers for their last deed of violence.

had no more than disappeared over a little hill towards the mountain when a cowboy found the hot trail behind them. He bent over the reeking tracks and tore off over the prairie to give the glad word at the Blue Mountain camp. The word came to that fidgeting lair as water to a camp on the desert. They mounted in hot haste and went down over Peter's Hill like a mob of school-boys at recess time.

The redhanded Indians, at last completely off their guard, would have been easy game to a plan wisely made and carefully executed. Caution, however, was not exactly the watchword of that cowboy regiment. They felt certain of victory and they spurred pell-mell.

Into the peaceful din of that new camp in the mountain dell, the clatter and roar of the cowboy caval-

cade broke like a bolt from the clear sky. Wild consternation spread instant among the wickiups.

When the Indians saw that fury of wide hats, flying manes, and drawn guns appear on the hill above them, they simply jumped with shrieks of terror and surprise. With their frantic posterity they stampeded over each other, upsetting wickiups and scattering camp-furniture right and left in their eagerness to reach the brush and the rocks. They left horses and plunder behind. They left everything behind but their guns and their children.

Afoot! Nothing to eat! No beds, no shelter, hiding in the rocks like so many coyotes—they who so recently

ILLUSTRATED BY
FIELDING K. SMITH

had been glutted and mounted and lousy with money of unknown value! They glanced hurriedly back to see the dashing cavalcade envelop the camp, envelop the horses, seize everything.

Intoxicated with their tremendous advantage and burning for revenge, the cowboys leaped from their saddles and ran with their guns after the stampede. They determined to exterminate that whole infernal tribe before they had time to get away. Every man, greedy for his full share of the exterminating, left his horse to wait till the slaughter was completed.

From a deep thicket of birch willows, Poke called loudly in his incomprehensible language, telling his people to follow up the brush-grown ravine and collect by a big rock they could see above. He told them not to shoot till he gave the signal.

The white men crashed through tangles of service berry, stamped over the rocks with their heavy boots, and called recklessly to each other. They shot at every real or imaginary disturbance in the jungle, and otherwise advertised their presence wherever they went. Finding their fire not returned they felt the more secure and plunged forward after the prey.

Once out of sight, the Indians



RUDE FENCE AT SOLDIER CROSSING MARKING THE GRAVE OF THE TWO MEN DOGGED TO DEATH AT THAT PLACE WHEN THE TRIBE FOLLOWED THE "BIG TRAIL" (SEE PAGE 799.)

made little noise. In spite of their desperate haste they trod softly and spoke in whispers. At the big rock up the brushy ravine, Poke waited to direct them over a little ridge and down another ravine to a jumble of big rocks.

When he gave the signal to shoot he led off by killing three white men in three shots. The sudden fusillade from the Indians surprised the cowboys as their coming had surprised the camp. They scrambled for cover, leaving their dead and wounded behind.

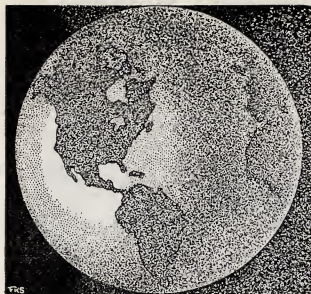
Then in a panic they retreated

headlong into the wild mountain while Poke and his people, having run in a circle, rushed back to their wickiups. They repossessed themselves of all they had before, besides all the horses, saddles, and packs the white men had brought. Of that formidable company of riders who got away alive, no one had saved more than his gun. The Pah-Utes took everything else.

(Continued on page 794)



INTO THE PEACEFUL DIN OF THAT NEW CAMP IN THE MOUNTAIN DELL THE CLATTER AND ROAR OF THE COWBOY CAVALCADE BROKE LIKE A BOLT FROM THE CLEAR SKY. WILD CONSTERNATION SPREAD INSTANTLY AMONG THE WICKIUPS.



YOUTH— AND THE NEEDS OF THE WORLD

By DR. RAY O. WYLAND

*Director of Education and Relationships
National Council, Boy Scouts of America*

THE FIRST great need of our world, as I see it, is that of a world vision and brotherhood which far transcends any world vision and brotherhood that has yet become real in the life of the world. I attended a World Convention of Rotary International at Boston, in June, four summers ago. I heard the stirring message of Frank Miller of Omarau, New Zealand, and his appeal to Rotary International, which is a brotherhood of business men, gathered around certain ideals of service and friendship. His appeal to the world brotherhood of Rotary was to give leadership in their home countries, under whatever flags they lived, for a larger conception of this world brotherhood, and the incentive that he gave them was the devastating effects of the next possible world war.

As I recall he said that another world war would not have a "no-man's land;" there would be no definitely defined frontier. That war would spread out over wide areas, including cities and residences, and there would be no non-combatants. Every man, woman and child within great areas surrounding the center of disturbance would be exposed to paying the penalty of their lives by devastating war from the clouds, with incendiary bombs that would set fire in a thousand places in a great city in one hour, with gas-filled bombs that would destroy human life and vegetation, with germ-filled bombs that would spread disease throughout the populace—a war with other infernal machinations of modern science that will make it possible, for civilization to destroy itself.

And it would appear in the irony of events that the very processes and progress of science and civilization have brought mankind to a point—whether we are ready for it or not—where it is absolutely es-

"I PRAY GOD THAT THE DEVOTION WHICH YOUR GREAT CHURCH HAS INSPIRED IN THE HEARTS OF ITS YOUTH WILL ENABLE THEM TO CARRY ON TO ACCOMPLISH THESE THINGS WHICH SEEM ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE. BUT TO MEN OF FAITH AND SPIRITUAL PURPOSE, NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE."

sential that civilized mankind should have this world vision and should subscribe to this world brotherhood, and should make it real in the life of the world, or civilized mankind will turn barbarian under the pressure of war, and will destroy civilization and each other.

NOW WHAT can youth do with this situation? Well, youth can do a lot with it. In this connection I invite your attention to the Scout brotherhood of which you are a very definite part, in which you have raised such high standards, bringing more of your youth into the Scout program than any other Church, more than any other state. The Scout brotherhood reaches out to the ends of the world, into every civilized land, furthering the brotherhood ideals, in the assembly of those Scouts as they meet together from the ends of the earth every four years in a World Jamboree. They live together, have fellowship one with the other and make real this understanding and good will which will make unnecessary such war preparations as the world is now so feverishly engaged in.

So there is a need which we should lay on the heart and mind of the youth of our land, and let us pray God that they may have the wisdom and the spirit to meet this great challenge.

THERE is another need—the need of an awakening appreciation of the fundamental religious principles which undergird the life of our nation and everything good that

is in it. For out of the church have been born our schools, our Christian homes, our states, our hospitalization, and every other uplifting influence in the nation. Religion is the leaven that leavens the lump; it is the salt that salts the whole of it, and these spiritual truths are the only principles upon which our civilization and the world can live.

These universal truths apply to every fireside, to every home, to every parent, to every child, truths as universal as the law of gravity.

There is the need of religious tolerance in such a country as Russia, which has become so intolerant and atheistic. It is amazing how a country can be so intolerant to religion, and so dogmatic in its atheistic propaganda—a nation that has exiled those who teach the word of life, and in the name of science has assumed to bring up a generation who disregard religious principles.

Now it is not our purpose to dictate to any nation how they shall observe their religious rites, but it is no gain in strength to any religion in America and it gives us no added confidence in the stability of our religious freedom when such religious principles are violated in our neighboring countries.

BUT THERE is another problem. While the altars of religion have been desecrated in other countries we have seen the altars of religion desolated too often in our own country. There is too large a portion of our population through-

out this nation who never go inside a church; there is too large a portion of the youth of our land who do not have any Sunday School work, who have no knowledge of the word of God, who have no knowledge of the history of the Christian era, and who would not know whether the Book of Revelation was at the end of the New Testament or the beginning of the Old Testament.

We need a generation of youth who can bring back to our land an awakening appreciation of the great religious principles which undergird the very life of this nation, and which in the words of our presidents from Washington to the present, have been the only hope of a more abundant life. No amount of schooling, no other principles, can provide a sure foundation and our presidents have repeated again and again that unless the truths of religion are kept burning on the altars of God there is no hope for the nation.

Consider a few excerpts as representing the greater volume of presidential pronouncements on religion and our national life:

Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—George Washington.

People educated in intellect and not educated in morals and religion will become a menace to our nation.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Education alone, without the instilling of moral principle and without the strengthening of that morality with religious spirit, may often prove to give to citizens a knowledge without the moral impulse to use it properly.—William Howard Taft.

Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. . . . Here is the final challenge to our churches.—Woodrow Wilson.

Our country is not lacking in material resources, and though we need more education it cannot be said to be lacking in intelligence. But certainly it has need of a greater practical application of the truths of religion. It is only in that direction that there is hope for a solution of our economic and social problems. Whatever inspires and strengthens the belief and the religious activities of the people, whatever administers to their spiritual life is of supreme importance. Without it, all other efforts will fail. With it, there lies the only hope of success. The strength of our country is the strength of its religious conviction.—Calvin Coolidge.

If I were asked to state the great objective which church and state are both

demanding for the sake of every man and woman and child in this country, I would say that that objective is a "more abundant life."

The churches, while they remain wholly free from even the suggestion of interference in government, can at the same time teach their millions of followers that they have the right to demand of the government of their own choosing the maintenance and furtherance of a "more abundant life."

Yes, the churches are the greatest influence in this world of ours to overcome the present tendency toward greed. State and church are rightly united in a common aim.—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I SEE in this picture of the world's needs the influence of the vitality of the religion of your Church, as your young men go on their missions to lands across the seas. I have seen them coming through



DR. RAY O. WYLAND

DR. WYLAND addressed several gatherings during the sessions of the Forty-first Annual Conference of the Mutual Improvement Associations June 11 to 15. This article on Youth and the Needs of the World has been adapted for "The Improvement Era" principally from the author's remarks made in the Tabernacle on Sunday afternoon, June 14. Said Dr. Wyland on that occasion: "I will briefly review three or four of the major needs of life and of the world in which we live, and offer a suggestion as to how this youth—the youth we have seen here in fellowship these days and the thousands more they represent—may face these modern problems that civilization has brought upon us. With faith in the living God, and by the power of His truth, this youth may be able to find the solution to these problems."

New York at the eastern gate on their way out and as they come back after their years of mission work. They have a long look, a serious face, a high resolve, a great purpose and a deep peace in their hearts, for they have filled their missions and they have preached this Gospel of the brotherhood of mankind and the Fatherhood of God as expressed in the bonds of Christian love.

I think not only of the thousands of youth that you are bringing up and sending out into industry, into science, into trades, into education,—for I meet them all over our country where your young people are establishing themselves in every profession—I think not only of their individual example and influence, but I think also of this great world brotherhood of Scouting of which you are a part and which has its fellowship reaching into all nations and all churches. It is my function in the Boy Scout organization to be the liaison between all these religious groups, and it has been most gratifying to see the fellowship that can grow out of Scouting principles wherein Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and your own great Church can have a common purpose to reach and serve your own boys through the instrumentality of a Scouting program and movement which will never violate the rights of your Church to administer that program and direct its leadership to inspire your youth and spiritualize their activities with a religious motivation which lifts it out of the commonplace, and gives them power and spirit to carry on.

We had a meeting three months ago at French Lick, Indiana, where all the professional leaders of the Boy Scout movement were assembled, and there President Grant met with us. The bishop chairman of our Catholic committee on Scouting was present. We had also the chairman of our Protestant committee on Scouting. The representative of our Jewish committee on Scouting was prevented by illness from attending.

After the various groups had attended their Sunday morning services, we came together in a fellowship meeting, which was not a union service of worship, but a fellowship of those who wished to bear testimony to the values of Scouting. President Grant read into the record of that great conference the fundamental teachings of the Word of



Wisdom from your Prophet Joseph Smith, and other fundamental teachings of your Church and told our group how your Church has integrated the Boy Scout program with the religious and cultural program of your youth. It was a very commendable presentation and a great testimony to the vitality of Mormonism.

Then Bishop Kelley, the chairman of our Catholic committee responded in similar terms; and the whole occasion gave one the feeling that Scouting is a medium for a wider fellowship in a world brotherhood in which your participation is as definite as the participation of any other group. The standards you have set, the progress you have made, the participation of your President in this fellowship, in which he had a very able forerunner in Oscar Kirkham and a marvelous representative in George Albert Smith, and the effective service of your outstanding young men who are professional leaders in Scouting, have greatly helped to extend the bounds of that fellowship and to broaden our vision.

Something has happened in the

last four months that we fondly hoped could happen—which will set this program forward twenty-five years, when its success is demonstrated. We have had numbers of your young men serving as Scout Executives, in sections of the states where there is a large membership of the Mormon Church. In the last few months one of your most promising young men has been transferred to a large city, many miles from this point, and has been established in one of our principal councils in a community in which there is very little Mormon population, and he is making good.

He has bound together the spiritual forces of that community in support of this program and if nothing happens in the next few months to defeat him, his leadership and acceptance in that community, based upon his sterling worth, will make him so secure that nothing can destroy his service to that community. And if that goes through, as I firmly believe it will, we are set forward twenty-five years in outreach and opportunity for the young men of your Church who may serve any community anywhere in the fellowship of Scouting.

ANOTHER great need that our youth can supply, that you can contribute to greatly, is the spiritual motivation of a high type of recreation. We in our day and generation are facing a very much extended leisure period in the life of the average person. There will be more unemployment until the work is spread around where more people are employed and all will work fewer hours. With machine production we are certain to come to shorter working days. I can recall some years ago when labor was striking for shorter days. In more recent years we have seen capital forcing upon labor shorter days and shorter weeks. The problem is to maintain wages at a level that those who work shorter days can buy the products of their labor and enjoy what they have produced.

It is apparent that we are faced with the absolute certainty of more leisure time for adults, and for young people a more extended period of preparation for life, an active period of service for those in middle age, and some degree of social security for those who can no longer make a livelihood for themselves.

This extended leisure is both a responsibility and an opportunity.

To give people more leisure does not necessarily improve their condition, for leisure time can be a great liability, and with the increase of leisure time there is the double responsibility to provide a more varied program with higher cultural interests for the individual and to more highly socialize our community life through group activities and social skills.

As I have looked through your M. I. A. program I have noted that you have planned to permeate the whole life of your youth, you have planned to make it possible for them every day to find a way to occupy their leisure hours with something constructive and uplifting, and with a spiritual motivation back of it. I assure you, there is one of the greatest needs of our day.

Our recreation must be put on a higher level, for there is nothing that so much reveals what we are and there is nothing that so determines what we are going to be as the way we spend our leisure time. If we include in our leisure program a place to commune with God, if we have in our week-end planning a time and place for divine worship, if we have on the shelves of our libraries and on the tables of our living rooms magazines and books embodying moral, spiritual, social and physical health, and if our youth in their social activity have something that carries them on and upward in social diversion that is not consuming but creative, then we need have no fear about society growing better. Society will grow better if our recreation is wholesome.

Where do the Scout leaders come into this picture? I do not need to dwell on that. You appreciate that there is a purpose back of all Scouting activity; you realize the opportunity in Scouting to provide your boys with constructive work, civic service, camping in the out-of-doors, and all of the various phases of self-improvement and the variety of interests that Scouts can develop through the Merit Badge program.

You also realize that the inspiration and the idealism that go with those activities, which give them meaning and value, and without which they would have no meaning and no value, is the idealism that comes out of the example, spirit and devotion of the men who lead in this movement. It is their spiritual vision; it is their living testimony that makes it all worth while.

ANOTHER great need to which youth can contribute is a consistent worthy home life. We will never have a better nation until we have better homes. Whatever we may expect from other constructive social forces, we must never get into that vicious circle which relieves the home of its responsibilities and its opportunities.

It is not the function of Scouting or any other social organization to supplant the home; our home life must be made better. We have better lighting, better heating, better sanitation, better food, more balanced diets; we have air conditioning, medical care, more sunlight. There is more cultural life, the fine arts, including music, with radio, victrola and piano, literature with magazines and books, and we have tapestries, sculpture and paintings. All of the physical things in our modern homes would put them way beyond the homes of the days gone by, when none of these luxuries existed in the home of the average man, woman and child.

But I must tell you it takes more than these physical things to make a home. It takes consecration, it takes beautiful home life, with a spiritual purpose to make that home life what it should be. When you see Boy Scouts and what they do in community service, I wish you could see these same boys back home. That boy who keeps himself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight; that boy who wants to do his duty to God and his country; that boy who wants to help other people at all times; that boy who wants to be trustworthy, loyal and helpful, friendly, courteous and kind, obedient, cheerful and thrifty, brave, clean and reverent; that boy who keeps these laws in his daily life and uses his Scout skills to relieve the burden of a tired mother and to be of service in the home; that boy whose life shines out bright in public service will also shine bright back there in the home.

But there is another phase of that home relationship, and that is the influence of an understanding father and mother with the child: I can assure you that through your general youth program, including Scouting, you have had a wholesome effect upon parents as well as upon children—you have helped them to understand the child, to know his nature and his needs, to sympathize with him, to meet him half way, to become his companion and his pal, and to help him appreciate what

home means to him. That is the thing in which our parents and youth can work together to their mutual benefit in building happier homes.

AND, FINALLY, we need the larger patriotism, the larger patriotism which recognizes the obligation upon our people to provide a more abundant life for all; no matter what their race, their color, their tongue, their religion; no matter whether they are poor or rich; no matter whether they live out in the open spaces or in the crowded city, whether on King's Highway, or down in the slums. There is a moral obligation upon every citizen under our flag, to see that every other man, woman and child has the opportunity to enjoy the *more abundant life*.

I have faith that as we and our fathers before us have found the way through mass production to provide all the things necessary to life, so our children of the next generation, or our grandchildren—will find the means and the way of so adjusting our economic affairs that the people who produce the goods of life shall have access to those goods, to enjoy them and thereby raise the standards of living for all.

It is my hope that our youth will contribute to this end. I have faith that they will familiarize themselves with economic issues, with political issues and the laws that control the destinies of men and nations; that they will go into what is called politics, that they will go into public service, and as public servants will set a standard that does not exploit the people whom they are appointed to serve. For the greatest of all is the greatest servant, and the tragedy of power is the service it can have and so often exacts.

Now, the leadership that can make these ideals real in our lives is that leadership which is going to come by selection, training and inspiration. When you review this great army of seven million youth of our land who have come up through the ranks of Scouting, selected out of the churches, homes, schools, from every walk of life, it is evident that they are the best of the group in which they live: the best of the colored boys of the south, the best of the farm boys, the best of the various national groups that have come to live among us. These boys who have come up through the ranks of Scouting, go out and establish their leadership in high school and



college, and later in business and in public affairs. Recent studies reveal that more than two-thirds of the outstanding leaders among the young men of our high schools and colleges have a background of Scout training. When you review these millions of boys and leaders, you will have some appreciation of their power for good in the land.

If that leadership can mount up to twenty-five per cent of the best minds, the best hearts, the best spirits, and the best men of the nation, they will guide and direct the destinies of the other seventy-five per cent. I look to the youth of this Church not for what they are numerically, but for what they are when they go out to multiply their leadership with their fellows at work, in the world of affairs, in the school, in the church, in the community and in civic service. They are the salt of the earth, and the light upon the hill which cannot be hid.

So we in this common partnership of the home, the church, the school and such agencies as the Boy Scouts of America are helping that leadership to bring their impact upon the life of this nation and the world. I feel that in our youth we have the promise that they will find an answer to some of these major problems and needs of our times.

I pray God that the devotion which your great Church has inspired in the hearts of its youth will enable them to carry on to accomplish these things which seem almost impossible. But to men of faith and spiritual purpose nothing is impossible.



"I HEARD THE BELLS of CHRISTMAS RING"

By MARYHALE
WOOLSEY

PEACE ENTERS THE HEARTS OF TWO WHO
ARE BEGINNING LIFE TOGETHER WHEN
THEY TRADE ELUSIVE INCONSTANCIES FOR HUMBLE
SECURITY.



TONY FELT A DIZZY WEAKNESS
SWEEPING OVER HER. SHE SANK
DOWN IN THE NEAR-DARKNESS,
RESTING HER BAG OF GROCERIES ON
THE STEP BESIDE HER.

HALF-WAY up the third flight of stairs, Tony felt a dizzy weakness sweeping over her. She sank down in the near-darkness, resting her bag of groceries on the step beside her. How heavy they seemed!—but of course, it was only because she was so tired; the load really was small. To Mart, it would have been nothing at all. If only he had been there to carry it for her!

She lifted the broken bit of evergreen which she had picked up from the sidewalk near the store, and sniffed its fragrance wistfully. Back on the mountain farm where she had grown up, there was a little grove of spruce from which had come, each year, a tree for Tony. She'd always had a Christmas tree! Tears came into her eyes, but she blinked them away determinedly. She mustn't be such a baby—she, a grown woman, a married woman who would have a baby of her own before another Christmas-time! Why—her baby would be old enough to notice its own little tree, by then; next Christmas would be a real Christmas again! For surely Mart would be

"located" long before another year passed. All he needed was a chance, Tony told herself loyally.

If only Mart would come tonight, though,—then at least she could have Christmas in her heart! It was unthinkable that Christmas might pass while she was so unhappy within herself, so discouraged, so weary of everything. She couldn't seem to shake off her dark mood; not with Mart staying away so long, and Grandmere lying so weak and ill—though the doctor did say she really was better.

Maybe Mart *would* come tonight—because of Christmas, and he'd know she'd be wanting him. But then, he'd said Christmas "didn't mean anything to him; nothing to all that bunk, anyway!"

Mart had known nothing but suffering and unhappiness in all his life; she mustn't blame him if he felt bitter. Tony had had troubles and sorrows; she, too, had lost both father and mother, had known only poverty—but she'd had Grandmere to look after her and comfort her and teach her about things. . . Mart

had had only a brother much older, uncaring if Mart "ran wild," as the neighbors used to say.

QUEER, how Mart should have wanted Tony, who was pale and thin and frail, when he was so big and strong. Of course, people said "Opposites always attract;" maybe it was as simple as that!

Or perhaps it had been their common need for companionship and sympathy that brought them together—Mart, "that wild boy," and Tony, daughter of "that queer French girl Henry Mellor had married—convert, she was—and her old mother, too; but the Grandmere, as they called her, never had learned to put aside her old-world ways, quite. Poor Henry!—and poor little girl of his, left all alone, you might say. . . ."

When Tony, barely eighteen, married Mart—who was less than two years older—Grandmere said, in the French that she must always use to express herself clearly: "Now we have a man to tend the farm, and things will be better."

But Mart, when Tony had blushing translated for him, laughed loudly and exclaimed,—

"Not by a jugful! Nobody's going to hitch me up to any little old handful of mud like this farm! We're going to the city, Tony, and be somebody that is somebody. We're going to have things you

never dreamed of having, you funny little angel-face. We'll sell the farm,—and I'll show you!" And masterfully he slapped down his unruly red-brown hair, and his dark eyes smiled into Tony's adoring blue ones, and promised wonderful things. They hadn't sold the farm, because it developed that Tony could not legally sell her inheritance until she was twenty-one. So, because Mart was impatient, and in spite of the Bishop's pleading that they remain, they left it standing bleakly and alone, a neighbor agreeing to look after the chickens running at will in and out of the broken coops and yards, and a cow mooing lonesomely in her bit of a pasture. Grandmere wept when they left the little Mormon community, but Tony knew only a great pride and confidence in Mart's ability to bend the world to his will.

She hadn't dreamed of what they would experience in the city. The weeks of temporary jobs, the uncertainty of tomorrow's food and next week's rent; the noises and smells and drabness,—and the steps to climb! They'd taken these little high-up rooms because they were cheap and yet had more light than most, and there was a tiny balcony where Grandmere could have a chair in the sunshine—when there was sunshine; they'd not dreamed of the smoke and fog that could shut away the sun for days at a time; but so it had been. Grandmere wept much and prayed more, and grew thin for lack of eggs and cream and garden-things; Tony paled and worried as the days went by and Mart could not find his "chance."

Grandmere fell ill; Mart resented her pains and aches and the extra work for Tony; they quarreled. And he left, one day when everything seemed to go dead wrong, flinging himself out with the heart-chilling statement that he'd come back when he had a real job, and not until then; he was sick of—all this! That was—three weeks ago; such ages and ages!

TONY sprang to her feet in dismay. The stairs were quite dark; Grandmere was all alone, waiting for her—and here she sat dreaming, with wet cheeks and heavy heart and tired, tired body. She was so tired!

Grandmere was awake. Tony bathed her face and hands, arranged the pillows comfortably, and hurried to warm the soup left from yester-

day, and the bowl of milk pudding. For herself, remembering the clinic doctor's admonition regarding raw vegetables every day, she scrubbed a carrot and laid it on her plate. She was too tired to prepare a proper salad. . . Tomorrow she'd take time to fix everything just right. . . If only Mart would be there, too!

She helped Grandmere eat first, and as she tucked an old blanket around the thin shoulders, she thought with momentary pleasure of the rose, wool shoulder cape she had been knitting for Grandmere's Christmas-gift. It needed but a few stitches more, and it would be so warm and pretty. . . She'd done a muffler for Mart, too, striped gray and blue; it had been finished and waiting for days. Waiting for Christmas—and Mart's return.

Tony ate her lonely meal, washed the dishes, and tidied the room. Grandmere had fallen asleep; the stillness was all but unendurable. She settled herself in the big, old cushioned chair, the room's one luxury, and took the rose-colored cape to finish it; her knitting-needles clicked, a desolate sound. This—this, she thought bitterly, was Christmas Eve. Her first wedded Christmas!

TEARS burned behind her eyelids. She felt that weeping would be a relief, but she could not weep; her throat ached, throbbing painfully. She found her eyes constantly turning toward the door, her ears straining for the sound of a firm step on the stairs. . . Mart . . . Mart . . . please come. . .

And then she heard a new sound. So suddenly it came, she started from her chair, a cry stifled on her lips. She stood staring about, wondering; and her face grew bright with pleasure, her heart seemed to be lifted up.

Bells! Christmas bells! Clear and sweet of tone, they pealed out joyfully, seeming far away, yet near, chiming out the melody of a beloved old hymn. Tony dropped her work and clasped her hands in ecstasy, lost in listening. . . In the other room, Grandmere stirred, cried out. Tony was at her bedside in an instant, and found her half sitting up, her wrinkled face alight.

"Carillons!" she cried. "The window, Toinette—open the window!"

Tony obeyed, mechanically getting her coat as a gust of cold air swept in upon her. The beautiful

sound of the bells filled the room.

"Noel, Noel," Grandmere whispered. "The blessed Noel comes again! The bells, Toinette—it is as if I were home again in my beloved France. I would kneel to pray, chérie—and I cannot; you will kneel for me, Toinette? And give thanks for the coming of the blessed Noel!"

Tony knelt obediently; she could find no words, but in her heart was a prayer of gratitude for this interlude of beauty. . . There were voices now, singing; she could hear the words clearly: "Joy to the world, the Lord has come; Let Earth receive her King! Let every heart prepare Him room—"

They listened breathlessly to the end. When silence came again, Grandmere sank back upon her pillow, but a smile was on her lips and peace in her eyes. She was murmuring something; Tony bent to catch the words:

"I am better now—better. Noel, Noel—"

Softly Tony went away, back to her work. And now the needles clicked merrily; to their accompaniment, Tony sang very low, the song the bells had brought: "Joy to the world, the Lord has come!"

The bells—the beautiful bells! Their joyous message had changed

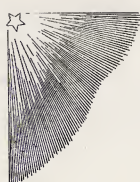
(Continued on page 791)



AND THEN HE HEARD—MUSIC
—NO—BELLS, IT WAS, BELLS!
DOZENS OF THEM, THEIR
MUST BE—CHIMING OUT IN
TUNES.

FRS

THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS



By GEORGE D. PYPER

General Superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union and First Assistant Chairman of the Church Music Committee

FOUR CHRISTMAS CAROLS

X. "When Christ was Born in Bethlehem"

Words By
HENRY WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW

Music by
EBENEZER BEESLEY

XI. "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains"

Words and Music by
JOHN MENZIES
MACFARLANE

XII. "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"

Words by
CHARLES WESLEY

Music by
MENDELSSOHN

XIII. "Silent Night, Holy Night!"

Words by
JOSEPH MOHR

Music by
FRANZ GRÜBER

IT WAS Christmas Eve. Outside, the bright moon shone on the crisp, sparkling snow. Inside, the members of the Perkins family were circled before the blazing logs thrown across the andirons in the great fireplace. Stockings were hanging across the chairs and from every available projection, showing that in this family at least the Santa Claus debunkers had made no deep impression.

Grandfather Perkins had just finished telling the story of the first Christmas in the valley. In the quiet moment that followed, there came on "the midnight clear" the faint sounds of "When Christ was Born in Bethlehem."*

"What's that?" asked young Jim. "That must be our choir singing Christmas carols. The Bishop said they would be out tonight," said Mrs. Perkins. "I do hope they'll come to our home."

Nearer and nearer came the carolers; sweeter and sweeter the strains of "Far, Far Away on Judea's Plain,"† echoed through the night.

"Now they're singing our Sunday School song," said Jim, humming the tune which ended gloriously with the inspiring refrain—

"Glory to God in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men."

The carolers gathered upon the wide Perkins' veranda and after a hush came the inspiring tones of "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," and the soft and beautiful "Silent Night, Holy Night."

Tears were in the eyes of Richard Perkins as he turned on the porch light and invited the carolers into the house, where they warmed themselves before the glowing

hearth fire and again sang the carols.

"Won't you tell us the stories of these songs?" inquired Mr. Perkins. "We mustn't tarry long," answered chorister Henry Manners, "but as it is yet early we will make time to mention them briefly."

"When Christ was Born in Bethlehem" was written by our American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," he said. "The beautiful setting used by our carolers tonight is by the late Ebenezer Beesley, one of our best-known Mormon composers. The composition was the prize winner in a Deseret News competition conducted thirty-six years ago.

"The words and tune of 'Far, Far Away on Judea's Plain,'" continued Mr. Manners, "were the work of John Menzies Macfarlane, son of John and Annabella Sinclair Macfarlane, born October 11, 1833, at Sterling, near the city of Glasgow, Scotland. His father was a duke's coachman and when the Queen of England visited Scotland, he was assigned as her coachman.

When Christ was Born in Bethlehem

By HENRY WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW

WHEN Christ was born in Bethlehem,
'Twas night, but seemed the noon of day;
The stars, whose light was pure and bright,
Shone with unvarying ray,
But one, one glorious star,
Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

As shepherds watched their flocks by night,
An angel, brighter than the sun,
Appeared in air, And gently said,
'Fear not, be not afraid,
For lo! beneath your eyes,
Earth has become a smiling paradise.

*Printed in Deseret Sunday School Songs, No. 221.

†Ibid, No. 81.



Silent Night, Holy Night!

By JOSEPH MOHR

SILENT NIGHT, Holy Night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy Infant so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent Night, Holy Night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Savior is born!

Silent Night, Holy Night!
Son of God, Love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord at Thy birth!

Silent Night, Holy Night!
Guiding star, lend thy light.
See the eastern Wise Men bring
Gifts and homage to our King
Jesus, the Savior is Born.

The father died when John was quite young. John came to America with the family and settled in Cedar City, Utah, in 1851 or 1852, where he married Ann Chatterley. He organized a choir and when St. George was settled he took his choir there and gave a concert to cheer up the people. After the concert Erastus Snow said to him: 'We need a choir in St. George. You go home, sell out, and come down here to live.' This he did. In the meantime he helped settle Toquerville and built the first house there.

"When the late Bishop Scanlan of the Catholic Church visited Silver Reef, a flourishing mining camp in those days, he expressed a desire to hold mass in St. George. The Latter-day Saint authorities, with a liberality for which they are noted, consented and Brother Macfarlane trained his choir for six weeks learning the Latin mass. It was given in the St. George Tabernacle. About this time he thought there was need

of more Christmas carols so he wrote 'Far, Far Away on Judea's Plain,' the popularity of which has reached far beyond our own Church bounds.

"Brother Macfarlane was a valuable citizen in a pioneer community. Besides being a district judge, a surveyor, a builder, he was able to play on almost any musical instrument. He died in 1892."

"I am glad to hear this story, for I have often wondered who was the composer of that beautiful carol," said Brother Perkins.

"And now," said the conductor, "I'm going to ask Jennie Burt, our organist to tell the story of 'Hark! The Herald Angels Sing,' as she gave it in Mutual the other night."

"I'll try, Brother Manners," said Jennie, and in a sweet and modest voice she told the story:



Far, Far Away on Judea's Plains

By JOHN MENZIES
MACFARLANE

FAR, far away on Judea's plains,
Shepherds of old heard the joyous strains:

Chorus

Glory to God, Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest;
Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

Sweet are these strains of redeeming love,
Message of mercy from heav'n above:

Chorus

Lord, with the angels we too would rejoice,
Help us to sing with the heart and voice:

Chorus

Hasten the time when, from ev'ry clime,
Men shall unite in the strains sublime:

Chorus

"This song is credited by some hymnologists with being one of the four best hymns in English hymnology. It was written by Charles Wesley who was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, December 18, 1708. Charles was the youngest of eighteen children, a son of Reverend Samuel Wesley, an English clergyman. His mother, who is credited with being the most gifted of his parents, was Susannah Annesley, daughter of Reverend Samuel Annesley, a non-Conformist minister of London. Charles is described by one writer as 'the greatest hymnist of all ages.' He is said to have written sixty-five hundred hymns. Four thousand of them were published before he died and twenty-five hundred manu-

(Continued on page 773)

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

By CHARLES WESLEY

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

Christ, by highest heav'n adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the favored one.
Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity
Pleased, as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel!

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"

Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hail! the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!"



AL HARISH STOOD LIKE A STATUE, FEAR CHANGING TO AWE UPON HIS FACE.

KEEPER OF THE DOOR

BY
CLAIRE
STEWART
BOYER

TODAY IN BETHLEHEM, OVER THE STABLE WHERE CHRIST WAS BORN, IS THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY. FOUR CHRISTIAN SECTS HAVE THEIR SEPARATE CHAPELS IN THE BUILDING, AND CELEBRATE CHRIST'S BIRTH ON DIFFERENT DAYS. IN THE GROTTO BENEATH THE CHAPELS IS HIS CRECHE BEFORE WHICH CANDLES BURN TO HIS GLORY. BUT IN THIS WORLD WHERE THE TEACHINGS OF THE MASTER COULD BRING ABOUT HIS IDEAL—THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN—THERE EXIST PETTY JEALOUSIES BETWEEN THE DISAGREEING SECTS. SUCH IS THE BASIS OF THE STORY HERE UNFOLDED.

Allah? Might not He hear a boy's prayer more easily? It was nearing the Christmastide for all His worshippers; surely He would acknowledge this worship. Omar felt a yearning, and instead of doubling up in Mohammedan fashion, he stretched his arms out and addressed himself to the Lord of the Christians.

Only yesterday his father had sat in the accustomed place before the church door, giving permission to pilgrims who wished to enter, welcoming priests who came to pray. But today he was at home crying bitterly with the pain of the dreaded disease, dengue. How could a kind Allah permit such misfortune to befall? Why did he not heal the sores and allay the fever? For twenty years Omar's father had been keeper of the door. He alone had been able to maintain peace among the quarrelling priests. He alone held the calendar, and could arrange the special services for Coptic, Greek, Latin, and Armenian in their separate chapels here in the Church of the Nativity. He was needed here, now, and the sense of this need in Omar's being stilled him. It was as if the fluttering bird in his heart had become a dove of peace.

"O Christ," he murmured. "Christ of the Christians—"

The words startled him and, trembling, he fled up the circular stairway, through the chapels, with-

out seeing the guards, to his father's station at the door. He ran his fingers through the keys on his sash to be sure they were all there, and held the small key lovingly. His father had entrusted the calendar to him and he had locked it in the sacred vault. His pride at this new dignity of office straightened his little back, and for a moment he watched the passers-by and forgot his father's illness.

A flower girl came gaily up to him, a girl he had carried a burden for once, and tucked a cyclamen in the folds of his robe. He smiled his gratitude; it was much better than thanking her audibly, and she passed buoyantly on, calling more sweetly, he thought, her pretty wares. He watched a nearby crippled vender; he saw the dark shadows of Jewish women with heavily laden baskets on their heads recalling him with their darkness to the shadow of his father's illness. He did not hear the Armenian priest approach and was startled when the well-known voice in urgent tone demanded:

"Your father, boy? I need him."

"Ah, sir," responded Omar sadly. "I also need my father, but indeed he is too ill to be here. May I not help you?"

"None but your father can do this for me. I have been overcome

(Continued on page 789)

Omar was alone in the Chapel of the Nativity. It was the first time in all his twelve years that he had stood alone before the altar where the cradle of Christ reposed. And he was not afraid. Once before he had felt like this; he had gone to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher with his stern Mohammedan father, and while that august man was examining the jeweled altar, he had slipped into the adjoining chapel and had stood before the painting of the Christ upon the cross. The same peace had come upon him, so unlike the awe that held him on his knees mumbling the Koran to Allah. Might not Christ be closer and kinder than the great

THE PALESTINE-SYRIAN MISSION

By JOHN FETZER, JR.

NUMEROUS languages, incompatible peoples, and divergent interests tensely packed together in a small country—but out of them all will one day come unity and harmony under the Gospel plan—such is the picture of Palestine as viewed by one missionary of the Church, Elder John Fetzer, Jr., who labored in Germany one year and in Palestine two years, but has returned to this country since this article was written. At the present time the Church has no missionaries in Palestine except President B. Pitranian and his wife, who look after the affairs of the Church from Mission Headquarters in Beyrouth, Lebanon.

ALL THE world has heard of the land of Palestine. Although the entire country is only about a tenth the size of Utah, yet it has been talked about for thousands of years, and in their study of it, people all over the earth have in their imagination, tried to picture how it appears. I had pictured Palestine much different from what I found it to be; my ideas of it were radically altered after arriving there; my imaginative picture of the Holy Land was remodeled, and many things become clearer to me. I have heard stories all my life of this land, of the building up of Palestine by the Jews, and yet, I had to visit it to see what it was really like.

In my experience in the Palestine-Syrian Mission I encountered peculiar problems. I found that

one simply cannot work in this land as one would in America or in Europe. Here is where the East begins; here one must adjust himself to a new life. Even in Haifa, where a cosmopolitan group of people are living, a good many of whom have come from Europe and who understand the ways of European civilization, it is impossible to work as missionaries in Europe work.

For example, when we look at the population of Palestine we find

that there are only about one million two-hundred thousand people there. And it is a bit surprising to find that out of that number, over eight hundred thousand are Arabs, and about three hundred and fifty thousand are Jews. The rest of the population is made up of a mixture of foreigners, a good many of whom are Armenians and Europeans. The surprise comes to anyone who might have thought that Palestine is overrun with Jews; they are considerably in the minority. Another problem which the missionary has to face is this: of the more than eight hundred thousand Arabs in the land, only seven-





EXAMPLES OF JEWISH BUILDING—TAKEN FROM ROOF OF AN UNCOMPLETED APARTMENT.
JEWISH BUILDING AND CEMENT MIXER—
ARABIAN BUILDING AT THE RIGHT.

ty-three thousand can read or write. Imagine what a task it would be to bring the Gospel to those people! Here the Jews show to better advantage; the majority of them can read and write.

In a European country it is usually necessary for a missionary to learn but one language in order to preach the Gospel. In Palestine he must know at least three to be effective. There are three national languages: English, (because it is a British Mandate), Arabian (because the majority are of that race), and Hebrew (because this is designated as the home-land of the Jewish nation). Any one of these three can be used as the national tongue.

In walking through the cities of Palestine one notices the large number of signs and advertisements on the stores. Store owners are forced to advertise in three tongues to cater to all. The busses in the streets are covered with writing to enlighten all three peoples. Were these languages somewhat alike it would not be such a difficult situation, but they are all founded upon different writing and alphabets. In speaking, Hebrew and Arabian have much in common, but in writing they are essentially different. Besides these three there are many others; the immigrants from all parts of Europe bring their languages with them; German is very strongly represented and Yiddish is a tongue which many understand and use.

In walking through the streets of Haifa, one cannot help hearing some four or five languages. Armenian is also very much used and it has an alphabet all its own.

A missionary finds himself lost in this land of "Babel." I thought that I was well-equipped because I could speak two languages, but I found that I had only begun to learn.

In Haifa, the L. D. S. mission home* was in the German colony, and much of our tracting was done there. I remember how queer it felt on the first afternoon of tracting, to stuff English tracts in one pocket, and German tracts in the other, and then go out on the street. As we went down the road we knocked at the doors. When the people came to the door we would hesitate a moment for them to say something and thereby show their nationality. If they said nothing, we would meekly attempt English by saying, "Good afternoon," and in saying it reach into our pocket filled with English tracts. If a look came over their faces as if they did not know what we were talking about, we would immediately try in German, and deftly shift hands to the other pocket where the German Gospel tracts were. Usually in the section of town which we are tracting, one or the other would be the right one and then we would offer our message. Now and then, however, the look of doubt would not disappear from their faces with either language and then they would say something in Arabic or Hebrew or some other tongue. It would then be our turn to show doubt written on our faces, and all we could do was to shake our heads, smile, and go to the next door. Such is tracting in the German colony at Haifa.

IN the Palestine-Syrian Mission, Church literature in English and German is principally used. We also have some literature in Armenian. We have a thriving branch in Aleppo which is almost all Armenian. Their monthly lessons are prepared in the mission office, translated into Armenian by President Piranian, and sent to them for their classes.

In other languages, and in the most important for this land, Arabic and Hebrew, we have been woefully lacking in literature until now. It is, however, in the process of preparation.

*Mission headquarters have since been moved to Rue Siofi, Achrafie, Beyrouth, Lebanon, Asia Minor.

With the differences in people and languages it is natural that unity should not exist in the land. It is a well-known fact that the Jewish population and the Arabian population have little love for each other. It is hard to bring the two together. It is another well-known fact that the Germans and the Jews have little in common at the present time. Mutual hate and fighting exist on all sides today, even as they did during the whole of the Bible narrative.

One is not called according to his nationality in this land. He is either a Mohammedan, Jew, or Christian. In Palestine these three great religions meet, and although they exist together their boundaries and limits still appear sharply as if cut with a knife. And because of these three religions there are three Sabbath days each week—another strange thing to which a westerner must become accustomed.

Friday is the Sabbath of the Mohammedans. On that day all the Mohammedan stores close their doors. Saturday is the Sabbath of the Jews and on that day all Jewish stores are closed and barred. It is easy to tell which nation has the most commercial enterprises in Haifa: on Saturday the majority of the stores in the town are closed and deserted. The Jewish Sabbath is strictly adhered to from all outward appearances. It starts at sundown on Friday evening and lasts until sundown on Saturday evening. During that time rest is observed, even for the big busses which ply their way here and there over the entire country. Sunday follows, and the Christians observe their Sabbath. Each religion acts in its own way; each holds to its own laws; each lives in a different world; and yet, all are mixed together in one little country, and hold sway over its destiny.

Is it any wonder that the task seems great to a missionary of the Church whose obligation it is to bring all people together under one plan? But we are comforted in knowing that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."



EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

SIR JAMES JEANS, the English astronomer, recently predicted that in 36,000,000 years the moon will be close enough to send 650-foot tides



over the seas four times a year, penning Americans between the eastern and western mountain ranges.

A NEW drug to be used in the treatment of arthritis was recently announced before the American Chemical Society. A complex benzoate, the use of the compound has given progressive and definite relief of pain, fever, and swelling in two years careful testing, in Jersey City medical center. Another group of doctors has found that diets with a great deal of sulphur and little of carbohydrates are beneficial. "Eat eggs."

AMONG the many important announcements at the Harvard University tercentenary was the development of a new influenza vaccine. Developed along similar methods in America and England by using the submicroscopic "agent", the vaccine is already in human use with every evidence of effective prevention.

HAY FEVER and asthma may also be caused by fungi or molds. Cases have been found where the patient failed to respond to tests for pollen, but gave violent reactions to fungi spores floating in the air.

SHOOTING and bombing insects is a new way to get rid of the enemies of man. A new patent describes the firing from shotguns of compressed slugs of insecticide which burst into dead dust and envelop vegetation with a fine insect killing powder.

THE soybean, imported from the Far East where it is used as an article of food, is bidding fair to become a very important factor in American agricultural and industrial life. It makes good hay, and the beans are a green vegetable for the home table. The oil from pressing is used in industries from

paint and printing ink to lubrication. The meal left after pressing may be used as feed for animals or with flour, or to make glue. It is also used in the plastic industry.

PEOPLE who are either deaf or don't like to hear a telephone bell can have a signal light installed to call them to the telephone. The light may either be made to flash, or to stay lighted until the call is answered.

VITAMIN B has been artificially produced by chemical methods by a number of scientists working together. This beri-beri preventing vitamin can be produced more cheaply by the synthetic means, than it can be extracted from natural sources.

THE railroads haul a ton of freight a mile with a glass of water and less than a handful of fuel. Scientific selection of coal, chemical treatment of



boiler water, and improved locomotives have reduced the coal required to move 1000 tons of equipment and freight from 163 pounds in 1922, to only 120 pounds in 1935.

THE du Pont Company recently announced a new water-clear plastic, strong as glass, but flexible and non-shattering. It is easily workable since it can be sawed, cut, drilled, polished and molded. It is claimed that a square inch of it will carry a load of five and a half tons without cracking.

WET concrete may be hardened in fifteen or twenty minutes by a new vacuum treatment. By means of a suction pump hose and rubber mat placed over the freshly poured concrete the air and water are sucked out. The pavement can be walked on almost as soon as the pumping is finished.

CELLOPHANE is being used instead of cotton and silk in insulating electrical equipment and wires. Since it takes less space, exceedingly thin sheets being used to wind the wire, more turns can be applied in a given space.

HUMMINGBIRD wings have been stopped in flight by a new ultra-high speed method of photography. To photograph the wings, which in hovering move at the amazing speed of nearly sixty beats a second, it was necessary to have an exposure of a hundred-thousandth of a second.

THE earthworms are more useful than as occasional bait for fishermen. Darwin showed in England there are on an average 53,000 earthworms in an acre of cultivated ground in England. They pass ten tons of soil per acre per annum through their food-cannals and bury the surface with their castings of fine earth at the rate of three inches in fifteen years. They keep the surface soil circulating and their burrows allow air and rain to enter the ground.

PRE-SHRUNK may now not only mean cloth or clothes but also paint. A mixture of soybean oil with tung oil, in the right proportions, during preparation for use as a paint vehicle shrinks three per cent. Since raw oils shrink during weathering, this pre-shrinking contributes to the longer life of the paint.

BLACK-STEM rust damaged wheat last year to the extent of a hundred million dollars. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has developed a new spring wheat that is resistant to almost all known types of rust.

THERE has been an average of about 2,000 meteors strike the inhabited



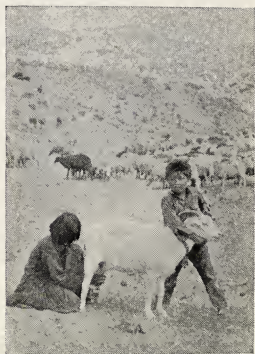
portion of the earth every year during the last century and a quarter.

WHEN a tall chimney falls it may crack in mid-air soon after it starts to topple over. When this happens the top of the chimney breaks toward the back instead of in the direction of the fall.

In the LAND of SHEPHERDS ...

By LORENE PEARSON

A GLIMPSE OF THE NAVAJOS WHO TEND THEIR FLOCKS, EVEN AS DAVID AND THE SHEPHERDS OF OLD.



Frashers Photos, Pomona, California.
MILKING TIME, NAVAJO RESERVATION

IT is generally assumed that Old Testament days of pastoral living when families followed flocks from pasture to pasture and worded their wisdom in phrases rich with experience in grazing sheep existed only in antiquity. But a land very like the Palestine of early record remains almost intact in our own Southwest. Anyone familiar with the Book of Mormon and the Bible cannot but be struck by the similarity if he will follow trails into the heart of Navajo land.

Along the Colorado River, in the country of the natural bridges, arroyos, sandy flats, wild cedared hills, and sharp points break up the colored contour of the desert—not unlike the hills of Lebanon; it is a vast land, peopled with wandering tribes of Indians, living remarkably like the ancient Israelites.

We found an old missionary who had labored among these Navajos in the early days of the Mormon settlement among the "Lamanites," to guide us into the Old Testament "for a spell." He had been called by his Indian missionary labors by Brigham Young.

Even with a car, the traveling was slow; sand dragged at the wheels, and the dim trail, like a fragile thread, had many windings and many spots where it had broken off altogether. "But not so slow as the time we first brought wagons down into the San Juan to settle," the white-bearded guide told us; "We had to make our own trail then, carve out canyon walls to get our outfits down along the cliffs to the river crossing." He checked himself: "But that's another story."

The trail dipped across a sandy wash where a sudden flood had taken out every trace of road, though now it was dry, then up again, winding

through a pinion forest where every autumn tribes come to gather pine nuts, then on again into broken, colored desert where salt bushes grew sparsely for the winter pasturage of sheep. "With snow for water the shepherds can use this arid land," our guide told us. "The sons and daughters of Abraham were nomads, following their bands of sheep. They had no homes but those they moved from place to place—just like these Indians. In summer they pasture near the springs and grow a little corn. In winter they follow the flock."

For hours we had seen no signs of life; evening shadows drifted into the hollows and canyons. "It won't be long now," the old man said.

Almost as he spoke we sighted dust rising from a band of moving sheep and so knew that somewhere, hidden in a dry arroyo there must be water and a hogan. As we approached, on foot and unseen, we saw an Indian girl walking along in the lead of the flock, singing in a clear voice, the sheep following, just as Jesus described in his parable:

DOWN in the Navajo country the author has noted among the Indians pastoral customs strongly reminiscent of the shepherds of Israel from whom the Book of Mormon records these "Lamanites" are descended. Mrs. Pearson, whose husband is Professor of Agricultural Economics at the University of Wyoming, is not a member of the Church, but has conducted much research in "Mormon" history and is at the present time writing a novel of early Utah. Her contributions have appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine*, *The Country Gentleman*, *The Independent Woman*, and others. This present writing was prompted by several intimate journeys in the country of the Navajos, In the Land of Shepherds—.

"The sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers." (John 10:4-5.)

We trailed along behind her up the dry wash to the hogan, a home built of poles, branches, and earth. Near it the arroyo was just faintly green, meaning that a tiny spring of water oozed up there, and down below, the extra water had collected into a small pool. The girl led her flock to water and left them to quench their thirst while she went on up to the hogan. We could not help thinking of Rachel, the chieftain's daughter of old, coming in with her father's flocks to water.

AT THE hogan the mother, who had been weaving on her loom one of those superb blankets that now the whole world knows, came to greet us and in her meagre way to make us welcome to their home. She hurried a little brown boy and his sister off to milk the few goats they had in the herd. The father, a quiet, dark Indian with the wisdom of a shepherd in his eyes and the peace of great spaces on his face, watched us pitch our tent not far from the hogan, perhaps even as Abraham did when travelers stopped with him.

By the time we had finished our

meal it was dark. The sheep had bedded down in a little rock enclosure against the bank of the arroyo, and were quiet. A fire was built in front of the hogan, for desert nights are chilly, and we all sat around it, quiet yet peculiarly companionable. A traveler in the Israel of old might have spent just such a tranquil evening.

After a time the Navajo family quietly left the circle of the fire and each rolled up in his blanket outside the hogan. But not even the peace of the desert could make us sleepy yet. We felt that we wanted to climb the hill above us and breathe in the entire spirit of this old, old land.

We walked up past the tiny cornfield, the white mass of bedded sheep, and out on a ridge that gave us a starlit view of the country. Perhaps the thing most noticeable about sheep country is the immense stretch of the land, and its seeming desolation. This we thought of as we sat down and let the vast stillness creep upon us. It was a country of uncultivated land—open, without fences. Wild, cedar hills gave way to valleys of sagebrush; rock-strewn hillsides jutted upward; and painted deserts stretched before us with deep-gorged, winding canyons and sandy stream beds—dry now—which cut the face of the land.

On the divides, higher up, grew straggling forests of fragrant pinion pines, and farther to the north we could see, dimly, the outlines of the mountains where grew scrub-oak, cottonwoods, aspens with their quivering leaves, and sighing evergreens. Thousands of sheep in widely scattered flocks grazed over this vast land, just such a land as Abraham

YOUNG NAVAJO BOY AT WORK
Frashers Photos, Pomona, California.



Frashers Photos, Pomona, California.
NAVAJO HOGAN AND FAMILY

saw and lived in ages gone.

Sitting there in the starlight it was easy to think back to the Old Testa-



Frashers Photos, Pomona, California.
INDIAN CEREMONIAL DANCERS

ment. We recalled how Abel was a keeper of sheep, and how when Abel brought the firstlings of his flock the Lord had respect unto Abel and his offering. How Jabel was the father of "such as dwell in

tents," and how the women, even the daughters of chieftains, did not disdain to tend the flocks of their fathers. The priest of Midian had seven daughters and they came and drew water and filled the troughs for their flocks "because they tended them." It was easy to understand how that poetic phrase "the Lord is my Shepherd" came from the lips of those whose lives were spent with flocks of sheep in the country of the Israelites.

And it was easy to understand how these American Indians, whom the Book of Mormon teaches are descendants of Israel, have these many centuries perpetuated the customs of their Israelitish forefathers who lived in the land of the shepherds before their American migration.

Looking down upon the arroyo, the sheep, the hogan, and the tiny mirror of the pool, we could not help remembering the Indian girl leading her flock to precious water from a day of searching for pasture. Nothing could express the scene and all it implied better than David's Psalm:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."—Psalms 23.

We remembered also that on a brilliant starlit night like this, one star gleamed brighter than the rest to lead the Wise Men to the manger of Jesus, just born to save the world.



A BULLETIN OF THE PLAINS.

THE JOURNAL OF ARCHER WALTERS

PART IV

JUNE 8TH, 1856

Meetings as usual. Went to bid Mr. Linley good-bye. We journeyed 3 miles. Lost the cattle at night. Camped amongst bush and did not sleep well. Harriet very ill. Found cattle Tuesday night at the old camp ground.

11TH

Journeyed 7 miles. Very dusty. All tired and smothered with dust and camped in the dust or where the dust blown. Was captain over my tent of 18 in number but they were a family of Welsh and our spirits were not united. Had a tent but Bro. Ellsworth would not let me use it and had to leave my tent poles behind me.

12TH

Journeyed 12 miles. Went very fast with our hand carts. Harriet still very ill.

13TH

Journeyed 7 miles. A pleasant road but journeyed so fast.

14TH

Journeyed 7 miles. Pleasant.

15TH

Got up about 4 o'clock to make a coffin for my brother John Lee's son named William Lee, aged 12 years. Meetings as usual and at the same time had to make another coffin for Sister Prator's child. Was tired with repairing handcars the last week. Went and buried them by moonlight at Bear Creek.

16TH

Harriet very ill. Traveled 19 miles and after pitching tent mended carts.

17TH

Traveled about 17 miles; pitched tent. Made a little coffin for Bro. Job Welling's son and mended a handcart wheel.

18TH

Rose before sunrise; traveled about 10 miles. Very hot, and camped for the day. Harriet still very ill but hope she will soon be better if it please my Heavenly Father.

19TH

Traveled about 13 miles. Camped Bear Creek.

20TH

Traveled about 14 miles.

21ST

Traveled about 13 miles. Camped at Indian Creek. Bro. Bower died about 6 o'clock; from Birmingham Conference. Went to buy some wood to make the coffin but the kind farmer gave me the wood and nails. It had been a very hot day and I was never more tired, but God has said as my day my strength shall be. For this I rejoice that I have good health and strength according to my day. Indian Camp Creek.

22ND

Got up at break of day and made the coffin for Bro. James Bowers by 9 o'clock and he was buried at 11 o'clock. Aged 44 years 5 months 2 days. His relatives cried very much after I lifted him in the coffin and waited to screw him down. 11 o'clock washed in the creek and felt very much refreshed. Meeting 2 o'clock until 7. Bro. McCarter spoke about being driven and he did walk into the Gentiles first rate and told them that they did not mean to be driven again and not to be excited about the priests to come against us as a people again for they would find them a terrible people.



A BUFFALO HUNT.



23RD

Rose early and traveled 10 miles; then repaired the handcars. Harriet a little better.

24TH

Traveled 18 miles. Very hot. Bro. Ellsworth being always with a family from Birmingham named Brown and always that tent going first and walking so fast and some fainted by the way. Bro. Frost worn out by going so fast and not resting and many more.

25TH

Traveled about 13 miles. Sold some fies to a carpenter, repaired some handcars.

26TH

Traveled about 1 mile. Very faint from lack of food. We are only allowed about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a lb. of flour a head each day and about 3 oz. of sugar each week. About $\frac{1}{2}$ of a lb. of bacon each a week; which makes those that have no money very weak. Made a child's coffin for Sister Sheen—Emma Sheen aged $2\frac{1}{2}$ years.

27TH

Got up before sunrise. Cut a tomb stone on wood and bury the child before starting from camp.

(To be Continued)

Poetry

RESTFULNESS

Kahlil Gibran, translated from the original
By Edward F. Malout, a convert to the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

DISCARD my coffin of fine linens and
cover my body in leaves of violets
and lilies.

Lift my remains from this casket of jade
and lay me upon a carpet of orange
blossoms.

Do not mourn for me, my friends, but
sing songs of youth and reverence.

Wipe thy tears, ye daughters of the fields,
and sing songs of the golden harvest
days.

Do not disturb my silent heart with thy
sighs and tears, but engrave upon it
with thy fingers the symbol of love
and joy.

Do not disturb the restfulness of the
ether with thy disturbing voices of
sorrow, but let thy hearts enjoy with
me the praise of everlasting life.

Don't display thy somber garments as a
symbol of mourning of my death, but
put on thy cheerful garments and
share my joy and happiness.

Do not speak of my departure with sighs
and tears, but close thy eyes and ye
shall find me among you now, here-
after, and forever.

Lay me upon green branches and carry
me away with slow steps to the midst
of deserted woods.

Do not bury me in a crowded graveyard
for the clatter of bones and skulls will
disturb my peace.

Carry me away to the valley of joy and
restfulness, and dig me a grave in that
spot where the wild violets and lilies
grow.

Dig me a deep grave so the natural ele-
ments will not carry my bones away
to the deep rivers—

A grave wide enough so the shadows of
night may come and sit by my side.
Discard this clothing from my body and
lay me peacefully in the heart of the
earth.

Lay me slowly and silently upon the
breast of my mother.

Cover my grave with soft earth.

Scatter seeds of lilacs and jasmine that
they may grow upon my grave and
seek the substance of my silent body—

And spread in the air the purity and
peacefulness of my heart that the pass-
ers-by may recall my past ambition and
dreams.

Leave me now, my friends. Leave me by
myself, and return with silent foot-
steps—silent as echoes of the uninhab-
ited valley of death.

Return to thy homes. Ye shall find there
what death could not take away from
me and from you.

Leave this place, for what ye seek is far,
far away from this world.

PERSONIFICATION

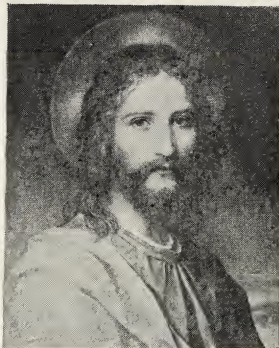
By Eva Willes Wangsgard

SPRING is a child with wondering eyes
Beginning life with glad surprise.

Summer is old enough to wear
Orange blossoms in her hair.

Autumn's a mother, pleasant-willed,
Who keeps her larger ample filled.

Winter's a grandma, so old,
She wears a shawl and is always cold.



MY GIFTS

By Carmen Malone

THE wise men gave Him gifts—why
should not I?
Why should not all who seek for wisdom

give?
They gave Him frankincense;
I shall give reverence,
And strive to aid someone whose path
proves rough.

The wise men gave Him gifts—I can but
try
To match their gifts with service while I
live;

They gave Him myrrh and gold,
I shall give love untold,
And humbly pray my gifts may be enough.

ONE GIFT I PRAY

By Evelyn Wooster Viner

I WOULD that I could hold the magic key
For which would unlock each mystery
For those benighted ones who have not
yet heard

The beauty hidden in the written word.
With those who were dull-eared from
earthly care

My store of hidden loveliness I'd share,
That it might cast a brighter gleam each
day

To help them all upon life's broad high-
way—
That would be joy for me.

Could I but analyze an anthem rare
For some sad one who had not learned to
care

For music's thrall; and open wide the door
Which never had been pushed ajar before.
To let him view the panorama there
Within the land of harmony so fair,
Until his spirit soared beyond the sky,
Where faith and hope and valor never
die—

That would suffice for me.

THE NARROW WAY

By Kathryn Hymas Williams

I KNEW the way was narrow
And very, very straight
Where evil could not harrow,
Where jealousy and hate
Were all unknown, unbidden;
But I had never heard
A thought by darkness ridden,
A quick depressing word,
Were equally intrusive;
Nor had I heard them say
How wondrous fair—
Beyond compare—
Was this, the narrow way!

GAHAZI'S LAMENT

By Bess Samuel Ayres

I TRIED to heal the Shunammite;
I held my staff in vain;
My lies, my greed for worldly goods,
Brought old Elisha pain.
I coveted the kingly robes,
The gold of Naaman's hands;
I wove the lie of prophets' sons,
And ran across the sands.
And now I wear this tarnished robe
Amid these hills and stones,
And live among the leper tribe,
With bleached and dying bones.
I might have worn Elisha's cloak,
As prophet, healer, seer,
Instead, I chose this gandy coat,—
And now I perish here.

STORMY WEATHER

By Elna Myrup Dibble

FOR such a day as this, I have
A belted coat, its weave
Of softness quite unparalleled,
Upon each fleece-lined sleeve
And at its neck, to hug my throat,
A flare of folded squirrel;
I have a scarf of elderdown
And lambskin gloves. To swirl
Below, I have a woolly skirt;
A jacket I have made
To don beneath it, and I have
High boots and a cap of suede.

But at home I have an open grate
With a fire by which to sit,
So I will lend my coat to you
While I stay in and knit.

CONTEMPLATION

By Beatrice Knowlton Ekman

MARY resting, spent and wan,
Wakes from slumber deep.
Wisemen bringing gifts are gone.
Jesus is asleep.

Mary hearing cattle low,
Waits the break of day,
Sees the lighted eastern glow
Pale to shadow—grey.

Stolid ox and huddling sheep
Watch her where she lies. . .
Knowing not that she will weep
Beneath Golgotha skies.

FRONT PAGE NEWS • FOR AMERICA

By DR. FRANCIS W. KIRKHAM
Utah Director of the National Youth Administration

The New York Times

Copyright, 1936, by The New York Times Company.

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Postoffice, New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1936.

TWO

Send Mormons Soon to Open Storehouses for Needy

By The Associated Press
SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 28.—Bounteous storehouses, filled in a program to take all unemployed members "off relief," will be opened to the needy Nov. 1 by the Latter Day Saints Church. The "budget system" will govern distribution of food, clothing and medical supplies to about 15,000 persons reported eligible for aid. A dozen strategically situated storehouses were crammed with preserved food and home-made clothing throughout the Summer. The church created work projects and ward-farms, those employed receiving certificates redeemable in goods. A similar program is planned for next year.

CITY THRONGS CHEER ROOSEV AS THEY OPEN FINAL BATTI REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE C

KELLY COMES OUT AGAINST CHARTER

Brooklyn Democratic Lead-
Opposed to Proportional
Voting and Revision.

LONDON ROUTE THROGGED

200,000 in the Streets
Between the Station
and Hotel

Smith May Introc Two Meet for

Leaders Debate Plan to Have Ex
—'Going to Stick Together'
Says After Genial

TYPICAL OF the prominence and significance accorded the Church Security Program by the nation's press is the above reprint from the *New York Times* of October 29, 1936, in which a front page center feature position is given an Associated Press note on the progress of the Church Security Program.

Since the Church Security Program was first launched about eight months ago it has continued to be "Front Page News For America." The reasons for its widespread publicity and enthusiastic acceptance are many in number, but no doubt one of the principal reasons is its spirit of inspired, unselfish service—a kind of service peculiar to Latter-day Saint communities.

I have attended scores of meetings on social welfare, taxation, government, and similar public problems. Usually such groups

meet for a definite demand to benefit themselves. They seek a change in public policy or in government procedure. The usual complaints and criticisms are: The people are unjustly treated by those in power; the taxes are too high; public funds are being squandered; capitalists are taking the profits which belong to the producers; workers are being exploited; teachers' salaries are too low; politicians are giving all the public jobs to their friends; state officials are selfish. Demands are made for lower taxes, higher wages and fewer working hours; clamors are heard for sharing the wealth of others, and for pensions and bonuses for privileged classes.

But, in the meetings I have attended pertaining to the Church Security Program not a single complaint, not one criticism, not one demand of any kind was made. Instead these leaders discussed earnestly how they could best help their

neighbors and fellow citizens—how they could give—not what they could get!

In three meetings held in one Church region, attended by a thousand people, this is what I heard:

1. How may we help provide profitable work and cultural and spiritual activities for our people, so that all may live the more abundant life?

2. How may we prevent waste of the products of the farm, the mill, and the shop so that there shall be adequate food, clothing, and shelter for all?

3. How may we, by association with our neighbors who have fewer opportunities than our own, help lead them into happier and richer lives?

Such meetings are being held frequently under the inspiration of the Church Security Program, wherever Latter-day Saints reside.

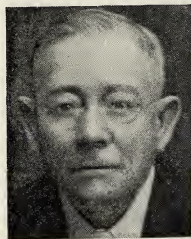
Surely this is "Front Page News For America!"

The Church Moves On

PRESIDENT WILLIAM A. NOBLE PASSES

WILLIAM A. NOBLE, president of the Logan Temple since February, 1935, assistant to President Shepherd from August, 1917, until his appointment as president, passed away October 27, 1936, after a brief illness.

Born at Smithfield, Utah, March 3, 1863, he early became active in the



PRESIDENT WILLIAM A. NOBLE

Church, serving as missionary in England, superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association and as assistant Sunday School superintendent in Smithfield, as a member of the High Councils of both Benson and Cache Stakes.

Survivors are his widow, Mary Jane Smith Noble; three sons, William, who at the time of his father's death was serving as a missionary in the Eastern States; George S., and Clyde; four daughters, Margaret N. Handly, Jane N. Hampton, Rae N. Christensen, and Flora N. Olsen.

AURORA WARD, NORTH SEVIER STAKE

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT dedicated the Aurora Ward Chapel, North Sevier Stake, on Sunday, October 11, 1936.

NINETEENTH WARD, SALT LAKE CITY

ON SUNDAY, October 11, 1936, Eli De Le Cheminant was sustained as Bishop of the Nineteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake.

GOSHEN WARD, TINTIC STAKE

WILLIAM WILKINS THOMAS was ordained as Bishop of Goshen Ward, Tintic Stake, on Sunday, October 11, 1936.

DR. MERRILL AND WIFE ARRIVE

DR. JOSEPH F. MERRILL and his wife arrived at home, October 12, 1936. Elder Merrill has been president over the European Mission during the last three years.

B. Y. U. FOUNDERS' DAY

THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY observed Founders' Day on October 16, 1936. President Heber J. Grant and other General Authorities were among the speakers.

FOURTEENTH WARD, SALT LAKE CITY

ON SUNDAY, October 18, 1936, Elder Joseph E. Richards was sustained as Bishop of the Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake.

EAST JORDAN STAKE

ON SUNDAY, October 25, 1936, Elder Raymond H. Clayton was sustained as second counselor in the East Jordan Stake Presidency.

DRAPER FIRST WARD,

EAST JORDAN STAKE

ELDER REED BECK was sustained as Bishop of Draper First Ward, East Jordan Stake, on Sunday, October 25, 1936.

L. D. S. FOUNDERS' DAY

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' COLLEGE observed Founders' Day on November 21, 1936, at the historic Lion House with a banquet followed by a dance on the Roof Garden of the Smith Memorial Building.

WORD OF WISDOM PRAISED

IN THE *Health Digest* of October, 1936, there appears an article titled "Mormons' Health Habits" which is condensed from an earlier article published in *Horizon*. The article begins in a challenging manner: "Do you want to know about the greatest experiment in correct eating and correct living ever conducted?" To Latter-day Saints it is a matter of moment that others are beginning to appreciate the value of a principle which if lived will bring glorious results.

SPRINGVILLE FOURTH WARD, KOLOB STAKE

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT dedicated the Springville Fourth Ward Chapel, Kolob Stake, on Sunday, October 25, 1936.



MISSIONARIES LEAVING FOR THE FIELD FROM THE SALT LAKE MISSIONARY HOME
ARRIVED SEPTEMBER 26, 1936—DEPARTED NOVEMBER 12, 1936

First row, left to right: Olive Beckstrand, Elizabeth Clement, Isabelle Dunn, Agnes Branch, Mary Goddard, Verda Stuart, Beth Adams, Beatrice Jensen, Leone Chadwick.
Second row, left to right: President J. Wesley Sessions, Homer Johnson, Wendell Leavitt, Barton Olsen, Adeline Ross, Carma Wilson, Basil Walker, Ralph Shields, Rulon Smith, Haws Durfee.
Third row, left to right: Neil Winterlon, Neal Machon, Marvin Deamer, Lola Bird, Ada Hawker, DeLoe Beattie, Leo Campbell, Russell Westover, Ed. Mattman.
Fourth row, left to right: Sterling Alfred, Alfred Frost, Owen Probst, David Kunz, Iver Price, William E. Halfeltz, Don Christensen, Henry Kohler, Claud W. Stuart, Clinton Hinckley.
Fifth row, left to right: Boyd Woodward, Glen Allan, Elaine Parkinson, Albert Pennock, Sidney Hurren, James Petrie, Hyrum Deloney, Dwight Loosli, Rulon Orton.
Sixth row, left to right: Paul Clayton, Erwin Schick, Garth Nebecker, Udell Sorensen, Clifton Flint, George Holt, Lowell Stone, Kenneth Torgensen, William Hansen, Charles Vogensen.
Seventh row, left to right: James Mortensen, George Crawford, Calvin Leatham, Emil Fetzer, Lamont Loveday, Chet Miller, Frank Bailey, Keith Facer, Ariel Sorensen.
Eighth row, left to right: Joy C. Smith, Paul Nicholas, Gerald Lynn, Blaine Hart, Marvin Dahl, John Stevens, Ralph Berthelson, Laurence Desclard, Kenneth Erickson, Stayner Brighton.
Ninth row, left to right: Homer Centerfield, Glenn Price, Ferrin Ohlweiler, James Jespersen, Grant B. Hughes, Merlin Stoler, Ray Zenger, Henry Lund, Mark Wheeler.
Tenth row, left to right: Neil Purdie, Clement H. Johnson, Woodrow Westenskow, Alfred Maynes, Blaine Clyde, Gerald Wilkinson, Ray Isaacson.

Editorial

CONCERNING the Lord Jesus Christ, whose birth the Christian world commemorates at this season and whose divinity and Lordship over this earth all Latter-day Saints accept, Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and Sidney Rigdon left this testimony which bears frequent repetition:

And while we meditated upon these things, the Lord touched the eyes of our understandings and they were opened, and the glory of the Lord shone round about.

And we beheld the glory of the Son, on the right hand of the Father, and received of his fulness;

And saw the holy angels, and them who are sanctified before his throne, worshipping God, and the Lamb, who worship him forever and ever.

And now, 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.—Doctrine and Covenants 76:19-24.

Faith, Work, and Security

ANOTHER season commemorating the birth of our Lord and Savior finds in quandary a world that has learned much and has much yet to learn. There is unrest in the midst of plenty; there is insecurity in a provident world; there is a bartering of principles, ideals and fundamental liberties for the promises of despots. There are situations to be viewed with alarm, with determination, and with gratitude.

This people, whom the Lord has blessed abundantly—perhaps far beyond our deservingness—pause in gratitude for faith that came from our fathers, for work that keeps us from the decay of idleness, for security that brings us a measure of peace. With the coming of this season, stresses are relieved, hopes are enlivened, and faith is born anew: yet must we look to our standards—economic, social, and spiritual.

In present-day America he who is not gainfully employed may not starve, but the fact that physical sustenance may be had without effort, will not insure any man against moral, spiritual, and intellectual deterioration.

Perhaps nowhere in a modern world of much enlightenment and much ignorance is this stark truth more completely understood or more actively provided for than in the Church of Jesus Christ

of Latter-day Saints. It is fundamental to the Gospel. It is inseparable from the doctrine of individual salvation. It is an integral part of the fabric of "Mormonism."

The same fundamental principles that invalidate "mass" salvation and that repudiate the ceremonial acts of an over-privileged priestly class performed for their votaries, will not countenance an existence made possible by the efforts of others—not because others are unwilling, but because in the kingdom of God here and hereafter every man must stand by his own works.

In a machine age it is possible for a small part of the population to produce food, clothing, and shelter for all, but it is not possible for any man, in a machine age or in any other age, to give to others the moral, spiritual, and intellectual values that come with labor, service, and creative resourcefulness. No man transmits knowledge into experience except by doing. No man grows in spiritual or intellectual stature except by serving, creating, achieving.

This is the essence of the Church Security Program—not merely that men shall be fed and clothed, though that is important—but that eternal man shall be built up by self-reliance, by creative activity, by honorable labor, by service. A generation reared in idleness cannot maintain its integrity. A generation that expects its government to perform miracles is placing a mortgage on the present and on the eternal future. A generation that lives by the efforts of others grows soft and strays from the principles and ideals that have built its heritage.

Mere physical sustenance has never been the chief aim of eternal man, and at this Christmastide, which the world greets and observes with great divergence, Latter-day Saints have cause for supreme gratitude that the Church which bears both the name and authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, recognizes that the "spirit and the body are the soul of man" and that man grows and develops by rendering service, and not "by bread alone."

At this season of much giving and much taking we are grateful for the faith that came from our fathers; for work that keeps us from the decay of idleness; for the security that brings us peace, with the knowledge that together we have earned it, and together shall enjoy it.

—R. L. E.

Values

ALTHOUGH we want to renew ourselves with the enthusiasm and joy in the Yuletide which comes with the Santa Claus spirit, we must remember that at best, Santa Claus is but a poor substitute for the Christ whose message is of eternal importance. We should stress for ourselves and our families the desire to receive the spiritual blessings which result from a reconsideration of the fundamental verity of living: the abiding faith that we have in a Supreme Being whose love for us impelled Him to sacrifice His Only Begotten Son for our eternal happiness.

Too much commercialization of Christmas has robbed it of its greatest significance. We spend

lavishly, foolishly, and repent at leisure. The happiness which we thought we had assured by our presents has turned to gall and wormwood before we finish paying for them. How much more sensible to buy only those things which we can afford rather than pile up debts which will eventually lead to worry and discord rather than to peace and lasting love. Our wise president, Heber J. Grant, has told us constantly that we must not go into debt. This is one season of the year when we must be particularly forewarned. The stores are crowded with so gorgeous a display of gifts that we hate to tell children and young people who love them and whom we love that they cannot have them. If we succumb, however, we are often guilty of a greater wrong because when we are worried we cannot maintain the kind of home conducive to the best good of the family. As true Latter-day Saints we should remember the Christ spirit—and submerge Santa Claus.

Nowadays with the stress of modern conditions we want to recapture at every available moment the true messages of the Christ. At Christmas time the opportunity is ripe to stress His teachings. The Christ spirit means increased hope: hope in the

world as it is; hope in what it may become as a result of our efforts. Without hope life is meaningless, empty. Many years ago, Dante wrote in his *Divine Comedy* as the inscription over the gates of Inferno: "Leave hope behind all ye who enter here." If that is a condition of the infernal world we should stress the holding to hope—a hope which eventually will surmount the trials and sorrows and hardships of this earthly life and will keep us firm in our faith until we can reach the eternity where every day will be a Christmas because of our having reached Christ's ideals. Kindliness is one of the virtues of which we speak in connection with the Christmas spirit—but kindliness does not stop with gift-giving. True kindliness means the giving of self on any and every occasion. It means: consideration for others, tolerance of others' viewpoints, encouragement gladly given, sorrows willingly shared. The Christ spirit means the increase of faith: faith in one's self, because Christ preached the value of the individual, faith in one's fellow man, because Christ preached that we should love our neighbors; faith in a Divine Being, because Christ in His living and dying proved His own belief in that Supreme Creator.—M. C. J.



Christmas Greetings

AND SUDDENLY there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

As we vision the beauty of that star-lit night, and hear in fancy the glorious melody of the angels' song, our hearts soften, and we ponder why this day of all others is so universally celebrated. There are anniversaries of great men and great deeds, but none that unites the hearts of mankind as does this day, the birthday of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Why does a sacred spirit pervade this day? Is it because the Christ was cradled in a manger? No, millions of babes have been born in even more lowly circumstances than was He. Is it because He performed many mighty miracles? Oh no, men soon forget miracles. Is it because He suffered death on the cross? No, not that. Many persons were crucified in that olden time. It is because He comprehends the temptations, the suffering, and sorrows of all God's children, and His great love permeates all space and touches the hearts of all who are sensitive to His divinity. And because He so loved the world, He freely gave his life that all men might be released from the bands of death, and be resurrected to eternal life.

No wonder that His birthday was heralded by heavenly hosts, and no wonder the ancient Prophet sang,

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Won-

derful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

Looking back through the vista of almost twenty centuries, we follow the Shepherds to see the newborn babe. We see the Wise Men kneel and worship Him and give Him costly gifts. With them we leave this scene, but watch His growth until "He must be about His Father's business."

But hark! the Christmas bells are ringing. Ten thousand, thousand voices are lifting their hearts in songs of praise to the "King of kings, and Lord of lords." With all Christendom, the Latter-day Saints join the mighty chorus rejoicing that His voice still whispers peace.

"Lo I am with you always—even unto the end."

Yes, the end of strife and war when the proclamation of the angels will be consummated. That glorious day will come and blessed are they who watch for His coming.

In this spirit the General Boards of the Mutual Improvement Associations extend Christmas greetings to our officers and members throughout the world. We congratulate you that you acknowledge the Savior of mankind as the Leader and Guiding-Star of our Church.

May God bless you abundantly for your good works, and grant you every righteous desire of your heart.

General Superintendency—Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

General Presidency—Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association



CONDUCTED BY MARBA C. JOSEPHSON



IN DECEMBER we celebrate a great holiday: Christmas, the day of peace! A real celebration will occur when war and horror of war are removed from the world. Recent books, although not many of them are written on war themes, emphasize the tragedies which result from it. In one of them the specific statement is made that there will always be wars because men love them, that women don't but men do. If this is true, and it sounds plausible, it seems that the mothers of men should be able to implant in the hearts of young children the dislike of war with its resultant evils which can never be effaced.

A truism which has become trite by constant repetition is: if you train the child in the first eight years of his life, you need not worry the rest of his life. The early habits of childhood become incorporated into the fiber of their lives. Unfortunately, the marches which children learn are often militaristic. "Soldier Boy, Soldier Boy, where are you going?" even the youngest of the children sing lustily. Immediately a glamor and thrill is engrained on their impressionable minds that will endure long after the purpose of the march—that of the carriage of their bodies and their response to rhythm has been forgotten.

On holidays and birthdays when

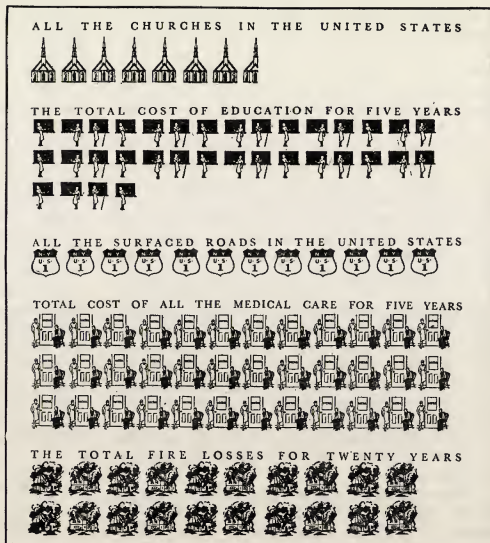
gifts are in evidence, toys for boys too frequently turn to the war toys: a cap pistol, a sword, a box of tin soldiers. One enterprising concern has now made an entire layout of war equipment all inclosed in a box which can be readily and inexpensively purchased. Although these toys are apparently inexpensive they become more expensive in the long run. As Channing Pollock told us so forcefully in *The Enemy*: the real enemy is hate. And we foster this feeling of hatred by our unwise choice of toys.

People who have made a study of the interests of others state that one of the greatest urges in man is the desire to put things together and take them apart. In our choice of toys we should recognize this desire. Blocks, wood and steel structural sets, hammer and nail sets, chemistry sets, microscopes will all satisfy this native impulse and will help in a creative way.

"THE TOTAL COST OF THE WORLD WAR TO THE UNITED STATES EQUALS ALL THESE SOCIAL EXPENSES COMBINED. EACH SYMBOL REPRESENTS \$500,000,000."

The world today is in the throes of agony largely as a result of the World War. Debt, revolution, misery, and disease follow in the wake of wars—and have followed war from the beginning of man's history to the present. Not only does the debt affect the actual generation which fought the war, but it extends far, far into the future, hampering the lives of untold generations of children yet unborn. The best blood of a nation is also sacrificed and as a result their brains and their vigor are not available in helping solve the problems resulting from the war.

Let us resolve as mothers to plan that we may rob war of its glory; that in its place we may create an earnest desire to follow the Christ in His love and fellowship with all mankind. When we reach this stage, then will Christmas celebrations take on a new significance, the vision of which we have thus far not been able to realize.



Courtesy of Foreign Policy Association and The Literary Digest



FROM THE DIARY OF A BISHOP'S WIFE

By ADELE CANNON HOWELLS

Listened to afternoon session of Conference at M——'s, then went back to the Sunday School Conference in the evening, to see the Tabernacle again filled to overflowing. Remarkable foresight of Brigham Young to build such a great auditorium in the desert.

Thursday, October 8th. Back in Los Angeles in twenty-two hours on a fast train, in perfect comfort and with every care, a trained nurse-stewardess being in attendance. Pioneer time to make such a trip would have been at least twenty-five times as long, or nearly a month.

Sunday, October 11th. Attended the Book of Mormon Club after Church. This group is made up of young men and young girls who attend Sacrament meeting and then adjourn to someone's home for Book of Mormon study. Very interesting. I heard there is also a Church History group which meets every other Saturday evening.

Monday, October 12th. Bishop busy working out details of Church Security Plan. Folks returned from Conference all enthusiastic about it. More than twelve hundred bottles of fresh fruit in the temporary "storehouse." Also stacks and stacks of clothes being sorted, repaired, and worked over. One non-member said of the plan: "It is the greatest thing the 'Mormons' have yet undertaken."

Wednesday, October 14th. Delicious luncheon today with S——. As usual very delightful time, her house shining from top to bottom, everything beautifully arranged and she meeting us calmly at the door because she always chooses intriguing dishes that she can prepare well in advance.

Her Christmas presents are already tied up in beautiful packages, each one a work of art, and resting on the top shelf of the guest room closet. Her presents are all practical, most of them the work of her

hands, and every one well suited to the person for whom it is intended. Her presents are not only for her rich friends, but for the poor as well. Although she never mentions it, many worthy families in trying circumstances are made happy at Christmas time by her thoughtfulness and industry. Naturally the talk turned to Christmas.

"I think I had better hurry up and plan my Christmas presents," said R——. "I am usually a last minute shopper." There was a silence. "I don't do much shopping," suddenly burst out R—— who is noted for her fearless frankness. "I think we have too much 'Santa Claus' and not enough 'Christ' at Christmas time. So many jimcracks and lollipops, tin horns and tinsel spoil the real Christmas in my opinion. It takes our minds and hearts from the real meaning of the day and smothers the true spirit of the occasion. If I had my way at this season of the year, we would read the Wonderful Story over and over. We would try to picture the little band of pilgrims journeying to Bethlehem to pay their taxes, the weary Mary, and the final seeking of shelter in the stable because there was no room for them in the inn. The worshipping shepherds seeking the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, the Wise Men following the Star and giving their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, the Angel and the Heavenly Host singing, 'Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!' On Christmas Eve, I would have special lights glowing in every home and church and temple in anticipation of the anniversary of the Savior, who is Christ the Lord." R—— suddenly stopped, abashed by her own outburst. But I am sure she made her point and that this Christmas Eve will see at least six newly lighted homes in memory of the Master.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3RD. Strolled up South Temple tonight, a lovely autumn evening, waiting for my husband to come from the General Conference Priesthood meeting. Interesting to watch the faces of the men and boys as they came out—five thousand of them, exalted, honest, and sincere, full of high purpose and resolution. What a contrast between them and the faces of men pouring out of the boxing arena.

Sunday, October 4th. Attended Conference this morning and took part in the congregational singing during the nationwide broadcast. As I sat there I thought how different it was from the first conference held in Salt Lake Valley, August 22, 1847. The Conference was held on that date because the First Presidency and many of the Pioneers and members of the Mormon Battalion were leaving to return to Winter Quarters. It was held in the original Bowery built by the Battalion members on the Temple Square. There were approximately three hundred present on that occasion. Today there were about twenty thousand present on the same grounds, in the Tabernacle, Assembly Hall, Bureau of Information and the lawns between the buildings. The broadcast went to a nation of nearly one hundred and twenty-five million, many of whom listened to the services as they traveled along in their automobiles.



THE OUTLOOK FOR PEACE

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY ON WORLD AFFAIRS

By DR. ARTHUR L. BEELEY, *University of Utah*

forces at work are too involved. Moreover, all of the reports which emanate from Spain are highly colored. There is obviously a great need for a disinterested agency to procure and disseminate the facts. What a rare opportunity for the League of Nations!

IN A RECENT article in the *London Observer*, Salvador de Madariaga, formerly professor of Spanish literature at Oxford, points out that neither side can be accused of waging the Spanish civil war for unworthy, mean or selfish purposes. On both sides, he argues, "a vision and an ideal march in front of the fighting units like the Biblical column of smoke in front of Israel!" Madariaga contends that while "waves of fascism and communism have swept over Spanish territory, it is, nevertheless, a fact that even if Mussolini had not existed, the Spanish tragedy would have occurred."

It appears that the "right" does not want Spain to change, and that the "left" cannot organize itself to produce the change which it desires. The so-called "left," says Madariaga, lacks unity of purpose; it is made up of a variety of so-called liberals of varying shades. Apparently there are three brands of communism and three varieties of socialism, while the "anarchosyndicalists," deadly enemies of these six branches of Marxism, constitute about half of the working classes and do not believe in government at all!

It is Madariaga's belief that this lack of unity is the main weakness of the "left," and may result in victory for the "right." Should the "right" forces win, the victory, Madariaga believes, will be but "a short-lived episode in the revolutionary evolution of the country." He doubts very much if Franco, the rebel leader, has the ability and the support to become the instrument of an orderly revolution. "A dam, he will be swept away by the torrent. A canal, he may still save Spain—and possibly Europe as well."

THE RECENT "understanding" between Berlin and Rome suggests at once the inevitable alliance of the fascist powers of Europe against the rising tide of communism. While the text of the recent Italo-German agreement has not yet been published it

nevertheless appears that Germany will officially recognize Italy's annexation of Ethiopia and in return will receive trade concessions in colonial East Africa.

The deeper significance of the recent overtures between Mussolini and Hitler, however, undoubtedly relates to the present crisis in Spain. Germany and Italy have been openly aiding the rebel forces in Spain, the reason being that they are both exposed to the common "danger" of communism.

Not until some satisfactory form of international government is invented will it be possible to avoid such alliances between nations.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many setbacks which the League of Nations has suffered in recent months, much of its routine work goes forward quietly and hopefully. At a time when the League seems most impotent, its physical equipment has become the most grandiose. The sheer beauty and size of the new League headquarters at Geneva symbolize an act of faith which sooner or later will materialize as an effective instrument of international government.

Americans should take pride in the fact that one of our outstanding authorities on international law, Dr. Manley O. Hudson of Harvard University, has been elected a judge of the World Court at The Hague, to succeed former U. S. Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg, resigned.

IN A NEW and stimulating book entitled *Vital Peace: A Study of Risks*. (Constable, London), H. Wickham Steed concludes that "Not until the need for self-defense has disappeared, and the ugly lusts that bid nations and men attack others have been placed under iron constraint or tamed by sheer necessity, will the meaning of life on this earth be fully realized."

Peace, he argues, must be a more vital form of human existence than any which mankind has yet seen. "It will not be attained without changes revolutionary. But I would rather see the peace revolution begun in a boldly constructive spirit than have it come as a rebound from the catastrophe which retrograde revolutions are now preparing."

WHILE the present outlook for peace is very poor it cannot be rationally assumed that war is inevitable. Moreover, it is the supreme moral duty of all civilized people to invent a society in which it is possible for all human beings to live together peaceably.

THE REBELLION in Spain continues unabated and with little hope of a speedy and decisive outcome. The rebel forces, which for some time have been gaining power, seem to be checked at present, however. The anti-government forces are receiving material and moral support from Italy and Germany, notwithstanding the obligation of these latter nations to remain neutral. The soviet government, likewise, is asserting its right to render similar assistance to the other side, i. e., to the Azana government. This unfortunate taking-of-sides by the great powers—in what is presumably a civil war, seriously complicates the European situation and tends to widen the scope of the conflict beyond the boundaries of Spain.

In a recent announcement, Manuel Azana, president of the Spanish republic, stated that his government would maintain political and religious liberty "at all costs," and would never be converted into a communistic dictatorship. He denied further that the Catholic church has been persecuted by his government. What the republic did, he says, was merely to separate the church from the state.

It is very difficult for a disinterested nation like ourselves to comprehend fully the Spanish tragedy; the social

AN EAGLE SCOUT POINTS TO WORLD PEACE

SCOUTING, THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF YOUTH, KNOWS NO COLOR, RACE, OR CREED—ONLY HIGH IDEALS THAT LEAD TO PEACE.



THE ESSAY "How Can America Stay Out of War" which won the Eddie Cantor \$5,000 scholarship prize essay contest out of 212,000 entries was written by Eagle Scout Owen W. Matthews of Portland, Oregon, and is here reproduced in full:

"My idea how America can stay out of War is based on my personal experiences.

"I am an Eagle Scout and have been in Scouting for seven years. Through Scouting and other worthwhile youth movements is the way this can be accomplished.

"The spring of 1933 I heard of the coming Fourth International Scout Jamboree to be held in Godollo, Hungary, and made my plans to attend. I went to the Jamboree and there found my solution for future world peace. While a member of this wonderful Jamboree I learned what true brotherly love meant.

"In Europe wherever we met a person in the Scout Uniform we knew he was our loyal friend and brother. Although unable to converse with some foreign Scouts, their actions always bespoke friendliness.

"All boys at the Jamboree want-

ed to be friends and we made new ones every day. By actually living for two weeks with thirty thousand foreign Scouts we learned that they thought and acted just as we did, even though their color and creed might be different. We loved these brother Scouts as much as those in America. Throughout the Jamboree encampment covering many square miles was an attitude of friendliness and good will, no thought of enmity, everyone showing his paramount thought of creating world peace for the future.

"The real benefits from this Jamboree are being manifested as time goes on. I am corresponding with eight Scouts I met at the Jamboree who live in the following countries, Estonia, Luxemburg, England, Austria, Persia, Syria, South Africa and Australia. We exchange stamps, songs, literature and various articles pertaining to our respective countries and are thereby continuing our worthwhile friendship. After these contacts how could we ever want to go to War against each other?

"If the United States government sent picked groups of youth to these international gatherings, expenses paid, it would open the eyes of youth the world over as to the futility of War. Upon their return to America they should deliver lectures in schools and to older organizations telling the thoughts of youth in regard to War with other countries. If taught in youth the crime of War, as adults these boys will wholeheartedly disfavor war. Peace gatherings and encampments of youth from all countries will do more to further world peace than adult peace conferences held in some castle or other building.

"Stress the movement for intelligent voting at the polls, to see that the only people sent to Congress are those who will do everything humanly possible to vote always to keep us out of war.

"If we teach our youth of today the crime of taking human life, as in War, they will vote in the future never to leave their own shores to fight against other nations.

"Thus America can stay out of War."

The Story of Our Hymns

(Continued from page 757)

scripts signed by Charles, John, and Samuel Wesley, were found among his belongings. Though in straitened financial circumstances his parents managed to send him to Oxford. At the age of twenty-seven he came to America with his brother John and lived in Georgia, but on account of ill health he was obliged to return to England within a year. Soon after their return to England the brothers came in contact with a Moravian to whom John gave lessons in English. As a result of this contact the brothers received a tremendous spiritual awakening. They went through some unusual experiences, which I haven't time to relate now, and laid the foundation for Methodism. John preached and Charles sang and for forty years they stirred up old England. Charles composed many of his hymns as he rode along on a little pony. The inspiration would come to his mind and at the first resting place he would call for pen and paper in order to perpetuate his thought. One time the horse stumbled and fell and Charles sprained his hand, and the inspiration for that day, he said, was lost. He died March 27, 1788.

"Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," was written in 1737. The first two lines originally were as follows:

"Hark how all the welkin rings.
Glory to the King of kings."

"Thirty years later the Reverend Martin Madan changed the lines to their present form. Changes by the same hand modified the three other stanzas and added a fifth.

"The tune is from Felix Mendelssohn—Bartholdy's 'Gott Ist Licht.'"

"That's very interesting," said Mr. Perkins. "Have you time to tell us about 'Silent Night! Holy Night!'"

"Inspiration to pen the words of that soulful carol," said the chorister, "came to Joseph Mohr, an assistant pastor at Oberdorf, near Arnsdorf, Germany, on Christmas eve, 1818. The young priest was attending a celebration in the schoolhouse at Arnsdorf with his dear friend Franz Gruber, a village schoolmaster, song writer and church organist. These two friends talked earnestly and regretfully over the fact that there was no really great Christmas song. Pondering the thought, young Mohr that same evening in his church study saw the

(Concluded on page 778)



On the Book Rack

PROGRAM OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS (Dr. John A. Widtsoe, Published by the Department of Education of the Church, 1936, Deseret News Press—283 pages.

OUT of the courageous and forward-looking experiment in religious education undertaken by the University of Southern California in the fall of 1935, conducted for the Mormon Church by Dr. John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve, has come this comprehensive and connected survey for the student who desires to review and amplify his knowledge of the faith and practice of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The book, designed for college classes, for missionaries and for the general reader, covers the field under five major headings: 1, The Purpose of the Church; 2, Practices of the Church; 3, Organization of the Church; 4, Explanations of the Church; 5, Origins. With scholarly logic it tells how "Mormonism"—the Gospel of Jesus Christ—cares for the body, develops the mind, nourishes the emotions, enriches the spirit, strengthens the family, aids the community, insures economic security, and serves the state. This book, which is being used this year as a text in the regular senior college curriculum at the University of Southern California, champions the axiomatic belief that upon the public school, which "owns" the major time of our youth, rests the obligation to dignify and make possible the teaching of religion, character development, and the popularization of great moral and spiritual truth. America needs men of righteous conduct and the American schools, which largely determine the opinions and attitudes of our children, must see that America has the kind of men she needs. In addition to being a valuable college and missionary textbook the *Program of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* will find its way into many homes as a permanent library reference work and for general reading. It clarifies and aids the reader to an orderly picture of "Mormonism."—R. L. E.

VIKING VERSE
(Anna Johnson, Deseret News Press, 1936)

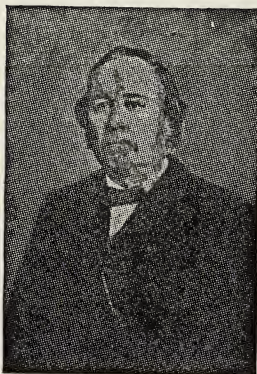
WITH its gold and silver Viking ship on the cover, *Viking Verse* sails into port, with its ninety-four poems about Viking lands and people. Although the author feels that the book will hold most interest for those who know Norway, we know that the poems will do much to anyone in the

way of teaching the geography of a land to which it may never be our privilege to go. The book will be a welcome addition for the occasional bed-time poem which quickly read will send the family to bed happy and contented.—M. C. J.

CHARLES COULSON RICH, PIONEER BUILDER OF THE WEST
(John Henry Evans—Macmillan Company, New York, 1936.)

ADDED to his list of commendable books, John Henry Evans gives us his newest Pioneer volume, dealing with Charles C. Rich, colonizer, missionary, peacemaker, organizer, mayor, soldier.

Any great movement calls forth a number of capable men and women.



CHARLES COULSON RICH

The Pioneer movement was no exception to this generalization. The great leaders of Mormon history we have become more or less familiar with; John Henry Evans in his latest book, *Charles Coulson Rich*, shows us another man whose life we may admire and emulate.

To Mormon and non-Mormon alike this book will appeal for the wealth of historical detail included in its covers. With the current need for co-operation in trying to solve pressing problems, the book illustrates what people can do when they are willing to aid others less fortunate than they. The humanness of Charles C. Rich made him accepted by all classes alike in England, Switzerland, and America, and among peoples of various races.

Since this book was compiled after a very careful perusal of source material never published, the volume becomes doubly valuable. The book is a good

one to add to the growing list of Church literature. The author has chosen his incidents well to emphasize the salient characteristics in the Church which influenced the man in order that the man could in his turn help forward the work of the Church.

The biography begins with Rich's conversion to the Church and follows his subsequent experiences in keeping with the doctrines of the religion, which became the great end of his living. His willingness to aid made him accept calls to help pioneer not only Utah, but also Idaho and California.

The few errors observed will no doubt be corrected in a later edition.

THE SOUL'S FIRE
(Jeremiah Stokes, Suttonhouse, Ltd., Los Angeles, 1936, 291 pages—\$2.75)

THIS "personalized" story of "Mormonism" does for the epic of the nineteenth century what cold historical chronology can never do—it breathes the "soul's fire" into the leading men of the restored faith and makes of them flesh and blood heroes, mighty in stature, mighty in faith, mighty in defeat, and mighty in triumph. Focusing attention on a comparatively few strong and colorful characters, two threads of narrative are pursued alternately, until they eventually intertwine to build a soul-stirring conclusion. As the Church moves from New York State to the great uncharted West, and as the Northrop family move from England, torn and separated, to the body of the Church, each act of persecution becomes the personal brutality of neighbor to neighbor, each hardship becomes the personal privation of a dearly beloved friend, each stand for ideals and principles becomes the personal triumph of men made strong by faith. Aside from any religious or historical significance "The Soul's Fire" contains all of the elements that make engrossing fiction; but, add to this the realization that these things happened to men and women, even as you and I, and you have this story of epic courage.—R. L. E.

THE ROLLING YEARS
(Agnes Sligh Turnbull—Macmillan Company, New York, 1936.)

THE setting for *The Rolling Years* is a Scottish Presbyterian farming community in western Pennsylvania. The story moves forward powerfully including the love stories of three members of the McDowell family. Two of the love stories are happily settled: that of Jeannie and James Richards, the schoolmaster; and that of Jeannie's

(Concluded on page 776)

What Shall Our Children Read?

LET'S MAKE it a book Christmas this year. Books are somehow so satisfactory and last so much longer than many gifts which accumulate during the holiday season. Yet when we consider the great number of books published each year, we are almost overwhelmed.

We must establish some kind of yardstick by which we can measure them. First of all we should understand each child's age level of interest. We know that the younger ones are fascinated by imaginative writings such as: fairy tales, allegories, fables, and myths. For these younger ones of the family there are many new books which will readily satisfy. First of all will come:

★★★★George Washington, by Ingrid & Edgar Parin D. Aulaire. The story invites reading from even ten year olds and the pictures are so delightfully executed that they fascinate the very young who cannot form their letters. The book is a publication of Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1936.

★★★★Honk the Moose, by Phil Strong, is humorously enjoyable—for all members of the family. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese, it is a Dodd, Mead & Company publication of 1936.

★★★★The Adventures of Peter Whiffen is another good book for the younger group. The twelve-year-old can readily be wheedled into reading this story to his young brothers and sisters. Enid L. Meadowcroft is the author. The publishers are the Viking Press, 1936.

★★★★Ferdinand, by Munro Leaf, published by the Viking Press—1936—delights the younger people with its fantastic riotousness in picture and idea.

★★★★Giant Otto and Otto at Sea, by William Pene Du Bois are two more ridiculously enjoyable publications of the Viking Press—1936.

THE next age level of interest is one of action. Hero tales, romances, adventure stories, all come in for their share of interest.

Boys and girls have some differences here although some girls will like boys' books and vice versa.

For girls the following list will be helpful:

★★★★What Is She Like, by Mary Brockman, a 1936 publication of Charles Scribner's Sons is especially good for this age when the girls are first awakening to a sense of their different personalities.

★★★★Challenge, twelve stories collected by Helen Ferris, editor-in-chief of the Junior Literary Guild, is of unusual worth, romantic enough to satisfy the teen-age girls' craving for a good love story, stimulating enough to encourage greater steadfastness and courage as desirable characteristics. This

is a Doubleday, Doran publication of this year.

★★★★Caddie Woodlawn, by Carol Ryrie Brink, is a Macmillan Newbery prize winner—and deservedly so. We reviewed it in the September Era.

★★★★South of the Sunset, by Claire Churchill and published by the Rufus Wilson Co., is an exceptional biography of Sacajawea. The book is like a breath of far-distant romance which finds an echo in modern hearts.

★★★★Mademoiselle Misfortune, written by Carol Ryrie Brink—and illustrated by Kate Seredy, starts off with a bang when Alice Moreau hears herself and her five sisters dubbed "Misfortunes." Any live girl will find much joy in learning how the misfortune retrieved her fortune. The book is published by Macmillan Co.—1936.

★★★★Young Americans (Cornelia Meigs—Junior Literary Guild and Ginn & Co.—1936) makes history glow with reality through the stories related about real characters who lived while American history was in the making. Washington, Lincoln, Mark Twain, Jenny Lind—all come in for their share of attention. You should by all means introduce your family to Miss Meigs' exceptional *Invincible Louisa* ★★★★★, a biography of Louisa May Alcott which won for Miss Meigs the coveted Newbery Medal, and *Wind in the Chimney* ★★★★★, a story of early American life.

★★★★Little Soldier of the Plains, by the Penn Publishing Co., is a wholesomely exciting book. (See September Era.)

★★★★Winterbound, by Margery Bianco—illustrated by Kate Seredy—makes a combination assuring quality. This 1936 publication of the Viking Press will do much to make girls realize the true nobility of housework—and show them how two girls met an emergency.

★★★★Allison's Girl—Theodore Acland Harper—by the Viking Press, may stimulate a desire for reading because

of its excitingly different plot centered around an adopted girl Molly Blair.

Boys of this age will find the following books worthwhile:

★★★★Youth's Captain—a biography of Emerson, by Hildagarde Hawthorne. (See December, 1935, Era.)

★★★★Young Walter Scott—Janet Elizabeth Gray's biography of Ivanhoe's author. (See November, 1935, Era.)

★★★★Scarface—by Dorr G. Yeager, published by the Penn Publishing Co., is exceptionally good for the information concerning the bear's life and habits.

★★★★Tinker of Stone Bluff, by Nason H. Arnold, by Doubleday, Doran Co., gives a stimulating story of a boys' school where much more than subjects was taught.

★★★★Talking Drums—Waldo Fleming, published by Doubleday, Doran Co., 1936, satisfies a keen desire on the part of boys to do detective work on (Concluded on page 176)



On the Book Rack

(Concluded from page 774)

daughter, Connie, and Ian Donaldson. The third love story, that of David McDowell for the "bound girl" Terese, is not so happily solved.

Forcefully written, keenly analyzed, the book is a powerfully moving novel of early settlers and of the two succeeding generations of a Scottish-American family.—M. C. J.

MEXICAN INTERLUDE

(Joseph Henry Jackson; The Macmillan Company, New York; pp. 232; illustrated; \$2.50.

THIS book is a simple narrative of the experiences through which Mr. Jackson and his party went while on a tour over the pan-American highway to Mexico City and beyond. It is illustrated by means of a number of interesting photographs of the regions in which the party found itself.

Since I have been over the route, in the main, which Mr. Jackson traversed, I found it interesting to compare notes with him. He tells his story in an interesting, informal manner. The book is just such a one as a gifted and experienced traveler might write of a brief trip into a foreign country about which he does not know too much and whose people he could not understand too well.

Those who plan to make the trip to Mexico City by car—and all who can afford to make it now the road is completed should do so while the country is not too much over-run by auto tourists—would find Mr. Jackson's account both interesting and helpful. The publisher says: "This is not a guide-book, but the kind of supplement that every guide-book needs—a personal, intimate story of one traveler's adventures."—Harrison R. Merrill, Director Extension Division, B. Y. U.

COMMONSENSE GRAMMAR

(Janet Rankin Aiken—Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, 1936.)

WE need to study grammar to be able to bring into orderly array the thoughts which we should like to use as the basis for our conversation with other people among whom we live and labor. In *Commonsense Grammar*, Janet Aiken gives friendliness, humor, broadmindedness, and balance which will make the reader enjoy learning to talk according to the rules.

The author makes us realize that grammar is like the poor in that it has always been with us. The earliest people found a need to be able to talk intelligently with their neighbors and therefore evolved a series of rules which would make the same form mean the same thing among their social and business units. Mothers who feel that they need to brush up on their language in order to keep abreast of their student-children will find this book readably helpful.—M. C. J.

WHAT SHALL OUR CHILDREN READ?

(Concluded from page 775)

their own. Thrilling enough for any adolescent boy—and if I mistake not, girl, as well—*Talking Drums* certainly removes him from the everyday world of his experience and drops him into a hotbed of African trickery and danger.

★★★★*The Voice of the Intangible*—Albert R. Lyman—reviewed in the September Era.

★★★*Black Range Tales*, by James A. McKenna, is a collection of tales from the old Southwest which breathe adventure and romance. The book is a publication of the Wilson-Erickson Co. of 1936.

★★★*Frog*, by S. P. Meek, published by the Penn Co., relates the story of a horse, naturally mean, finally transformed into a most dependable, capable animal through kindness.

★★★*Franz, A Dog of the Police*, by S. P. Meek, vividly portrays the life of a dog which any boy—or girl for that matter—would be proud to own. It is a Penn Co. publication.

★★★*Hurricane Weather*, by Howard Pease, a 1936 publication of Doubleday, Doran, and Co., affords tingling adventure for the not too easily excitable young man. A boy whose nerves are at all jumpy should read it in short installments—and long before bedtime.

★★*Boris, Grandson of Baldy*, is a story written by Esther B. Darling and published by the Penn Co., for those boys who like swift action.

SOME books are equally good for boys and girls of this venturesome age as well as for any age.

★★★★*All the Mowgli Stories*, by Rudyard Kipling, has something for children of all ages. (See October Era.)

★★★★*Like Softest Music*, by Rose Heylbut, portrays fascinatingly the love stories of great composers. Delightfully informative, the book deserves a prominent place on the family bookshelf. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., published the book in 1936.

★★★★*Mary Poppins Comes Back*—Pamela Travers, will give great enjoyment to everyone—even adults. *Mary Poppins* is also exceptional. (See November, 1935, and February, 1936, Eras.)

★★★★*The Good Master*, by Kate Seredy, introduces young people to Hungary in a delightful manner.

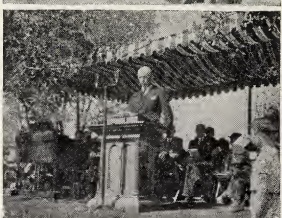
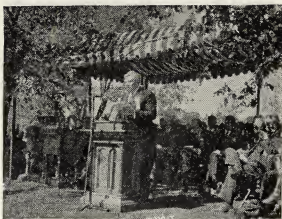
PROMINENT during the Christmas season for people of all ages should be some scriptural reading.

★★★★*The Junior Bible*, edited by Edgar J. Goodspeed (Macmillan Co., publishers—1936) affords good reading for the entire family and the sizable print invites it.

THESE suggestions are for your perusal in the selection of books. Reading is so vitally necessary and so delightfully recreational that children

should be stimulated early in life to find good books and read them. Unless we parents and friends choose wisely, our young people may find poison rather than health-giving substance in their reading.—M. C. J.

Winter Quarters Dedication Scenes



TOP: PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., ADDRESSING THE WINTER QUARTERS ASSEMBLY.

SECOND: PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY ADDRESSING THE SAME GATHERING.

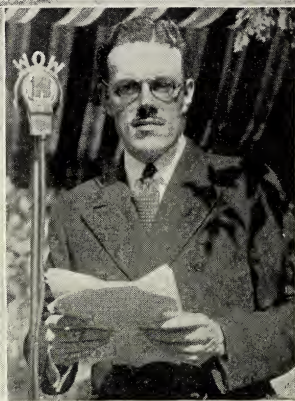
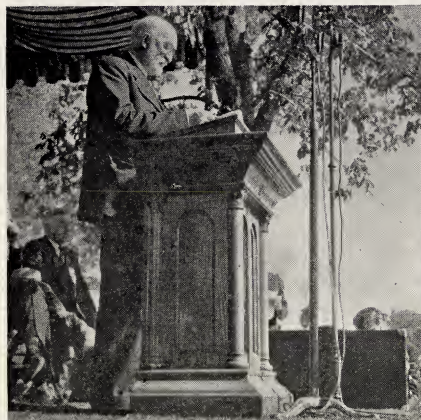
THIRD: GOVERNOR R. L. COCHRAN OF NEBRASKA DELIVERING HIS TRIBUTE TO THE MORMON PIONEERS.

BELOW: A VIEW OF THE MONUMENT TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEDICATION.

WINTER QUARTERS DEDICATION SCENES

Florence, Nebraska

September 20, 1936



TOP LEFT: PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT SPEAKING TO A NATIONWIDE AUDIENCE OVER THE NBC RED NETWORK.

TOP RIGHT: PRESIDENT GRANT CONGRATULATING THE SCULPTOR, AWARD FAIRBANKS.

CENTER LEFT: PARTICIPANTS AND GUESTS; LEFT TO RIGHT, PRESIDENTS J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., HEBER J. GRANT AND DAVID O. MCKAY, PRESIDENT CARL R. GRAY OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD; W. D. LANE, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, OMAHA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE; HON. DE EMMETT BRADSHAW, PRESIDENT WOW, AND PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON. REED SMOOT AND STEPHEN L. RICHARDS ARE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.

CENTER RIGHT: RICHARD L. EVANS, CONDUCTING THE NATIONWIDE BROADCAST FOR THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY THAT WAS RELEASED THROUGH RADIO STATION WOW, OMAHA, AND THE NBC RED NETWORK, 9:30 TO 10:00 A. M., CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

LOWER LEFT: PART OF THE CROWD THAT ATTENDED.

The Story of Our Hymns

(Concluded from page 773)

picture—"and there were shepherds in the same country, abiding in the fields, and keeping watch over their flocks by night." (Luke 2:8)—a flash and the inspiration came and so on the peaks of the Tyrolian Alps were framed the words of the carol that was to be heard around the world.

NEXT MORNING, Christmas, (some writers say it was the same night), Mohr went to the home of Franz Gruber and presented him with a folded copy of his carol. Franz opened it, read it and exultingly exclaimed, 'You have found it!—the right song!—God be praised!' He then repaired to his own room and, inspired by the words, composed the tune as we now have it. Franz hurried back to his friend saying: 'Your song—it sings itself: the tune came to me at once and while you were gone I played to the Strasser sisters and we have together composed it.'

"Mohr and Gruber then sang it as a duet, the author singing the melody, the composer the bass. The Strasser sisters, under the name of the 'Strasser Quartette' learned it and later it was sung at the great cathedral of Leipzig. The song was first called 'The Tyrolian Song' because of its place of birth. It was not printed, however, until 1840. In 1854, thirty-six years after it was written, the Berlin Church Choir sang it before Emperor Frederick Wilhelm IV. The Emperor was so delighted with the beautiful song that he ordered it given first place in all Christmas programs.

"Music histories contain very little, if anything, concerning the lives of Joseph Mohr and Franz Gruber. Only the years of birth and death are recorded. Mohr, 1792-1848; Gruber, 1787-1863."

"And now," said Director Manners, "we must be on our way."

"Good night, and a Merry Christmas to you all," said Mr. Perkins.

As the footsteps of the carolers died away the Perkins family knelt in a fervent prayer of thanksgiving and soon all were asleep in their beds, dreaming of the joyful happy Christmas to follow.

On the backs of the firedogs the dying embers of the Yulelog flickered; silence was broken only by the far distant echoes of—

"Silent Night! Holy Night,

Jesus, the Savior is born!"

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE 80TH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT, THIS NEW HYMN WAS FIRST SUNG ON THE SUNDAY EVENING RADIO-SERVICE OF THE CHURCH, NOVEMBER 22, 1936, 9:30 TO 10:00 P. M., MST, RADIO STATION KSL, ON A BROADCAST PARTICIPATED IN BY PRESIDENT GRANT, THE TEMPLE SINGERS, J. SPENCER CORNWALL, RICHARD L. EVANS, AND THE COMPOSER, FRANK W. ASPER; BERTHA A. KLEINMAN, AUTHOR OF THE WORDS, LIVES IN ARIZONA.

PRaise FOR A PROPHET

Bertha A. Kleinman.

Frank W. Asper.

1. Lord, in these days of er - ror and con - fu - sion,
2. Lord, in these days when har - mon - y is brok - en,
3. Lord, in these days of fol - ly and dis - as - ter,

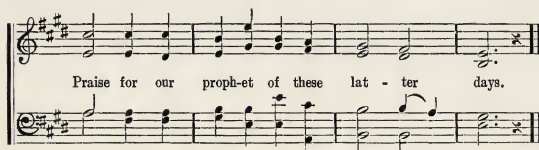
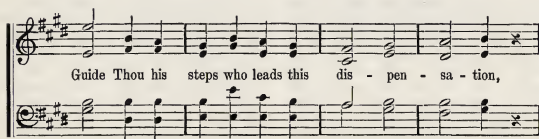
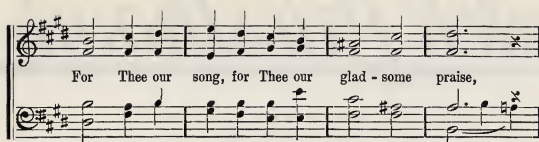
When, in dis - may, . . . the na - tions wage a - broad,
When i - dols fall . . . and stand - ards change and fade,
Praise for a proph - et's might of ab - sti - nence,

Lord, when the world is bit - ter with de - lu - sion,
Praise for the Truth a proph-et's lips have spok - en,
With call su - preme to lead us and to mas - ter—

Praise be for Zi - on and her men of God.
For wis - dom ring - ing true and un - a - fraid.
Long may he live to serve Thy Prov - i - dence.

CHORUS

Praise and thanks - giv - ing, Lord, and ven - er - a - tion,



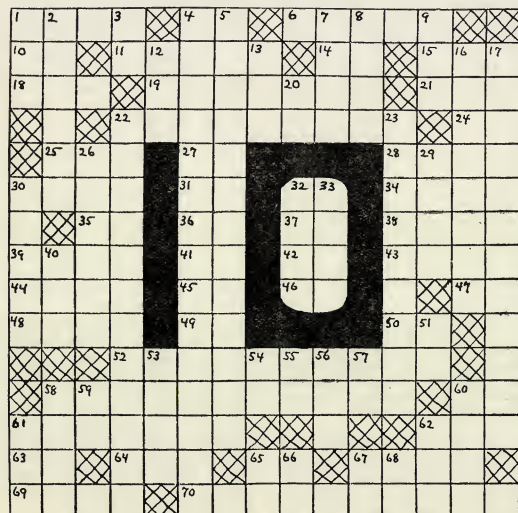
- 38 Afresh
39 "that taketh his name in . . ."
41 Country
42 Late Latin
43 Persian hook money
44 "having . . . hear ye not?"
45 Canadian province
46 Football position
47 Canadian territory
48 Allowance to purchasers
49 Doctor of Theology
50 Southern state
52 Commandment breakers should be this
53 "not make unto thee any . . ."
58 Ridge of drift
61 Mountainous
62 "the . . . said unto Balaam"
63 Public notice
64 Canadian province
65 Note
67 Rainbow
69 King
70 "Remember the . . ."

DOWN

- 1 "... tables of stone"
2 "... thy father and thy mother"
3 Pronoun
4 "the words of the covenant, the . . ."
5 "I will give thee . . . and a law, and commandments"
7 Esau Gen. 25:30
8 "shalt not take the . . ."
9 Rootstock of a fern
12 The parson bird (var.)
13 African worm
16 "Thou shalt not commit . . ."
17 "Thou shalt not bear . . ."
20 Note
22 Teacher
23 The Ten Commandments
26 Sarcasm
29 Moon goddess (Rom. relig.)
30 "Thou shalt not . . ."
32 "Thou shalt not . . ."
33 "saw others standing . . ."
40 River in Switzerland
51 Indian mulberry
53 Masculine proper name
54 New England state
55 Hymn measure
56 "come ye, buy, and . . ."
57 Fine grain
58 "no other . . . before me"
59 Royal Navy
60 Mountain of Greece
61 Entangle
62 Help
65 Weight
66 Hebrew month
67 Pronoun
68 Rhodium

Scriptural Crossword Puzzle—Ten Commandments

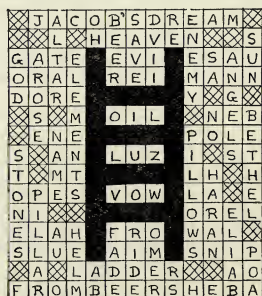
(See Deuteronomy 4:13)



ACROSS

- 1 "... shalt not" Ex. 20
4 Size of shot
6 "after the . . . of these words"
10 Misery
11 "Thou shalt not . . ."
14 Danish
15 Simpleton
18 "... thing thou lackest"
19 Confess
22 Feminine proper name
24 The end of Saul
25 "... not vain repetitions"
27 Whirlwind off the Faroe Islands
28 Measures
30 Stuff
31 Writing
32 Two Old Testament books
34 Clever
35 Preposition
36 Volume
37 Fish

SOLUTION TO NOVEMBER PUZZLE



Melchisedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE
COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—EDITED BY JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

RESPONSIBILITY AND QUALIFICATIONS OF A MISSIONARY

IN FEBRUARY, 1829, Joseph Smith, Senior, went to Harmony, Pennsylvania, to visit his son, Joseph, and to make inquiry of the Lord to learn what he might do in assisting to bring forth the work of the Lord. In answer to his humble inquiry the Lord gave the following revelation:

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.

Therefore, if ye have desires to serve God ye are called to the work;

For behold the field is white already to harvest; and lo, he that trusteth in his sickle with his might, the same layeth up in store that he perisheth not, but bringeth salvation to his soul;

And faith, hope, charity, and love, with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work.

Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence.

Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Amen. (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 4.)

This brief revelation contains ample instruction, in a few sentences, to guide every missionary and every person in the Church who has been given responsibility in the Priesthood, to a full realization of the sacredness and importance of the obligations which are upon him. If this instruction is followed thoughtfully and obediently by those who are called to the work, they cannot fail to be qualified in their ministry.

While the revelation was given to Joseph Smith, Senior, it is plainly seen from a careful reading of it, that it was intended, not only for the father of the Prophet, but for every other person who embarks in the service of the Lord. Therefore each Elder in the Church, no matter what his special calling, may take this revelation as a direct communication to him from the Lord.

It is necessary at the very beginning of the ministry for the missionary to understand that when he embarks in the service of the Lord, he takes upon himself a very grave responsibility that has a bearing upon his own eternal welfare, as well as upon the eternal welfare of those unto whom he is sent. He is to serve the Lord with all his "heart, might, mind, and strength." In other words, he is to give to the Lord the very best that is in him without

any reservation. Only by doing this may he stand blameless before the Lord at the last day, for there must be an account given of his ministry at that time. If he has served the Lord with all his "heart, might, mind, and strength," then there will be no one standing at the judgment seat to accuse him of neglect of duty, but he may be the accuser of those who rejected his message when he faithfully declared it unto them.

Every missionary who goes forth clothed with the power which is vested in him by virtue of the Priesthood and the setting apart which he has received, has power given to him "to seal both on earth and in heaven, the unbelieving and rebellious; yea, verily," the Lord has said, "to seal them up unto the day when the wrath of God shall be poured out upon the wicked without measure." (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 1:8-9.) If this message has been carried to the inhabitants of the earth in the fulness of the commandment given in this revelation, then, the Lord has said, "they are left without excuse, and their sins are upon their own heads." (Doc. and Cov. 88:82.) However, if the missionary goes about his work in a half-hearted way, and is only partly interested in carrying his message to all men, and violates the covenants and obligations which he has taken upon himself, then those unto whom he is sent are not left without excuse. They may rise up at the last day to accuse him because of his failure to carry the message of salvation to them as he was under obligations to do. Under such conditions he will stand condemned, for he has not freed himself from the blood of his generation.

Moroni understood the significance of this. After he had written his message to the Gentiles living in this present dispensation, and notwithstanding he spoke unto them from the dead as one speaking from the dust, he gave them the following warning:

And I exhort you to remember these things; for the time speedily cometh that ye shall know that I lie not, for ye shall see me at the bar of God; and the Lord God will say unto you: Did I not declare my words unto you, which were written by this man, like as one crying from the dead, yea, even as one speaking out of the dust? (Book of Mormon, Moroni 10:27.)

Then will all those unto whom the words of Moroni have come stand with bowed heads in the midst of their shame, condemned before the Lord. So it will be in the case of the missionary if he has not performed his labor as Moroni did, with all his "heart, might, mind, and strength."

The missionary should so labor that the Lord may say to all unto whom he carried the light of truth: "Did I not testify of these things unto you by the mouth of this man?" What joy will well up in the soul of the Elder who has been faithful to his commission when the Lord shall so approve of his ministry. On the other hand, what sorrow and anguish of soul will possess him if, at that day it shall be said of him: "I gave you a solemn commission and sent you forth into the harvest field to thrust in your sickle with your might, but you failed to give service according to your might and strength. These whom you see are your accusers. They failed to hearken to the word of truth because you did not declare it unto them." If that is said of the man who accepted the missionary call, surely he shall stand condemned before the Lord and have his talent taken from him.

Then the Lord has said, if the missionary thrusts in his sickle with his might, "the same layeth up in store that he perish not, but bringeth salvation to his soul." This admonition is too frequently disregarded. The young missionary is too likely to think indifferently upon his commission. Truly, he has been sent to declare the message of salvation to a perverse world; but the indifference of that world to his pleading does not constitute an excuse for his treating it lightly. Let him not forget that he is "laying up in store that he perisheth not," as well as endeavoring to save someone else from perishing. The missionary labor is a sword which cuts both ways. It saves or condemns the bearer of the message; it saves or condemns the hearer of that message.

In order to qualify for this great work, the missionary must have faith in God and in his own mission. He must gain the knowledge that the Father and the Son, in very deed, appeared to Joseph Smith. He must obtain, by faith and prayer, the testimony that Joseph Smith was called of God and that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, which he represents, was organized by the power of God through the opening of the heavens.

He must go forth with the hope of eternal life in his own heart, and feeling that he may be an instrument in the hands of the Lord, in bringing salvation to the souls of men. He must be filled with the spirit of love and charity for all men, that charity being the pure love of Christ which our Master manifested to all the world. He must be willing to sacrifice personal desire and com-

(Concluded on page 790)

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

LESSON BOOKS FOR 1937

ALL QUORUM supervisors and members should be supplied with lesson books for 1937. The new series of lessons begins with the first Sunday in January and continues throughout the year. The lessons for 1937 will follow the same general themes as for 1936, a study of Priesthood and the practical application of its principles to the lives of members of Aaronic Priesthood Quorums.

All lessons in the 1937 books will be new and it will be necessary for all supervisors and leaders to have the new books. The price will be ten cents per copy as heretofore. All orders should be sent to the Presiding Bishopric, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, and remittance is to accompany all orders. Each ward should send in its requests for books at once in order that shipment may be made without delay as soon as the books are published.

STANDARD QUORUM AWARD REPORTS

ATTENTION of Stake Chairmen of the Aaronic Priesthood is again directed to the importance of checking up on all wards in the stake as soon after January 1st as possible, to determine which Quorums are entitled to the standard Quorum Award. As soon as this is determined the information should be sent to the Presiding Bishopric who will give complete instructions and suggestions for making the awards to Quorums.

VOTING ON AARONIC PRIESTHOOD OFFICERS

THE Presidency of any Aaronic Priesthood quorum is to be selected by the Ward Bishopric, and their names are to be presented to the quorum over which they are to preside to be voted upon. When they are approved by the vote of the quorum they are authorized to act in that presidency. It is not necessary that these officers be presented to the Sacrament Meeting to be voted upon in advance of their appointment in the presidency of the quorum; but they are to be voted upon at the annual ward conference. However, anyone who is proposed to be ordained to any office in the Aaronic Priesthood must be voted upon in Sacrament Meeting and approved before he is ordained.

OBSERVE THE SABBATH DAY

THE divine command to keep the Sabbath Day holy applies to all Latter-day Saints today just as much

as it has done from the beginning, and as it did to ancient Israel. While social and material conditions have greatly changed in the centuries since the giving of the Ten Commandments, the day should be observed in the proper spirit thereof, commensurate with present conditions. It is a day for the spiritual benefit of mankind. Nothing should be done that will detract from a restful and worshipful attitude during that day.

In conformity with Church standards, all members and officers, and especially the presiding officers of wards and branches, should avoid attending any field sports or theatres on that day. Nothing should be engaged in that will detract from the spirit of worship and rest. Certainly, of all men, those in positions of responsibility should set the example and give wise counsel to all Church members, old and young alike, that will stimulate them to properly remember and observe this day so that at the close thereof, in reviewing the events of the day, each may have no occasion for regret, but may have been rested from the ordinary cares and diversions of life, and have gained spiritual strength and encouragement to greater works of righteousness.

BENSON STAKE HOLDS CONVENTION

A SPECIAL convention of Aaronic Priesthood leaders of Benson Stake, including the Stake Presidency and High Council, Bishops and Counselors, Ward Supervisors and others appointed to the supervision of Aaronic Priesthood, was held at Richmond Tabernacle, November 1st. Demonstrations of various types and instructive talks and discussions were featured.

PIONEER STAKE ACTIVE

ONE HUNDRED SIXTY-FIVE visits to wards by members of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee in the first nine months of 1936 are reported by Pioneer Stake. Visits were made in groups and separately. The Stake Committee has averaged two meetings a month for the entire period. Every ward in the stake has organized supervising committees and eight out of the nine wards are making regular monthly reports. There are thirteen members on the stake committee, three being assigned to supervise the Adult Aaronic Priesthood Program. Alfons J. Fink is chairman.

NORTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE SUPPORTS SECURITY PLAN

EVERY QUORUM of the Melchizedek and Aaronic Priesthoods in North Idaho Falls Stake will engage in a Service Project under the Church Security Program, it was announced by President David Smith, following a meeting of all Priesthood leaders of that stake, Sunday, October 25th.

Adult Aaronic Priesthood groups will participate in the plan on the same basis as Aaronic Priesthood Quorums under the plans as developed at the conference. Each group will begin immediately to plan its project for next year. Growing of sugar beets, potatoes and other crops, manufacture of various articles, and the gathering of useful products and materials, are among the projects being considered.

THE SPECIAL CALLING OF DEACONS

MESSENGERS OF THE LORD

THE Aaronic Priesthood holds the keys of the ministering of angels and of the preparatory Gospel, which is the Gospel of repentance and baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. An angel is a "messenger," the name or title given to those whom the Lord calls to act as His messengers to men on the earth.

Deacons who have been ordained in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints hold the priesthood and authority, when properly directed, to be messengers for the bishop, as angels are messengers of the Lord. When directed by the bishop they may call on the poor to ascertain their needs, and may also be sent to deliver necessities for the sustenance and comfort of those requiring assistance. Deacons may be assigned to assist the needy, the sick or the aged, the widow, and do for them such manual work as they may be unable to do themselves, such as chopping wood, and shoveling snow. They may be sent by the bishop with messages to other officers or members of the ward, notifying them of appointments and special assignments. They may be assigned to make appointments for visiting teachers to call on ward members, or to make appointments for the ward teachers to visit families at convenient times. If the visiting teachers are unable to keep the appointments made, the Deacons may substitute for them. In this event they should be prepared to sing and pray with the family when requested and to bear testimony unto them.

The prayers of a Deacon are just

as acceptable to the Lord as the prayers of a Seventy or of a High Priest, and his testimony may carry as much weight as that of an older person. The servants of the Lord will never be without His help when engaged in His service.

The members of the Deacons' quorum should plan how they may be of service, submit their plans to the bishop, and signify their willingness to serve; and they should always be on hand to perform promptly the service required of them.

THE PRIESTHOOD A LEVELER AND EXALTER

Excerpt from Radio Address by Elder Bryant S. Hinckley, President of the Northern States Mission.

IN a chart compiled from a survey made by the Federal Government showing the increase in the number of adult members for the principal denominations in the United States from 1906 to 1926, a period of twenty years, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was given first place. This same survey revealed the significant fact that more than fifty per cent of its adult membership are men, a most unusual thing in churches.

This is readily accounted for when one understands the organization and operation of its Priesthood program.

There are today in the Mormon Church more than 80,000 men who are either deacons, teachers, or priests in the Aaronic or lower order of Priesthood, and 85,000 who are either elders, seventies or high priests of the Melchizedek or higher order of the Priesthood.

There are for each division of these Priesthood responsibilities definitely prescribed. A carefully co-ordinated program is adapted to the age and capacity of each member, so that the boy 12 years of age and the grey-haired patriarch are interested and educated.

As a Mormon understands it, Priesthood is authority delegated to man by his Heavenly Father to act for the Almighty. It constitutes man the agent of his Maker, in rendering service to his fellows and in conducting the affairs of the Church. Its highest privileges are within the reach of the humblest. The man who sweeps the floor of the factory may belong to the same Priesthood quorum or group as the man who owns and manages the factory. There seems in this sense of eternal justice, for the true measure of a man's worth is something higher than wealth or worldly station. Priesthood in the Mormon Church is a true leveler, not by bringing anyone down but by lifting all men up.

Priesthood is the strength and power of the Church, the source of authority in the Church. The only condition under which the power of the Priesthood can be exercised, the only pur-

pose for which it can be used, the only way in which it can be made effective, is through righteousness.

This is shown in the following declaration, which is recognized as divine by the Church, and which binds and governs it in the conduct and administration of its affairs:

The rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and . . . the powers of heaven cannot be controlled . . . only upon the principles of righteousness.

. . . when we undertake . . . to exercise control or dominion or compulsion . . . in any degree of unrighteousness . . . the spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the Priesthood or the authority of that man. (Doctrine and Covenants 121:36-37).

The great object of this plan, the purpose of all endeavor behind it, of all effort running through it, is to establish the brotherhood of man, to save and exalt the race, to bless and gladden the world, to supplant compulsion with persuasion, coercion with kindness, arrogance with love, intolerance

with charity, and tyranny with liberty. (Excerpt from *Millennial Star*, October 1, 1936)

THREE STAKE CONVENTION PLAN CONTINUED

A TRI-STAKE Aaronic Priesthood convention was held at Heber City, Sunday, November 8th. Summit, South Summit and Wasatch Stakes joined for this occasion, the second of its kind held by the same groups. The convention included discussions, demonstrations and addresses by local leaders.

In the first session under the general topic "Combating the Evils of Today," South Summit Stake conducted a demonstration on the topic of "Cigarettes." Wasatch Stake discussed "Liquor" in its demonstration; and "Speeding" was treated by the Summit Stake.

In the second session, members of Bishoprics and Quorum Supervisors discussed the same topics as related to leadership. The Priests considered "Speeding," Teachers, "Liquor," and Deacons, "Cigarettes."

THE WORD OF WISDOM REVIEW

A Monthly Presentation of Pertinent Information Regarding the Lord's Law of Health

WHAT FOOTBALL COACHES SAY ABOUT ALCOHOL

"We do not allow our athletic teams to use alcohol because we figure it has a bad effect on an athlete both physically and mentally."—W. A. Alexander, Director of Athletics, Georgia Tech.

"Since it has been found advisable that alcoholic drinks be kept off the training table and diet of athletics in training, it stands to reason that such beverages are harmful to any young man who expects to go places in later life."—Glenn S. Warner, Coach, Temple University.

"The use of alcoholic beverages is barred from the training table, for the reason that athletes must be in top form to be able to withstand the rigors of competitive sport.

"As for non-athletes, the stimulus supplied by alcoholic beverages is accompanied by the inevitable let-down, which period of ineptitude could obviously prove serious to any man, regardless of his field of endeavor."—Elmer F. Layden, Director of Athletics, Notre Dame University.

"Alcohol is taboo for the athletes of the University of Kansas. The coach-

es feel that alcohol does a definite harm to growing youth and that a boy who is unwilling to train and give his best efforts for the team is not worthy to represent his university.

"I would carry this a step further and say that what is good for the boy when he is in school is also worthy of consideration by him after he gets out into life."—Adrian H. Lindsey, Football Coach, University of Kansas.

THE COACH SPEAKS

"I do not believe, and none of the coaches that train men believe in the use of alcoholic beverages. Coaches and trainers generally are dead against the use of even beer in training."—Amos Alonzo Stagg.

"We ask our boys to refrain from alcoholic beverages for the simple reason that all science and experience has taught us that it is injurious to health mentally and physically.

"If that advice is good with respect to athletes there is no reason to conclude that it is not sound as well for the non-athlete."—Ossie M. Solem, Director and Football Coach, University of Iowa.



Ward Teaching



WARD TEACHER'S MESSAGE, JANUARY, 1937

FASTING AND OFFERINGS

OUR CHURCH LEADERS have called upon Church members everywhere to observe the law of fasting and offerings. At the beginning of the New Year no better resolve can be made than that of following the counsel of the Church Authorities and responding to their requests.

At a recent General Conference, President George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve presented the following: "Fasting and offerings have been associated closely always. I will read to you a few words from Isaiah on this subject. He goes on to tell that the people's fasting was not acceptable and tells why. Then he says:

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

"Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?"

"Then shall thy light break forth

as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.

"Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am." . . . *Isaiah 58: 6 to 9.*

"The offerings, according to Isaiah are naturally a part of the fast, and help to make the fast acceptable to the Lord. We ought to get that fixed in our minds.

"Tithes, offerings and fasting—a restoration in these days. What does it mean? In the early rise of this Church there was established, as a restoration, this principle of fasting and giving of offerings for the poor. One day each month was set apart. The members of the Church were asked to abstain from eating two meals of the three which they are accustomed to having, and to give the value of what they would save by the fast, for the support of the poor. *If we had observed this fully and faithfully, brethren and sisters, there would have been ample in the Church, from that fund alone, to take care of all who are in need of assistance.*"

SUGGESTIONS FOR BETTER WARD TEACHING

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

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

Among other things to be considered under this heading are the qualifications which a ward teacher should develop, such as: love of fellowmen; love of the Gospel; knowledge of the Gospel; obedience to principles; persistence; tact;

kindliness; the importance of being clean—physically and morally; seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit; pray together as companions before visiting; be prepared on special messages of stake presidency and bishopric; learn the instructions of the authorities; confine the discussion to the topics under consideration; don't speculate; don't give a dissertation on some pet subject; don't discuss other people.

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

Each district assigned to a pair of

teachers should include not to exceed eight families. Teachers should visit every home unless they know that non-members reside in any home. Of course, where Church members are in the minority, it cannot be expected that every home shall be visited. However, it is very desirable to adopt suitable means to find every member residing in each district. If any non-members are willing to listen to the Gospel message, their names and addresses should be reported to the bishop and by them turned over to the stake or ward missionaries. Where the teachers find in their visits that families have moved in or out of the ward, they should report the names and other information to the bishopric promptly.

FOLLOW-UP OF WARD TEACHING

IN ORDER to obtain satisfactory ward teaching it is necessary (a) that those appointed to this important service shall be trained and qualified and imbued with the spirit of their calling; (b) that they shall systematically and spiritedly visit the families under their direction each month; and (c) that they shall render proper account of their work and receive appropriate encouragement in this service.

One of the important means to secure the proper results is to make the monthly report meeting, under the direction of the Ward Bishopric, most interesting to all the members of the Priesthood who are or may become ward teachers. A very considerable proportion of the time of the meeting should be allotted for discussion of the importance in methods and matter of ward teaching. Reports to be given should be brief and should show the number of families as well as the number visited, so that the ward clerk can show, before the meeting adjourns, the total number visited during the month.

The main part of the meeting should be given over to the consideration of some phases of ward teaching, or the results obtained by various ward teachers.

It is suggested that, if any other time has not proved satisfactory, this meeting might be held jointly with the Priesthood during the Priesthood period in connection with the Sunday School on the last or the first Sunday of each month. However, every effort should be made to develop improvement generally in ward teaching.

In conformity with revelations of the Lord and in order to promote peace and righteousness throughout the Church, the teachers should be impressed, in connection with their preparation, with the importance of encouraging loyalty, unity, and Church activity among all members.—*The Presiding Bishopric.*

Mutual Messages

General Superintendency

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

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Presidency

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

THE ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

ALL M. I. A. workers are happy to know that the Assembly Programs are meeting with success everywhere. It is most gratifying to note the expressions of pleasure on every hand.

The attitude generally is good and it is attitude on the part of leaders that counts.

Community activity committees are giving a fine piece of service in painstakingly working out these programs and their efforts are highly commended and appreciated. Most wards are following the method suggested, that is, devoting to these programs the thirty minutes between 7:40 and 8:10 and giving them in the main as outlined. This conformity with the plan does not, however, prevent the introduction of new ideas and new features. We encourage original programs planned by stakes or wards for the five or six evenings for which none is outlined in our Guide, and ask that those which are found to be especially successful may be sent in to the General Offices to aid in preparation of next year's work.

THE OPERA "MARTHA"

THIS year the special feature in Music is the presentation of the opera of "Martha," by Flotow, in an abbreviated form. The music to be used is a Concertized Version by J. S. Zamecnik with a Stage Version by W. O. Robinson. This opera is within the ability of most of our wards and we are assured that our music groups will have great delight in presenting it, as the music is of high standard and most pleasing and the libretto furnishes an intensely interesting story.

The music and the libretto, including postage, can be purchased from the Beesley Music Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, for 75c. Extra copies of music, 65c; extra copies of libretto 15c.

A DANCE DIRECTOR IN EVERY WARD

ALL Executives are asked to read carefully the paragraph "To Ward Executive Officers," beginning on page four of the Dance Manual, which has reference to the appointment of dance directors. This feature in our dance program is to be given particular emphasis this year. By dance director

we do not mean necessarily the person or persons who teach dancing steps but the one on whom is placed the responsibility of directing and carrying forward the entire dance program of the ward. This person should be a man, although he may have associated with him either men or women who will teach dances and will assist in supervising and conducting specific dancing parties. Will Executives confer with their Bishops and make every effort, where such appointment has not already been made, to have these dance directors appointed at once?

Adults

Axel A. Madsen and Emily C. Adams, Chairmen;
R. L. Evans, L. A. Stevenson, Grace C. Nealen,
Laura P. Nicholson, Aurelia Bennion.

UNION MEETING

THERE are three purposes to be served in these monthly sessions where all the ward adult leaders gather under stake officers. The stake adult leaders do not necessarily act as teachers. Their function is essentially the same as that of the ward leaders. That is, to draw out the group expression in a free and friendly discussion. Of course, each one present is a learner but each one should also contribute. Group learning under the direction of a leader is the favored method in adult education today. Ward adult leaders should therefore eagerly attend every Union Meeting for the purpose of pooling experiences, observations, and suggestions in order that all may be benefited.

The three M's, or objectives which should be kept in mind at each meeting, are:

1. *Materials or subject matter.* The lessons for the ensuing month should be previewed and supplementary materials thrown into view.

2. *Methods or manner of presentation.* The group should determine how best to present the respective lessons, recognizing that no one method works best in every case. Leaders should develop ability to vary their approach and thereby skillfully stimulate the interest of the department members. Leaders may help each other greatly in this fascinating endeavor.

3. *Morale building.* A potent factor in fostering a fine feeling of fel-

lowship in the group is always social activity. Plans should be projected, either on a stake basis or in ward gatherings, to promote this spirit. Young people have many good times together and, in some instances, too many entertainments. Adults, on the other hand, often through sheer indolence or neglect, deny themselves sufficient recreation and do not mingle with each other frequently enough in a social way. Leaders should be on the alert to seize every opportunity to meet this need. Home socials is our latest device for socializing the unnoticed and neglected whose number in every community is not few.

If the time at Union Meetings is consistently devoted to the development of these three phases of adult leadership, the sessions cannot fail to be profitable.

Seniors

Dr. L. L. Daines and Charlotte Stewart, Chairmen;
H. R. Merrill, Lucy W. Smith, Hazel Brockbank,
Vida F. Clawson, Polly R. Hardy.

SENIOR NOTES

THOUGH it is hard to believe, Christmas and Santa Claus and holidays are speeding down toward us at a rate that would make a Senior dizzy, because Seniors are those delightful people who, in the main, have families to think about. We hope, also, that they have become, by this time, conscious of other Seniors—of each other.

What are we to do this month, if we are on schedule, in the manual work? Chapters 9, 10 and 11, "Priesthood, the Call to Service," "Cultivating Faith in God," and "Founding a Home." Those are three challenging statements.

It might be interesting if the group would check up on members of the Priesthood in their class and see how well those holding the Priesthood are serving. What are they doing to indicate that they are on "the high road to better living," to prove that they are indeed Elders or Seventies or High Priests ministering to the flock?

It is a well-known fact that the evidence one person has regarding the existence of God cannot serve as evidence to another, yet, the exchange of evidences often helps. Would it be interesting in your ward to draw on the board in your room, if you have a

black-board, some solid foundation blocks and then label them, the class members furnishing the title of each? When you come to think of it, upon what, actually, is your faith based: tradition, intuition, evidence in the form of tangible experiences, reading, reasoning?

December 15 is scheduled as a day upon which the first part of the manual is to be reviewed. It would be well if upon that occasion assignments for a preview of part two could be made. "Creating and Maintaining a Home," is the general subject for the second part of the course, surely a most inviting subject.

On December 22 the subject, "Founding a Home," could be treated dramatically, or it could be a confession night for those who have already founded a home. How would they change it if they were to do it over? It could be a night devoted to the question of what should go into the new home. Perhaps some good suggestions on marriage could be given with emphasis placed upon the dignity and solemnity of the temple marriage.

No meeting is scheduled for December 29. Might that evening not be used for group parties, or for one grand year-closing party for the entire group? Why not make December 29 Senior night in a very real, social sense?

"It's great to get together," and we are eager to have Seniors do just that.

A merry Christmas, friends, and a joyous, serviceable, beautiful New Year.



Burton K. Farsworth, Chairman; Floyd G. Eyre, F. S. Harris, Homer C. Warner, Werner Kiepe.

M MEN WARD PRESIDENTS

1. Is your group fully organized?
2. Are your meetings conducted with dispatch and in harmony with accepted rules of order?
3. Do you permit useless waste of time discussing minor points? Is there always ample time for the course of study?
4. Is your attendance committee at work?
5. Will you or have you followed the M Men plan of the class membership passing on the eligibility of those who will represent you in M Men competition? This is important.
6. Do you cooperate fully in the joint Tuesday session with the Gleaners? What have you done in your group to develop good sportsmanship in the joint session work?
7. Have you made it plain to all prospective basketball men the requirements to represent your group? The dignity of a basketball player in M Men must be raised. You can do it by this method.

These are a few of your duties and

responsibilities. We hope the class has made a good selection; that you will honor your position.

STAKE M MEN PRESIDENTS

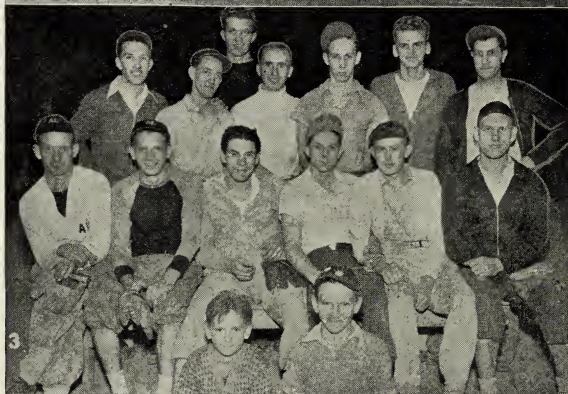
1. Have you, as a presidency, visit-

ed each ward in your stake and assisted in their organization and problems?

2. Have you a stake M Men program?

(Continued on page 786)

CHURCH-WIDE PHOTOS



1. Luau (Hawaiian feast) given in honor of Superintendent and Sister A. E. Bowen and President Ruth May Fox at the home of Mae Kapu Keaka, Second Counselor to President Mary Tyan. A similar feast was prepared at Laie.
2. Mothers' and Daughters' gathering of Oahu, Hawaii, held at the Mission Home.
3. Winning Elders' Softball Champions of Belvedere Ward, Wells Stake, Salt Lake City, Utah. Front row: bat boys: Demke, Demke; second row: H. Demke, E. Demke, Kreipl, Burgess, Webster, Millus; back row: Haslam, Price, Pullman, Garrett, Pedersen, Larsen, Pattillo.
4. Junior Girls of Naples Ward, Uintah Stake, Utah, who have completed their Church Relief Project. Left to right: Ruth Bascom, Laura Manwaring, Hazel Collier, Eunice B. Johnson, instructor, Elma Merrell, Lorna Nickell, and Bernice Lybbert. (Story in November Junior Notes.)

M Men

(Continued from page 795)

3. What have you done to cooperate with the Gleaner organization of the stake?

4. Are you in harmony and cooperating with the M Men supervisors of the stake?

5. Do you meet with your supervisors and ward presidents regularly in leadership meetings?

6. What have you done to uphold and raise standards of M Men activities in your stake?

7. Have you sent in any suggestion to the M Men committee of the General Board on new features of M Men work?

These are a few of the many duties that your office calls for.

STAKE M MEN SUPERVISORS

1. Have you a live Stake M Men president or presidency? Is each ward of your stake properly organized?

2. Are all the M Men leaders and coaches properly called and do they know their jobs, also the relationship to the program?

3. Have you suggested a stake program to your stake organization?

4. Is your basketball schedule worked out? Are your men examined by a doctor?

5. Have you a stake standard for M Men basketball players?

6. Has a coaching and referee school been held in your stake?

We have never had a better Manual. We face the best year of our history. The spirit throughout the Church is unusual in M Men work. Join us in putting over the preceding details.



Helen S. Williams, Chairman; Erna Roland, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Katie C. Jensen.

TO GLEANER LEADERS

OFFICERS, you should think not so much of the dignity of your position, as of the opportunity it affords you of helping the youth of Zion to want to know the true and living God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent.

Meet your members half way, come to them, be genuine, establish a comradeship that shall call for the best of you, the best of them. There is so much in the manner of greeting, the tone of the voice, the sparkle of the eye, the extending of the hand.

Officers should be at the door of the class room to greet the first comer, and should welcome every one personally; not a stiff formal, "How do you do?" but speak as the spirit moves you. Some need only a smile, some a word of encouragement or commendation; others, perhaps, an affectionate word of reproof. Learn to

know each one by name, and make a point of speaking to the shy, diffident one, and give an added graciousness to the poorly clad, if there are any. Offer to help with lessons or subjects assigned. Keep yourselves accessible to them always. Contact them by phone, note or personal call, during the week.

Your position should make you more approachable, your sympathies reader, your smile sweeter, your handshake heartier. Do not have one bearing toward them at meeting, and another when you meet them elsewhere; strive always to be the same.

Pray for the spirit of welcome, then exercise all the graciousness you possess, cultivate it; put your whole soul into your greeting, then it will be a delight to you to be gracious, and for others to respond with equal dignity and graciousness. Make your greeting beautiful—a thing to be looked forward to.

Make a point of winning the girl who feels that M. I. A. has no place for her—the noisy girl. Put forth a strong effort here, find something that specially interests her to talk about, go out of your way to be pleasant to her; get a hold on her somehow, through the loan of a book, assignment of a lesson with private offer to help in its preparation; let her know that you expect great things of her. Never give up. Pray and seek for the key to every soul in your charge.

Cultivate the art of speaking appreciatively of good work done. Let members feel that you are individually interested in their advancement, and you will arouse a loyalty to your cause that cannot easily be broken.

Every association or gathering has its peculiar atmosphere—the reflex of the spirit of its members. You have been in meetings where, at the threshold, you have been refreshed by the peaceful, gracious, home-like atmosphere; you were at your ease at once. This is the atmosphere we wish to cultivate in our Gleaner class.

Nothing, to my mind, more quickly brings the spirit of equality, which is the spirit of sisterly love, which is the essence of sociability, as the heart to heart experience of testimony meetings, therefore, make time for testimony bearing. Encourage the girls in tithing. Many of them will have testimonies to bear of blessings received through tithing.

Again in planning for the betterment of your associations, leaders might occasionally call into council the brightest and most capable members, thus securing many new thoughts, and also gradually training officers for the future.

Leaders should make special preparation of lessons assigned, thus being able to bring added light upon the subject, explain the hardest parts and speak the final word in discussions or questions that may arise while the les-

son is under consideration, creating a feeling of confidence and trust. Make yourselves indispensable, and also at the same time try to make your Gleaners self-reliant.

For your social events try to have new committees for each affair, thus discovering the different talents in your group, and at the same time creating a pleasant rivalry that will be productive of many happy hours. These committees of course must work under your careful supervision.

Officers should be conspicuous by their presence at as many of the Gleaner and M Men social functions as possible. Urge loyalty to ward recreation, thus keeping your young people at home.

Make your meeting room as homelike and beautiful as possible, with flowers, pictures, etc.

Your gracious personality, your co-operative attitude, the perfect preparation of your subject matter and the lovely atmosphere which you create will mean successful Gleaner work—and happiness.

THE GLEANER girls committee is very happy to print the following story of the Gleaner organization of the South American Mission. We congratulate them upon their fine endeavor and feel to add our fervent prayers for their continued growth and development. We hope we shall hear again from them. We heartily welcome all such reports from mission, stake, and ward Gleaner groups. Tell us of your successes.

Your successes are our successes. After studying your problems—if you cannot solve them—let us have a try at them. Sometimes distant view reveals the trouble and the solution.

LAS SENORITAS ESPIGADORAS (South American Gleaner Girls)

IN THE South American Missions the Gleaner Girls are quite a cosmopolitan group since there are young ladies of direct Spanish, Italian, German and American descent within the membership.

G. Wallace Fox, for two years the Gleaner leader of one group wrote:

When I left the Argentinian mission field the presidency of the Gleaner Girls in the Liniers Branch of Buenos Aires consisted of a young American girl as its president, a Spanish girl as first counselor, and an Italian girl as second counselor of the class. Due to their capable direction and plans the class has increased its membership.

The Gleaner Girl study program did not entirely cease during the past summer months. The young ladies took "turns about" having the group visit in their respective homes. Their studies consisted of special topics assigned to different girls on each occasion. A meeting was held every two weeks throughout the summer. The study topics included cooking, music, liter-

ature, styles of dressmaking, religion and sports, while occasionally politics held the interest of the group.

Latin-American custom has not permitted frequent visits to individual households by any group of persons. However, the Gleaner Girls are being welcomed into the homes of our members and friends. On several occasions when the Gleaners have been studying at an appointed place, other visitors present within the home have been interested in their organization.

We have gleaned and gained knowledge because of our endeavors. We have tried to utilize the full meaning of our motto: "The Glory of God Is Intelligence."

M Men-Gleaners

AGAIN may we call your attention to the procedure on the first Tuesday night of each month—the M Men and Gleaner joint session. At the beginning of our winter season a ward Gleaner leader called the Young Women's office asking that a member of the General Board come to her ward to talk to the M Men and Gleaners on the subject, "Preparing Ourselves For Good Citizenship." The Gleaner leader was told that she and the M Men leader were out of order in planning and taking charge of this meeting, and being a capable, conscientious leader, who is eager to do everything which would be for the best good of her group, she took the suggestion in the spirit given. In visiting that ward on that certain night we were thrilled, first by the splendid way in which the M Men president conducted the department and secondly, by the excellent talks given by an M Man and Gleaner.

The M Men and Gleaner officers should take turns in conducting the class on the first Tuesday nights. Remember it means more than just introducing the people who have assignments on the evening's program—it means also directing the discussion which follows the presenting of the statement and the two talks. To make it a well-rounded lesson will require considerable study and thought, the setting up of objectives for the lesson. We do not discourage entirely occasionally inviting someone to talk on a special phase of the evening's subject, but this visiting person should not be given all the time.

If you are not following the suggested plan for the joint session, we urge that you adopt it right away. We also suggest that there be a department at your Leadership Meetings (Union Meetings) for M Men and Gleaner officers, where they can get help in the planning and conducting of these first

Tuesday nights, and where they can discuss their joint social events.

M Men and Gleaner officers should consider themselves the membership committee, or else appoint others to act as such. Each Tuesday night should find better attendance and greater interest. A host and hostess, or a reception committee, should be appointed for each of these first Tuesday nights, whose duty it is to welcome the other members, and especially those who are coming for the first time.

SOCIAL EVENTS

THE INTEREST and success of joint social events will be increased by the number of people brought into action in the making and carrying out of the plans. Divide responsibility so that no one has a burdensome share and many people are vitally interested in the success of the event. The committee that is oftentimes forgotten is the one responsible for special guests. These guests, in many instances, are not acquainted with the group or the place in which the party is being held and appreciate what attention is given them.

Set up some social objectives for the season and organize to accomplish them.

JANUARY—"OUR SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS IN THE HOME"

The following excerpts are from the Senior Manual for this year:

"Love and affection and the feeling that someone cares or whether one succeeds or fails are of vital importance to the child. We find that children who are raised in institutions are usually 'uninspired individuals poorly adjusted to the outside world.' Such children lack the security which comes from being loved and the stimulus that comes from having someone who cares whether one succeeds or fails. . . .

"It has been said that a home is the best type of insurance with which we can provide a child; now I should like to say that comradeship within the home is the best type of family insurance. The mother who is too busy to bother with little child's nonsense will never be bothered by his real problems.

"The home is our most important social institution. Our ideals and attitudes are largely dependent upon the home environment. Our most impressionable years are spent in the homes of our parents. . . . The home must provide shelter, rest, food, and other physical necessities. It is equally important that it furnish adequate opportunities for moral, spiritual, recreational, and aesthetic development."

For additional thoughts on this subject we refer you to the chapter in Gleaning, "Building Palship in the Family."

Explorers

John D. Giles, Chairman; Elmer Christensen.

VANBALL SCHOOLS CREATE NEW INTEREST

AN INNOVATION in Explorer program promotion this year has been the conducting of a series of Vanball Schools. These have been held at Ephraim, Provo, Cedar City, Salt Lake, Ogden, and Richmond in Utah, and at Burley, Pocatello, Montpelier, and Rexburg in Idaho. Demonstrations of serving, passing, set-up, and attack plays, and team work followed a discussion of the purposes and objectives of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. in creating and promoting this new game, especially for older boys.

The final championship tournament will be held at Salt Lake City, Friday and Saturday, January 29 and 30, 1937. Special features will be added to the tournament to increase further interest in the Explorer program.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES FOR EXPLORERS

INCLUDED in the special features of Explorer Institutes held in connection with the Vanball Schools recently conducted discussions of social activities for Explorer. As outlined in the current edition of "Scouting in the L. D. S. Church" social activities are being stressed in the Explorer program throughout the Church. It is particularly desired that Explorer Leaders interest themselves in seeing that Explorers are given proper instructions and information regarding social etiquette, dancing, proper ballroom practices, proper associations and relationships with girls and general social guidance.

It is believed that in addition to the regular Senior Scouting features of the program these important essentials of mid-adolescent training should be stressed.

EVERY EXPLORER LEADER SHOULD HAVE NEW GUIDE

THE NEW edition of "Scouting in the L. D. S. Church" with which is combined the "Log of the Explorer Trail" should be in the hands of every Explorer Leader in the M. I. A. The earlier edition is now out of date. The new edition contains the entire Scout and Explorer Program as conducted in our Church. "Scoutmasters' Minutes," stories, Vanball rules, Explorer Department suggestions and many new features, including a special chapter on Social Relations. The price is 40c and orders should be sent to the General Superintendency, Y. M. M. I. A., 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

(Continued on page 788)

(Continued from page 787)

Juniors

Martha C. Josephson, Chairman; Martha G. Smith, Emily H. Higgs, Catherine Folsom, Sarah R. Cannon.

HOBBY SAMPLER

III. CANDY MAKING

AGAIN we call your attention to the necessity for early preparation and accuracy in measurements and directions, so as to obtain the desired results. Learn how many girls will be present, and provide a place big enough to take care of them. If your group is too large, you may need to divide it for this once. (Caramels—should read $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter.) Try out the recipes before you undertake to instruct your girls.

IV AND V. DESIGNING YOUR OWN CLOTHES

A reference: "How to Design Your Own Clothes," by Hannah Corbett Shelton, published by Leisure League of America, New York, 25c. Order early from the publisher or from the Deseret Book Company. There is practically no expense attached to designing. Let the girls have their dreams of what they would make if they could afford what they like, and help them to choose wisely and well for the purpose the garment is to serve. Much can be done by way of remodeling a dress; or varying a costume by means of a collar and cuffs, a flower, or buttons. Make "using what you have" a part of your project for this hobby sampler. Plan to do some sewing during the summer. Stress posture. This needs much attention. Consider it from the standpoint of appearance and also of health. Constant attention is needed to acquire and maintain a good posture, but it is worth the effort.

Already, many women who have been rather unnoticed, have been made happy by being allowed to teach their hobbies to the Junior Girls; some of the girls are now knitting something useful and beautiful, instead of standing around chewing gum, or otherwise annoying their neighbors. What are you doing to use those among you who have this type of talent, and at the same time make your task a little lighter? The class leader is responsible for all activities of the department, but she may use all the help she can get from others, and should encourage her girls to help each other.

PROJECTS

HOW ARE you coming with the project? In this day and age, when so often it appears to be the smart thing to do to "get something for nothing," how important it is for all of us to know that it cannot be done. Everything has its price, and the price must be paid,

sooner or later. It may be time or effort, money or merchandise. Sometimes the price is character. Before deciding to gratify our desires, let us ask ourselves, "Is it worth the price?" Likewise, there is a reward for every service. Remember that the Lord says He is bound, when we do what He says, and that He is willing and anxious to pay in full for our good deeds. If a girl has nothing on which to pay tithing, help her to appreciate the privilege of obeying the principle, and to make her desire strong enough so that she will want to live it when the opportunity is hers later.

JUNIOR FESTIVAL

WHAT ARE you doing about your festival? The original idea for this event was to have music and games and a happy time, rather than an expensive banquet with much work and worry; to have a lovely affair arranged by the girls themselves, with some direction and assistance by the leaders. Chorus: A Junior Girls' chorus has great possibilities. In one ward the girls who organized four years ago are still singing together, and are now the nucleus of the ward choir.

Missionaries: What success have you had in helping the girls who need extra encouragement to attend M. I. A. and take part with the other girls?

Request: Write to us about your problems and your successes. We want to help you, and the other girls.

Our Aim: We want our girls, and our leaders, to be happy. We say to you that happiness is not found in doing what you like, but in liking what is yours to do.

Bee-Hive Girls

Ethel S. Anderson, Chairman; Marie C. Thomas, Julia S. Baxter, Margaret N. Wells, Bertha K. Tingey, Ileen Waspe, Agnes S. Knowlton.

WE HOPE that the Spirit of Christmas may become the Spirit of every day. There is no truer joy than to tell one's friends how deeply he is interested in their welfare and how greatly he wishes them happiness—and so—

When we folks think of you folks,
As Christmas comes along
We make a lot of wishes
And make them good and strong,
And life seems full of sunshine
And Happiness and Song,
When we folks think of you folks
As Christmas comes along.

THE M. I. A. THEME

BEE-HIVE GIRLS who live by the Spirit of the Hive, also live the M. I. A. Theme. Make this theme vital in the life of Bee-Hive Girls. There are many ways in which it can be brought to their attention. Especially is it adaptable during the month of November and December while the Guides on Funda-

mentals of Good Character, Word of Wisdom, Cycle of Life, Daily Good Turn, First Principles of the Gospel are being taught.

SUGGESTIVE DRAMATIZATION

A FLOWER garden of the mind. Girls are busy pulling the weeds of undesirable qualities and thoughts, and planting such flowers as trustworthiness, loyalty, helpfulness, friendliness, courtesy, kindness, chastity, obedience, cheerfulness, thriftiness, bravery, cleanliness, reverence, and courage. If such flowers are already blooming, the girls must busily cultivate and nurture them.

SOME SUGGESTIONS ON THE GUARDIAN'S RESOLVE

To guard well the golden treasures in my hive of life.

Hold fast the bits of knowledge, wisdom, and experience gathered which have enriched your life up to the present time.

To replenish it from flowers of experience along the way.

Continue gathering and storing all the worth-while experiences and knowledge as you continue on your way.

To use it wisely for my present and future good.

Make use of your learning. It is useless until applied.

To share it generously that others may partake of its sweetness

Share an idea with someone, then you both have an idea.

"As one lamp lights another nor grows the less
No nobleness kinderliness nobleness."

FOR CHRISTMAS

PLEASE re-read the Bee-Hive Department Notes in the November and December Eras for the Years 1933, 1934, 1935. The suggestions will be just as valuable and pleasing to the girls now as they were then.

There are suggestions on games, daily good turn, caroling, Christmas gifts and their making, cheer baskets, Christmas post cards, apple Santas, Christmas games, Christmas parties, table decorations, favors, books, seals.

Here are a few additional suggestions: popcorn balls, gingerbread men, apple Santas, cookies, Santas, Christmas trees, stars, toys, dolls. They can be made to look very festive, and seals may be earned.

How would you like a snow scene on the table? To make a snowman, roll a cardboard and cover with cotton, tying in the center for head and body. Black paper can be used for features and hat. Arms are also cardboard covered with cotton. Pile cotton snowballs about his feet.

A group of candles surrounded with snow balls may be used. Place cards may be made of cotton snowballs containing small favors or directions for creating merriment.

Keeper of The Door

(Continued from page 758)

Red and white effects may be had by a Santa made of apples (December Era, 1934) or a Marshmallow tree. Each marshmallow contains a tiny candle; marshmallow animals, snowmen, or tiny Santas may be used for favors. A Christmas tree can also be made with wrapped candies or nuts, dates, apples, cookies. Tiny packages containing written jokes, or favors, may be placed at the base of the tree with streamers running to the place of each guest.

An attractive tree may be made. The base is a red apple with one end cut off. Cover this meat part with chocolate to look like dirt. Place gum drops on toothpicks or wires. Insert the tallest one in the center of cut part, then arrange the rest about it, shaping them like a tree; red, green, and white gum drops are effective.

Mints, nuts, raisins, and cloves, cotton, glue, toothpicks, will be of assistance in making snow men, Santas, animals, toys, trees.

Have each girl make up a rhyme, using the words Merry Christmas, the first letter of each line to begin with the letters of Merry Christmas consecutively. Give a prize for the best one.

Santa has tipped over his sleigh and lost all his gifts. Won't you help him find them? There is a wild scramble and each guest returns with one parcel. Fool the guests by padding and enlarging bundles.

Santa's post office will prove fun. Each girl is to receive a package from it. A name is placed on each gift. The same letters which make up this name are then scrambled on a piece of paper and before the girl can claim her package, she must rearrange the letters until they spell the name. By using Christmas names or words the fun will be motivated. For instance, on one package the word Santa Claus might appear. The slip of paper might resemble this: n a u a s t c n a l.

SUGGESTIONS FOR GUIDES

WORD OF WISDOM

IT might be well to make a chart or outline on the board using these headings.

1. Positive teachings of the Word of Wisdom.
2. Negative teachings.
3. Rewards.
4. Some interesting statistics.

FUNDAMENTALS OF GOOD CHARACTER Helps:

Book—*What Jesus Taught*, by Osborne J. P. Widtsoe.

Article of Faith No. 4.

Use pictures and stories to illustrate.

COLOR GUIDE

Use activity to create interest. Have the girls make the color wheel.

with a fearful weakness. I would pray alone before the Altar of the Christ Child on that morning that my brother Camerri believes the Christ was born."

"Indeed I know something of your calendar," ventured Omar, "for I have heard my father speak of it. Your Christmas is in the month of January, is it not? But I shall be glad to keep the grotto for you upon the morning that you wish, if you will give to me the hour."

"You could do this for me?"

"The guards respect me for my father's post. And if I tell them 'tis my father's wish, they will allow me to unlock the door."

The eyes of the priest brightened and he dropped some coppers in Omar's palm. "The hour of dawn," he whispered, and, as if some guilt were following him, he stepped through the door into the Armenian monastery. At dawn, thought Omar, there would be no guards at such an early hour. Before the muzzin called the Mohammedans to prayer he would unlock the door and let the Christian in.

OMAR played with the pennies, and mused on the Armenian priest, remembering the story about the last dissension. Often had Omar's father told the story. Some nails had been found missing from the silver star in the floor of the grotto. Each Christian priest desired the honor of replacing them: Greek, Coptic, Latin, and Armenian. Their jealousies had been so great the Turkish authorities had been forced to call Al Habish, his father, to come and replace the nails. Since then he had been in full charge of the Church of the Nativity, the neutral power, making all decisions, allaying all jealousies, yet ever fearful. The Armenian had been a power then. But he was getting old. The weakness might be his last.

Again the boy's reverie was broken as the priest, Camerri, plucked Omar by the sleeve.

"I have just come from your father, boy."

"And he is worse?"

"He was resting, Omar. But he bade me say that you needs must put my name upon the calendar for the grotto at the dawn hour of Christmas."

"But, sir—"

"I leave you to obey," and he

was gone. Truth flashed its sudden way and Omar saw two great enemies before Christ's creche on the morning of His birth. Yet they called each other "Brother" when they passed. And each called himself a Christian. The idea was curious. The picture it made was promising. If he, Omar, could but be there quite unobserved, then he would know if Christ were in their hearts. Then would he know if Allah or Christ were greater.

He went slowly into the chapel to the sacred vault and unlocking it he drew forth the book of the calendar. Glancing down the neat pages of the book kept by his father he saw that never had there been conflicting services, never had two priests arrived at once. That was the power of Allah over his father. He had been a faithful servant. And now the first time Omar had been given the trust, he had told two rival priests they might pray at the same altar at the same hour. Yet no panic was in him. The same strange peace that he knew before the cradle of the Christ was with him now. Somehow or other it seemed to him that the belief of these priests was to be tested. Dreamily he turned to meet the dour-faced Coptic priest from whom he had always fled. Anger was written on the puffy face.

"Where is the Al Habish?" he stormed.

"He is indeed ill and I—" A guard came swiftly through the doorway, and pointed a legal finger at him.

"Why are you here, Omar? You must remain at your place by the door."

"Let me see the book," interrupted the priest, and Omar, looking from one to another, knew not what to do. Then again the dignity of his post came upon him and he answered,

"I must be about my father's business."

He opened the great book to the week of Christmastide, and the fat hand of the priest ran down the page followed by a grunt of satisfaction.

"Put my name here," he commanded. "I would have prayer alone in the grotto at dawn."

Omar's astonishment held him tongue-tied. And the priest seemed to fade from his sight. Weakly he

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Keeper of The Door

(Concluded from page 789)

scrawled in the Coptic priest's name and locked the book in the vault.

AN HOUR before dawn on the day he knew to be the day of Christmas for the greater number of Christians, he unlocked the door of the Church of the Nativity. The little town of Bethlehem was scarcely stirring. It was cold and Omar stepped inside the door and closed it all but a crack so that he could see anyone approaching. He thought how crisp a morning it must have been for Mary and the baby Christ. He passed through the chapels belonging to each contending sect and descended into the grotto. The candles must be lit and the lamps ready. When he retraced his steps there was the blessed assurance in his heart that somehow it was all in the hands of Christ.

He listened, almost as if he expected to hear the hallelujahs. He had heard the story so many times from the guards, and from his father. He wondered which of the priests would come first and what would happen at the hour of prayer when the three of them came from separate chapels to the grotto. Three rival Christians face to face! He remembered the fat hand of the Coptic priest, the harried face of the Greek and the weakness of the Armenian. Yet no responsibility settled on him for this unprecedented meeting. He heard quick footsteps and opened the door. Not one of the three he expected, but another face, the face of the Latin priest. Omar trembled. Had he been informed of the coming of the other priests, and jealous, as always, come to see that no privilege given to others had been slighted him? But there was no rebuke in his eyes; as he put his hand on Omar's shoulder and said:

"I am glad your father remembered to send you to unlock the door. I have come every Christmas at dawn for twelve years now."

Omar looked up at him with relief, as he watched him pass through the main chapel to the church beyond.

Above the jewelled altar at the end of the chapel was the picture of the Christ, and to Omar He seemed to be smiling.

One by one three dim figures came quietly into the church and each sought his own sanctuary to prepare himself for his hour of



prayer. When the last had entered Omar locked the door and waited for the Mohammedan call to prayer. For a moment he thought of himself as fleeing from the consequences of his own acts. But again the spark of faith rekindled, and he stayed.

The call of muezzin brought all Arabs and Mohammedans to their knees, their faces to the east. Omar was among them, but his heart was back at the Church of the Nativity with the Christian priests. He arose, trembling, and fled breathlessly back to the door. Unlocking it and hurrying to the staircase he heard voices in altercation: weak protests from the Armenian, strident tones from the Greek, pompous syllables from the Coptic, and the striving tones of the Latin. It had been as he had feared, not as he had hoped. It was a petty human concourse instead of an occasion for Peace. He threw back his shoulders and armed himself for their reproofs. It was his fault. He had depended upon their belief in Christ and it had failed.

At the foot of the stairs he stood, his fez pulled off in reverence. Around the great star in the floor stood the four of them in wrath and disorder. But Omar looked beyond them to the altar. The four priests were still. Then they too turned. Four of the candles on the altar were not burning. It was the first time since the star had been robbed of its nails that the candles had failed. Swiftly and silently Omar passed the priests and lifting a candle lit each of the four. Then he turned to them.

"My father is ill, will you offer a prayer to your Christian God for him?"

It was at the age of twelve, thought Camerri, the Greek, that Jesus confounded the priests in the temple. The simplicity of Omar's words made the Coptic father hang his head. The Latin priest's brow glowed in response to a child's faith, and the Armenian knelt at one point of the star. Omar drew closer and knelt beside him. And in a mo-

ment each point of the star held a Christian.

Omar spoke—"I have been here with my father since I could first walk, and I believe that through your Christ are all wounds healed, wounds of the body and of the soul." All heads were bowed and silence reigned. The hand of each priest sought his brother's and the circle was completed with the boy.

When they arose a new peace was upon them, and a good will shone in their eyes. It was Omar who first heard footsteps on the stairway and his alarm turned them all toward the intruder.

It was Al Habish.

He stood like a statue, fear changing to awe upon his face.

"I came," he said, in a broken tone, "lest there be some such mistake as this. Omar, my son, is only twelve, he knows so little. . . ." But the hand of Camerri stopped him—

"Your son knows much," he answered softly. "He has been a faithful Keeper of the Door."

Al Habish smiled, as one who walks in a dream, and lifting his hands in blessing, "Peace be with you," he said.

Melchizedek Priesthood

(Concluded from page 780)

fort to the interest of his work and train himself to feel the need of giving unstinted service to his fellow men. He must seek for knowledge that he may impart it in simple faith to others. He must be patient with all men, understanding their weaknesses and the sad conditions of superstition and tradition under which they have been raised. He must show brotherly kindness and let the people know that he has a lively interest in their eternal welfare. He must be humble and prayerful and then he will learn to be diligent without which qualification he will fail.

In conclusion we shall paraphrase the word of the Lord:

Let him know that faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death.

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

The Holy Ghost shall be his constant companion, and his scepter an unchanging scepter of righteousness and truth; and his dominion shall be an everlasting dominion, and without compulsory means it shall flow unto him forever and ever.

"I HEARD THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS RING"

(Continued from page 755)

everything. They had told her that gladness and beauty and sweet tidings yet had a place in the world, in her life.

"I think I know now," she said half aloud, "how the Shepherds felt when the angels sang over Bethlehem!"

The last stitch was taken. Tony fastened the threads carefully, folded the cape and laid it aside. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, with a deep breath of exquisite peace.

BLUE'S PLACE," that one of "Big Bronson" Blue's tiny lunch-rooms that huddled close to the Central Depot, was having a slow evening. "Manager" Pete and his assistant lounged against the wall back of the counter, arguing lazily. Behind the thin partition that set off the kitchen from the main part of the room, the young fellow taken in to wash dishes for his dinner, sat teeterishly on a broken chair, waiting.

Pete, presently yawning and slipping off his soiled apron, said: "Say, Larry, I might's well go uptown and do some lookin' around. You'll be okay for an hour or so—or, wait; I'll call in the kid to keep you company. Huh?—Hi, there, youngster—come here!"

Mart, scowling slightly—for he resented being called "youngster"—pushed the swinging door open. "You calling me?"

"Yeah. I'm going out. You step in there and help if you're needed."

"Okay, Pete." Mart looked about somewhat uneasily.

"Prob'ly nothin' to do, but just in case," Pete told him, as, taking his hat and overcoat from the rack, he went out into the murky twilight.

Larry winked at Mart. "Pete's got some last-minute shoppin' to do," he grinned. "How about yours, pal?"

"All done," Mart returned, ironically.

"Smart guy! So's mine—last July. . . Oh-oh: business is movin'—" he added as three men entered the lunchroom.

Two went to the rearmost table, but the third, a big good-natured-appearing fellow, appropriated a stool at the counter.

"Gimme two ham sandwiches an' a apple pie, an' a milk—an' rush it," he said. "I'm catchin' a train in about twelve minutes."

"Take 'im, you," Larry said in an

undertone to Mart. "I'll tend them others."

Mart noticed the big man, grinning, take a paper napkin from the container and begin wiping his hands on it; his expression was of keen anticipation. He looked as if he wanted to talk.

"Yessir," he announced loudly, "I'm goin' home fer Christmas, by gum. I'd give up hopin'—but things come my way the last minute, almost—an' here I am. Get home in time to help the wife do the Santy Claus stuff, too—thought sure I couldn't make it, an' it'd be the first time I ever missed. Gosh, I'm tickled. Christmas—say, it's a great institooshun, ain't it?"

"Is it?" Mart said. He watched the big man take an enormous bite into the first sandwich. "Never meant much of anything to me."

"Didn't?" The man shook his head. "Too bad. Course—" the words came indistinctly from the well-filled mouth—"I know there's folks as don't care, an' then again, some goes to extremes t'other way. Me an' mine, we make it one grand holiday; not a whole lot o' spendin' new style, but fun—good, wholesome fun. Sort o' thing a family likes to remember an' laugh about, years afterward. Got a mother, Kid?" he asked suddenly in a lower tone.

"No. She died when I was little."

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"Thought maybe. . . Too bad: makes a heap o' difference. . Father livin'?"

"I don't know. He—he left after mother died." Mart wondered why he bothered to tell; the words seemed to come of their own accord.

"You don't say. That's sure too bad. . . Got—anybody?"

"My wife."

"A—wife? You? Why—you look like a high-school kid. But say—with a wife, Christmas'll mean somethin' to you now, young feller. . . Well—" the last gulp of milk went to wash down the last of the pie; the big man got to his feet and vigorously wiped his mouth with a large handkerchief—"I'm on my way. Merry Christmas, youngster—an' here—keep the change fer a extra bit o' Santy Claus, from me."

He was gone, and in Mart's hand a five-dollar-bill reposed crisply. Mart stared at it.

Larry, seeing, came over.

"Smatter? Phoney or something?" Then, seeing the bill, he whistled. "Why—whaddayuh-know!—Well, it's yours, kid; guess you can stand it,—huh?"

Turning to the cash-register, he counted change into Mart's outstretched hand.

At that moment a burly figure filled the entrance door. "Big" Blue himself walked in, and cast suspicious eyes upon Larry and Mart.

"Whassup, here?" he demanded.

"The kid got a tip—big one," Larry explained. "Pete took a spell off—and is this bozo in luck!"

Mart grinned broadly, feeling the cold weight of the money in his hand.

"H'm. . . Still lookin' fer that job, Mart?" "Big" Blue chewed on his long black cigar and eyed Mart closely. "I got a use for you, maybe."

(Continued on page 792)

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"I HEARD THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS RING"

(Continued from page 791)

Come out to my car, while we talk it over."

The car was long and shining, and the array of gadgets within caused Mart's eyes to open wide with admiration.

"BIG" BLUE waited some time before he spoke. "Well, I could use you, kid, because of your lookin' like a kid—see? All innocence,—judgin' by looks; but I've been watchin' you—I know you've got brains, an' guts, too. Just the kind of feller I'm lookin' for. . . . Now, see here, Mart, I'm not tellin' details now,—see? I say I can use you; but you have to accept or reject on what you can guess. Get me?"

"I get you."

"Furthermore,—if you say yes, it's yes fer keeps; no runnin' out after you're in—see? You'll know too much. An' I don't let anybody go around knowin' my business."

"I see." Mart met the steely gaze without flinching.

"But, on the other hand,—I'm a good boss. I make it worth all the chances you have to take. You think it over—I ain't makin' you decide too hasty, see—an' if it's yes, for keeps as I said, you meet me here tomorrow night for your first little job. Sort of a Christmas present I'm givin' you," "Big" Blue laughed shortly. "But if it ain't yes—then, mind you, you don't show up around any o' my places any more,—get me? No more dishwashin' for a square; you might let slip somethin' about my havin' another kind o' business. See?" He opened the car door.

"I—see." Mart got out; stood shivering on the curb while the long silvery machine slipped swiftly away into the stream of traffic.

Briefly, he thought of Tony. If she knew—but she didn't know. He could tell her—oh, something; he'd make it all up to her, anyway, with the swell things he could do for her.

He turned back to the lunchroom, but met Pete at the door.

"Run along, kid—we'll call it a day. Come around some other time. Goodnight—an' Merry Christmas!"

Christmas! Mart thought. Christmas!—They wish you Merry Christmas—and what is there to be merry about? They talk peace and goodwill—but they measure it out to you according to what you have of this world's goods. . . . "Merry Christmas!" he muttered, and it was as if he spat the words into the dirty street.

And then he heard—music—no—bells, it was. Bells! Dozens of them, there must be,—chiming out in tunes; he looked about curiously. Where were those bells?

Mart went on, listening; conscious of a different feeling within him—queer—

He thought of Tony; he wondered if she were hearing the bells—she'd love anything like that! . . . There were voices, now—they were singing that old hymn they always used to sing at Christmas back in the little valley chapel: "Joy to the world—the Lord has come—" something like that. Only, it sounded different now—grander—oh, and being out-of-doors, coming from above; maybe that was it. Anyway—it got you, somehow. Made your throat feel sort of filled up, like it might if you were going to cry, like a kid—

Mart felt a sudden overwhelming desire for Tony. That song—it had something about angels in it—"angels sing;" Tony—Tony—was an

angel, herself. The swellest little kid in—anywhere. Maybe—probably—she was wanting him, tonight. Tony loved Christmas—but she'd be wanting him! His not being with her,—it'd spoil things for her; and it wasn't much of a Christmas for her anyway, poor kid. Good gosh—say—he ought to take her something—some little gift!

He thought of the big good-natured man, and the surprising tip—"extry bit o' Santy Claus—"

With sudden resolution, Mart turned his steps towards town. The air was crisply cold; the streets were bright with color—funny he'd not noticed, before! He found himself hurrying; it was getting late, and he wanted to—to play "Santy Claus"—for Tony!

The bells had stopped ringing; but he hardly noticed, for their message sang on in his heart.

THE STAIRS were very dark when Mart, carrying a bulging shopping-bag in one hand and a tiny but lovely tree in the other, climbed cautiously up and paused outside the little apartment. All was quiet, but light showed beneath the door. He set down the tree and carefully turned the doorknob.

Tony was sitting there in the chair, asleep. The light shone on her pale hair, and more than ever it reminded him of an angel's halo. Her face looked thinner—but also it looked—happy. His heart leaped, loving her.

He closed the door behind him, and as the bolt clicked into place, Tony opened her eyes. With a glad cry she sprang to her feet.

"Mart! Mart, darling! You did come—you did!"

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"I HEARD THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS RING"

He held her close. "You all right, angel? Sure, I came. You knew I'd come, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mart, I knew. After the bells came, that is." The miracle was still upon her. "Before that, I—I was afraid. But I heard them, and then I knew you'd come."

"I heard them too, Tony. They told me—to come to you. I thought I couldn't—and then—I had to." He had to confess that much.

"Oh, Mart darling—I'm so glad you're here!—Mart—" she stopped suddenly, and sniffed. "Why—why—you've brought—a tree! And—"

"Santy Claus," Mart grinned.

"Oh, Mart! You—you darling! I wanted one so much—a tree! She went to it, touched the branches caressingly.

"We'll fix it up pretty soon," Mart said. "Right now—come and sit here with me."

The big old chair was very cozy for two, especially when one was as small as Tony. She leaned her head contentedly against his shoulder; he held her hands in his, and sweet silence fell around them.

Presently Mart said, pointing to the window. "It's starting to snow."

"Really? A white Christmas! Oh—" remembering the busy streets waiting to receive those feathery flakes, Tony's enthusiasm waned. "It doesn't mean so much here, but at the farm it would be all white and shining, Mart."

He thought of the farm. "Like to—go back, Tony?"

"Would you?" she asked quietly—but he had seen the sudden light glow in her eyes.

"It— isn't what I wanted for you, angel; you're so lovely,—I'd like to give you beautiful things—silks and furs and jewels; things we'd never have, from the farm."

"But it'd be home, Mart. And we'd have roses, every summer; they're pretty as any rubies. And the white ones—we'll call those our pearls; shall we?" Her face brightened as the fancy took hold of her: "Let's see; the sun on the snow—that'll make acres of diamonds; the sky will be turquoise, and sapphires. Oh, Mart—"

"You funny kid," he said. "And I suppose you'll have dandelions for gold."

"Yes,—and sunshine, too. Oh, Mart—there'd always be lots of sun-

shine, for Grandmere—and—and" her voice dropped suddenly to a whisper—"for the little one, when it comes."

She raised her eyes to his, and found him staring at her incredulously.

Mart got unsteadily to his feet, letting Tony find herself standing beside him. She fought against tears.

"Are—aren't you—glad, Mart?"

Mart's thoughts were in turmoil. He'd never considered—anything like this. Somehow—he thought of "Big" Blue, whom he was to meet tomorrow. But he couldn't now. He shouldn't of course—even with only Tony to consider; but now—he couldn't explain it exactly—but a kid—a little kid—couldn't be allowed to grow up under a shadow. A name with a blot on it—

Oh, those bells! Those bells that had set him to thinking of Tony, wanting her—why, they were like a miracle, sent just in time to save him from a terrible mistake!

He gathered Tony into his arms. "Gee, angel! I think it's—swell! Did you wait, purposely, to tell me—on Christmas?"

Before she could answer, he suddenly raised his head, listening, and put his finger over her lips. "There they are again!"

She ran to the window, laughing gleefully. He followed, and helped her to unfasten the lock and raise the

sash. The lovely sound of the bells came in, thrillingly sweet.

"Oh, Mart!" Tony said. "It's 'Silent Night,' now." Softly she sang with the chimes, "Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia; Christ the Savior is born!"

"He's supposed to be—born anew, or something like that, each Christmas,—isn't He?" Mart asked hesitantly.

"Yes,—in our hearts, Mart," Tony answered. "With peace and goodwill—and courage and hope and—oh, all that's good and beautiful. Don't you—don't you—," half timidly she moved closer within the circle of his arm—"don't you feel Him near us, Mart, dear?"

"I think—I do," he said very slowly. "How could I fail to find Him, Tony—when I have a private angel, all my own, to lead me to Him?"

Sheer delight glowed from Tony's face. "Why, Mart! What a beautiful, beautiful thing to say! Oh, I'm so happy! I was never so happy in my life!"

And the bells, as if sharing her rapture, rang out afresh; louder, clearer, sweeter than ever; ringing out their age-old message of peace and goodwill, but with new hope, new surety of the goodness that life holds if one will but seek to find it. Ringing Christmas—joyous Christmas!

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OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 749)

Seizing the new prize in quick time, the Indians moved out from the rocks and brush beyond rifle range and took stock of themselves. They had more than twice the outfit they had before, and they had lost but one man.

They had sent their enemies ignominiously away afoot with their wounded, without food to eat or a blanket on which to rest. Everything brought by the company with its great blare of trumpets was added to their own rich supply. What glorious victory! Surely the Great Spirit had fought for them.

WITH their enemies in full retreat clear out of the country, they went in the evening and dragged twelve dead white men down out of the brush to be stripped of all their valuables and to be given in a row to the crows and the coyotes. Besides that, they had found two unsuspecting prospectors and raised the number of their kill up to fourteen. This was seventeen white men killed since the brave start at the Springs, and some of the cowboys had gone away badly wounded, perhaps to die.

To the susceptible Sowagerie (Posey), worshipping unacknowledged at Poke's active heels, the drama from the horse-ranch to Lasal was one perfect vision of glory; nothing to compare with it ever before. The brightest points in his memory of the old Navajo Mountain activities faded to dimness in comparison, and Big-mouth Mike looked like a tame old squaw. But that tremendous affair at Lasal left another and very different tingle in the mind of the Pah-Ute renegade's tousel-headed son: When the camp bolted for the rocks, stumbling over and clinging to each other, the weak to the strong and the timid to the brave, a soft hand gripped his own and held firmly on till they reached shelter.

The grip of any such hand in just that way would have set him astir, but this was the hand of Toorah, the little sister of Poke, the Pah-Ute cavalier. She clung to Sowagerie's (Posey's) hand with the startled alarm which had seized everybody in camp, and he wished they might get separated from the tribe and run on and on together. When she heard her brother's voice, she smiled

her friendly embarrassment and, releasing her hold, ran towards the big rock up the ravine. That meeting struck new flame in the youthful heart of Sowagerie (Posey). Toorah was the child of Norgwinup's old age, a favorite with her father and with Poke, her big grizzly-bear brother.

Since Sowagerie (Posey) had crawled almost on his belly to kiss the soiled hem of Poke's garment, the young Navajo-Mountainite considered the little sister and caught a new thrill long and sweet. No such girl ever before! The fact of her existence aroused a stinging sense of his own personal unfitness. Much as he wanted to meet her he was impelled to hide whenever she came in sight. He simply wanted to crawl out of himself, and he began that very thing. He cut the sharp leaves of the yucca plant and, binding them together with a buckskin string, he made a hair brush with which he began working the old tangles and knots out of his hair. Some of those knots dated back to the remote Navajo Mountain days, to early childhood. When, with much care, he had it all straightened out, he parted it in the middle and braided it into two neat whips, weaving into them and around them, two yards of bright red rag. With these flashy dangles hanging from his ears down across his breast, he regarded himself in a clear pool—What a glorious transformation!

He put a few brave dabs of red and blue paint on his face and looked in the pool again—He was a chief!

With the new ability which always follows the magic touch of soft hands, he traded for a red shirt and a pair of buckskin trousers with fringe down the side. With resourceful resolution he took from somewhere a pair of moccasins with beadwork across the toes. More gallant than all else he obtained a high hat with a wide brim—a hat which had been taken from one of the twelve white men dragged down out of the brush.

When he faced himself in the clear water again, he resolved to hide no more from Toorah, but to be on display whenever she was near, to magnify himself before her wondering eyes.

He was Sowagerie no more. Not only had he been transformed from

a caterpillar to a butterfly, but he had taken a new name. A new name seemed indispensable to his new ambition. He was Posey.

Poke and Hatch had taken their names from two dashing cowboys; Tobuckneab, the young chief of Allan Canyon, had stolen the name of another cowboy and had become Mancos Jim. Sowagerie had admired the fine outfit and the super-fine nerve of a young fellow called Bill Posey, so he followed the lead of greatness and became Posey. His brother, Beogah, appropriated the name of old Dorriy's horse wrangler, Johnnie Scott, and became Scottie.

The strange thing about these self-imposed appellations is the way they stuck like printer's ink, obliterating the old name in a few months. We may as well observe right here that Chee, Posey's renegade father, also took a new name; he became Cheepoots, Old-man Chee.

Gorged with gain and glory from the fight at Lasal, the Pah-Utes with all their vociferous progeny, and all their numbers but one, returned to exult in the undefiled forests of Elk Mountain. They howled their exploits in more belligerent key than before, and went into wild transports of delight. And there they waited for someone to come after them in battle array. From the beetling rims of the mountain they gazed hopefully away to the regions eastward, longing for the sight of men, of horses and outfits to make the long days interesting and profitable.

No one came. The last ripple of the affair at the Horse-Ranch seemed to blow away with the autumn winds, and the tribe scattered to its

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OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

old haunts as if nothing had happened.

Hatch, lusting for more fame, went over among the Uncompahgre Indians to display some of his fine horses and other plunder, but those Indians feared he would get them into trouble and turned him over to the law. He was detained there for a little while in the chain gang, but he soon came back in peace and safety to San Juan.

No one was ever made to answer for the death of those seventeen white men that year. The destruction of property, the disturbance, the anguish, and the expense it entailed, were never brought in any kind of charge against the Pah-Utes, and no one ever answered for it. They carried their murder and their robbery to a successful and profitable finish. It was a good game—they liked it—why should they not plan more games of the same kind?

No member of the tribe reacted with keener relish to the big drama that year than Sowagerie, now Posey. To him it expressed life, love, the royal road to destiny. And yet his promotion to manhood, as indicated by his reflection in the pool, was not without its peculiar cost. In his rags and his beggarly appearance, Poke had tolerated him as the turncoat's son, an evil he had to endure. But when the turncoat's son rose up with the great imposing name, the haughty imposing dress, and his eager eyes looking always towards Toorah, the big grizzly-bear brother turned in disgust. "Puneeh!" he grunted with an impatient flip of the hand.

Puneeh is the Pah-Utes' word for skunk, and so far as the old bear was concerned, that was Sowagerie's new name.

THE WEALTH of live stock and treasure gathered at the Horse-Ranch and at Lasal, slipped out of the hands of those prodigals in a surprisingly short time. Their wild orgies of the big raid were like a child's game, soon over. Their return to normalcy was a return to rags and poverty, and they stole again to keep body and soul together. The fine horses and saddles and the clothes they stripped from the dead, disappeared with the summer leaves, or carried the bedraggled fringe of Pah-Ute mendacity. Yet they hung to the fine guns with per-

sistent instinct. Henceforth the bow and the arrow were not to be weapons, but symbols.

Normalcy found them living again like leeches on the poverty-stricken Mormon people at the San Juan settlement. They stole horses, cattle, anything, everything, till the colony's existence became a vexed and bitter problem. Hatch, Sanop, Mike, and Tuvagutts set the pace, while Posey, the two Grasshoppers, and other small fry kept in step to the best of their ability.

Navajo Frank and Bitseel, with no big raids to distract their attention from business, aspired to excel the whole Pah-Ute tribe at the fine art of stripping the Mormons. Frank was husky and powerful, built to last a hundred years, and he laughed loud in contempt at the pleas of the settlers and the sage teachings of their missionary-interpreter, Haskel.

Toorah's imperious brother, Poke, took no stock in the old feud between the Cheepoots people and their old Navajo-Mountain neighbors. If the renegades had made lifelong enemies by crowding in where they had no right, they had themselves to thank for it. Bitseel the Navajo found a warm welcome to *ducki* and other entertainment in the old grizzly's *wickiup*, and the old grizzly returned the visits to Bitseel's hogan across the River.

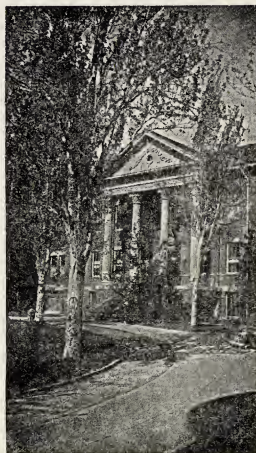
In these visits across the River, and everywhere the old bear went, he took Toorah the little sister with him, or made one of his three brothers responsible for her keeping. The arrangement seemed to be made for Posey's particular benefit, for Bitseel, the stalwart son of Tsabekiss, met her without hindrance, and the whole family of Poke's people approved.

So *Puneeh*, the skunk, (alias Posey, alias Sowagerie), had to get into her company by stealth, and get out the same way. It was hazardous business. If the old grizzly should find him or his tracks, something terrible would happen.

Poke's aversion for the Pah-Ute renegades who had come back from Navajo Mountain made him doubly acceptable to Bitseel, the avaricious son of the big Navajo, who watched eagerly for their coming to his vicinity. Not that he had one kindly thought towards one soul in their ragged, greasy pack. He despised

(Continued on page 796)

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THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 795)

every last one of them. All the same he wanted in particular to see Posey, for his pet hobby was to devise some new way of jabbing his old enemy.

Already he had discovered Posey's passion for *ducki*, a weakness he resolved to work to a finish. When, after the big raid, he saw Posey, the gaudy butterfly, with the red shirt, beaded moccasins, imposing hat, and gorgeously-blooming name, his eyes opened wide as the eyes of a cat spying an unsuspecting bird. He watched his chance to flash the cards before the arrogant Posey, a dare for which Posey was equally eager. They seated themselves each side of a blanket secluded in the willows where they would not be disturbed, though the Navajo's friends attended.

Posey was confident and defiant. But while he had been reveling in blood and plunder, getting new thrills in thickets of birch-willows, and emerging from the chrysalis to new colors and new name, Bitseel had been mastering the secrets of *monte* and *coolincan*, with his renegade adversary always in mind. Also while the Pah-Utes waited on Elk Mountain for an enemy that never came, they played *ducki* for long days at a stretch. Posey took part in all those games, thinking always of how he would cut some painful eyeteeth for his dearest adversary.

Here in the willows they began the game with cartridges, working up to small silver and then to dollars. Posey, the chesty Pah-Ute, won, staking his winnings in a tormenting pile till he had gained five dollars. And with every good play he made he let off exultant jibes at Bitseel the Navajo, who seemed never to guess that the Pah-Utes had been sharpening their *ducki*-wits all the time they had been away. Bitseel pretended to curse his luck under his breath while he played gamely on.

Then the tide turned slowly, and little at a time that tormenting pile of money went back across the

blanket to form a saucy little pyramid by its first owner. Posey regarded it with a silent frown and went on with the game, hoping his little wad of three dollars would suffice to bring it back. His little wad departed, coin at a time to increase the offending pyramid of his darling enemy.

Posey sat there broke and humiliated right in the middle of an important game—an important fight. He must at least retrieve his three dollars, that much to save his honor. Yes, and he must do more, he must cut some eyeteeth for this devilish Navajo as he had prepared and resolved to do.

Loosening his beaded moccasins from his feet he staked their whole value on one bet. And—Curses! He lacked an ace of spades—Bitseel took the moccasins. But Posey must not let a muscle of hand or face betray the sting it gave him. He was a chivalrous chief—his luck would surely change.

He staked the proud hat in which he came from the drama of glory at Lasal. The avaricious Navajo won it. How exasperating! And instead of holding that hat as a future pawn in the game, Bitseel turned it over right there to square an account with a friend of his who watched the game.

That was almost more than Posey's proud soul could bear in silence. Still he resolved to keep his feelings well covered; any show of pain would delight his enemy and prove his defeat. He resolved to sit right there and prove his superior stuff if it took all night.

He peeled off his beautiful red shirt. That contemptible Navajo sat grinning his absolute confidence, a foolish little hat strapped on his head with a throat-latch from a bridle. Hardly a word had passed between them since Posey's exulting jibes ended, but every deal and movement fairly bristled with spite. Bitseel won the shirt.

Ducki is a great anesthetic, deadening its victims to the blows they receive in the latter part of the game, at the same time inflaming them with a more furious passion to win. Dazed and half naked Posey saw the gay red shirt slip from his hand, and he retained just enough care for the world around him to be assured that none of his people were looking. Nothing stirred in the jungle of willows giving them shade, and ap-

proaching evening offered no cause for alarm.

He still had the dashing fringed trousers. From his naked waist to his bare feet, those trousers represented everything remaining of the glory in which he emerged from the chrysalis. He considered them desperately. D—the difference! He would rather humiliate this infernal thief than own the best pair of trousers ever worn by a chief.

He removed the fringed beauties from his legs and folded them neatly with trembling hands and hopes and hate and the direst of curses under his breath. He was devoting them with awful heart-burn to a final shot at his most hated adversary. Surely his luck would turn; it couldn't go on this way forever.

With fidgeting fingers and twitching lips he sat there in his breechcloth and watched Bitseel manipulate the cards. Surely the devil was in the *ducki*—the beaded trousers slipped away on a jack of hearts! The big Navajo added them to the tantalizing pile of kingly apparel by the saucy little pyramid of silver.

Bitseel contemplated his enemy's nakedness with a grin of deep satisfaction. "*Hacoon*," (Come on) he chuckled, looking to see if there might be a ring, a bracelet or anything else worth having on the Pah-Ute's perspiring body.

Posey's black eyes flashed. Bitseel's friends looked on with great amusement, and one of them wore the gallant hat which Posey had worn proudly into the game.

The agonized Posey rose to his feet looking for the nearest place to get out of sight. "You'll see me again," he hissed, repeating his enemy's threat as he turned away.

The little sister must never see

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THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

him in this shame or ever know a thing about it. Before she could have any chance to see his heroic clothes on another man, she must see him in an outfit even better.

Resolute as if his very life were staked on the issue, he nailed the very first unguarded horse left on the hills by the people of the fort. Then with his fair ability as a trader, and his unfair ability as a thief, he lost no time in replacing his butterfly wings and displaying himself where the dear Toorah could not fail to see him.

CHAPTER V—SOLDIER CROSSING

THE COOL of the mountains lured the natives from the low country in the summer time. At the foot of the Blue Mountain those two big cattle companies put on a fine show every day—fat cattle, riproaring horses, broncho-busting cowpunchers with guns on both hips. Whether indolent or not, the Pah-Utes had a fixed mania for watching quick action. If ever the world lagged, they made it their business to prod it into action. Moreover, it had been two years since the big days of Pah-Ute Springs and at Lasal, and something in their blood suggested the near approach of another epoch-making event.

In rather formidable numbers they erected their *wickiups* near the cow-camp at South Montezuma, and calmly took stock of the prospects for excitement. That was the summer of 1884 and, strange (?) to relate, they were soon found to have in their possession a horse belonging to the cowboys. That is what is generally given as the cause of the trouble. No difference; causes are

selected and colored and employed to suit occasions.

In the development of this cause an Indian named Brooks was shot through the neck, and then the cause matured with magic haste. The fight was on! A war of splendid promise had been set afoot with mighty little effort.

A quick succession of events, every one of them meaning trouble, persuaded the cowpunchers to look for a less dangerous abiding place. They corralled their horses for prompt departure, and while they roped the animals they wanted to work and to ride, a storm of bullets began to sing past their ears and pepper the pole fence with startling familiarity.

In panicky haste, and not without peril they hitched four big mules to a wagon loaded high with bedding and provisions, and the mounted men with their herd of horses surrounded it as a body-guard while it pulled out of camp. In that way they hoped to get the conspicuous and slow-moving wagon safely beyond the danger zone.

An old road full of bumps and rocks and steep pitches led from the camp on South Montezuma up around the head of Devil Canyon and down Mustang Mesa to Bluff. When it was apparent to the Indians that the wagon and its guard would take this Devil-Canyon road, they quit firing and seemed to give up the fight. The big rumbling wagon and the roar of hoofs around it progressed in peace up the hill and out into the sagebrush to the south. Everything looked rosy for escape.

Two miles out is the round-up ground, a little valley between low hills which are studded with groves of oak brush. When the wagon and its rough riders reached the center of this friendly-looking glen, a pandemonium of shots broke forth from three sides. One of the big wheelers dropped dead in his harness, the other jumped into the stretchers, and the leaders turned squarely around as if they wanted to get up in the wagon.

The teamster piled off in confusion and tried to mount one of the loose horses. Dolf Lusk was wounded in the hip and another cowboy in the foot. Two other men stumbled up from their dead horses and tried in the frantic herd to catch another to ride.

The cowboys bolted headlong—anywhere to escape death as it shrieked after them from those green groves of oak.

The Indians shot down the last crazed mule and came out cautiously to gather the booty. They rounded up that herd of valuable horses, stripped the wagon of its load and the big dead mules of their harness.

As a farewell token of their cordial regards they heaped dry brush over the wagon and set it on fire. Leaving all that remained of the outfit in a red blaze over the tangle of dead mules, they moved deliberately away with their plunder and all their progeny. Ahead of them was the Big Trail and the maze of ledges from which no Pah-Ute fugitive had ever been dragged back; the angry *Mericats* would soon be in full pursuit after them—how delightful!

These people believe that in time of trouble they should have their wives and their children right along with them. If these defenseless ones are left by themselves, they might be surprised and captured. So the Pah-Utes take their families into the war. They take their goats, all their ragshag camp outfits, and their indispensable following of mangy dogs.

Their domestic life, if really any part of an existence like theirs may properly be called domestic, is preserved with more uniformity in war than in peace. When they moved from that burning wagon up into the tall timber, it was a great jubilating family reunion; aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, and every tottering old *nanipoots* (old man) still clawing the earth for life.

The gaudy Posey with his two
(Continued on page 798)

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The Outlaw of Navajo Mountain

(Continued from page 797)

whips of ebony hair and all his bright plumage was prominent among them wherever prominence was possible and still safe. He rode a good horse and carried a rifle. To his own mind he was indispensable in the fighting machinery of the tribe. He couldn't ride often in Poke's august shadow, yet he could display his imposing figure now and then before Toorah's appreciative eyes, and she rewarded his effort with a grunt or by coyly hiding her face.

The old bear, Poke, austere and uncompromising, with that villainous, inky mustache vertical across his mouth, looked at the upstart with contempt. This Sowagerie, masquerading under the great name of Posey—he was *Puneeh!* nothing more, nothing less.

Yet this situation, with Poke's testy displeasure and all the possible danger it meant to the "skunk," was not without some compensating features: The little sister was an inseparable part of the company, and the stress of the occasion permitted him to see her frequently. Besides that, his hated Navajo rival, Bitseel, was nowhere near and could not see her at all.

ON the fifth day in the afternoon the scouts of the camp reported *Meriacs* in sight behind—cowboys and soldiers, a big company. They seemed to be too *itch tobuck* (heap mad); what a promising indication. The more angry the better so long as they could not sneak up alongside.

Up Hammond Canyon and across Elk Mountain the big family procession strung out along the trail in pretended eagerness of retreat. That



eagerness was all pretended, just a decoy, for they kept just tantalizingly out of rifle-range with exultant chuckle. They made it a point every so often to stimulate the wrath of the *Meriacs* by leaving some extra fine cow-horse behind with their ferocious regards written on him in red lines of blood and scabs from ears to hoofs.

The Indians chose their course through a country familiar to them as an old book, a country about which the posse knew nothing. And, in seeming ignorance or haste, the Pah-Utes chose to pass a dozen rock-ribbed elbows by their trail in any one of which they could have obliterated their pursuers or hurled them back in confusion. But why stop the fun so soon? Its progress mile after mile involved them in no danger, and every one of them from the tottering old *nanipoots* down to the smallest papoose able to toddle, gloated and snickered for every rod it continued.

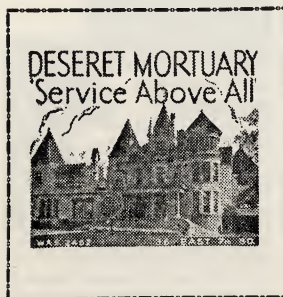
From the Wooden Shoe buttes on the west side of the mountain they turned southwest down among a maze of precipitous rims. The posse stormed along just out of range behind, unaware of trap after trap through which they were being led. One thing and one only was all that ever induced that posse to slacken its pace, that was a gentle hint in

the shape of a bullet plowing up the dust in front of them.

The *Meriacs* held to the red men's tracks, up and down, left and right over sand and hillside and rocks. They followed stupidly into a box-canyon where they could have been shut up like rats in a trap, but Poke and his people rode meekly on from this advantage as they had from others, and held to the old familiar trail toward the north side of Mossback Mesa.

Exasperated to a frenzy with this tantalizing business, when the cowmen and soldiers got out of the box of White Canyon and saw the dust of the Indians climbing the mountain to the south, they made for that mountain on the lope. How strange it had never dawned on them that now and for days past, they had been completely at the mercy of the Indians.

The tribe had resolved to go the full length of the Trail, to renew acquaintance with the ideals and exploits of their fathers, but they would hurl the foolish posse back from this point. Accordingly they stopped on an upper shelf of the mountain and got down behind the rocks along the rim. This time when the white men came tearing up the trail below them, instead of dropping their bullets modestly in the trail in front, they shot the two lead men. The



THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

others dropped back quickly to the first cover, taking refuge in a little gulch just off the foot of the hill.

From their sure defense behind the rocks the brown war-lords called mockingly to the *Mericals* to come on up. The white men, in their narrow shelter of that little gulch at the bottom, had to hug the wall to keep out of sight. If they raised a hat on a stick, it was shot through at once.

The two wounded men on the burning hillside, a soldier named Worthington and a cowboy named Wilson, but going by the nickname of Roundy, called pleadingly for water. Their calls became more frequent, but in the scorching heat of that July sun their voices grew weak and low.

No one under the narrow shelter of that gulch could take them a drink; it would be suicide to try, even if they had the water. So they waited there in anguish, holding their horses close in a huddle lest some protruding head or tail become a target for the snipers on the shelf. As the sun sank behind the buttes on Mossback Mesa, they could still hear the moaning of the wounded men and their agonized calls for water.

DARKNESS released the posse from their crowded prison under that little rim and they went hunting water in the echoing gulch behind. There was nothing else but to leave their dying companions to whatever fate the Pah-Utes saw fit to give. That fate is revolting to contemplate: It is said that the wild men came down from their ledge in the evening and worried the two men to death with their wolf-like dogs.

O, who were Uncle Sam and his fighting men in blue coats and brass buttons! Who were the cowboys with their guns and their bluster! They had cowered there all day under that little rim like whipped dogs, and had been glad enough to sneak away in the darkness without a word to their wounded friends. They had gone back the way they came without hurting anybody—they hadn't been given a chance to fire one promising shot.

The old bear's people stripped the blue clothes with their bright buttons from the dead soldier; the boots, the wide hat, and other things from the cowboy to be divided among the lions of the tribe. One of them

received a silver watch, about which a long story could be told, and one of them a blue coat for which he received a new name.

On the high rim of Mossback Mesa that night the staccato chant of their war-song echoed away into the solitudes they loved. They had passed already a score of charred death-traps, the latest one of which had been newly glorified by the two mangled forms lying at the foot of the hill below. Scores of similar traps lay still ahead, places known and loved of old for their sure defense of the fighting fathers.

It would have been a huge delight and perfectly safe, to worry that bunch of demoralized cowpunchers all the way back to south Montezuma, and that is exactly what the Indians would have done if they hadn't planned something better. They had come deliberately this far to follow the old Trail, and now they would go its full length, drink again of its glory, celebrate its historic events.

This trail was new to Posey, but somehow it was as water is to a duck. His father had been offended and had seceded from the tribe, but the deep tribal instinct had not changed in the least. If the Old Trail lacked any essential of coming to him as his long-lost self, then the little sister more than compensated for that deficiency. When he saw her by the fire or on her pony with her skirt a dazzle of bright colors, he envisioned a perfect dreamland from South Montezuma to the much-anticipated *Pagahrit* ahead. Always the bright angel of that dreamland was Poke's little sister.

From Mossback Mesa the Old Trail leads across the cliffbound tributaries of Red Canyon, it skirts the dizzy rim of the yawning Colorado and enters the deeply-cut caverns of North Gulch. From these luxuriant jungles of black willow, the Indians climbed a monstrous sandstone and entered the region of *Pagahrit*, dry and silent with the mysterious clear, deep lake in its center.

Protected here on three sides by deep chasms of the rivers, and on the other sides by yawning canyons and high rims, the Pah-Utes proceeded to hold a great carnival as the place and occasion demanded. The people of Bluff had hidden many of their cattle for safekeeping in this remote corner, and with these the jubilant

tribe made lavish offerings to their gods of war. They gormandized on the finest young animals and stuffed their mangy dogs to a state of nausea. They killed indiscriminately to answer their wild blood-lust inherited from their bloody ancestors.

They killed cattle with their guns; but to express the art of the fathers they shot them also with arrows, taking little interest in what they killed or wounded. Cows fled distractedly over the hills with long arrows bristling from their sides. Before these heathens left the country, every wind brought the stifling breath of rotting carcasses.

They celebrated seven days near the shores of the lake, rehearsing the legends of the man-eating monster hidden deep in its bowers of seaweed. The old men told of celebrations in the distant past, when Navajos or Shoshones lay dead on the trail behind. They chanted it in concert, dancing in close formation around the fire, and the fierce rhythm of their song drifted over the lake to return in ghostly echo from the bare cliff beyond.

A tottering *nanipoots* piloted them away from the lake, for the Old Pathway led over solid rock where no betraying track could be left behind. At this time it was not for the purpose of foiling any chance pursuer—they had no hopes now of pursuers—it was simply an indispensable feature of the old program. For this same reason they forded the San Juan where their tracks would be quickly obliterated. From the end of the old Trail south of the River they sought the shady places of Navajo Mountain to rest and sleep before they returned to the big herds and to new prospects of plunder.

(To be Continued)

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Your Page and Ours

LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

MAGI—has the a pronounced as in the word ate. Does it surprise you? Nevertheless that is the correct way to say it. And the accent falls on the ma. The i is pronounced as in ice. When you are preparing your Christmas talk, practise saying this word correctly.

Bethlehem—is another word commonly used at this season of the year. The first e is pronounced as in met; the second, as the first e in event; the third, as the e in the word silent; the second h is preferably silent. The accent falls after the first syllable, Beth.

Ensemble—has more than its share of troubles, for not one of the e's has its own sound. The first e takes the sound of the letter a as in the word arm; the second one becomes an o with a sound as in the word from, and the accent falls here; the third one is silent, with the ble syllable taking the sound of b'l as the second syllable in the word channel. The word could be respelled: an (arm sound of a) som (o as in from) b'l. That is the correct pronunciation of the word in its usage from clothes to musicales.

"TAKING TOWNS" FOR THE ERA

St. George, Utah.
September 17, 1936

Dear Editors:

ENCLOSED you will find checks for Veyo, Gunlock, and Enterprise. Gunlock's quota is 10; we visited there and found 19 families, one of them a stranger, the CCC Captain, and the 19 homes subscribed for the Era, taking every house in town.

Then, too, Veyo in the afternoon. Their quota was 9 and every home we visited but three took the Era, and there were three left that we didn't visit (not in town). We secured 13 from this small town, every house but 6, and we expect to call back on them.

We certainly feel as if the Lord has blessed us and helped us so far with our drive.

Yours truly,
EDITH SEEGMILLER,
St. George Stake Era Director.

Office of Canadian Mission
Thanksgiving Day,
October 12, 1936.

Dear Brethren:

WE DESIRE to express our appreciation for *The Improvement Era* on this our Canadian Thanksgiving Day. We are truly thankful for the copies sent into the Canadian Mission.

We look forward to the many fine articles that it contains each month with a great deal of pleasure.

We have received lots of praise from non-members of the Church in giving their opinion of this outstanding magazine.

In behalf of all the Canadian Missionaries we desire to express our appreciation for your kindness in sending it to us each month.

Sincerely your brother,
W. RUMEL CRAGUN,
Mission Secretary.

FROM THE MAYOR OF ANNAPOLIS

Annapolis, Maryland.
September 19, 1936.

To Harold B. Lee.

Dear Mr. Lee:

IT WAS very kind of you to send me the literature on the purposes and objectives of the Church Security Program, which I have read and studied.

I must certainly commend you and your organization for conceiving and putting into effect such a movement, and I hope that we may be successful in starting such a movement here in Annapolis.

I am enclosing a check for \$2.35 for a year's subscription at \$2 to *The Improvement Era*, starting if possible with the July issue. The additional thirty-five cents is in payment of the June issue and the postage thereon.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) LOUIS N. PHIPPS, Mayor.

WORD FROM OSCAR KIRKHAM AT MARICOPA STAKE

Mesa, Arizona,
November 15, 1936.

Dear Brother:

JUST LEAVING for Old Mexico. Maricopa Stake went over the top for *Era* today—about five hundred subscriptions: A great stake!

They want November numbers. Hope you have enough extra copies.

OSCAR.

A JAM SHORTAGE

"MAMMA," said little Dora at the breakfast table, "does Santa Claus know everything?"

"Certainly."

"Does he know that I am now eating bread with jam on it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then, mamma, does he know there isn't much jam on it?"



EMULATING POP'S EARLY PIETY

BARBER: "Well, my little man, and how would you like your hair cut?"

Small Boy: "If you please, sir, just like father's, and don't forget the little round hole at the top where the head comes through."—*Witness and Canadian Homestead*.

DROWNING THE CACKLE

"DO you enjoy grand opera?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "especially when it's loud enough to keep me from hearing a lot of fool conversation that's going on around me."—*Washington Star*.



BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

THE MAN around the corner says it must be some other corner that prosperity is just around.—*Buffalo Evening News*.

TRY A BOWL OF WAX FRUIT

SHE: "She gave us something on our wedding anniversary—that plush tea-cosy—and we ought to reciprocate."

He: "Reciprocate? You mean retaliate."—*Sidmouth Observer*.



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