

Improvement Era

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



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EARLY PICTURE OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT AND CHILDREN

The little boy on the lap of his father is Heber Stringham Grant, President Grant's son, who was born December 9, 1888, and died February 27, 1896. The girls are, back center: Rachel Grant Taylor; right, Lucy Grant Cannon; left, Florence Grant Smith; front, right, Anna Grant Midgley; left, Edith Grant Young.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIV

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Significant Counsel to the Young People of the Church *

By President Heber J. Grant

I have been reading, since the morning meeting, from the first number of the *Improvement Era*, published twenty-three years ago last November, Volume 1. No. 1, an article by Edward H. Anderson regarding the organization of the general board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. I find that on the 6th day of April, 1880, on nomination of President John Taylor, Apostle Wilford Woodruff was made the general superintendent, with Joseph F. Smith and Moses Thatcher as his counselors, and with Junius F. Wells, Milton H. Hardy, Rodney C. Badger as assistants to the general superintendency, with Heber J. Grant as secretary and William S. Burton as treasurer. So that for forty-one years, last April, I have been associated as a general officer in the Mutual Improvement labors of the Latter-day Saints, and I have had very great pleasure in these labors. I find in this same article a little remark regarding the object of the association that I shall not take your time to read. From the very first we have repeated again and again, and had it published very many times, the original statement made in the letter that was sent forth by President Brigham Young regarding

The Object to be Accomplished in the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association

"Let the keynote of your work be the mutual improvement of the youth, the establishment in the youth of an individual testimony of the truth and magnitude of the great latter day work, the development of the gifts within them that have been bestowed upon them by the laying on of the hands of the servants of God; cultivating a knowledge and an application

*Delivered at the M. I. A. Conference, Sunday, June 12 1921.

of the eternal principles of the great science of life. And furthermore, that they may have an opportunity to be encouraged in bearing testimony to and speaking the truths of our holy religion. Let the consideration of these truths and principles be the ground-work and leading idea of every such association, and on this foundation of faith in God's great latter day work let their members build 'all useful knowledge by which they may be useful in the establishment of his kingdom. (Signed) *Brigham Young.*"

I feel that the receiving of a testimony is the one great central object to be accomplished in these associations of our young men and young ladies. We, of course, seek after knowledge, light and intelligence and to inform ourselves upon all matters of importance. The glory of God, we have been told by the Prophet Joseph, is intelligence; and we desire to gain knowledge and to become as intelligent as we possibly can, but above and beyond all other things the fathers and the mothers in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints desire that their sons and daughters shall secure an abiding testimony, an absolute and a perfect knowledge regarding the divinity of the work in which we are engaged. That is of more value than anything else in this world, provided, of course, that those of us who receive that testimony, who obtain the knowledge that we are engaged in God's great work, abide therein and continue in the faith that this gospel, commonly called "Mormonism," is in very deed the plan of life and salvation; is in very deed the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, the plan of redemption for mankind. I feel that we cannot hark back too often to the foundation, so to speak, upon which these institutions have been builded and revert to the main, the central object for which they were organized.

I remember speaking, upon one occasion, in one of our great Church schools, and I said that I hoped it would never be forgotten that the one and only reason why there was any necessity for a Church school was to make Latter-day Saints. If it were only for the purpose of gaining secular knowledge or improving in art, literature, science and invention, so far as our information was concerned, and adding to it on these subjects, that there was no need of Church schools, because we could gain these things from our secular schools supported by the taxation of the people; and that we had an abundance of uses for all the means that the Church possesses, all the tithing that might come into our hands, without expending vast sums of money upon Church schools. But if we kept in our minds the one central thing, namely, the making of Latter-day Saints in our schools, then they would be fulfilling the object of their existence. The amount of money expended would cut no figure at all, because we cannot value in dollars and cents the saving of a

single soul. I have remarked that if all our missionary labors in the great country of Germany, up to the day that Karl G. Maeser was converted, had been expended in vain and we had only captured that one great educator, it was worth all that had been expended up to that time. I remember upon one occasion remarking that if the Brigham Young University had done no more than to convert and graduate President Stephen L. Chipman, of the Alpine stake of Zion, it had accomplished enough to compensate us for the money expended there. If we can make Latter-day Saints of the boys and the girls who attend our Mutual meetings, and who take part in our programs, if we can fulfil this object as laid down by the founder of these associations, President Brigham Young, and get a testimony, an abiding knowledge in the hearts of the youth of Zion regarding this work, then these associations will have justified themselves, and we will have the blessings of Almighty God upon our labors.

Thousands have Received a Testimony Through the M. I. A.

We find recorded in section 18, Doctrine and Covenants, reference to the calling of the Twelve Apostles, designating Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer as among those who were to choose them. We find recorded in that section:

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

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

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

“And how great is his joy in the soul that repenteth.

“Wherefore you are called to cry repentance unto this people;

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

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

I feel assured that there are hundreds, yes, that there are thousands of young Latter-day Saints, men and women, who have been brought to a knowledge of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, who have received the witness in their very hearts and souls of the divinity of this work, through these Mutual Improvement Associations; therefore, we are in very deed fulfilling the object of the creation of these associations.

If Ye Have Desires to Serve God, Ye are Called to Work

I am convinced that our young people, in these associations, have come as near fulfilling one of the most splendid of all the

revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants, as any other people that are engaged in labor for the salvation of the souls of men. This is only a little short section of seven verses, and I will read it. It was given in February, 1829, a little over a year before the Church was organized, to the father of the Prophet Joseph Smith:

“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 thrusteth in his sickle with his might, the same layeth up in store that he perish 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.”

I repeat: “Therefore, if ye have desires to serve God, ye are called to the work.”

I believe that the young men and the young ladies in our Improvement Associations have desires to work, that they have always had such desires. I have found an enthusiasm, an energy, a determination and a faith upon the part of the ward, the stake, and the general officers of these associations from the time, as a boy, that I was first associated with them, that has been very pleasing to me.

A Personal Experience

One of the incidents in my life that I look back upon with pleasure is that when the first Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Association was organized, under the direction of President Brigham Young, that association was organized in the Thirteenth ward of this city, and I had the honor, as a boy, of being made one of the counselors to the president of that association, the late Henry A. Woolley, a son of the late Bishop Edwin D. Woolley, a man of integrity and devotion from his boyhood to the day of his death, a worthy son of a worthy sire—and from that day until now I have had a desire to labor, and have had the opportunity to labor given to me in these associations. I recall, with a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction, that when one of the superintendency of the Young Men’s Association failed to live up to the requirements—not that I rejoiced in that, but when he lost his standing as one of the general authorities and at the same time his position as one of the superintendency—I of-

ferred a prayer to the Lord, having the desire in my heart to labor among the youth of Zion, asking that I might be called as one of the superintendency. I bowed down in my room and prayed for the privilege of working. I never asked for any other office, political or religious, in my life, but I did ask for the privilege of being one of the superintendency. Soon after, when in the office of the Presidency of the Church, I was chosen in connection with Brother Roberts here, to be assistant to Brother Woodruff, Brother Joseph F. Smith being at the time also an assistant, so that for a short time we had three assistants to President Wilford Woodruff, and from that day until the present I have labored, and I have labored with energy, and zeal in each and every office that I have held in this Mutual Improvement work, and have found great pleasure, joy and satisfaction in my labors; and in my feelings I have never lost sight of that keynote, so to speak, that President Brigham Young gave.

President Grant's Message to the Young People of the Church

I was asked to give a message to the young people here today, "A message to the young people of the Church," and my message to the young people of the Church is this:

Joseph Smith was and is a prophet of the true and the living God. Joseph Smith was the instrument in the hands of God of establishing upon the earth the true gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; Brigham Young was the lawful successor to Joseph Smith, and Brigham Young gave to all the youth of Israel associations for their improvement, but the keynote he gave to those associations was that they should secure a testimony of this gospel.

Advice on How to Obtain a Testimony

I say to all Israel—to the youth of Israel particularly—join these associations, join them with a desire, and with a prayer in your hearts, if you do not have a knowledge of the divinity of this work, that God will give that knowledge to you. I have heard President Young and other men say many times that more often have young people received a testimony, in their very souls, of the divinity of this work, while standing upon their feet than they ever received while kneeling and praying for that testimony; that under the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord there has come to them, the rich outpouring of that Spirit, that their souls have been flooded with light and the knowledge that comes from God through the Holy Spirit. They have had the witness come into their hearts whereby they have been able to testify that they do know of a surety that they are engaged in the plan of life and salvation; that they do know of a surety that

God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith was and is a prophet of the true and living God.

Illustrations

Never while I live shall I forget the first rich outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord to me as a young man while proclaiming this gospel, by the inspiration of that Spirit. By the aid of that Spirit I was enabled to preach with freedom, force, and power, because I had the Spirit of the Lord, which testified to me of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have referred to it many times, and I shall never fail to be grateful for it. I was then a young man, not twenty-four years of age, with little experience, never having occupied any position in the Church except that of a teacher—and I was really not a teacher; I very faithfully visited the members on the block where I was appointed to teach—regularly for several years, never failed once a month to go around and meet everybody, but all I did was to listen to the late Hamilton G. Park teach the people, one of whom I was. I owe much of my love of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to the wonderful testimonies and the inspirational teachings of that man to the Latter-day Saints as a block-teacher. Practically all the teaching I did was to listen to him, and then at his request, at the monthly meetings, with Bishop Woolley and his counselors and the teachers in our ward, I made the reports. But as a boy, without experience, never having spoken in public in my life, for any length of time, never ten minutes at once, I was called to preside over a stake of Zion. I remember preaching and telling everything I could think of, and some of it over twice, and ran out of ideas in seven minutes and a half by the watch. Among other things, I told the people that I knew nothing of the duties that devolved upon me, but with the help of the Lord I would do the best I could, and that with his help I had no fear at all but what I could get along. I remember a good brother telling me that I had made a very serious mistake, that I had destroyed my influence by telling the Saints I did not know anything.

“Well,” I said, “they may discover that I have a little sense, later on, and that will agreeably surprise them.”

I think you make no mistake in not pretending you know something when you do not.

The next Sunday I did not do any better. I ran out of ideas in six or seven minutes. The next Sunday I did the same. The following Sunday I took a couple of very excellent preachers with me and went away down to the south end of Tooele county, the farthest settlement, to the little town of Vernon, sometimes called String Town, because it covered a long string of ranches. There was a little log meetinghouse, and, as I was

walking to meeting with the late High Councilor in the Ensign stake of Zion, John C. Sharp, who was then the bishop of Vernon, I looked around and said: "Why, Bishop, there is nobody going to meeting."

"Oh," he said, "I think there will be somebody there." We were walking up a little hill from his home. The meetinghouse was not in sight. When we reached the top of the hill, I saw a number of wagons around the meetinghouse, but I did not see a soul going to meeting. "Well," I said, "there are some wagons there, but I don't see anybody going to meeting."

He said: "I guess there will be somebody in the meetinghouse." We walked into the meetinghouse two minutes to 2 o'clock, and the house was full, every seat occupied, and we were the last people to come in. At 2 o'clock, promptly, we began the meeting. Brother Sharp told me he had tried to educate the people to be seated before 2 o'clock; and, apparently, he had succeeded. I got up to make my little speech of five, six or seven minutes, and I talked for forty-five minutes, with as much freedom and as much of the Spirit of the Lord as I have ever enjoyed in preaching the gospel, during the forty years that have passed since then. I could not restrain the tears of gratitude which I shed that night, as I knelt down and thanked God for the rich outpouring of his Holy Spirit, for the testimony that had come into my heart and soul, confirming the knowledge that I had of the gospel, giving me increased power, because of the knowledge that I had that God, by his Holy Spirit, had inspired me to proclaim this gospel.

I received another lesson the next Sunday for which I have been just as grateful, although not as happy over it. I went to Grantsville, the largest ward in the Tooele stake of Zion, and I approached the Lord with much the same attitude as Oliver Cowdery when he told the Lord, "I want to translate," and the Lord told him he could translate. But, failing, he was later told, he did not study it out, and he did not pray about it, and he did not do his share. I told the Lord I would like to talk again to the Saints in Grantsville. I got up and talked for five minutes, and I sweat as freely, I believe, as if I had been dipped in a creek, and I ran out of ideas completely. I made as complete a "fizzle," so to speak, of my talk, as a mortal could make. I did not shed any tears of gratitude, but I walked several miles away from that meetinghouse, out into the fields, among the hay and straw stacks, and when I got far enough away, so that I was sure nobody saw me, I knelt down behind one of those stacks and I shed tears of humiliation. I asked God to forgive me for not remembering that men can not preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ with power, with force, and with inspiration only as

they are blessed with power which comes from God; and I told him there, as a boy, that if he would forgive me for my egotism, if he would forgive me for imagining that without his Spirit any man can proclaim the truth and find willing hearts to receive it, to the day of my death I would endeavor to remember from whence the inspiration comes, when we are proclaiming the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, the plan of life and salvation again revealed to earth. I am grateful to say that during the forty years that have passed since then, I have never been humiliated as I was humiliated that day; and why? Because I have never, thank the Lord, stood upon my feet with an idea that a man could touch the hearts of his hearers, be they Latter-day Saints or sinners, except that man shall possess the Spirit of the living God, and thus be capable of bearing witness that this is the truth that you and I are engaged in.

I have never stood before an audience, except with a humble prayer in my heart that I might be blessed of the Lord with that same Spirit that came to me as an inexperienced and uninformed boy, and that brought to my mind passage after passage of scripture that I had learned as a child—not because I appreciated what I was learning, nor because I thoroughly understood those chapters that I learned in the Thirteenth Ward Sunday School, which were the first five chapters, as I remember it, in *Jaques' Catechism*. They offered a book that I wanted, as a prize to the one who would learn those five chapters, and repeat them the most perfectly, and I won the prize. It was the prize I was after. I did not thoroughly comprehend the Scripture, but in proclaiming the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, those passages that had apparently entirely gone from my mind, returned to me by the gift of the Holy Ghost. The Lord shall bring to our memory the things that we have learned. The things that we have forgotten, we will have brought to us in the moment when we need them. No man can proclaim the gospel under the inspiration and power of the Spirit of the living God, as I did as a boy, but what that man feels, knows and understands that he has been blessed of the Lord Almighty, and he is able to testify of the power of God that comes when we proclaim this gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We often laugh when the story is told of the good old sister who went to a fast meeting. For twenty long years she had attended such meetings but had never borne her testimony. When she came home, on this occasion, she said: "That was the finest meeting I ever attended." They said: "Why, who spoke?" She said: "I did." It was the finest meeting to her.

The finest meeting of my life, up to the time that I was a boy of twenty-four, was in Vernon, Tooele county. Who spoke? I did. How? By the inspiration of the Lord. I was fed of

the Holy Ghost as I had never been fed before. I was blessed of the Lord God Almighty in very deed as I had never been blessed before, while proclaiming the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was to me the finest of all fine meetings. If people are hungry, their hunger will not be satisfied by somebody else partaking of food. I was hungry to proclaim the gospel of our Lord. I was studying, I was trying to prepare myself to fulfil the duties and the obligations resting upon me as president of a stake of Zion, and the Lord Almighty came to my rescue. He fed my soul, he filled me with the Holy Ghost who giveth utterance, that I could testify with a power and force that I had never been able to exert prior to that time. This experience of mine is the experience of hundreds and thousands.

One of the sisters, this morning, speaking in the testimony meeting, announced that she had understood, in conversation with some of the elders who had labored under my jurisdiction, while I presided over the European Mission, that I had told those elders: "Whenever you are standing upon your feet, and you find that your mind is a blank, that you have nothing to say, I promise you, as a servant of the Lord and the president of this mission, that if you will testify, as you have the right to do, because of the knowledge you have, that Joseph Smith was a prophet of the true and the living God, the Lord Almighty through the inspiration of his Spirit will give you utterance, and you shall have liberty in proclaiming the gospel, upon such occasions." This sister said she had understood that that promise had been fulfilled. I can say to this congregation that I have had scores and scores of young men come to me when they were released to return home, and I never had one soul tell me anything to the contrary.

I, myself, time and time again, when I have been called upon to speak from this stand and in other places, and have thought—"What on earth can I say?" "I don't feel like saying a word; my mind is a blank;" I have used my own advice to those elders, and have borne witness to the knowledge that I possess that Joseph Smith was in very deed a prophet of the living God, and my mind has immediately been opened. I have had utterance, and have been able to preach with freedom and force the equal, if not the superior, to any other sermon that I have ever been able to deliver.

Obtain a Knowledge of the Divinity of the Church of Christ

The one central thing, the one great message that I desire to deliver to the youth of Zion is to get a knowledge of the di-

vinity of this work, and then to love the work and to follow out the admonition given to the father of the Prophet Joseph Smith:

"Oh ye that engage in the service of the Lord, see that ye serve him with all your might, mind and strength."

How to Serve the Lord

That is the central message that I wish to deliver. *But how can we serve the Lord? By obeying his commandments. Faith without works is dead, like the body without the spirit.*

Let the young people be honest tithe-payers; let the young people observe the Word of Wisdom; let the young people attend to their secret prayers and supplicate God, night and morning for the direction of his Holy Spirit; let them honor their fathers and their mothers, that their days may be long in the land which the Lord their God has given them.

The M. I. A. Slogans

Let us remember and read over and over again the slogans that these associations have adopted:

"We stand for a sacred Sabbath and a weekly half holiday."

A sacred Sabbath is not automobile-riding to the canyons on Sunday. A sacred Sabbath is not going out on excursions on Sunday. A sacred Sabbath is to attend to our meetings and to read the Scriptures, to supplicate God, and to have our minds set upon the things that are calculated to save us in this life and in the life to come. I believe that we have accomplished a great deal in our associations, and that many young people have learned to honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy, because of this slogan. I believe that there is many a farmer who thought his boy had to work from sun-up till away after dark, six days in the week, and then, of course, there were chores, like milking the cows and taking care of the pigs and doing lots of things for Sunday included, so that there was never a chance for the boy to have an opportunity to play. I believe, actually, that some people have concluded that a boy is entitled to physical exercise with pleasure attached, instead of getting it by milking cows or currying horses.

"We stand for a weekly home evening." I believe that there are many careless, wayward boys and girls who, because of the weekly home evening, have been touched by the testimony and experiences of their fathers and mothers, regarding the great blessings of God in their labors; that these weekly home evenings have made an impression on their hearts for good, and that fathers and mothers have been able to save their children more easily than they would have done without observing this slogan.

"We stand for state and nation-wide prohibition." I give to the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Improvement Associations a world of credit for bringing to our state state-wide prohibition. I remember one man saying to me, in the Prohibition and Betterment League, when things were not going just exactly to suit him politically, "Oh, this league don't amount to anything, anyhow." He was one of the officers. I said, "Oh, doesn't it?" He said, "No; nobody behind it." I said: "You are the worst fooled man in town. All the Young Men's and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations are behind this league, and this league is just a kind of a buffer, so to speak." "Why, you have no organization," this party remarked. "Oh!" I said, "Oh, yes we have; and a letter over my signature has gone to all the wards, to all the superintendents throughout all the state of Utah, and we have a better organization in the Mutuals to carry out this work than both of your political parties put together. It is going to be done and done this time, whether your party wants it or not." And he began to think that maybe there was an organization. There was, and we "put it over!"

"We stand for thrift and economy." Do you know that it annoys me now and always has annoyed me, to see people waste things. There are many people of this class I call to mind—I am not going to mention any names—a friend of mine used to pare an apple so that he threw away a large per cent of the apple by making the paring so very thick. He was mighty close-fisted with his money. Now, you know there are many people who mistake a man who is generous for being a spendthrift. If you will just be economical and stand for thrift and economy then, as the years come and go, you will be able to be generous, because you will have something to be generous with. But without thrift and economy I am afraid you will never have an opportunity to be particularly generous.

"We stand for service to God and country." Could there be a more magnificent slogan in all the world for young people than to stand for service to God, the Creator of heaven and earth, and service to this great, grand, glorious American country of ours? "Service to God and country"—We have proved our service to God and country in all particulars during the late war.

Now, it is very warm, and I know how tired you are. I will ask you to stand up, and we will ask Elder Oscar A. Kirkham to lead us in singing America and then I will go on with my address. ["America" was then sung by the congregation.] I don't believe there is another audience of young people, of this size, in the United States of America who could sing that song with more of the spirit of it, and the prayer of their heart

for the great God to protect them, than the audience we have heard here today.)

"We stand for spiritual growth through attendance at sacrament meetings." I rejoice to know that the statistics compiled in the Presiding Bishop's Office go to show that during the time after this slogan was adopted by these associations there was a very material growth spiritually as a result of increased attendance at sacrament meetings.

"We stand for the non-use and non-sale of tobacco." I have in my possession, and I intended to bring it here but overlooked it in a multitude of other matters, a list of the merchants, from Canada to Mexico, who have stopped selling tobacco, and it took page after page of names written on a typewriter to make the list of those in the different stakes of Zion, who have stopped selling tobacco, so we have accomplished a marvelous and a wonderful work in that regard. There is something in the use of tobacco that blunts the finer susceptibilities, the gentlemanly instincts of men. I say nothing about destroying the finer, admirable, wonderful qualities of ladies, that every true man almost worships. I know of some fine, gentlemanly men, in all other respects, who forget and actually light their pipes or their cigars in the presence of ladies. I am sure they would not do it if they stopped to reflect, because they must know that it is obnoxious to them. I have known of men who claimed to be gentlemen who became angry when it was suggested that they do not smoke in a banquet held in the Utah Hotel, on ladies' night. You know they have made their own homes smoke houses, and their wives have become accustomed to living in smoke houses; so, they think everybody's wives ought to like a smoke-house. You know I like to sit in the rear car, the observation car, when I am traveling, but I cannot do it. I can't take my wife out to enjoy the scenery. Why? Because the gentlemen who smoke go out there and smoke and have not enough regard for the ladies who do not smoke. I wanted to write a telegram, the last time I was on the train. I went into the observation car to do it, but before I got through writing, just a telegram of fifty words, I picked up my telegraph-blank and went back and wrote it on my knee, because the observation car was like a smoke house, chuck full of smoke. The smokers talk about their privileges being taken away from them. Why, do you know there is a smoking compartment in each car? There were eight cars on that train, and there was not anybody in those eight compartments, which were provided specially for smokers, but they occupied the car that ought to be for ladies and for gentlemen who do not smoke. If they want to smoke they ought to have enough gentlemanly instinct to go

into one of the other eight cars, and do their smoking, and then come back and join the ladies, and those who do not smoke. Thank fortune, there will be a few public places where they can't smoke in the future, because of our anti-tobacco law—some ministers to the contrary notwithstanding. When I went to Japan there was not a first-class hotel in the United States of America that allowed smoking. When I returned home, I was astounded to find a few that allowed it. I went to England for three years, and when I came home they all permitted it. I remember the first time I stopped in the Windsor, which was then the best hotel in Denver, that they had a very magnificent smoking room. I remember that when one man visited there—Phil Robinson, who wrote the book entitled *Sinners and Saints*—he said he was delighted to find one hotel in America that had some regard for smokers. I would be glad now to find one that had some regard for non-smokers. He said he afterwards learned that that particular hotel was built by English capitalists who must have their big, nice comfortable place for the smokers. When I arrived in England I often found, if I entered a non-smoking compartment in any car where there was a gentleman and his wife he would take out his cigar and start to smoke. When I protested, she would say: "Oh, I don't object," and I would say, "Well I do, and inasmuch as there are twice as many compartments in these cars where smokers can go, as there are places where non-smokers can go, I will be much obliged to your husband if he will please go where he belongs."

Why, I had more than one English lady, and on the continent likewise, who looked at me as if she would like to bite my head off, because I had the audacity to go where there was "No smoking allowed," and to "call the fellow down," who was smoking. I first asked the gentlemen if he could read. He said, "Yes." "Did you read the sign on the door—"No smoking"?" "Yes." "Well then, will you kindly put out your pipe" or "your cigar." The wife would speak up and say: "Oh, I don't object." But I always objected. If they would put a sign in observation cars, "No smoking," I would object double-quick, and suggest that, as there is a smoking room or compartment on every sleeper, where a man can go and take his smoke, that he go where he belongs.

"*We stand for loyal citizenship.*" I am sorry that each and every soul here assembled did not hear the very splendid address on loyal citizenship by the Superintendent of these associations, Anthony W. Ivins, but I am glad to know that that address was taken down in shorthand and that we will have the

privilege of reading it when it is printed in the *Era*. I recommend it to each and all of you. (See July *Era*, pp. 836-841.)

Neither Murmur nor Find Fault—Be Ready and Willing

Now I am absolutely certain myself that about the most interesting thing that I could possibly say just about now, considering the heat, would be to say, "Amen," and for once to close a conference without having the last meeting two full hours, but before doing so I want to read a passage from the Book of Mormon, which will not take more than ten minutes. As a boy, I read the Book of Mormon. I fell in love with Nephi and more than any man who has ever written or preached, barring only the Savior—this man Nephi has been the guiding star of my life. Study the slogans of the Mutuals, get a testimony of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ; and then learn the words that I am about to read to you. Nephi found that the Lord had commanded his father to send his sons to Jerusalem to secure the brass plates containing the genealogy of their forefathers, and some of the ancient scriptures. Nephi learned that his brothers were complaining that their father had required a hard thing of them. Their father said he did not require it, but the Lord had required it. "I have not required it," I think he said, "but it is a commandment of the Lord, therefore go, my son, and thou shalt be favored of the Lord, because thou hast not murmured." If I could only impress upon the hearts and souls of the youth of Israel not to murmur, not to find fault, but to be ready and willing to perform the tasks that devolve upon them, I would feel that my address had not been in vain:

"And it came to pass that I Nephi, said unto my father: I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them.

"And it came to pass that when my father had heard these words he was exceeding glad, for he knew that I had been blessed of the Lord."

Every man, woman and child is blessed of the Lord if they obey the commandments of the Lord, because he will give us power, he will give us strength, he will give us inspiration, whereby we can accomplish those commandments if we have the heart, if we have the desire, and the willingness in our hearts to perform them. Nephi and his brothers went, they tried to get the plates but they made a failure and his brothers wanted to go down to their father in the wilderness again, and they were very sorrowful but he said unto them as follows:

"Behold I said unto them that: As the Lord liveth, and as we live

we will not go down unto our father in the wilderness until we have accomplished the thing which the Lord hath commanded us.

"Wherefore, let us be faithful in keeping the commandments of the Lord."

That is the keynote to the success of every Latter-day Saint. Let us be faithful in keeping the commandments of the Lord. You remember how they went to work, they gathered up their riches, which Laban stole, and he sent his servants to kill them. But as they were running away from these servants, an angel of the Lord came and spoke to them. After the angel had disappeared, Laman and Lemuel again began to murmur. Why, do you know I have met scores and hundreds of people who have said: "If I could just see an angel, and hear an angel deliver a message, I would be faithful all the days of my life." In this case the angel had just got out of sight when these men commenced murmuring. Men who are keeping the commandments of God do not need an angel, they do not need a message from heaven, to tell them what to do; they just quietly go to work and commence to do it. But Nephi's brothers commenced to murmur, and said:

"How is it possible that the Lord will deliver Laban into our hands?"

The angel had told them he would, but they asked the question:

"Behold, he is a mighty man, and he can command fifty, yea, even he can slay fifty; then why not us?"

"And it came to pass that I spake unto my brethren, saying: Let us go up again unto Jerusalem, and let us be faithful in keeping the commandments of the Lord; for behold he is mightier than all the earth, then why not mightier than Laban and his fifty, yea, or even than his tens of thousands?"

Or the millions of the world? Remember the Lord is mightier than all the earth; remember this is the Lord's work; remember to keep his commandments, and God shall bless you in time and through all eternity, which I ask, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Discourage nest-robbing, boys, among your companions, and encourage in its place an intelligent interest in the living birds.

Fish should be killed as soon as taken out of the water by a sharp blow on the back of the head, that they may not suffer before dying. Such fish keep better, and are better to eat; and the best fishermen in Europe and America always kill their fish as soon as they catch them.

The Church as an Ideal Institution*

By Elder Adam S. Bennion, Superintendent of Church Schools

My brethren and sisters.—I pray, in humility, that I may enjoy the spirit of this occasion, that I may be attuned to the beautiful things we have heard thus far. As I dwell with you upon those things that have come to us out of the past, if I may indulge a little liberty with the topic, I should like to address myself, sustained by your faith and prayers, to “The Church as a Church of Ideals.”

A Heritage of Latter-day Saint Ideals

The Church has builded us an empire. It has given us this and many other beautiful buildings. Wherever we travel in its established stakes we enjoy its wonderful contribution to us in material and physical things. But above all these things, we here tonight enjoy a heritage beyond compare,—a heritage of Latter-day Saint ideals.

I was impressed with the stanzas of that hymn by W. W. Phelps†, as they were recited tonight:

There is no end to virtue,
There is no end to might,
There is no end to wisdom,
There is no end to light.

There is no end to union,
There is no end to youth,
There is no end to priesthood,
There is no end to truth.

Moral Condition of Young Men and Women

It is timely that we address ourselves tonight to the question of Latter-day Saint ideals. Seven years ago the world was keyed up to a wonderfully fine pitch because of the patriotic response to the call to arms. Men fought nobly, and women sacrificed nobly, until peace was declared. There has been the inevitable aftermath of war, and the nations of the world now suffer from the relapse spiritually, emotionally, that always follows a war. I have been impressed within the past month by press articles. If you turn to the *Literary Digest*,

*Delivered at the M. I. A. Conference, June 12, 1921.

†See *L. D. S. Hymn Book*, p. 252.

you will find that each number for May has at least one striking article on the moral condition of our young men and women. There are those who believe the boys and girls of America are going cross-lots, at a terrific pace, to the nether regions; there are those who believe the youth of America today are a finer collection of young men and women than could have been found at any other time.

It must be apparent to everybody that there is a good bit of carelessness and indifference in the world. The condition has been rather happily summed up, I think, in this little skit with reference to the ladies:

They used to wrap heir hair in knobs
 Fantastic, high, and queer,
 But now they cut it short, in bobs,
 Or curl it 'round their ear.

The skirts they wore would scrape the street,
 And catch the dust and germs;
 They're now so far above their feet,
 They're not on speaking terms.

The things they do and wear today,
 And never bat an eye,
 Would make their dear old grandpas gray,—
 They'd curl right up and die.

And the condition is not confined to our young men and women. Read the article in the *Literary Digest*, for May 7. "America is leading the world in divorce." I find Utah, our own state, quoted as having one divorce for every 7.61 marriages. I find in that article that there are six counties in five states in America where there are more divorces than marriages. The May 14th issue raises the question, "Is the younger generation in peril?" And the article clearly points out that the young men and women of America today are facing perils. The issue of May 21st is even stronger; it gives the religious press comments on youthful morals—comments very vigorous in denouncing modern tendencies in the dance, in dress, in manners and in morals. It is as if we could agree with James, the noted psychologist, when he said, "It would seem that we cannot have anything but we must have too much of it"—unless it may be in the matter of dress, and perhaps he was not so concerned with it in his day as we are in ours.

I find in the *Digest*, for May 28, rather a wholesome tone. There is an article in that issue which declares that at Harvard University no student now will be given his A. B. degree unless he shall pass a satisfactory examination in the Bible. It is being introduced elsewhere in the hope that it may tone down the American tendency to frivolity and carelessness. I

am reminded of the articles that came out in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in September, 1920, and the months to follow. From one end of this land to another, you will hear great alarm expressed about the condition of our young people. I presume we can concede it.

Our Forefathers Held Together Through Persecution

Our forefathers, in the days of the Prophet Joseph, were held together through persecution; they stood firm by the principles of the gospel, because persecution held them together. They came out here with Brigham Young, and in their isolation and their hardship they held close to the gospel of Jesus Christ. Now we live no longer in isolation; we are thrown into the world, almost of the world. Inevitably we shall face some problems they did not use to face.

We Face Great Problems, But There is Light Ahead

I presume it will always be true that each succeeding generation is a little out of sympathy with the generation that preceded, perhaps with the generation that is to follow. At any rate, it is clear that we today face problems that are as great as have ever been faced in the history of the world. Do not think I am going to get pessimistic; I am optimistic, entirely so. I think I may indulge the new definition of optimism—I have quoted it rather frequently; it was given us back in Atlantic City: "An optimist is a man who can see a light where there ain't none; and a pessimist is some darn fellow that comes along and blows it out." I am optimistic enough tonight to be sure there are lights to be seen ahead, lights in this problem of the welfare of the young men and women of this age.

During the last month it has been my good fortune to see more than three hundred young men and women graduated from high schools and other institutions; I want to give it as my testimony here tonight that while there may be some young men and women in the world failing because of carelessness, and others who are indifferent, there are at least three hundred young men and women who stand up in purity and in honor throughout this good land, children of the Latter-day Saints, who are clean and sweet and pure, graduated from institutions of learning pledged to the support of this Church. I give it as my testimony tonight that there is hope in the youth of Israel, and it will be my happy lot to hold up to them tonight, through you, the ideals, as I conceive them, in this Church of ours which will make them even stronger men and women—the nobility of this land as their fathers and their mothers have been.

Logic That is More Dangerous Than Persecution

We need to hold to those ideals now as never before in the Church. I say we are almost of the world. We no longer are isolated, and our young men and women are being met on every side with that kind of logic that is far more dangerous than persecution. I have no fear that the world will come against us in persecution and convert our boys and girls;—my fear is that in the easiness of modern life they may listen to the palpable arguments of men and women not of us. I have heard it said dozens of times recently, "It doesn't make any difference what church you belong to."

Our boys and girls are hearing these arguments: "You might as well be a Methodist as a Latter-day Saint;" "It doesn't make any difference whether you are a Catholic or a Christian Scientist;" "We are all going to the same place; it doesn't matter what road we take." Tonight we have the problem of going out to Magna from this building as a starting place, it doesn't make any difference what road we follow; we may go down south to 33rd, and west; or we may go out on the Saltair road to the junction there, and drop down to Magna—it doesn't make any difference. It is Magna we want to go to. Or, if we want to go to Los Angeles, it does not make any difference whether we go over the Salt Lake Route, the Southern Pacific, or the Western Pacific; we leave the same town, and arrive at the Pacific coast. One of America's leading writers, who was in this city and delighted us with his poetry a short time ago, gave expression to the same idea. "Mr. Bennion," he said, "I cannot quite agree with you in your philosophy of 'Mormonism,' but that ought not to concern us much, because we are all headed for the same place; we all want salvation, and therefore, since we are all going to get together up there, it does not make much difference that you go one way and I another. You know as well as I that if we were going out of Chicago to New York, it would not matter if we took the Pennsylvania, or the Baltimore and Ohio, or the Lake Erie, or the Wabash; in the course of a day or two, we would both get into New York. And so with churches; it doesn't make any difference."

That is the kind of argument that I feel alarm for in the case of young men and women. I give it as my testimony here tonight that "It does make a difference."

Ridiculous and Fallacious Arguments

The argument of the roads begs the question; it assumes that all the roads are equally good. I grant you that in the hurried world of business, the roads are much alike; but the analogy generally is fallacious. I ask my friends to consider two

possible roads; one paved and the other cut up with chucks; which would they take? I ask them to fancy a road clearly defined and paved; and another one, with a big chasm along the way over which there is no bridge. Which road would they take? I ask them, even in the matter of trains, "Suppose you had your two trains, but one of them did not have any steam in the engine. Which train would you ride?" There are churches in these days that, while they have the rails and the cars, have not the steam, have not the Priesthood of God to drive their trains through to salvation.

I have not time here tonight to follow that argument; it strikes me as ridiculous; I find that it is not true. Men cannot be converted to that sort of thing. It is as if these young women were proposed to by the young men who wanted to build them a home. Fancy the girl who would say, "It doesn't make any difference what kind of a home I have. All I want is a house, an adobe shack, a frame building, or a seven-room bungalow, it makes no difference!" Or it is as if the man with unlimited funds who wants to buy an automobile should say, it doesn't make any difference whether he takes a Ford or a Buick or a Hudson or a Pierce Arrow; they all have four wheels; they all run by gas, and they all take him over the same road; he might as well choose one as another. Find such a man.

I believe that, in this great trip of life, we ought to pick that car which we know will take us through most safely, most certainly unto the greatest heights—will win us salvation and exaltation. I give it, my brothers and sisters, as my testimony, here tonight, that that car is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Some of the Ideals of the Church

That testimony rests among other things upon the fact that this is a Church of ideals. I cannot name them all, but in the little time we shall be here, I should like to call your attention to a few which have ennobled the lives of our forefathers and made this Church what it is today:

I—Loyalty

One of the keynotes of this convention has been loyalty. It has been treated in a most masterful way by the superintendent of this organization. Loyalty has always been an ideal of this Church and is today and shall always be.

I was interested, the other day, in reading an account of the first Pioneer celebration that was held in this valley, in 1849. I find that the Saints were proud then to have made, out

of imported material, a flag 65 feet long, which was carried in that procession, because the Saints were loyal to the government, which had permitted them to be ousted from their former homes. I read in that same program that the Constitution of the United States, and the Declaration of Independence, were presented to President Brigham Young in the Bowery, and he led the Saints in three cheers, that the Constitution might live forever,—their loyalty pledged to the Constitution and this great government of ours!

Illustrations of Loyalty

I was glad to know that President Ivins spoke to the subject of loyal citizenship as an objective, as a goal, as an ideal of our good people. If there is any man who could well talk to that subject, it is President A. W. Ivins. Out here from New Jersey, in 1855; settling in Dixie, in 1861; called thereafter to go into Mexico on a mission, and called a second time into New Mexico, on a mission to the Indians. After all that, he then came back to St. George, honored there with a position in the Stake Presidency. Politically favored and fortunate, he had served a term in this state legislature of ours, was made a member of the Constitutional Convention, and in the year 1895, when all these things were his, when he was looked to as the father of the southern end of this state, then came a call to leave it all and go down into Mexico, as the remark was passed, "Into that God-forsaken country."

I have often been reminded of a line that I heard in a play once, and it is exemplified beautifully here tonight in the superintendency of this organization. Mexico may have been a remote and unpromising country, but it proved not to be a God-forsaken country. The play to which I refer had this striking situation. A young man, disinherited, forced to leave the East, determined that he would go out West, into Wyoming, to make a stake, and go back and win her whom he was anxious to win. She got the news that he was going, and while I presume she did not tell him so, she let it be known that she would not have him go out alone. She was made of the same good stuff that prompted him to go out and win her. The fact is, she consented to go, and they laid their plans accordingly. When the girls of the club with whom she had been associated heard of her decision, they said:

"Mollie, we cannot believe it; we thought you had pretty good sense, but now to leave it all, leave the club, the city, and all else and go out into Wyoming into that God-forsaken country! What is the matter?"

She turned to them—and I shall always remember her

speech: "Girls," she said, "there is no country God-forsaken, except the country in which man forsakes his God."

Loyal to his call, loyal to this Church, President Ivins responded, went into Mexico, made it a country where those men and women could worship God, and through that service, lifted himself, until today we honor him as the Superintendent of this organization and a member in the First Presidency of the Church.

Loyalty always has been a keynote in this State of ours. My brethren and sisters—and may I speak as one of the third generation of Latter-day Saints, concerning whom doubts have been expressed?—I believe the young men and women of this Church do stand loyally today; I am sure if they were called to stand, they would arise. We are called, but often we cannot suspect the call. There are rumors, there are reports, there are those in this Church today following careless rumors, indulging in independent thinking—so-called,—young men and women and older men and women setting up their judgment. They sustain the Presidency of this Church, as President Grant has often so happily said, "whenever it is convenient for them to do it." I plead with the young men and women of this Church to stand by the ideal that has always characterized "Mormonism"—loyalty to God's servants here and now—not to Joseph Smith and Brigham Young merely, but to those who guide our destinies today. I believe it is an ideal just as imperative now as ever before. Very much could be said on that ideal but I must pass on.

II—Personal Purity and Chastity

I find that a second great ideal to which this Church has always been dedicated is the ideal of personal purity. I was impressed, this afternoon, when President Grant gave as his message to the young people of the Church, that they should believe in Joseph Smith, keep the commandments, and particularly should they keep themselves clean. He discussed, at some length, the importance of abstinence from tobacco. I believe that young Latter-day Saints should subscribe to that ideal of personal purity.

Some Good Men Smoke—but the Saints Stand Above that Goodness

These lines struck me as I heard them recently on a trip through Arizona. They emphasize that it is an ideal not only of our Church, but of all nature:

I have walked in summer meadows, where the sunbeams flashed and broke,
But I have never seen the sheep nor cattle nor horses smoke;

I have watched the birds with wonder, when the grass with dew was wet,
But I've never seen a robin puffing at a cigarette.

I have fished in many rivers, when the sucker crop was ripe,
But I've never seen a catfish pulling at a briar pipe;
Man is the only living creature, who pervades this vale of tears,
Who like a blooming threshing engine puffs smoke from nose and ears.

If Dame Nature had intended, when she first invented man,
That he would have smoked, she'd have built him on a widely different
plan;
She would have built him with a stove-pipe and a grate,
And he would have had a smoke-consumer, strictly up to date.

As it has been pointed out here today, there are good men who smoke, but the Latter-day Saints stand above that goodness; they dedicate themselves to a principle, the purity of which forbids that we smoke. I cannot conceive the Master of the world smoking, nor any of his prophets. I would that we could stand upon an ideal of personal purity that our young men would be too proud to smoke—proud of their ideals handed down by their forefathers.

We stand for the ideal of chastity, and always have done so. Thanks to the teaching of good mothers all down the pages of our history, "I'd rather have you dead than impure." That is the kind of teaching passed on by our pioneers. God grant that we shall continue to have it.

An Illustration

I was called into a home, not so long ago, to see whether or not something could not be done to help a certain young man. Upon investigation, I found the secret of the whole trouble lay in the fact that there was a mother who had lost sight of her ideal, had married not only out of the Church, but had married out of her ideals, married a man untrue to truth, untrue to her, and she now faces a problem of life with family on her hands, wondering how she can give to them the ideals from which they seem to be slipping. I would that all the young men and women in this Church would marry in the temple of the Lord, and there pledge themselves to that most sacred vow, that they will keep themselves unspotted, chaste and pure, one for the other, throughout all time, to pass on this second great ideal of the "Mormon" Church.

III—Service to Our Fellows

I would like to name, (merely name and pass on), as a third ideal, the ideal of service to our fellows. I was impressed in reading a little pioneer history the other day to find that when the Prophet Brigham Young came here with that first

company, he was not guided by an ambition to rule here; he had scarcely recovered from his sickness when he turned to go back to help to see that others could come to enjoy Zion. I marvel at our missionaries, who go out and come back transformed, almost spiritually translated. Why? Because they follow that great injunction of the Master, "If you would be great, be the servant of all." Service to others is the great keynote to growth and to happiness; it is service that dominates the missionary. It is service that has enabled one of the young men of Utah to stamp himself upon the good Saints and other good people of California. Claude Cornwall, I am proud of my association with him, small though he may be, has gone into California and written his name on the hearts of men and women down there because he has gone out to serve. Service—the service of our scouts, the service that young men and women will find is the key to the chest of happiness.

IV—Glory of Progress Toward Perfection, with Illustrations

But I must pass on. I'd like to dwell just for a minute on a fourth ideal that I think stamps itself upon every great leader we have had. I think, perhaps I can make it clear by reference to one or two men. Last Tuesday morning commencement exercises were held in the largest educational institution in this state, in which a particular man was honored. After he had delivered his speech upon that occasion, he was so applauded that he was called the second time, and while nothing was said, except through handclapping, you could read it on the faces of all those people there that they loved and honored that man. A little later in the day, he was presented with a diploma indicating that there had been conferred upon him the degree LL.D. I was reminded that only back in 1872, that man was born in far-off Norway. Twelve years later he came out here, moved to Logan with his brother and a widowed mother. I have not the time here tonight to tell the story of his rise through hardship and poverty; how he went through the Brigham Young College and later to Harvard, and later to Germany; came back, qualified as a teacher, stood as the head of the Agricultural College of this state, came next to be the president of the University of Utah, and now stands a member of this General Board, and stands today an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ in this last dispensation. John A. Widtsoe pictures for me tonight the fourth ideal I want to name, the glory of progress toward perfection.

I am impressed that we sit here tonight in the presence of a man born to poverty, the only son of a mother who was deprived of the father of this boy when he was only nine days

old. Up through struggle, up through hardship—a volume might be said here tonight in just recounting the climb of that boy out of poverty, by the ladder of character—until tonight we are proud to honor him with the highest position in this world, the head of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I find, wherever I turn, that it has been an ideal of ours, "The glory of God is intelligence." Men shall rise through manhood to Godhood. May the youth of Zion rise to all the possibilities that are theirs!

V—Faith that Leads to Prayer and Action

One further ideal and I am through. I think it is the crowning ideal of them all, the ideal that stands out above them all. I would that I had it in my power to instil it in the hearts of our young Latter-day Saints this world over. I heard an interesting remark the other day that crystalized it. A good brother said, "In the good old days, when anybody took sick, we used to send for the elders; now when anybody takes sick, we send for the doctors." I heard a similiar remark from the president of one of the stakes in southern Utah recently. "What we need in the Church today is prayer, the kind of prayer that Brigham Young used to believe in when he said, 'Prayer will keep a man from sin, just as sin will keep a man from prayer.'" What we need today, and I think we need it as we have not done in a long time, is ideal number five: I call it faith in the living God, faith that inclines a man to prayer, faith that tells him that this gospel is the biggest thing in all the world, faith that tells him that we should seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added.

An Affecting Illustration

I have been delighted within the past two weeks to visit one of our schools in Idaho, the Ricks' Normal College. I believe that institution is doing as much to promote faith among the young men and women of this Church as any other institution we have. I sat there through their commencement program, and one meeting particularly thrilled me. The students and the faculty organized, in a rather unusual way, a testimony meeting, and for an hour and a half, sixty-one young men and women with an occasional testimony from a father or mother, stood up and bore testimony. There was scarcely a dry eye in the hall when a little girl, Helen Balem by name, stood up. I give her testimony in conclusion because it speaks for all the youth of Israel. A young girl, whose father has been dead a

number of years, came over with her mother and a step-father from England and moved up into Idaho. She is now left there, the mother having gone to Canada. Her first contact with Latter-day Saints was in Idaho. She came home one day and told her mother she had heard a wonderful story; she had heard a story that seemed to be true—the real story of Jesus Christ; and when she told that it was the story of “Mormonism,” the mother said, “You must not mention it again in this house; if you ever become a ‘Mormon,’ you will cease to be my daughter; you shall leave my home.”

“All right,” said the girl, “I want the privilege of going to that school for two years. Let me study it until I am of age, and then I promise you that I will come to you, and not till then, to tell you about ‘Mormonism.’”

And that little English girl stood up, and with tears in her eyes, said, “I am looking forward to the day when I shall go to my mother and say, ‘I have found the truth, God’s truth, in the gospel of Jesus Christ.’ I look forward to the day when I shall be graduated from this institution and can be baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I have faith that I shall be.”

As she sat down, she said, “Boys and girls, you ought to be proud of your fathers and mothers. Thank the Lord,” she said, “that you have parents who teach you the truth of the gospel and have faith in what they teach.” I would that every young man and woman could have that faith.

God grant that we may live up to the ideals of our forefathers, that we, indeed, may be Latter-day Saints, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Lonesome

Though the golden sun is rising o’er my home so fair today,
 Yet I’m sad, and my heart is lonely, since you have gone away;
 And at noon-time, when the bees are softly droning o’er the corn,
 All the flowers nod and softly whisper, “You are left alone.”
 Then when the crimson sun is setting, and the bees have gone to rest,
 When the grass the dew is wetting, and the bird is in his nest,
 Then my heart grows sad and dreary; when I hear the night bird call,
 That is when I’m lonesome, dearie, and miss you most of all.
 Through the long, dark hours of night-time, while the stars shine white
 and fair,

You are with me, but when light comes then you leave me lonely there.
 When my soul is passing heavenward, you will softly whisper, “Come,”
 And you’ll take my hand in yours, dear, while you lead me safely home.
Kirtland, N. M. Thora Gale

Fagged Out

By *Claude C. Cornwall*

[A one-act playlet written January 23, 1921, to give emphasis to the M. I. A. slogan: "We stand for the Non-use and Non-sale of Tobacco."]

Produced first at Los Angeles, March 5, 1921, then during the convention tour of the Arizona Branches, March 8, 1921: President Joseph W. McMurrin, Superintendent Claude C. Cornwall, Elders Axel A. Madsen, Van H. Grant, Arthur S. Woods, Melvin Freebairn, Miss Helen Bennion, Miss Sophronia Quayle, were in the cast.

During this trip the play was produced at: Car S 40 "Californian," en route to Tucson, March 8; this was the "Pullman train" production; Binghampton, March 9; Pomerene, March 10; St. David, March 11; Bisbee, March 12; Whitewater, March 14; Douglas, March 15; Phoenix, March 17; Ray, March 18; Hayden, March 19; Mesa, March 21; Roosevelt, March 22; Ocean Park, March 30.

At the Roosevelt dam, the play was produced in the Hotel Lobby. The guests here made up a purse and gave the players \$17. President Lesueur took us from Mesa to the Dam in his car.

Produced during the M. I. A. General conference at the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Friday, June 10: Spencer Young, Lew Thomas, Miss Fay Cornwall, Don Carlos Wood, Claude C. Cornwall, Miss Helen Bennion.—*Editors.*]

Scene: Interior of Mr. White's home. Evening.

Characters: James H. White, a business man; Mrs. White, his wife; Fred White, their son; Roy Adams, works with Fred; Miss Helen McDonald, a schoolgirl; Mr. Richard Howell, Mgr. Howell & Co.

Time: The present.

(At the rise of curtain Mr. and Mrs. White are discovered talking with each other. They are waiting for Mr. Howell to arrive.)

Mrs. White: What did Mr. Howell say?

Mr. White: He didn't say much—only that he couldn't keep the boy. He is coming here to talk with me tonight.

Mrs. White: But what has the boy done? You know Fred has been working for Mr. Howell over a year.

Mr. White: It's a surprise to me—and a disappointment—to think that one of my own boys can't keep his job.

Mrs. White: What has gone wrong with the boy?

Mr. White: That's what I can't make out. Mother, have you had a serious talk with Fred lately?

Mrs. White: No—he avoids me—but that's to be expected. He's eighteen now—at that age all boys are naturally shy.

Mr. White: But Fred has been peculiar of late. He

doesn't look me squarely in the eye. I can't imagine what has brought about the change.

(A knock is heard. Mrs. White answers the door and admits Mr. Howell.)

Mrs. White: Good evening—Mr. Howell, I believe?

Mr. Howell: Yes, Mr. Howell.

Mr. White: Come right in, Mr. Howell.

Mrs. White: *(Takes his coat and hat, places them on the rack.)*

Mr. White: Will you sit here?

Mr. Howell: Thank you.

Mrs. White: *(Excusing herself.)* I suppose you wish to talk with Mr. White?

Mr. Howell: Thank you—that is—there is really no reason why you should not—

Mrs. White: I have a number of things to attend to—you know, there are no office hours when it comes to women's work.

Mr. Howell: I have heard Mrs. Howell say that many times. *(They laugh. Exit Mrs. W. They sit.)*

Mr. Howell: Well—Mr. White. I have come to talk with you about the boy.

Mr. White: Yes.

Mr. Howell: A year ago Fred came to me and asked for a job. I put him to work. I have never seen more ambition in a young fellow than he manifested at that time. There wasn't a finer young man on the force. I used to watch his record every day. It was a pleasure to see him gaining ground. No boy in my employ showed prospects of a more brilliant future than Fred White. I want you to know that. But the last few months have been a puzzle. The very life has gone out of him. He comes to work in the morning full of pep, but in an hour it is all gone. Does he stay out nights?

Mr. White: Occasionally—but not often late.

Mr. Howell: He has lost all interest in the firm, and has developed a total indifference to his work.

Mr. White: What could have broken down his spirit like this?

Mr. Howell: The climax of the matter came yesterday. He has been making collections from some of our customers. Gus Harms is one of our largest purchasers. An order has been charged to him for several months. I wrote to him about the matter and he replied that it had been paid. I could find no record so I wrote him again, and he sent me a receipted bill, bearing Fred's signature.

Mr. White: Oh, but that must be a mistake! He has probably forgotten to turn it in.

Mr. Howell: It is that kind for forgetting which makes it necessary for me to let Fred go. I haven't taken this up with the boy yet. I have come to you first.

Mr. White: This is a problem. (*Rises.*) Of course you can't keep him. You wouldn't be expected to do that. But what has brought about this change in the boy? I have noticed his indifference around home. Our young people cannot assume responsibility. We do too many things for them. The sidewalk keeps the mud from their feet, the automobile takes them leisurely where we used to walk. If they are to be amused they go to the movies, where it is all prepared for them. All they have to do is to slip listlessly into the stream of ready made experiences, and when responsibility comes, they fail; they cannot stand up under its weight.

Mr. Howell: In a measure, you are right. And yet, that shouldn't be the case with Fred. He has always had his duties at home, has he not?

Mr. White: I have tried to keep him busy. It is only during the last six months that his foundation seems to have been completely undermined. (*Fred's whistle is heard outside.*)

Mr. White: There is Fred now. Perhaps it will be well not to let him know you are here. Will you come into the study? (*Exeunt. The doorbell rings, Mother enters, notices the room empty, goes to the door and admits Helen McDonald.*)

Mrs. White: Why Helen, when did you get back?

Helen: I'm not back yet, that is, not home. The folks didn't meet me at the station. I tried to telephone, but there must not be any one at home. I guess I look a sight.

Mrs. White: Didn't they know you were coming?

Helen: I wired from the train this afternoon, but they must have been away all day.

Mrs. White: Fred is here. I heard him a minute ago. He can take you over in the car. I know he will be glad to see you.

Helen: Do you really think so?

Mrs. White: He speaks of you often.

Helen: Oh, it will be so good to see a boy again.

Mrs. White: Oh, that's right—you don't see many boys at your school. And what have you been doing?

Helen: Oh I'm becoming quite a lady—learning to courtesy, be sad, be polite—now watch this, "I'm so delighted to see you, Mrs. White." There—how's that for a perfect lady?

Mrs. White: (*Laughing*) You will always be the same Helen (*Both laugh*). Well now take off your things and rest yourself. I'll go and call Fred.

Helen: My hair will all fall down if I do.

Mrs. White: Then come with me. We'll find a mirror, and then give Fred a surprise. (*Exeunt rear. Fred and Ray enter from outside.*)

Fred: Come in a minute, Ray. (*Calls*) Mother! I guess nobody's home. What do you say if we go for a ride?

Ray: It's all right with me.

Fred: (*Picking up newspaper*). Harry Lowes lands homer in the 13th. Lefty's long swat saves series for Seals. What do you know about that? 13 innings and then lands a home run!

Ray: (*Looking at paper*). Must have been some game. I'd like to have seen it.

Fred: Why didn't you go?

Ray: Can't afford the time just now.

Fred: (*Sarcastically*). Oh yes, you are a very busy man, aren't you?

Ray: Yes, and I'm going to keep busy, too. The boss treated me mighty swell today.

Fred: How?

Ray: Ten-dollar raise. (*Triumphantly*). And he said if I'd keep it up I'd make a place with the firm.

Fred: (*Tosses his head*). Oh well, you've got a stand in with the old man. He's always treated me rotten enough.

Ray: Come on, Fred, you can make good if you try. Howell will be dead square with you if you give him a chance.

Fred: Oh, you are going to start preaching to me, are you?

Ray: No. (*Turns away from him.*) Well, if we're going down town, let's be moving.

Fred: All right. (*Takes a "fake" cigarette from pocket and offers it to Ray.*) Here, want a "Fag?"

Ray: No! And I don't see why you use them.

Fred: All right, little sister, all right—but don't quarrel with me.

(*Lights match and holds it under cigarette, starts for door. Ray has already gone out. Enter Mr. White followed by Mr. Howell.*)

Mr. White: (*Calls.*) Fred—is that you? Just a minute.

Fred: (*Takes cigarette in right hand and hides it behind him.*) Yes, (*Calls*) I'll be out in a minute, Ray. (*To Mr. White.*) What is it?

Mr. White: Do you know Mr. Howell?

Fred: (*Takes off his hat with his left hand.*) Yes sir.

Mr. White: Mr. Howell and I have been talking things over, and he has told me some things which astonish me. There is no use beating around the bush. We might as well come right to the point. Mr. Howell tells me there are discrepancies in your accounts.

Fred: In my accounts? I've always turned them in straight.

Mr. White: Are you absolutely sure of that, my boy?

Fred: Yes.

Howell: Fred, here is a receipted bill from Mr. Harms. This is your signature is it not? Did you turn that in?

Fred: (*Stands defiant for a moment, and then breaks down*) No; I collected it all right, but that night I went out with the boys, and lost it in a game. I've tried to make it up, but everything has been against me, and I couldn't do it.

Mr. Howell: I know how it is, Fred. But I'm going to give you another chance. This is just between us three—no one else need know. I'll make up the money and you can pay me. We'll just forget the whole matter. Come on, boy—give me your hand.

Fred: (*Hesitates and shows signs of uneasiness because of the cigarette*).

Mr. Howell: I know just how you feel about it. (*Reaches for Fred's arm. Fred drops the cigarette, and Howell takes his hand. Howell picks it up.*) No! You don't use cigarettes? (*Steps back astonished*).

White: I had never dreamed of that.

Howell: That makes it different. I don't know what I can do now. That's too much of a handicap. You are not Fred White any longer. You are a slave of the "Fag." Look, Fred—this is your boss, and you can't serve any other. (*Turns to Mr. White.*) Mr. White I am afraid I must re-consider—

Mother: (*Enters buoyantly because she thinks the men are still in the study*). Fred, I have a surprise for you.

Helen: (*Enters joyfully*). And I'm the surprise! (*Helen notes Fred's situation. He keeps his eyes on the floor away from her*).

Helen: Aren't you glad to see me? (*She turns to Mr. Howell and asks*): What is the matter? (*Goes to mother*).

Mr. Howell: Fred has been carrying his head in the clouds. His vision has been dimmed by the mist. He's "Fagged" out. But I think his feet are planted on solid earth again, and he'll come out alright—when the smoke clears away.

Fred: (*Goes to Mr. Howell and grips his hand.*) I'm going to try it, (*Turns to Helen*) and you are going to help me, aren't you? (*She takes his hand.*)

Curtain

The Dividing Line

By *Eva Navone*

"There's no one but Dan Slocum," said Sally Murdock, her lips tightening. "I must ask him, Henry. I can't do anything more." She stooped to fill the stove, and the firelight glowed on her delicate face.

On the bed in the corner a wild-eyed man arose on his elbow. "You shan't go—to him!" cried Henry Murdoch. "How can you think of it? That brute—that gorilla!"

Sally was calm and her pale lips were firm. "I can't help it. He's the only man within reach." She covered the stove and came distractedly into the middle of the room. The gathering twilight softened the crude cabin of the recent settlers, with its disorder of distress and its table by the window, standing as it had been left after Sally's hurried meal. "In a case of life and death one doesn't choose. Dan must be human—somewhere." A weak wail came from the cot near the stove, and the woman's face contracted. "I can't see Benny die!"

"You're over-anxious, Sally," said her husband, though anguish crossed his face. "You'd only make matters worse. Dan will curse you. And the cold night, with rain coming! Will exposure do the child any good? Besides, you'd be leaving me here alone and helpless."

"I'll put everything within your reach, dear." She was already busy with that duty. "I hate to leave you; but what else can I do? I know you'll be brave and patient."

Her husband's face retained its hard, stubborn look. "I haven't told you, but the day I won the lawsuit he threatened to kill me if he ever found me on his land."

"He won't kill me," declared Sally, borne on the exaltation of necessity.

"He'll rejoice in your distress. He'll insult you. If he consents to go with you, it would only be to do you and the child some evil. You mustn't go!" Murdoch sank down on his bed.

From Benny came the pathetic cry of a child in pain. Sally went to the cot and picked up the bundle of bare legs, freckled face and patched clothes that was her small son. She carried him to his father. "Look at him," she said. "Can you lie there and have him suffer through the night? Without help he won't live till I can reach Tacoma by the boat tomorrow night. I

know it! Let me go, Henry." In tears she knelt at his bedside, her hand reaching across the boy to grasp Henry's bony fingers.

Murdoch turned his hollow eyes on the child, and ran his hand gently over the quivering little form. He said nothing, but his face showed a profound struggle.

Sally rose and pinned a faded shawl across her shoulders. Her movements were jerky, and she looked about the room as if she could not recall what she had to do.

Henry looked up. "What are you putting on your shawl for?"

Unsteadily she went to the table, selected food and placed it with a pitcher of water on a chair beside the bed. "I'm going. I can't see him die."

"But it's useless. Dan will laugh at you—curse you."

Sally's eyes flashed anger. "Do you think a curse or a laugh will stop me?"

Again Murdoch struggled to his elbow. "Is it possible you don't know Dan Slocum? And it's going to be a bad night, with cold and rain, and rough water on the Sound. No man could row that distance in darkness and such weather."

Sally stood still and looked at her husband. The whimpering of the child had ceased, and only the crackling fire was heard while he glared at her. Determined, Sally went again to the table and got together bread and meat, which she thrust into the pockets of the house-dress she wore. From the cot she took a blanket, lifted the boy from the bed and wrapped him in it.

In helpless anger her husband looked on. "If I didn't have a broken leg you wouldn't defy me!"

"I'm sorry, Henry. If you weren't helpless, I'd not have to go against your will: you'd do what I'm going to ask Dan to do."

It had become too dark to see Murdoch's expression, but his wife knew that it must have been terrible. He lay down and turned his face to the wall. "I'll never forget this," he said bitterly.

Sally gathered Benny in her arms. "You don't seem to—realize. I'm doing right. Goodby." She paused at the door. "And don't worry, Henry. I'll be back on the boat tomorrow."

As Murdoch heard the door open he started up. "If you're going, take your coat!"

But she was already hurrying down the path. In her distraction she had not thought of herself; she had picked up the shawl which she was accustomed to putting on for her short errands out of doors.

Through the thick dusk she made her way across the un-

even clearing, stumbling over clods. Wild blackberry-vines clutched her flying skirt; more than once ferns and underbrush tripped her. She came to the boundary fence, over which her husband and Dan Slocum had all but broken each other's heads. Until now she had sympathized with her husband, but as she scrambled through the fence with her burden, tearing her clothes and hands on the barbed wire, property-rights became trivial in the face of a great need. She felt that Dan, too, must see that there was a time when dividing-lines went down.

Benny had sunk into unconsciousness; that was more terrifying than his pitiful cries. She staggered and her progress was slower. Slocum's ground was unfamiliar, and once she fell into a puddle. She managed to protect the child, but her own garments were splashed. Logs and briars hindered her. It was too dark to pick a way; she had to push on blindly.

Panting and almost exhausted, she approached Slocum's cabin, squatting among black stumps and wild bushes. She knocked on the wall twice before a tousled head surlily greeted her from the one window.

"What's wanted?" The voice was a bear's growl.

Struggling for breath, Sally gasped: "I'm Sally Murdoch. I want help—for little Benny. I'm afraid he's going to die."

The light of the kerosene lamp behind Dan set his square head in an aureole. Surprise and anger showed on his stern face. "Henry Murdoch's wife, eh?" Childishly he rubbed his eyes as if he had been dozing before his fire.

"You know Henry's in bed, crippled. And I must get Benny to Tacoma tonight. Something has come on him suddenly—I don't know what it is. I must see the doctor."

His manner barely human, Slocum leaned on the window ledge. "You can't. The boat won't come by till tomorrow afternoon." It was a stupid remark, for Sally knew as well as he.

"That's why I came." She struggled to shift her wearing burden. "You've got a rowboat."

Dan muttered oaths under his breath, and leaned out to peer down at the bedraggled woman. "It isn't possible!"

Her delicate face looked up out of the darkness. "Anything's possible when you're needing."

Like an ill-tempered dog he shook his head. "It isn't like rowing across the straits or down to Walton's Landing. Tacoma's a long way off."

Benny's dying, man! I'll go, too—I've got strong arms and I'll take my turn." She was suddenly wild with desperation. "In normal times there are dividing lines—what can be

done, and what can't. There's a boundary line, too, when it comes to what one may ask—"

With a snort of disdain he checked her. "Wait," he growled, and withdrew from the window.

There was a bumping within, the door squeaked as it was thrown open, and Slocum's powerful figure, with dark unkempt hair and reddish beard, red-shirted, his corduroy trousers thrust into the tops of heavy boots lurched down the steps. He held the lamp well up and rumbled to himself. His face was a battleground of hatred and whatever humane instincts were in him. Her features working, Sally approached.

On the bottom step Slocum paused. He was as rugged as stone; Sally as fragile as the ferns about them. A gust of wind sucked the flame up the chimney, washing it with smoke.

Dan twisted his head rather than shook it. "You're excited, woman. No use. Take the boat tomorrow."

Sally regarded him imploringly and began to tremble—to weep. She had not meant to, for she despised tears; but exhaustion and dread broke her restraint. "Tomorrow will be too late!"

"Well, well!" he roughly said. "Let's see." Still holding the lamp high, he reached his gnarled hand out toward the bundle in the woman's arms. She aided his fumbling effort at turning back the blanket from the pallid little face. From arm's-length Dan peered over, and Sally saw his surliness relax.

"Take the lamp." He thrust it into her hand, clumsily took the child from her and went up the steps and into the cabin, Sally following. She set the lamp on his table. The child whimpered. Dan looked down keenly at him. The whimper became a wail, and Benny struggled and called for his mother. Timidly she approached, her eyes puzzling and beseeching.

"Leave him be," commanded the man. "You're worn out now."

Benny, becoming aware of the ferocious face bending over him, and of the deep rumbling voice, showed terror.

"Keep still, sonny; it's all right." She touched his brow.

Benny closed his eyes to shut out the horror.

Sally took a glance round the room. Slocum's cabin was rougher than hers, and more meagerly furnished. Where hers made some truce with comfort, his contained merely the frank implements of a rude life. It was starkly a place where no woman was.

Dan's attention was on her. "Why didn't you put on some warm clothes?"

She looked down; her nervous slender hands passed over the front of her dress and pulled the old shawl together. "I didn't think. I'm all right."

"Sit down," said Dan.

With a quick upward glance she obeyed, and he returned the boy to her arms.

He stumped about, rummaging among the garments which hung on the walls, his heavy step jarring the timbers of the cabin. He got into a heavy coat and threw another across a chair. From his bunk he took a blanket, and lifted a lantern from its peg behind the stove and lighted it. All was done in silence, his face set in grim unfriendliness.

Sally watched him, and, convinced now that he meant to help her, began to croon over the child.

Sourly Dan pulled on his shapeless hat and stood awkwardly, lantern in hand. "If you're going to Tacoma you'd better come on," he snapped.

She started and wiped her eyes, into which weak tears of reaction had come.

His face became almost blank as he set the lantern on the table, picked up the coat from the chair and brought it to her. "Put it on," said he, and reached for the child, this time more carefully.

Without speaking, Sally rose and obeyed.

"You carry the lantern and the blanket," he gruffly ordered.

He puffed out the lamp and stalked to the door. Down the steps he clumped ahead of her while she pulled the squeaking door shut and followed. Dan's immense coat had a way of slipping off her shoulders and encumbering her feet. She caught it up and hurried to walk beside him, anxiously seeking to handle the lantern in the best way to light his progress. The narrowness of the path made her walking uncomfortable.

"Stay behind; I can see," he said.

She kept slightly to one side, so that the light should still seek out the dim way ahead of his feet. Her thought of Henry, helpless and angry on his bed, and of his warning that Dan would only do injury, returned. But as she crept along behind Dan's massive figure she was timid, yet not afraid; unable to comprehend him, but upborne by trust. Every time he spoke, the rumble of his voice made her start, but she was not afraid—not even of the savage light burning in his dark eyes.

Suddenly he halted and faced her. "Who's taking care of your husband?"

"Nobody. I left everything handy."

He was absorbed in swift and searching reflection. "Set the lantern down and take the child."

She did so, wondering.

"Wait here," he commanded, and plunged off the trail.

Instantly the darkness engulfed him, but for a time she heard him crashing through the shrubs. Those sounds died, and Sally stood trembling in a vast silence, with only a small circle of light on the ground at her feet. Had Slocum gone to do injury to her husband? That was a foolish thought, but this was a night of doubt. At last came the sound of a heavy boot kicking a door in the distance and Dan's rough voice calling some one. A thinner masculine voice gave a faint muffled answer. There came the scraping of a shaky, dragging door, and sharp indistinguishable words, followed by the sickening sound of a blow on flesh, the sodden fall of something heavy and soft, a strangled moan, a hoarse voice bellowing, "Get up, you——," with curses. Muffled speech ensued, then silence, and Sally's heart was driving wild blood into her storming ears. Murdoch's cabin was too far away; the man whom Dan was engaging could not be he. She sank down on a log.

With the abruptness of an apparition Slocum stood before her.

"I'll take him," and Benny was again in his arms before Sally could quite comprehend. "Pick up the lantern and come on," he impatiently commanded.

Down the muddy path toward the water Dan plowed; Sally, struggling with her unshaped terror, picked her way behind him. The night was like dusky velvet, in which trees and shrubbery were merely blacker masses, for the sky was overcast, threatening rain; but sometimes a star forced a ray through. At last Sally heard the lapping of water, and at the edge of the beach they stopped. Dan's boat lay rhythmically grating against a crude landing. They stepped jerkily into it.

"Sit in the stern," he directed, and roughly steadied her to the seat. After placing the boy on her lap he used remarkable deftness in wrapping the blanket about her feet and knees, and then swung the tiller to her free hand. "You'll have to steer. Do you know how?"

She nodded, gazing into his face, upon which the full lantern light now shone. He did not have the look of a man who might have recently slain a fellow-being.

He quickly turned, made sure that the oars were aboard, fumbled with the painter, and pushed off. Like a clumsy Newfoundland dog he floundered to the thwart and took up the oars. Under his prodigious arms the boat shot out into the Inlet for a heading down the Sound.

A part of Sally's brain, detached from her maternal anguish, gave consideration to her companion. He was very strange,

and, though repelling he fascinated her. Perhaps he was afraid, yet brave. Was courage not that? With amazement and thankfulness she looked on his strength as he faced her above the faint glow from the bottom of the boat. By love of her child she was set apart from fear, but if she had been in Dan's place her flesh would have tingled with an apprehension almost childish; for the dark night, the long and treacherous waterway ahead, the ominous sky, held tangible menaces. If a storm should come up and send the water tumbling they might never reach the city; they might lose their way; Dan's strength might give out. It would certainly be a hard night. She thought that beneath his savagery Dan must cherish a sort of fierce delight in the struggle. Deep in his isolated heart, in which lived hatred for her husband, he must be glad to do and risk for her and her child.

Yet the bulky smudge which was Slocum held her frightened into silence. Once he growled back at her to mind her steering, and she bent her attention to his sharp directions. Though he was doing his best to help her he wanted no speech with her; she was the wife of the man he would kill if—

At last she must break the silence. Benny's stillness alarmed her more than his crying had. "The moon will be up directly," she said. They were the first words she had spoken.

Dan looked toward the east and made no response.

The air was cold but soft. Dark clouds were racing above them, although fortunately the surface of the water was breathless. Before long the waning moon came, a yellow disk pushing up above the line of the Cascades. Often Dan glanced at it climbing the sky, sliding behind hurrying clouds, and looking at itself in the quivering mirror of the Sound. After a time he rested on his oars, slumped in his seat and breathed heavily.

"Let me row," Sally offered.

He raised his head to look at her. "Do you know how?"

"A little."

"Not strong enough. Keep your kid warm. Mind your steering."

Two silent hours passed. One by one he peered round at the projecting spits of land, each so like the others that at times he had to stop and study the landscape to get his bearings. She had already discovered that he depended more on his rowing than on her steering to maintain his direction. She had lost all sense of orientation; it made their situation the more weird and distressing to her. Completely lost and in this man's hands, she had not imagined that the journey would hold so much ache and terror. Once she saw that Dan himself had mistaken the way—or had it been she with an unwary slip of the tiller?—and the bottom dropped out of her universe. But he only

brightened into alertness, studied the surroundings and put about. Her heart grew sick with the delay, and she leaned forward with tense concern, as if she would send the force of her eagerness to help him. At last he picked up the course again.

"Was that my fault—getting lost?" she timidly asked.

His answer was a meaningless grunt.

Before long he began to rest oftener and sag more deeply.

Across the moon heavier clouds scurried. Rain began to fall. In the midst of their discomfort Sally thought of the food she had thrust into her pockets. "I've brought something to eat," she called. "Rest awhile." He obeyed while she struggled with her wrappings.

Keeping very little of the food for herself, she passed the rest to him. He accepted it without thanks and ate greedily in noisy gulps, like a starved dog.

"How's the boy?" he asked.

With a start Sally noted that his voice was different and wavering. "He moves sometimes, but he doesn't speak—Benny, child, don't you know your mother?—Yes? Now—"

Slocum suddenly changed to his brutal note: "Let him alone. Do you want to start him howling?" Angrily he took up the oars.

It was a long and dreary task for both. Sally knew that Dan was suffering, and that even his great strength was wearing down alarmingly. She was eager to help, but recalled the scorn with which he had refused her offer.

"You're using yourself up for us," she finally was forced to say. "I hadn't any idea it would be so hard and take so long. Please, please, let me try!"

"Stay where—you are," Dan panted. "This is a man's job."

"Rest a little more, then," she pleaded.

"Time's valuable," he protested. "Benny's whimpering."

"How are you standing it?" She was trying to hush the child.

Dan merely shrugged.

"Are you cold?"

"What's the use of talking?" he snarled in a sudden outburst of resentful impatience, and began pulling dully on the oars.

Sally's heart contracted. She could not understand how she had found the temerity to ask so much of this man. It hadn't been for herself; she would rather have died than make him suffer so much for her. She wondered if he understood—if he knew the fierceness and the unselfish cruelty of a mother's heart.

The boat stumbled on, and Sally sat dumb with despair. She no longer strained her eyes ahead; she was reduced to a shivering, suffering heap, and held the tiller uncertainly.

"What's the matter?" Dan shot at her, making her start. "Mind your steering."

She doggedly bent to it. Dan struggled on.

It seemed to her almost morning, but in reality it was only a little while after midnight that lights began to blink cheerfully at them afar through the drizzling rain.

"Thank God, there's Tacoma ahead!" cried Sally, and raised the child higher in her arms.

Dan grunted.

Slocum's boat crept along the piling under the shadow cast by the dock from an arc-light some distance back from the water. Sally was eagerly noting the electric points stretching up the heights of Tacoma from the beach-levels of the Sound. After a trying delay—there was something strange in the unsteady slowness with which Dan searched the piles—a ladder was found. With intolerable tardiness and fumbling Dan tied his craft to a pile.

The climb to the dock-floor was short, but Sally marveled at the time required by Dan to make in, in the chilling mist to which the drizzle had fallen. As he emerged above the stringer which anchored the heavy planking he looked about, fixed his attention on something toward shore and hoarsely bellowed:

"Hi, there!"

A muffled answer came.

"Telephone for an ambulance! Sick child—mother—hospital! Hurry!"

The only audible response was the uncanny flinging back of his voice by warehouses, but he appeared to be satisfied. With incredibly slow caution he drew himself up on the dock, lurched dangerously near the edge, steadied himself, turned, lay flat on his stomach and called to Sally as he hung his long arms down toward the boat:

"Hold him up."

That was not easy, and was terrifying, for she had no practiced footing in a swaying boat. Dan seized the child when she had waveringly raised him, and squirmed back with him beyond her vision. She grasped a ladder-rung, hoping that Dan would reappear and assist her, and fearing to attack her dark and slippery task unaided; but he did not; and a heavy fall, followed by a strange stillness and then a piercing scream from Benny, sent sufficiency to her quivering body. She clutched, clung, slipped, fought blindly and finally floundered breathless over the stringer. Benny his wrappings dragged away, sat staring in whimpering terror at the big bulk of a man sprawled

silent and still on his back, his hat fallen, the white pinched face—hardly recognizable as Dan Slocum's—upturned to the iridescent arc-lighted mist.

Exhausted by her many anxieties and her long stumbling walk from Walton's Landing, where she had left the steamer, Sally, two days away from her helpless husband, flung the door open and stood eagerly before him. He started up on his elbow his eyes wide.

"Sally! Where's Benny?"

Her hand went to her breast and she sank to the floor beside his bed. She took his hand while she looked with a brave smile into his face. "All right," she said, almost panting. "There was a small operation. I left him at the hospital, and came as soon as I dared to see how you—"

She glanced around—at the neat bed, at the perfectly appointed table alongside it, at the stove with its comforting fire and something savory cooking on the top—in a moment she had taken in a rounded care equal to her own.

"Henry, who has been taking care of you?"

"Siwash Pete." Henry was smiling into her face and caressing her cold trembling hands.

"Pete!" Sally began struggling to her feet as she tore at her wraps. "How did he—?"

The grim old Indian himself, silent, kindly, startled her as he humbly confronted her in the door, which he softly closed.

"Pete! It was you who came and took care of my husband?"

He nodded.

Sally was confused; her warm, sweet lips fell apart. "Who told you I was going away? It was dark and your shack is off the path—you couldn't have seen me going from Slocum's to the water."

Dan Slocum tell me. T'ree ni' ago, w'en he tek you Tah-co-mah." He recalled something, and covered the left side of his face with an expansive paw.

Nothing escaped Sally. She darted to him, snatched his hand down, and discovered a swollen and discolored jaw. "What did that?" she demanded, gripping the hand she had dislodged, and groping in the fog of her recollections.

The Siwash drew away and struck an attitude with a dignity that failed to mask his embarrassment. "Dan Slocum, he leaf you on trail. He come my shack. He wake me, kick my door, bellow like bull. Me come door. He say, 'Hen'y Muddoch leg broke. His wife, seek chile, me tek Tah-co-mah dis ni'. Her be gone two-t'ree day. You go tek care Muddoch teel her come back, damn 'im!'" The Siwash exploded the expletive, and paused. "Me come."

"But your face, Pete! How was it hurt?"

"Me fall," but his eyes wavered under hers.

"Tell me the truth, Pete!"

His dignity went upon the winds, and he turned and rocked toward the stove.

She pursued him. "Tell me the truth!"

As he stirred something that simmered pleasantly he said: "Me 'sleepy, tire'. Me say, 'No can go. Seek.'—Him hit me jaw, knock me down. Cuss me—Me come." The Siwash gently rubbed his jaw with his left hand.

With a glowing face Sally smilingly approached her husband's bed. "Dan was wonderful, Henry—a knight from an old book on chivalry. Have you heard how he is? He collapsed on the dock, unconscious, when we reached Tacoma. It had been an awful trip. I took him in an ambulance to the hospital with Benny. They said he was a sick man, but he escaped yesterday. Has he come home?"

Murdoch avoided her eyes. "Ask Pete. He's taking care of both Dan and me."

She went to the Siwash and seized his arm. "How is Dan?"

This time the old man was steady. "Vair seek. Vair weak. Een bed." Pete tapped his skull. "He say all time, 'Sal-lee, Sal-lee, eef her come nuss me leetle bit me get well ker-week. Don' you tell her, Pete, damn you!"

Sally was touched and thrilled. She turned to her wondering husband, a radiance about her. "You see, Henry, there is no dividing line after all, when it comes to the common things of humanity." Swiftly she donned her wraps in the glow of the adoration in Murdoch's face.

He weakly expostulated: "Surely you're not going to him, dear! You're worn out with the strain and loss of rest."

"I've never felt more able to help than now," she smilingly returned.

She caught his hand and kissed it, and, though there were tears in her eyes, they were merely a part of her exaltation. She looked with a passionate yearning at her husband, kissed him and turned to the door, having seen that he no longer hated Slocum.

"Poor little Benny, I know he's crying for me. I know you want me, too. But now I must go to Dan Slocum. I'll see you in the morning. And after this we won't think so much of the boundary line."

San Francisco, Cal.

God's Need of Man

By President B. H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy

And God made the beasts of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the earth after his kind; and God saw that it was good.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it. * * *

And God saw everything that he had made and, behold, it was very good. Genesis, I.

I

The account of the creation of man by God, is used in beginning the discussion of the subject, God's need of man, because it must be quite evident that God had need of man, or why his creation? One must either concede some necessity for the creation of man, some need God had for him, or charge Deity, in such a capital matter, as having created an unnecessary thing. Man's very existence, then, since God created him, or begot him, is strong evidence that God needed man.

One does not need to search far for reasons why God had need of man. The most obtrusive reason is found in the fact that God needed man to round out to completion his creative work in the earth. To what purpose had God created the earth and all things in it, if man had not been created? How meaningless everything else that was created would be without man! High mountain range and expansive ocean; rolling hills with verdure clad, and the level plain of fertile soil; rivers, brooks, lakes, forests, flowers, sunrise, sunsets: the moon, the stars; whispering winds, the gentle showers; the rising and ebbing tides; the spring's bright freshness, the summer's glowing warmth, the fruitful autumn, "grim," but restful, winter—all these things without man would doubtless be as beautiful and enchanting as now, but who would appreciate them? Who would be enraptured of them? Who enjoy them, if man was

*A companion article, "Man's Need of God," appeared in the July number of the *Era*.—Editors.

not on the earth? He alone of all the creatures in the world is capable of marking their beauty, or feeling grateful for these varied things, and the mighty changes that take place in nature. He alone is capable of looking up through these things of nature to nature's God.

He alone of all the creatures of the world is capable of aspiring to comprehension of God, and to companionship with him. Remove man from the earth, and what does it matter that day and night follow each other? That seed time and harvest time come and go? What does it matter that the horse has strength, or the bee skill to hive the sweets of the flowers? What matters the song of birds and the perfume of the woodlands in which they sing? What does it matter that the earth has extensive coal fields, and under ground oil lakes? Or seams of gold and silver, and stores of precious gems? Of what use would all these things be, had man never been created? Of no use, must be the answer; to no purpose, all this creative energy, unless man comes to crown the work, and give it meaning and purpose. Undoubtedly all nature was created for man, and man for God. Otherwise considered, the creation is meaningless, and void; if to man the created world would be meaningless without God, even more so to God would the created world be incomplete and without objective and purpose without man.

When God had completed the creation of the earth and all that was in it, save only man, he "*saw that it was good*" (Gen. 1:25); but when he had created man, male and female created he them, and thus crowned his work, then "God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, *it was very good*" (Gen. 1:31); for then surely it was completed. He unto whom dominion over it was to be given, had come into his heritage; he for whom it had been created was in possession, and "*it was very good.*"

God, then, needed man for the completion and the glory of his creation of earth and all things therein: for his glory, through man, were they created.

II

The chief evidence, however, that God has need of man is found in the nature of God, the prime factor of which nature is love. So pronounced is this attribute of the divine nature that one writer of holy writ, without qualification, has said: "God is love." And further he said: "He that loveth not, knoweth not God," and in this was manifest the love of God towards men, because that God sent his Only Begotten Son into the world, that men might live through him. "Herein is love," continues this apostle, "not that we loved God, but that he

loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." (I John 4:10.)

This attribute of the Divine nature, love, implies the necessity of an object for it: and it also pre-supposes a worthy object; one capable of responding in kind, for perfect love is made up of giving as well as receiving. Otherwise he who gives love would go unrequited, and there is nothing more bitter in sorrow than unrequited love. It must be mutual in giving and receiving in order that it may be wholly blessed.

It is written in the creation story of Genesis that after God had created out of the ground every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, they were brought to Adam to see what he would call them; but for this lord of the new creation, Adam, there was not found an helpmeet, a suitable companion, and so one was made for him, and worthy of him, woman: kindred to himself in nature and dignity; different from him, yet like; and fit for love and companionship; complement of him as he of her, making completed man—male and female, as God created them. Completed man is plural.

If for man among the inferior creatures there was none fitted by near equality with him for that close companionship that would make the creation for him "very good," then we may fearlessly conclude that in all the creatures below man there was none worthy of God for closest companionship, intellectually or spiritually. Nothing that he could love supremely and be loved by supremely in return, and with the spirit and with the understanding. Nothing that approached to nearness of image or likeness; or that was of the same nature with himself. Nothing like him in these creations lower than man, there was with those creatures no basis for the fellowship of the spirit and of the mind; nothing that could respond to the nature of God. Nor could God love gases, or merely mechanical forces. These were but insentient powers, without mind qualities, and of importance only as they could be used to affect the purposes of God in the works of creation, and in the maintenance of that creation.

For God, then, there was no suitable companion in the created creatures or forces lower than man; hence man was created for God; in the very image and likeness of God was he created; for union and communion with God; for companionship and for fellowship, based upon the existence of mutual characteristics, and attributes. These perfect in God, in man imperfect, but capable of development, and by such development at last approaching perfection, man shall become worthy of God's fellowship and of God's love.

That God loves man, is evident in all the creation. It will not require argument that the earth and the fulness thereof was

made for man. That is sufficiently self-evident. And throughout the creation are the evidences of God's care and love for man. He has ever been mindful of him. Truly in the language of the Psalmist, he has crowned man "with glory and honor." He made him to have dominion over the works of his hands, and has put all things under his feet. "All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea." (Psalms 8.) All through the revealed word of God, also, God's love for man is an ever recurring refrain, and God is ever seeking means to express it. Lastly and supremely it was expressed through the mission of the Christ: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.)

The counterpart of this, according to the burden of the revealed word of God, is to awaken love in man for God. Having chosen Israel through whom to express his purpose in human life and his relationship to men, God asks: "And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee but * * * to walk in his ways, *and to love him.*" (Deut. 10:12.) "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" (Deut. 11:1) is the repeated love-hunger-cry of God through the Old Testament; and it becomes the dominant note in the New Testament, reaching its climax in the supreme message of the Christ in summing up the whole law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment." (Matt. 22:37.)

This proclaims God's need of man—God's love-hunger. To love, and to love supremely. To be loved, and to be loved supremely. This the desire of God and of man. This the bond of their union. This the glory and the joy of each, when attained.

What a dignity is here for man! To be needed of God! To be loved by him! To be the desired companion of the Creator! To have fellowship with him! To be co-laborer with him in achieving his high purposes in creation; and in the redemption and in the sanctification of the human race! This surely is worth while. Worth existence, and effort and sacrifice—worth everything. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. * * Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him [i. e. fellowship and companionship with God] purifieth himself, even as he is pure." (I John 3:1-3.)

L'Envoi

*Man's Need of God!
God's Need of Man!*

These two subjects of my present writing: The equal values of a perfect whole. Reciprocal conditions of the Finite, and the Infinite. They lead to man's quest of God; and to God's creation and salvation of man. Man's glory to find God and to form and maintain a perfect union with him. God's work and glory to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life and joy of man.

Man attains his glory by union with God, because in that union with God he finds the completeness of his life, and harmonious relations with all that is; and hence reaches the highest development obtainable.

God finds his glory in bringing to pass the immortality and eternal life of man, because in so doing he makes it possible to have an object worthy of his love—worthy of his companionship—and thus satisfies his deep yearning for love—to love, and to be loved by man, in return. In that love both God and man find incentive to action. To action that spells progress—progress that means growth, the one thing alone which can satisfy intelligences and make existence itself worth while.

Live Well Today

It matters now how well you plan the morrow—
How many kindly deeds you think you'll do,
Or how you hope to cheer the ones who sorrow—
Tomorrow—when you've nothing else to do.

It cannot help you much to sit repining
Because of wasted hours you can't recall.
You'll never help the world by constant sighing;
The past is gone forever after all.

The thing that really counts is "Are you living
The very best that you can live today?
By being cheerful, helpful, and forgiving,
To those you find in need upon life's way.

Determined to Work

By Will Dobson

To almost every young man of this western country there comes a time in life when he must have money but can no longer go to his father for it. He must have a job. His father may be able and willing to provide one for him. More likely not.

When this time comes it is not enough that the young man be willing to work. He must be determined. He must not merely wait and wish for the job; he must go out after it. He must do more than ask if there is an opening; he must use his eyes and brains in seeing what needs doing, and then show his prospective employer in a convincing way that the job does need doing and that he himself is the one to do it. He must be determined. Determination convinces and persuades where mere willingness has no effect. Determination is the original self-starter for which there is no substitute.

It is the story of Young John Edmonds that set me going along this line. The reader probably knows of other cases just as inspiring and strengthening to the backbone, but it will do no harm to read of John. Whatever may be your opinion of the story, as a story, it has at least the merit of being absolutely true.

When John came to that time when he must have a job, there was no father to provide it for him. His mother was a poor widow with five smaller children to support. John had always been a good worker for his mother, but now it was time to get out and plan his own course. No worse time could have been chosen for the ordeal. Our valley was in the grip of what was called the "Cleveland hard times."

The crisis was ushered in by the death of the family cow. She had broken into a neighbor's alfalfa field with the usual result. "Jack," as we called him always, skinned the carcass and took the hide to the storekeeper. Merchant Henderson made it his practice to trade merchandise for hides, and was the only hide buyer the valley afforded. But he told Jack he was not buying hides any more. Being, as I have said, determined, Jack argued the case. Finally Henderson, out-talked, led the stubborn boy out to a big shed back of the store.

"See!" he waved his hand, "where could I put another hide?"

"Well, but—"

"But nothing. I can't sell one. I can't give one away; and they're spoiling on my hands. They're a dead loss. Now do you see that I don't want any more?"

So Jack had to give in at last and miserably shuffle home again with "Blossom's" unappreciated hide. But he was not through yet. He had at home a wonderful book that called itself *One Thousand Practical Formulas*. A book agent had hypnotized his mother into taking it, but no one of the family had ever read much in it. That evening Jack surprised the family by getting this book down and reading with an amazing diligence. At last he slapped his knee with a satisfied whack.

"I knew it was here: I got it!" was his cryptical exclamation.

"Now what?" his mother asked.

"It's a pickle for hides. It can be used on green or dry hides, and they'll keep indefinitely. I guess that must mean for years."

"Well, I'm sure we don't want to keep Blossom's hide for years," his mother objected. "What we want is to sell it. We need the storepay."

"Well, but ma," Jack protested, "I'm going to pickle all Brother Henderson's hides for him so they won't spoil on his hands. Then he'll buy our hide. Besides I'll have a job for awhile, anyhow."

Henderson was doubtful when Jack explained the virtues of the pickling preparation, but Jack was not to be turned away. He went home and prepared some of the mixture and tried it on Blossom's hide. Then he took the hide and showed the skeptical storekeeper. Before he was through he had won consent to treat the shedful of hides and pelts. That was his first job, and it was much more profitable than pleasant, you may be sure.

By the time he had finished pickling hides another job presented itself. He was hired to help drive a bunch of steers to the railroad, more than a hundred miles away. The steers were driven all day, then must be herded all night. On this trip Jack's willingness was taken advantage of most shamefully. Not only did the lazy punchers give him the hardest of the work in daylight, but he was given a double dose at night. The night was divided into four watches. Jack's was the third. Jack was the only one who did not have a watch. So he was to be called up at two o'clock in the morning and stand guard until the morning star came up. But guard number two figured out a scheme to avoid loss of sleep. As soon as called up he would simply turn his watch on to two o'clock and march over to Jack's bed and get him up, showing him the fake time.

It was considered a good joke, and was told on him with

great enjoyment on the way back from the railroad. But it was no joke for Jack, for the overload coupled with exposure to some extremely bad weather, left him in a condition where he should have been under a doctor's care.

However, three days after he arrived home, another job was offered. He told his mother he hadn't time to be sick. The county was sending a force to work out ten thousand dollars on a road through a canyon ninety miles from home and in a very lonely and desolate country. In spite of his mother's objections, Jack went with the road crew. He said the trip would make him well. He did get better on the way. But pick and shovel work proved too hard for him in his condition. In a week he was so stiff from rheumatism and so weak and full of pain, that the other hands insisted on taking turns carrying him from work to the ranch house a half-mile away where the road crew boarded. There came a morning when he had to admit himself whipped. He couldn't get into his overalls, but had to go back to bed. He told me afterwards that this nearly broke his heart. He had never been tied down to a bed before. He had been at one time champion wrestler in our crowd as well as one of its fastest sprinters. But his determination was still on the job. His brain was as active as ever.

There were three families on the ranch, with thirteen children in all. Jack had heard of the failure of rancher Kennedy to find a teacher for their little school that year. He had been offering fifty dollars a month and board, good pay in those days. When Kennedy came in at the noon hour to offer sympathy and help to the invalid, what was his consternation to have the half dead Jack demand the job of teacher. With his usual determination, too, he held to his demand until he won out. It was a week before he was able to get out and stagger over to the log granary which served as a schoolhouse. But the county superintendent visited that school before the year was out, and though Jack had never had special training for the work, the superintendent recommended him for the school for the coming year. The children, too, as well as their parents, begged him to promise to come next year. But when he went home another job took his attention.

There was an old dilapidated telegraph line to the home settlement which a big telephone company had bought and made into a telephone line. But it was going to pieces, and the big company did not consider it worth the needed repairs. So word was sent to the people of the town that the company would no longer maintain the line. The company offered to sell the whole line, eighty miles long, for a hundred dollars, in case the citizens wanted to take it over and maintain it rather than be

cut off from the world. A meeting of the citizens was called, but it accomplished nothing more than to roast that hard-hearted telephone company. Nobody wanted the old line.

Jack happened to go to the meeting. He had been reading about telephones. The subject interested him. He looked for the use of them to spread far and wide in a few years. When the citizens dispersed without arranging to buy that line, he resolved to buy it. He had only twenty dollars towards it, and no security. But he went out next morning determined to borrow the rest. It was a long day, but not long enough to borrow eighty dollars. Many men listened until he came to the purpose for which he wanted the money. But they thought he was crazy.

However, Jack was at it again next morning. There was a stubborn old Scotchman in the town with all the traits of thrift and penny-counting for which the Scotch are famed. He had the money, but had never been known to let go of any. But Jack worked on his stubbornness and finally made the loan. He made the old man think he was in for a fight with the whole settlement if he loaned the money. This roused the old man's fighting blood, as Jack had planned.

This was the beginning of Jack's real success. That old line grew to cover two counties, with phones in nearly every home. Today Jack has to his credit the creation of one of the best farms in his valley from what was discarded as waste land—two hundred acres of productive soil. Two big irrigation systems were engineered and made successful through his leadership. He has been a builder of roads and homes, and active in all civic improvement. But the only achievement of which he will boast is his fine family. He says he won his mate by being determined. So again let us insist: it isn't enough to be willing. It is necessary to be determined.

Cedar City, Utah

During Vacation Days

Scatter seeds of kindness while on your vacation, by not only talking of your regard for animal life, but by giving some practical demonstration of your interest. You may thereby interest others in this cause of mercy and justice.

Whether you own a horse or not, it is your duty to remonstrate with a driver who overdrives or abuses his horse in any way. Help him by advice or kindly suggestion.

It is true economy to give a cow plenty of good, wholesome food. Horses and cows will enjoy better health and do better work if they are well groomed every day.

Picked For a Winner

By Frank R. Arnold

In the selection of Dr. F. S. Harris as president of the Brigham Young University, the trustees have made the wisest choice within their power. They know he will make good in the future, just as he has done in the past, because this is the second time he has been picked for a winner. He is one of the first fruits of that admirable system, inaugurated by Dr. Widtsoe, many years ago, to which the state of Utah owes so many of its leading teachers and scholars. In order to supply the State Agricultural College with a strong, permanent faculty he used to advise young men of parts to do graduate work at some eastern university and at the same time he would promise them a college position when they had attained the necessary scholarship. His ability to recognize merit was quick to see that these men had the qualities that make for success, and he knew that since they were Utah men their native state would reap the permanent benefit of their advanced training. This is one reason why Utah colleges are perhaps the most inbred in the land, but it is also a reason why the turnover in their teaching force is so small. It was to further this system that Dr. Harris was selected, one might even say set apart, to become the leading agronomist of the state and his later work has justified the wise choice, for he has steadily shown himself of increasing usefulness to the state as a writer, educator, and agronomist, during his long service at the Agricultural College.

The position of college president is one of the most difficult to fill that is to be found in modern society. A college president must be a high type of business man, a man of character and spiritual force, a man of broad and varied scholarship, a man of ideas who can express them easily in public, a writer, a man of the world with pronounced social gifts and a man who is quick to recognize merit in others. It is because a college president needs all these qualities and because so few men possess them all, that so many presidential chairs are today filled with second-rate men and that at the present moment more than twenty American colleges are seeking leaders. Dr. Harris possesses many of these qualities and he will acquire others, for he is still young, and is an untiring, intelligent worker. Perhaps his greatest quality, as an educator is his



DR. FRANKLIN STEWART HARRIS

The new President of the Brigham Young University, who succeeds Dr. George H. Brimhall who was chosen President-Emeritus, and will have charge of the seminary work of the Church Schools.

broad interest in the entire field of scholarship. For him Cornell was a true university, not alone a place in which to do graduate work in agronomy, but also a place to come in contact with all the departments of learning. For years he has taken a keen interest in language work as well as in agronomy. He has even been known to drop into a Latin class once or twice a week just for the pleasure he took in the subject. He has probably the largest private library in the state of Utah. It contains over 5,000 volumes and is especially rich in works on travel and science. The distinguished visitor to Utah always gets a warm welcome from Dr. Harris, because, like Emerson, he looks on every meeting with a stranger as an event in his life. Dr. Harris is a poor society man and a good cosmopolitan in the fact that he would infinitely rather talk with his friends than dance or play cards with them. Not that he condemns dancing or any other legitimate social pleasure, but simply for him, as for the French, conversation is the most interesting of all games and there is more pleasure for him in sharpening his wits on those of his friends, in getting their point of view, in sitting at the feet of others and learning from them, than there is in the rather brainless and facile pastimes of ordinary society. And yet, in spite of these purely personal preferences, which a never disagreeably obtruded, Dr. Harris has probably more warm friends and interested acquaintances in all strata of Utah society than any man in the state. Being human he is naturally far from omniscient and yet there is no course offered at college which he could not conduct, for a few days if necessary, with great pleasure to himself and profit to those taught.

It is this universality of scholarly interest, this freedom from a narrow point of view, which has been the basis of Dr. Harris' success as an intellectual human being and which will be the very foundation stone of his success as a college president. Even without the gift of prophecy it is easy to see how he will go to work to make the Brigham Young University the leading religious university west of the Mississippi. First will come the urgent necessity of gathering around him the strongest faculty possible, and in this faculty he will require that the librarian be just as well trained and educated as the professor of English, the professor of history will be esteemed as highly as the professor of chemistry, and no man will be professor of music unless he knows something besides music. That same universality of knowledge which is his own greatest strength and glory will be the first requisite which he will demand of his co-workers. His whole career will be to show that the interrelation of all knowledge is the greatest of all knowledge and that the history of civilization is the most embracing, most satisfactory, most helpful of all sciences. It may take many years

of waiting, much putting-up with second and third rate teachers, much training and stimulating of ambitious young men, to gather this faculty together, but it is the goal that Dr. Harris will finally arrive at, if he is given a free hand, for he more than most knows that a true college is made up of teachers rather than of buildings and athletic fields.

It is also devoutly to be hoped that Dr. Harris will cause the same obsession for good teaching to pervade his normal school and characterize the high school teachers as well as those in the grades. Utah education in common with many other western states has always been weakest in the high school. The grades have done worthy foundation work and the colleges have often fittingly capped the educational structure, but in between is a stratum of far from solid rock. This is due mainly to the fact that too many teachers now-a-days are trained more in method than in subject matter, that few high school teachers have the broad grasp of their subject which comes from graduate work, and above all the high school has grown mushy and fiberless through a desire to establish a royal road to learning, based on athletics, manual training and courses from which all hard thinking, concentration, and need of memorizing have been removed. The training of the body and the acquiring of even a spongelike mind are admirable qualities, it is true, but they are not the only possible ones to be gained in a high school course, and the most valuable gift that the Brigham Young University normal school could bestow on the state is a model high school in which the teachers were masters of their subjects and the object of which would be to form alert, well informed citizens rather than bread winners. If all high schools are to become technical schools, why not call them so and do away with the hypocrisy of pretending that they stand for so-called higher education!

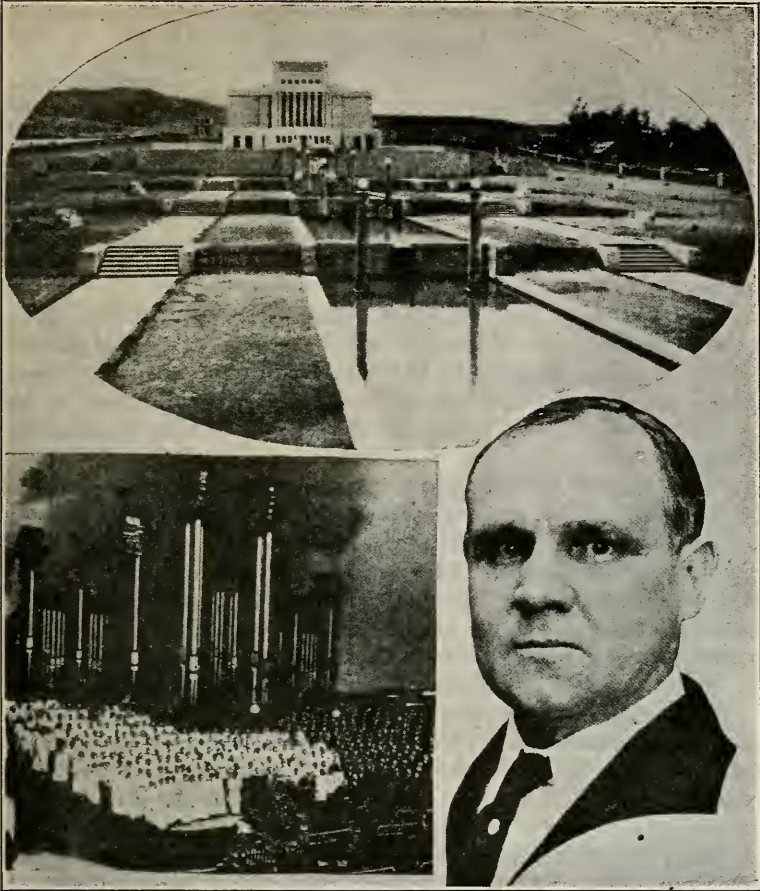
It is this freedom from hypocrisy which should be the main glory of every religious school. Church schools have no reason for existence unless they stand first and foremost for character, and all college character is based on intellectual honesty and the search for truth. In the ever changing, never ending educational struggle toward truth, Dr. Harris in his new position will be more of a leader than ever. As president of the B. Y. U. he will make the institution a worthy colleague of the State Agricultural College and the State University. Thus the state will be blest with the three most necessary types of higher learning; the college of the people, the university with its professional schools, and the small literary college which has ever been distinguished by its fostering care of the individual rather than of the masses, and thus has become the most devoted of alma maters.



**M. I. A. OFFICERS, LOCAL AND VISITING, AND THE GENERAL
BOARDS AT LIBERTY PARK .**

A most entertaining festival was conducted on Saturday afternoon in which there were light refreshments, group games under direction of Charlotte Stewart and Professor Griffiths; a demonstration by Bee-Hive girls; and dancing directed by Katherine Gabbott, of the Deseret Gymnasium.

Pictures show, (top), Dr. John H. Taylor, Scout Commissioner, with the Boy Scout "Yellow Pup" Troop 35 truck; (center), dancing on the green; (bottom), Scout Executive Oscar A. Kirkham, directing groups for some "stunt" or other.



*View of the Temple at Hawaii; the Tabernacle Choir and Organ;
Dr. Talmage*

“Mormon” Temporalities

*(From the Ford International Weekly, “The Dearborn Independent”)
By Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve*

[In the *Ford International Weekly*, the *Dearborn Independent*, for June 11, published at Dearborn, Michigan, there is an article on “‘Mormon’ Temporalities” by Dr. James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. As an explanation of the article, the following appears by the Editor of the *Independent*:

“The *Dearborn Independent* asked Dr. Talmage to prepare several articles on the activities of the ‘Mormon’ Church. As stated elsewhere, Dr. Talmage is a member of the Council of Twelve, but this fact must not be accepted as indicative of a desire, either on the part of Dr. Talmage or

this paper, to publish anything which may be regarded as of a propaganda nature. Not alone is Dr. Talmage high in the councils of the Church, but he is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which there are only seven members who are Americans. He is the only American holding life membership. As one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church he attended the Third World's Christian Citizenship Conference, in Pittsburgh, in November, 1919, at which time there was a discussion of 'Mormonism.'

The article is reproduced in the *Era* because of its general interest, both for our own people and for strangers.—*Editors.*]

Yes, of course, the "Mormon" Church is in business, and big business at that. Not alone in Salt Lake City, which is the seat of the presiding councils of the Church but in every city, town, and village wherein a "Mormon" community dwells there is outward and visible demonstration of church activity in material affairs.

The present nation-wide depression in building operations and in business generally is evident in the "valleys of the mountains," though less markedly than elsewhere. Chapels, tabernacles, amusement halls, and one temple are in course of erection; and plans for further construction of the kind now under examination in the office of the Church supervisor of buildings, approximate six millions of dollars in estimated cost.

Brief mention of the general plan of Church operation may be in place. Territorially the Church comprises missions and stakes. Where the Latter-day Saints have gathered in sufficient numbers, as in Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, Alberta (Canada) and Mexico, they are organized into Stakes of Zion; while the rest of the United States and other countries are districted into distinct missions. A mission comprises conferences, and these are subdivided into branches. Stakes are segregated into wards and branches, and of these subdivisions nearly a thousand have already been organized.

The ward is the territorial and community unit within the stake. At its head stands the bishopric, comprising a bishop and two other high priests known as the bishop's counselors. In lower order of authority are "quorums" of priests, teachers and deacons; and, as helps in government, the several auxiliary organizations are indispensable factors. These latter comprise the Relief Society, which is composed entirely of women; the Sunday school; separate institutions known as the Young Men's and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations; and the Primary Association for children; and the Religion Classes, which supplement the secular instruction of the public schools by lessons in morals, theology and religion.

This fragment of the elaborate and efficacious plan of church organization should be considered if "Mormon" activities are to be rightly understood.

From the establishment of "Mormondom" in the West, dating from the settlement of the pioneers in Salt Lake valley in 1847, the ward has been the social center of the people. Its building equipment has advanced from the single-room meetinghouse of the early days—usually constructed of logs or adobe—to the modern chapel of pressed brick or hewn stone, beautiful in architecture, with auditorium, vestry and numerous classrooms; and the adjoining amusement hall. Only religious services or class exercises closely related thereto are conducted in the chapel; all recreational activities of indoor character are provided for in the amusement hall. Attention is given to training in music, social dancing, dramatics, debating, forum work and pageantry; and in these as in Scouting for the young men, and "Beehive" work for the girls, systematic courses are conducted. The motion picture is a feature of ward recreation; and an effective censorship of subjects is exercised, whereby the films exhibited in the social centers are such as conform as nearly as possible to the Church standard of morals.

It should be added that the Church engages in no recreational work for profit, its sole purpose being to provide wholesome entertainment at cost; though "benefit" performances or exhibitions are allowed, the proceeds from which are applied to some local need, such as additional equipment, renovation of the amusement hall, beautifying of the grounds, and the like.

For stake assemblies commodious tabernacles have been erected; and for greater gatherings, as those of the general conferences of the Church, the great Tabernacle in Salt Lake City is used.

By architects and others the Salt Lake Tabernacle has been pronounced one of the most remarkable auditoriums ever constructed. Its structural plan is simple, comprising essentially a great dome supported by buttressed walls. It was in course of erection from July, 1864, to October, 1867. The building is 250 feet long, and 150 feet in greatest width. From floor to ceiling at the middle the distance is 70 feet; and the network of beams and trusses between ceiling and roof is 10 feet high. The immense dome-roof is of lattice construction and is self-sustaining, there being not so much as a single supporting pillar. More remarkable still, the roof is built entirely of wood and was originally constructed without nails or metal spikes. The enormous beams and trusses were held together by wooden pegs and rawhide thongs. While the Tabernacle was in course of building, iron nails and spikes were obtainable only as they were brought across the plains by wagon and team, and the high cost prevented their use.

Many modern buildings present larger roof-spans, but such are generally constructed of metal. A capacious gallery, 30 feet

wide, extends along the inner walls and is broken at the west end only, where it gives place to the grand organ and the seats reserved for the great choir. In contrast with the usual methods of construction this enormous gallery is not continuous with the walls. At intervals of from twelve to fifteen feet great beams connect the gallery with the wall buttresses, but between these beams the gallery is set forward two and one-half feet from the inside of the walls, and the open spaces are guarded by a high railing. It is believed that the surprising acoustic properties of the building are due in part to this feature of construction. The great dome is, in fact, a colossal whispering gallery, as the multitudes of visitors who have inspected the building know. When it is emptied save for the few, the fall of a pin dropped at the focal point of the ellipse near one end of the building may be heard at the corresponding point near the other end. The convenient seating capacity of the tabernacle, including the gallery, is nearly nine thousand, though, under conditions of crowding, congregations much larger than this have assembled beneath the dome.

No mention of "Mormon" buildings would be even half-way complete without reference to the temples, which are uniquely characteristic of this peculiar people. Of the four temples now standing in Utah, that at Salt Lake City was the first begun and the last completed. This splendid structure was forty years in building. The walls are of solid granite eight feet thick in the first story and six feet in the upper part. It is of a style peculiar to itself, not inaptly called "Mormonesque." Many stones of emblematical significance appear, representing sun, moon, stars, the earth and the clouds. On the main inscription stone at the east we read: "Holiness to the Lord," and on the keystones of the arched windows at both east and west ends, "I am Alpha and Omega," and above these is the awe-inspiring emblem of the All-seeing Eye.

The Latter-day Saints have recently completed a temple at Laie, Hawaiian Islands, and another is nearing completion at Cardston, Alberta, Canada. To the "Mormons" a temple is more than chapel, tabernacle, synagogue or cathedral. Temples are erected and maintained for the solemnization of sacred ordinances, and not as places for general assembly or for ordinary congregational worship.

Another "Mormon" structure of imposing proportions and striking architectural design bears over its main entrance the unpretentious inscription "L. D. S. Church Offices." Though but above five years old, it is known far and wide. It is essentially a steel structure faced with thick granite, but with foundation benches and supporting columns of solid stone. Within,

the ground story and the next above are finished for the main part in highly polished aragonite, which is known in the trade as Utah onyx. This building constitutes the administrative headquarters of the Church. It contains the offices and council rooms of the first presidency, the Council of the Twelve Apostles, the First Council of the Seventy, and other presiding authorities. One entire floor is devoted to the work of the Church historian; and the greater part of another is given up to genealogical research, which, owing to the practice of vicarious ordinance work for the dead, ranks among the very prominent features of "Mormon" achievement. The administration of such ordinances in behalf of the departed is carried on in the temples only; and the compilation of accurate genealogical records is a prerequisite thereto.

The Church has spent and is spending large sums for the erection and maintenance of hospitals. The L. D. S. Groves Hospital in Salt Lake City is one of the best equipped institutions of the kind in the West; and the Dee Hospital in Ogden, though smaller, is likewise thoroughly up-to-date. The Church has under construction another large and strictly modern hospital at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Building, however, is but one of the many material activities with which the Church is occupied. The beginning of irrigation by white men in the West dates from the day on which the pioneer band, under the direction of its intrepid leader, Brigham Young, entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake; and this enterprise—which is veritably the magic touch to whose response the desert has yielded its treasures for the sustenance of man—has been especially fostered by the Church from the beginning. In the early days the construction of irrigation canals was largely a Church undertaking. More recently great irrigation projects have been successfully carried through by private capital; and the National Reclamation Service has co-operated in the construction of dams, canals, and reservoirs on a scale which by comparison is colossal.

It is but a statement of simple truth to say that the Church has been ever active in the support of home industry and in lending financial aid to any legitimate undertaking intended for the development and welfare of its people, and for the good of the state without regard to the religious affiliation of its citizens. It has always led in the introduction and establishment of enterprises that promised to be beneficial and helpful to the community. The Church rendered substantial service in early railroad construction, by which the isolated oasis was brought into close communication with both East and West; it contributed to the establishment of the telegraph and the tele-

phone; it was among the first movers in developing water power for electrical energy; it was instrumental in the establishment of the beet-sugar industry in the intermountain realm; it has devoted large sums of money to colonization and to the necessary irrigation enterprises connected therewith. It has rendered substantial financial assistance in the establishment of woolen mills, salt plants, stone quarries, brickyards, cement factories, coal fields, sulphur fields, iron and steel plants, elevators, flour mills, and a number of other smaller industries.

In these and other related activities the Church has spent millions of dollars, not for profit to itself nor for the monopolization of industry, but primarily to furnish employment and insure prosperity to the community. Nevertheless, some of these enterprises have brought good returns to the Church as an organization, while in others losses have been incurred; but it reckons its profit in terms of community prosperity and in the individual welfare of its members.

It is interesting to note that of the families of the Church living in the organized stakes, over 75 per cent own their homes. There is little employment for the rent-collector except in the larger centers of population, and even there, most of the Church members who pay rent are those who live in furnished suites by choice.

A good "Mormon" regards efficiency in what we are apt to call worldly affairs as a requirement of his religion. He devotes a fair and equitable part of his time to the contemplation of what lies beyond the grave, and conscientiously gives due attention to the practical activities of mortality. It is his bounden duty to contribute his full share of labor and time to everyday work, whether his vocation be that of the farmer directly delving into the soil, of the artisan, the clerk, the banker or the professional man. Temporal salvation, which is attainable through honesty, thrift, and hard work, plays an important part in individual preparation of the spiritual salvation of the hereafter.

So the Church collectively and its members severally are in business, with such determination and thoroughness as shall insure success in all righteous dealings for betterment and prosperity here, and for the training and experiences that such labor shall afford in preparation for the life to come.

Deseret, the beehive, is the "Mormon" emblem of industry.



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A GRAND VIEW

Mrs. Mary J. Burton, of Los Angeles, is pointing, for the benefit of Miss Barbara Babcock, of Salt Lake City, to the wonderful vision of southern Utah's "Dixie country," as they stand on a high plateau. They are members of a party opening the new scenic road from Zion National Park, Utah, to the north rim of the Grand Canyon.

The Treasure Seeker

By *Ezra J. Poulsen*

If Max Bowman had possessed, among his many estimable qualities, a disposition more favorable toward compromise, it would have been quite unnecessary to tell this story. But somehow in the concoction of his original talents an unusual strain of perverse self-esteem was permitted to creep in unawares. Even this was ordinarily made to function harmlessly, but in some relationships—one in particular—it was a cause of injustice.

During his entire life Max had been taught to foster the ideal that a young man should choose his life's work early, then apply the very limit of his strength to it until his name was securely written on the honor roll of achievement. So at twenty-three he was fairly plunging into his work at the office of Bob Mayo, the small city's leading architect; and during his limited number of spare moments, except when he was thinking of Mildred Lawrence, he habitually reeled bright pictures of his professional future before his mind.

No one was more interested in his prospective success than his patient, devoted mother. It had been a rule with her from the beginning to encourage her boy in his ambitions. But there were days—those days of toil and worry—when she justly felt that he could be less selfish and demanding about home. It was here that his one noticeable defective quality had reached almost unbearable proportions. She often chided herself for her attitude. "All boys are thoughtless," she reasoned; but there was no use; the feeling would return, and sometimes it was manifested by a slight quiver of the sensitive chin, or by the appearance of a tear drop which nobody ever saw.

Naturally the young man in question was not troubled by his shortcomings. He loved his mother, and took her for granted. To him she was the synonym of all physical comforts. Even the morning when he reprimanded her for not having his newest negligee shirt washed and ironed, he did not mean to be unreasonable. "I declare, mother," he cried peevishly; "you might have known I'd need it." The fragrance of fruit ripening in autumn sunshine, accompanied by the twitter of a blue bird, floated through the open door, and whispered a message of love and beauty, but he was not in the mood to respond.

"Yes, son, I might have known it; I did know it, in fact. But there is such a thing as not being able to do everything, and I knew you could manage for another day." Mrs. Bowman spoke with a quiet dignity that was overwhelming, and Max felt decidedly uncomfortable, even after she had left the room. Nevertheless his feelings remained ruffled; and without being impressed by the pain in her voice, he stalked out into the balmy morning, and hastened off to the office.

It was an unexpected stroke of good luck—Max believed in luck—that caused Mildred Lawrence to come along just in time to meet him at Pearson's corner. Instantly the lines of ill humor melted from his face, which brightened perceptibly, while his heart beat a glad melody in her honor.

"Good morning, merry sunshine," he greeted gaily, as his practiced observation registered her lovely pink-frooked figure, crowned by a mass of golden hair and guided by a pair of witching blue eyes.

"Good morning," she responded sweetly, fluttering up to him with all the freshness and fragrance of a dew-laden flower. Unqualified admiration was written on every line of his handsome young face, as they walked together; and he at once became studiously amiable. Heart and soul he was her lover, and being in her presence was his greatest joy.

"I'm glad you happened along," he explained. "I was going to call you up when I got a chance, but I was afraid that wouldn't be half soon enough."

"Oh, was I to be so favored?" she answered tantalizingly.

He laughed boyishly. "You were to be the victim. I wanted you to go with me to the pavilion tonight. Will you?"

"Will I?" she mocked. "Let's see." Her silken lashes turned downward, and a wrinkle gathered on her forehead, indicating a momentary reflection. "I believe I will go with you." Her ruby lips displayed a delicious smile.

All day over the drafting board Max found pleasure contemplating the big treasures the future was dangling before him. He was coolly confident that some day Mildred would be his, though she had never said so; and that success as an architect, with a large salary was but a matter of a short time. It all seemed so easy and so certain that he found himself wondering at other young men's lack of enthusiasm.

Occasionally a thought of his mother flitted into his consciousness, and he experienced a slight pang of remorse at the remembrance of his thoughtless words to her. She had been unusually weary, perhaps not well. He was sure of that now, and formed a hasty resolution to apologize. Then his attention reverted back to his more pleasant speculations.

That night upon returning from work it was as he had feared; his mother was decidedly not well. At once he expressed his regrets, and made several awkward efforts to be of use to her, but decided not to mention his remisses of the morning.

"Mother, sit down and let me put this sofa pillow at your back. He picked up the large brocaded pillow in question and started toward her little wicker rocking chair.

"No, don't bother, son; I can't sit down now," she remonstrated weakly. "But take the children outside so it will be more quiet."

"But, mother, it would—"

"No, son, it wouldn't do now." Mrs. Bowman spoke quietly but firmly.

Max felt nettled that his good intentions were not more acceptable. Nevertheless he reluctantly went out with the children. "It's the way with mother," he soliloquized. "She won't let a fellow do what's good for her." The line of reasoning that followed brought him rapidly to the satisfying conclusion that he was a rather model son. His selfish attitude amounted to an obstinate refusal to fairly recognize the conditions that made up her daily life. Presently his thoughts turned back to his personal aims; and as he traced the afterglow of the sunset on the western skyline, he firmly resolved to let nothing swerve him for a moment from the path that led to the realization of his desires.

Youth and beauty were much in evidence at the pavilion when Max and Mildred arrived there. They in turn lost no time in identifying themselves with the happy revelry. The glare of the white lights, the buzz of many voices, and the sound of many feet, together with the witchery of a beautiful "Old Ohio," waltz and the mild scent of Mildred's presence was a combination that appealed mightily to Max Bowman's love for life. He was charmed by the rhythm and music of it all. His stern philosophy of much work and little play, only intensified the pleasure of his relaxation.

"This is like an hour in Paradise," he murmured in Mildred's ear, as they moved with the circle of dancers.

She tossed her head prettily, and laughed with appreciation. "Why!" she exclaimed; "Don't you know, Max, you're getting to be horribly poetic."

"Am I?" he questioned eagerly; "By Jove, you'd make anyone poetic."

"Oh, well, it's better than too much fame and fortune stuff," she said heartily. "It's good to live sometimes in the jolly present." She turned to greet a friend that glided by.

As the music stopped the buzz of voices arose, and the shuf-

fling tread of feet became absorbed in the chatter. In a few moments the crowd was broken into a miscellaneous arrangement of small sociological knots—just the kind so adaptable to spirited conversation.

“Say, Max, old boy, chances look mighty favorable for a jolly good time. What d’you say?” The speaker was Will Harmon—fat, good-natured Will, another of Mayo’s employees—whose love for pleasure quite completely overbalanced his interest in work.

“Bill, you’re right for once,” agreed Max, leading Mildred into the circle of which Will was a part.

“Listen,” cried Will in feigned astonishment. “He talks as if I wasn’t always right.”

“How ridiculous,” exclaimed Maggie Anderson ironically, “for any one to think that Billie could make a mistake.”

“Oh, I’m gettin’ it in the neck,” purred the affable Bill, putting his hand over his mouth, “Guess I’ll keep still.”

The group laughed at his expense and the chatter went on.

“Do you folks know what Bill did today at work,” asked Max with a masterful air.

None of them did, but they were eager to find out.

“Well, he climbed up on his drafting stool and started to sing, ‘When You and I were Young, Maggie.’”

“Oh, the idea!” Maggie Anderson colored, and looked resentful at Will who grinned back gleefully. “By golly, I had to do something to relieve the high tension of Max’s castles in Spain,” he retorted.

Max’s enjoyment was interrupted by a firm hand on his arm, and a voice near his ear whispering seriously, “Your mother’s ill, and I think you’d better go home to see her. He turned quickly to meet the level gaze of John Watson, his neighbor. Momentarily he was struck by a sense of dull incomprehensibility. He cast a half pained, half annoyed glance around his circle of friends, and his eyes rested on Mildred. “Excuse me; I’ll be back in a little while,” he apologized, then followed the man from the room.

Out in the silent monotony of the night he learned from John Watson that his mother’s illness was far more serious than he had supposed, and this understanding started his anxiety at the task of tearing away the bulwark of his unimaginative habit of taking her existence for granted. Wildly he began to wonder what he would do without her. And it dawned on him with crushing force that the thread of life is a slender one, so slender that it was quite possible for her to leave him. A veritable moving picture was passing through his aroused mind, revealing the many things he might have done to make her life

happy. His alarm continued to increase, and long before the picket gate was reached, he was hastening so fast that his neighbor kept pace only with difficulty.

"Mother," he whispered hoarsely, as he bent over the bed. There was no answer; she lay perfectly quiet. Never in all his life had he seen her look so white and wan, and he turned a troubled face to the doctor, who was preparing to leave, then to the kind neighbor woman, who was acting in the capacity of nurse.

"Is—is—there any doubt about her recovery?" he asked hoarsely.

"Mighty sick woman, my boy, but with good care she stands a chance to recover," said the man of science tersely, in departing.

Overwhelmed by a feeling of agonizing helplessness, Max walked the floor. Strange and painful emotions were stirring within him. It was as if certain sealed chambers of his heart had been unlocked, revealing for the first time phases of his nature he had not known. As he struggled with the uncertainty of his mother's condition, the growing consciousness of his own shortcomings smote him relentlessly, and added to his grief, as the slow hours dragged away.

The door opened softly; there was a delicate rustle of silk, mixed with the tender fragrance of her favorite perfume, Lily of-the-valley; and Mildred Lawrence tip-toed into the room. Max started. He had almost forgotten her, and the impromptu manner of his leaving her at the dance hall.

"I came to see how your mother is," she said quietly. "You ought to have let me come with you; I could have helped." There was a note of reproach in her voice which he was sensitive to feel.

"I didn't think she was so bad," he blundered sorely.

Among Mildred Lawrence's many charms she possessed a sane understanding of the eternal fitness of things. She was calmly able to meet an emergency. It happened, therefore, that she quietly laid aside her light wraps, and prepared to add her services to the night's vigil. She easily ignored Max's weak remonstrance, and seemed quite indifferent to his confused apology. Her manner, without being offensive, made the young man intuitively understand that she disapproved of him, and this increased his misery.

"Now, Mrs. Weeks, I'm going to stay right here and help you," she announced sweetly to the lady in attendance.

Max was a compound of amazement and sorrow. He glanced furtively into the girl's face and found all the usual beauty and freshness that he loved so well, and the conviction

that he must appear little and mean in her estimation added misery to his belated solicitude concerning his mother. Sitting by the bedside he took the sufferer's hard hand in his own, and tried to think. Presently he felt the fingers move convulsively, and the patient showed evidence of conscious pain.

"She's goin' to have another spell," Mrs. Weeks whispered intently, as she moved to the bed and gazed over Max's shoulder. There was no mistaking the signs of returning pain to the half-conscious sufferer. The youth felt the tremor of her body as she began to toss and moan. Desperately he tried to speak to her, but his voice choked and lapsed into silence.

"We'll have to give her the applications and the medicine the doctor left." Mrs. Weeks made this explanation to Mildred. Both women with feminine skill were at once busy caring for the sick woman, while the son, heavy-hearted and disconsolate, tried to help, but failed so completely that Mildred pushed him into a chair with the injunction that he keep out of the way.

After hours of suffering during which time the two nurses worked constantly to relieve her pain, Mrs. Bowman showed signs of decided improvement. At first she spoke a few words, to Max's complete joy, then fell into a much needed slumber.

When Mildred was ready to leave Max accompanied her. Together they walked out into the awakening dawn. The air was fresh and pungent, laden with the joy and fragrance of the coming day. There was little said as they followed the series of sidewalks that led the way to the Lawrence home. Try as he would Max could not command his usual powers of conversation. The placid little moon hovered in the west, looking wearily back across the valley before going to her bed of rest behind the hills, reminding them incidentally that she, too, had kept an all night watch.

"Mildred, you are as beautiful as Diana herself, he whispered with agitation, as they stopped at the gate. She glanced languidly at the moon, and tucked up a few stray tresses that had become dislodged from their golden moorings, then turned to him with a tired, troubled expression in her blue eyes.

"Max, don't be so extravagant with your compliments," she reproved. "I—I—oh, I can't talk to you. Good night." Her voice trembled with agitation, and she turned and fled into the house. He watched her as one stricken until the patter of her feet on the walk died away, and the door slammed behind her.

The days of Mrs. Bowman's convalescence were all too slow for Max. Still his joy was unbounded at seeing his mother battle her way successfully back to health, and he spared no effort

to add to her comfort and show his devotion. He shed tears of joy when she forgave him all his past delinquencies; and with a full realization that in his eager young ambition he had abused the finest relationship of life, and in doing so had come nearly making himself forever a selfish egotist, he set about to make amends.

But thoughts of Mildred were with him always; he felt the sting of her unspoken censure; it hurt him all the more because he knew he deserved it; and he refrained from going to her, preferring to suffer alone. At last, however, he went; and it was at his mother's gentle bidding. Never had he felt so humble.

He found her as usual pleased to see him, and she was more beautiful in his eyes than ever, though he fancied he saw a resigned sadness in her countenance that bespoke the impossibility of continuing the old relationship. This gave him a chill of helplessness.

"Mildred—tell me what's the matter. Max blurted out this appeal after a disconcerting silence.

The girl calmly slipped into the divan beside him. "Max, I know you'll think I'm silly, but I can't help it; it's the way I feel," she said simply.

"Mildred, I don't think you're silly," he declared vehemently; "I'm a fool, a downright worthless fool—and you know it, but hate to tell me." He paused as one relieved of a great burden.

The girl looked surprised, then a new light of understanding came into her smiling face. She knew he had changed, that he had discarded the one quality that had made her resolve not to marry him, in spite of her love.

"Yes, I'm a fool," he repeated humbly. "I'm worse than that; I'm a cad. I've never known how to treat my own mother." His voice trembled with emotion. "But, Mildred, I love you, will you let me prove to you that I have changed? Will you marry me?"

"Yes, dear, I'll marry you," she promised, with a nervous little laugh. "If you're always good to your mother you will be without fault in my eyes because in the long run a man treats his wife no better than he treats his mother.

Passionately he took her in his arms. "God knows that I've learned my lesson," he whispered. "I have no ambition that compares with my desire to be worthy of the two best women who live.

The Story that's True

This poem refers particularly to the 19th Ward, Salt Lake stake, in which stake there are at present 12 wards

Come and travel with me to the peaks
And we'll view all this valley around;
Of these beautiful hills on the east,
Let us go on a sight-seeing feast.
On the north lie the green, fertile farms,
To the south are homes of the blest;
From the east flow the clear, sparkling streams,
While Lake Bonneville sleeps in the west.

Have you noticed this wonderful place?
No two stones on these hills are the same;
Feel the strength in the sunflow'rs that bloom,
And the power of sunshine and rain.
See the gravel, the rocks, and the sand,
See the lime and water so warm;
O the skill in the hands of that One
Who from chaos all beauty did form.

O the joy and the wonder of earth,
And the freedom that Nature can give,
If we'll only reach out and partake!
O what rapture to really live!
When we climb to the summit, we'll stand
'Neath the marvelous canopy blue,
And we'll sit on the rocks while we rest,
Then, I'll tell you a story that's true.

It was summer and not long ago,
Just in years about three score and ten;
O'er these hills came an army, unarmed,
It was women, and children, and men.
Though unarmed with equipments of war,
And not marching to battlefields' strife,
In the cause of eternal advance
They were soldiers enlisted for life.

From fair homes in the East they had come
To this valley of sagebrush and sand;
A choice people brought out from the world,
And led hither by God's gracious hand.
By these hills a small company paused
To give thanks, and to rest from all strife:
Then, as mariners sail on the sea,
They embarked on the ocean of life.

Like Columbus they sailed ever west,
And his motto they kept well in mind:
"We'll sail on, and sail on, and sail on!"
And they sailed on to better mankind.

They increased and they prospered and grew,
 They waxed stronger in faith and in love;
 Always guided by men who received
 Inspiration from heaven above.

Each one thought of his neighbor and friend,
 Always trying a good turn to do;
 Thoughts of self were the last and the least;
 They were leaders most noble and true.
 Little settlements dotted the path
 Of the army that fought without guns.
 Till, like Jacob of old, it was blessed
 With a fam'ly of twelve noble sons.

O the mission these soldiers did fill!
 And the service they rendered to man!
 As they toiled by the sweat of their brow,
 They but furthered our God's gracious plan.
 They converted this dry, barren waste
 To an Eden where pure honey flows;
 E'en the course of the waters they turned,
 Made the desert to bloom as a rose.

Still they sailed until far out at sea,
 Braved the tempest and billows of life;
 At mid-ocean they heard "S. O. S!"
 And the beat of the drum, and the fife.
 'Twas a wireless call of distress,
 And it came o'er the waves as with wings:
 "Dogs of war are unleashed on the earth,
 By command, and the order of kings!"

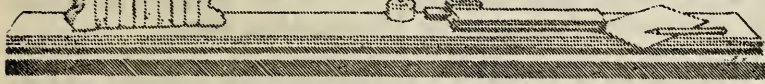
In the distance they saw fire and blood,
 Heard the cry of their fathers, their sons,
 Saw the sorrow, the suffering and death,
 Heard the roar of the thundering guns.
 Giving heed to the call of their flag,
 They reached out with a kind, helping hand;
 They enlisted, and fought, and some died
 On the soil of a far away land.

When the dark clouds of war fell away
 There was peace for a time, but not long,
 For a scourge as it swept o'er the earth
 Seemed a vengeance for sin and for wrong.
 Stricken down by the grim reaper, Death,
 Many sleep in the tear-watered sod,
 But in Zion this brave little band
 Is undaunted, and faith keeps with God.

Through the famine and sickness and strife
 They are seeking the harbor to make;
 The good sire is the old Nineteenth Ward
 And his sons are our own Salt Lake Stake.
 Let us sail! let us sail! o'er Life's sea
 With the very same Captain and crew
 Till we anchor in Heaven's great port,
 Still remem'bring the story that's true.

Mary R. E. Ostler

EDITORS TABLE



Important Church Notice

To Stake Presidents Concerned:

Quarterly conferences to be held in the following named stakes upon the date hereinafter indicated, will be devoted primarily to the interests of the auxiliary associations. A program for these conferences has been prepared and will be forwarded to the presidents and other officers in the stakes concerned:

August 6 and 7—Alberta, Boise, Curlew, Raft River, South Sanpete, Summit, Wayne.

August 13 and 14—Emery, Juab, Millard, Oneida, Taylor.

August 20 and 21—Bannock, Blackfoot, Blaine, Big Horn, Malad, Shelley, South Sevier, Teton.

August 27 and 28—Bear Lake—Bingham, Burley, Garfield, Pocatello, Portneuf, Young.

September 3 and 4—Bear River, Idaho, Moapa, Panguitch, Rigby, San Luis, Twin Falls, Uintah.

September 10 and 11—Kanab, Lost River, Morgan, San Juan.

September 17 and 18—Franklin, Montpelier, North Sanpete, Roosevelt, Star Valley, St. George, Union.

September 24 and 25—Carbon, Deseret, Duchesne, Fremont, Parowan, Sevier.

Subsequent to October General Conferences (Dates not named)—Beaver, North Sevier, Tintic, Benson, Hyrum, St. Johns, Tooele, Cassia, Maricopa, Wasatch, Woodruff, Yellowstone, Snowflake, St. Joseph.

Heber J. Grant,

Charles W. Penrose,

Anthony W. Ivins,

First Presidency.

Masonry and "Mormonism"

An inquiry was recently received by Elder B. H. Roberts relative to the Prophet Joseph Smith's connection with masonry, and its connection with temple ceremonies, and to the endowment rites having been copied from masonry, etc. The in-

quirer desired to know concerning these subjects, and in reply thereto, Elder Roberts submitted the following explanation, which, we think, will adequately answer the frequent questions that come to the *Improvement Era* regarding them:

Relative to the Prophet's connection with masonry and its connection with temple ceremonies, and the endowment rites having been copied from masonry, etc., which are the subjects of your inquiry, I would respectfully submit the following:

While there is no doubt of the Prophet's connection with masonry, at Nauvoo,—and that at about the same time of his first connection with masonry he also introduced the endowment ceremonies; namely, on the 4th of May, 1842,—the evidence, to my mind, is very clear that his knowledge of the endowment ceremonies preceded his contact with masonry.

I believe the beginnings of God's revelation to him of endowment ceremonies began with his getting possession of the *Book of Abraham*, in the form of Egyptian papyrus manuscript, *facsimiles* of which are to be found in the *History of the Church*, Vol. IV, pages 520-523, the work edited by myself. The Prophet first learned of this *Book of Abraham*, on July 3, 1835, (See *History of the Church*, Vol. II, page 235) and the record was purchased shortly afterwards by the Saints at Kirtland. (For the Prophet's account of this record see *Church History*, Vol. II, pages 348-351.) A careful examination of *facsimile* No. 2, from the *Book of Abraham*, and the Prophet's half cryptic translation, which accompanies it, clearly shows that the signs and figures thereon refer to matters concerning grand key words of the Priesthood, with the assertion that some of the writing cannot be revealed unto the world, "but is to be had in the Holy Temple of God." Some nine of the figures in the *facsimile* are referred to, with the promise that they will be given in the due time of the Lord, all of which doubtless refers to the sacred mysteries of our Temple ordinances, and all this from five to seven years before the Prophet's contact with masonry.

In this connection, also, I call your attention to Doc. and Cov. Sec. 110, which contains the account of the visions of the Prophet in the Kirtland Temple, among which is the account of the appearance of Elias, who committed the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham unto the Prophet, saying, to Oliver and Joseph, that in them and in their seed all generations after them would be blessed. Undoubtedly this Elias stood at the head of the dispensation of the gospel on the earth in the days of Abraham and hence was the one chosen to restore the keys of that dispensation to Joseph Smith, and since the reference I have given you to the *Book of Abraham* has such direct allusion to

our temple mysteries it must be that Abraham obtained a knowledge of these things from Elias and also that the keys that he brought to Joseph Smith undoubtedly had reference to the same subject; and, as the visit of Elias occurred about one year after Joseph obtained the *Book of Abraham*, it was likely through the keys of knowledge restored by Elias that he was able to understand the subject matter of the *Book of Abraham*; and all this long before his contact and participation in masonry. (For the Prophet's account of the introduction of the endowment, on the 4th day of May, 1842, see *History of the Church*, Vol. V, pages 1-3.)

It is rather significant that about two months before introducing the endowments, namely, March 1, 1842, the Prophet began the publication of the *Book of Abraham* in the *Times and Seasons*, and as that was the beginning of the publication of the book, he must have been at work on the translation of it some months before.

A careful study of these facts will, I think, establish beyond controversy that the Prophet was not at all dependent upon anything he learned in masonry for our endowment ceremonies, any more than what he learned from the defective creeds of Christendom made him indebted to those creeds for what he brought forth in the dispensation of the gospel that he, under God, gave to the world. The Saints may rest assured that what we have through the Prophet, in relation to the Priesthood and its sacred mysteries, resulted from the revelations of God to Joseph Smith, and not from the Prophet's incidental and brief connection with masonry.

"Mormon Settlement in Arizona"

When the pioneers set out to do their work, their daily labors became very common-place to them, and they thought little of the importance of their struggles to those who should follow to reap the harvest of their enterprise. Hence, in the great west, in every state and settlement lie buried historic treasures. It is the task of the historian to liberate these and bring them to light. The lives of the Latter-day Saints particularly are prolific in pioneer interest—not only the settlers of Utah, of whom we have been accustomed to hear the most, but also the leaders in the colonization of surrounding states for which the Latter-day Saints have become famous. The "Mormon" colonizers of the great southwest, particularly Arizona, have just received a deserved tribute in a new volume of some 300 fascinating pages, entitled *Mormon Settlement in Arizona*, by the historian of that

state, James H. McClintock. In this writing he has risen to commendable heights in laying bare the wonderful achievements of the "Wilderness Breakers of Deseret." In his well-written, clear, unbiased and richly illustrated work there is a fascinating exposition of the struggles, often pathetic, always heroic, made by the Latter-day Saints in redeeming the deserts of southern Utah, Nevada, and especially Arizona. We of older years well remember the partings with our young men who were called to the Arizona mission in the early 70's—how they were fitted out, how we bade them God's blessings, how the fathers and mothers, themselves barely settled from ultra pioneer hardships, looked seriously upon the crude outfits, manned by exuberant youth—hopeful men and women—who set out undaunted to subdue the burning mesas and, with kindness and the gospel message, to conquer the wild men of the desert. Many of them lie buried on the Colorado plateau, and some by the drifting and treacherous sands of the silent river. Others found their death in Indian warfare, while in their hearts they filled the religious requirement of their leaders to deal kindly with the red man. Again, others are still struggling with obdurate surroundings, having spent their lives and fortunes in the constant conflict. A few of the leaders have received some meed of honor and remembrance in this splendid work. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, with all their sacrifices, will be remembered only as communities, who in early days fought the fight of the desert, and, with brave hearts in personal struggles and disappointments, built houses, founded cities and settlements, planted fields, orchards, and fruitful gardens, made the barren ground to rejoice, kissed by the waters of irrigation. They erected schools and houses of worship. By their faith, industry, patience and thrift, they developed enormously the agricultural possibilities of the state and country. The detail of some of the work is set forth in the book, every page of which creates interest and admiration. It should have the effect of awakening a desire in the hearts of the young Latter-day Saints to prove themselves of equal worth in their work, and to arouse in them a determination to meet every condition with equal fortitude. Some of us think our lots are hard; let us contemplate some of the troubles of these faithful, brave conquerors of the desert, and we will be more content, and less given to complaint and restlessness. In the preparation of *Mormon Settlement in Arizona*, Elder Andrew Jenson, Church Historian, in Salt Lake City, and LeRoi C. Snow of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A., Secretary to the Arizona State Historian, are given credit by the author for faithful devotion in the labor of gathering data. The book is adopted as one of the M. I. A. reading course for 1921-22, and is worthy of extensive reading by all interested in the develop-

ment of the great south-west, and in the pioneer part taken therein by the Latter-day Saints.—A.

Books

Rhymes and Runes by Joseph Scarisbrick, is an original selection of tales and talks, in verse and prose, by the author. It is a book of 160 pages divided into three sections, the first, treating of and for childhood and youth; the second, things humorous; and the third, matters serious. In the book, some of the economic factors affecting the industrial position of Great Britain are referred to by the author as he remarks being old enough to remember the latter years of the Victorian period "when," as he expresses it, "our character was high and prosperity considerable." His inference in all cases where such reference is made is, that that period was rich in much that the British empire has now lost and which it will have to regain if it is to prosper once more. We think these references are much superior in value to the humorous division, which for Americans, is rather slow.

Messages from the Missions

Gridley Semi-Annual Conference

The fourth semi-annual conference of the Gridley conference, convened May 6 to 8 with nine meetings, including a priesthood meeting, two Relief Society meetings and six general sessions. A social was held on Monday evening, May 9, at Liberty Hall. The total attendance of the conference was 2,500. President Jos. W. McMurrin, Mission Secretary William G. Brown, Louise Jones, outgoing president of the mission Relief Societies, Margaret K. Miller, incoming president, and President W. W. Richards and many of the missionaries from the San Francisco conference were in attendance. A number of the laboring elders were speakers. The meetings were well attended and the greatest hospitality was extended to all visitors. A feature of the conference was the Mother's Day program held on Sunday morning, May 8. The elders presented each of the mothers with a white carnation, and the talks and music were all devoted to motherhood. A spirit of harmony prevailed throughout the conference and the instructions were timely and elevating.—*Elder Ove C. Inkley.*

Two Organized Branches in Arkansas

Elder Almon D. Owens, writing from the Arkansas conference reports:

"There are two organized branches of the Church in this conference, where Sunday school and services are held each Sunday, and during the week cottage meetings and classes of study are held. The Barney branch is presided over by President Antie L. Long. They have their own church in which to hold their services. The Little Rock branch is presided over by President Warren F. Wilhite. They hold meetings in the Moose Hall. The members, though few in numbers, have a church fund started. The spirit of prejudice is being overcome, and we feel that much good is being accomplished among the people of this state. The elders of the Arkansas Conference appreciate very much the *Era* and its instructive articles and doctrinal explanations, also its interesting stories."—*Almon D. Owens.*



Elders top row: Willard E. Page, Leland E. Wood, Calvin Keller, Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve, Duane H. Ence, John W. Roe, Chester R. Brough; middle row: Charles H. Richards, Ivan E. Harris, George M. Park, Samuel O. Bennion, mission president; Joseph E. Hanks, J. Edwin Miller, Leo Elder; front row: Merrill R. Willis, Orville W. Ward, Almon D. Owens, conference president; and Harry M. Christensen.

Progress in Holland

Elder Abraham Dalebout, writing from Rotterdam, Holland, encloses this photograph of the elders of that conference, including the mission president, his wife, and the mission secretary, and the following elders: First row: S. N. Wetter, G. Van der Waard, conference president Abraham Dalebout, Mission President J. P. Lillywhite, Sister Lillywhite, Arie Kruys, William Levi Phillips. Second row: O. Brainich, J. Vreeken, R. E. Cardwell, Mission Secretary R. E. Weight, J. Koning. Third row: H. Boekweg, A. Slighting and W. R. Monson. "The work in this conference is progress-



ing wonderfully at this time. During the first five months of this year, with an average of eight missionaries, 14,466 tracts, 4,999 gospel pamphlets and 353 books have been distributed and 44 people were led down into the waters of baptism. Local elders presided in nearly all of the branches during the war. They worked faithfully and kept a good spirit existing in the mission. The branches are now all fully organized, with missionaries in charge of the work. A most excellent spirit exists at the present time, all are working hard and the Lord is crowning their efforts with success. At Rotterdam we have a well organized Mutual with an active enrollment of over fifty, and much good is coming from the work of that organization. The *Improvement Era* is a source of joy and enlightenment to the elders in this land."

The Tonga Band

Elders S. I. May, conference president and bandmaster, writes from Neiafu Vava'u, calling attention to the Tongan band which was organized in March, 1917. The study of music was immediately commenced, and by October, 1917, some money had been raised, by the Saints and the band members for instruments which were then ordered, and by June, 1918 the order of goods was landed from R. S. Williams & Sons, located in Calgary, Canada, and work began at once. The band was called to Tonga for the



Central conference in November of that year, but was prevented from playing there on account of influenza, a number of members of the band being victims. "For the last two years we have had very good success, and at present have one of the best bands, if not the best in all of the Tongan group. We are striving to be the best in the South Pacific, if possible. The band offers a splendid avenue for presenting the fruits of 'Mormonism' be-

fore the people in a different way. The work is growing in the Tongan Islands and we anticipate a greater growth. There is a feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction among the contending sects of Christendom. We extend heartiest greetings to the readers of the *Era* throughout the world and hope you are all enjoying the blessings of the Lord as we are, who are trying to do our part in far off Tonga to redeem the inhabitants of the earth from the spirit of Babylon that has enveloped them so long."

Nine Baptisms Performed and Sunday School Organized

Elder F. Pratt Hawkes, Joplin, Missouri, under date of June 21, in a letter to the *Era*, says: "We have realized better results in this vicinity in the last three months than any other period of the same length in a long time. The labors of the missionaries in the past are aiding us in reaping good results. During the past three months there has been a Sunday School established and nine baptisms performed. We have many interested investigators of the gospel, and have at present nine applications for baptism. We express our appreciation of the benefits received from the *Improvement Era* in our missionary labors."



Missionaries laboring in Joplin are, (left to right) Louis H. Peterson, Ridgedale, Idaho; Myra Miller, American Fork, Utah; Herman Blau, Wallace, Kansas. (Sitting) Grace Larsen, Roosevelt, Utah; F. Pratt Hawks, Preston, Idaho.

Many Friends in Sunday School

Elder LeGrande Smith, writing from Dallas, Texas, June 25, says: "We have disposed of sixty *Books of Mormon* during the last month. Each night from two to three meetings have been held and we are favored with several listeners. Our Sunday school, organized a year ago, is in thriving

condition, and we are making many friends through it. We have three organized branches in this conference and twenty traveling elders who are enthusiastic in their labors in presenting the gospel to the people. We attribute our success to the Lord and acknowledge his hand in what we have been able to accomplish."



Elders left to right: Leonard W. Gibson, Ogden, Utah; W. LeGrande Law, Delta, Utah; Clarence Cottom, St. George, Utah. Front: Wilford Capson Salt Lake City; LeGrande F. Smith, conference president, Draper, Utah; George Byron Done, Salt Lake City.

The Charms of Home

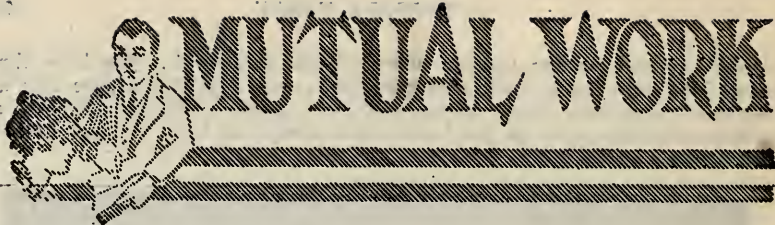
I have read of the world and its greatness,
I've heard of the grandeur of Rome,
I have been in the lands termed as beauteous,
But couldn't compare them with home.

Home is the place where the wanderer knows
He would have been blest, had he stayed,
But ere he taketh the matter to heart,
His life is all worn out and frayed.

Home is the place where the tired all go,
Where weary and hungry all steer,
Where sick and troubled find surest relief;
Can you find any place more dear?

James H. Dibb

Draper, Utah



An Analysis of the General Statistical Report of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association for the Year Ending March 31, 1921

The report of Secretary Moroni Snow shows 85 stakes, and in these 85 stakes there are 796 Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, with a total membership of 43,562, divided as follows: officers and instructors, 6,116; Advanced Senior Class members, 10,557; Senior Class members, 11,516; Junior Class members, 15,373, compared with 1920, when there were 763 associations, with 11,072 Advanced Seniors, 13,813 Seniors, 15,341 Juniors, and a total membership of 40,226. This is an increase in the number of associations of 33, a decrease in the Advanced Seniors of 515, and a decrease in the Senior Class members of 2,297, with an increase in the Juniors of 32, and a total increase of 3,336, or 8.29%. The reason for the decrease in the Advanced Senior and Senior Classes for the year 1921 is assigned to the fact that the officers and instructors, who come mostly from these classes, prior to this year, were included in the regular membership in the several departments to which they belonged. This year they are separated. The statistical report for this year is complete, every stake having reported.

The average attendance in the associations for this year is 21,096, as compared with 18,826 for 1920—an increase of 2,270 or 12.05%, showing that, while our membership has increased slightly over 8%, our average attendance has increased over 12%. This indicates a greater interest in the work for this season.

There are now a large number of young men away from home attending school, on missions, and at work, and in the service of the country. The two years compare as follows:

Attending school, 1920, 1,226; 1921, 1,451; increase 225; On missions, 1920, 1,128; 1921, 1,541; Increase, 413; At work and in service of country, 1920, 1,144; 1921, 1,821; Increase 677.

There has been an increase in all meetings, except in the conferences and conventions:

Officers' meetings, 1920, 3,800; 1921, 4,922; Increase 1,192, or 31.37%; Joint Officers' meetings, 1920, 7,817; 1921, 11,099; Increase 3,282, or 42%; Regular Association meetings, 1920, 13,769; 1921, 16,927; Increase 3,159, or 22.9%; Monthly joint meetings, 1920, 4,878; 1921, 6,347; Increase 1,469, or 30.1%; Conferences and conventions, 1920, 733; 1921, 708; Decrease, 25.

This shows a total of 30,997 meetings for 1920, and 40,073 for 1921, an increase of 9,076 or 29.3%.

A very significant fact is this, that the number actually taking part in M. I. A. activities was 15,859 in 1920 and 25,536 in 1921, an increase of 9,677 or 60.9%. This showing is stimulated largely by the item in the efficiency report for these years requiring a statement of the number taking part in the activities of the organization.

A very favorable condition exists regarding the scouts. The report shows that in 1920, the scouts who were registered with the National Organization numbered 4,528; whereas this year the registered scouts number

7,545; showing an increase of 3,017. Besides the registered scouts in the National Organization, there were in 1920, 3,708 doing scout work who were not registered; and in 1921 there were 5,127 of this class of scouts; an increase of 1,419.

The libraries and the reading course statistics show a decrease in the number of libraries of 12, due largely to the merging of the libraries with the public and school libraries, established in various parts of the Church. In 1920 there were 386 libraries; in 1921, 364. The number of reading course books were 8,706, in 1920; and 9,207, in 1921, an increase of 501, though the sale of the reading course books for 1921 was the lowest on record for a number of years. Altogether there were 21,320 volumes in the libraries in 1920; and 10,375, in 1921. A significant item in the report shows that the number of members who read any or all of the reading course books decreased for 1921 by 2,185, as the reading course for last year seemed not to be very popular. The number who read any or all of the reading course books in 1920 numbered 4,990.

Boy Scout Week in Fremont Stake

The week of May 22 to 29 was formally designated as "Boy Scout Week" for Fremont stake, by Mayor Archibald, of Rexburg, in a proclamation issued from his office May 18, 1921. The program of this week was as follows: Monday and Tuesday—Individual and troop community good turns. Wednesday—Intertroop athletic carnival. Fathers and Sons' banquet and scout show. Thursday—Civic service. Friday night and Saturday—An over-night hike.

The athletic carnival was full of interesting track and field events and scout contests. Competition was of the keenest type; Troop 1, of Rexburg, winning 1st place by a 3 point lead. Eight troops entered into the various events of the meet. On Wednesday evening a Fathers and Sons' banquet was held in the wards. The three troops of Rexburg joined together and experienced one of the most inspiring and enthusiastic gatherings of fathers and sons possible. One hundred fathers and 110 boys, together with representatives of the Commercial Club, Rotary Club, and City Officers were present. Appropriate program of toasts and music was rendered for the occasion.

On Thursday 58 scouts from the three troops of Rexburg spent the day cleaning the cemetery and did such a thorough job that the City Council voted them \$125 for their work. The Commercial and Rotary Clubs, of Rexburg, united in raising \$422 for the boys. These two sums together with \$60 taken in at the Boy Scouts' show put the three troops of Rexburg on a secure financial basis for the coming year.

The results of the week's activities have united parents, business men, various clubs, and the boys, in putting over scouting with greater vigor and enthusiasm than ever before. The understanding between these various groups will be more complete, and the cooperation more pronounced in behalf of the boy scout organization of Fremont stake.—*Wayne B. Hales, Deputy Stake Scout Commissioner.*

The Papago Ward M. I. A.

This ward is located in Maricopa stake, Arizona, and has perhaps the only Indian M. I. A. in the Church. There are about forty members entirely of Indian brothers and sisters. This Indian organization holds two meetings per week, one on Sunday evenings, on the south side of the river at Papago, and the other at the same ward on the north side of the river,

on Tuesday evening. They are studying the Book of Mormon and will continue in session all the year round. Members of the Indian Associa-



tion sang in a male quartet, also a duet, and a sextet, "Send the Light," at the meeting of the M. I. A. First ward, Mesa, on June 5. E. C. Santeo, a life-member of the M. I. A., bore his testimony and spoke five minutes. He is the elderly brother in the center of the group; and is the class leader. These Latter-day Saint Indians are doing good work among the Indians of other denominations on the Salt River reservation, Arizona.

Mutual Activities in California

The "*California M. I. A. Booster*" for July 5, comes to hand. It is a manuscript paper by the California Mutuals. Miss Grace Anderson, of Oakland, California, we are told in one of the items, "has suggested a new slogan with the initials of the M. I. A., namely, it stands for "More Intelligent Amusement." The editor of the *Booster* commends this interpretation to all of the Mutual organizations.

Among the hikes we find the following: On May 28, sixty-two members of the Oakland M. I. A. and their friends left San Francisco for a hike to Willow Camp. It was a rainy day; most of the crowd were wet and muddy. On arrival at camp a line was put in front of the fireplace on which were hung wet clothes making Stinson beach look as if a new laundry had been opened. However, we are told, that some engaged in: "A baseball game; some hunted sea shells; some played among the rocks and in the sand; while others, in spite of the cold weather, took a dip in the ocean. In the evening, a bon-fire was built and the crowd gathered around and sang camp-fire songs. A tired group of hikers parted at the Ferry building in San Francisco, but everyone was still good-natured, and expressed the hope that there would be another hike just like this one."

A hike was taken by thirty-five members of the Bee-Hive girls, and Boy Scouts at Whitewater, Arizona, who enjoyed a four-day trip into the hills of the Chiricahua mountains. This branch is succeeding well in its work. Lorin Dillman has written a clever M. I. A. song for Whitewater entitled "Improvement is Our Motto."

The *Booster* also notices that several plays have been given by the Bee-Hive girls, in different parts.

The Nampa, Idaho, Special Activity for May

The M. I. A. presented the pageant, "The Golden Star," as their special activity for May, being assisted by the ward choir. "A very pleasing musical program to a capacity house was rendered by the combined



choir and organization. As Nampa is a city of 8,500, ninety per cent of whom are not members of the Church, we feel that our pageant will result in much good," writes Arnold E. Johnson. A picture of the pageant is presented herewith.

M. I. A. in Australia

From Secretary William W. Horne, of the Australian mission, 43 Station Street, Newton, Sydney, Australia, we have received a statistical report of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations for the year ending March 31, 1921, from which it appears that in that mission there are six associations: Adelaide, Brisbane, Hobart, Melbourne, Perth and Sydney. There are 39 officers and instructors, 16 Advanced Senior members, 105 Seniors, 42 Juniors; a total of 202 enrolled, and the average attendance aside from the officers has been 97. Altogether there have been 292 regular, and 110 monthly joint meetings, with 14 Y. M. M. I. A. officers' meetings and 76 joint officers' meetings; a total of 492; 89 took part actively in the M. I. A. activities.

Dates of Separate Conventions Y. M. M. I. A.

- Sept. 4—North Davis, South Davis.
- Sept. 11—Box Elder, Jordan, Logan.
- Sept. 18—Alpine, North Weber, Ogden, Weber.
- Sept. 25—Cache, Cottonwood, Granite, Nebo, Utah.
- Oct. 16—Ensign, Liberty, Pioneer, Salt Lake.

Program of Auxiliary Group Conventions for 1921

Held in Connection with the Regular Quarterly Conferences joint departments, and M. I. A. meetings, are here given: For dates of Programs for the general sessions, conventions, see notice of First

Presidency, editorial department of this number of the *Era*:

Saturday, 10 a. m.

Regular Quarterly Conference Session.

Address: The Slogan, "We Stand for Loyal Citizenship".....
.....General Representative

1. Definition.
2. The Common Weal as Expressed in Tradition, Law and Public Opinion.
3. Purpose of Citizenship.
4. The Loyal Citizen.

Saturday, 11 a. m.

Joint Meeting of M. I. A. Stake Boards.

Stake Officers only, with Presidencies of Stakes, High Council Committee having in charge the M. I. A. work are invited to this meeting. One hundred per cent of Stake Officers are required to be in attendance.

1. Effective Administration in Stakes ..General Board Member
 - a. Working organization.
 - b. Education in leadership.
 - c. Supervision of wards.
 - d. Magazines.
 - e. Money.
 - f. Meetings of ward and stake officers.
2. Three Qualifications of Stake Officers.....General Board Member
 - a. Working faith in the gospel.
 - b. Love of the work.
 - c. Preparedness.
3. Discussion.

Saturday, 2 p. m.

Regular Quarterly Conference Session.

Address: Messages from Auxiliary Organizations. (One five-minute address from a General Representative of each of the six associations and one from the General Music Committee.)

Saturday, 3 p. m.

Department Meetings of Organizations

Superintendencies and Presidencies of all Organizations

Subject: Factors of Leadership.....
.....General Representatives

1. Sensing Responsibilities.
 - a. To God.
 - b. To stake and ward authorities.
 - c. To the individual members.
2. Vision of the Work.
3. Enthusiasm.
4. Attention to Details and "Follow-up."
5. Cooperation.
 - a. Recognition of assistants and counselors.
 - b. Division of duties.
 - c. Team work.
 - d. Between auxiliaries.
 - (1) Teacher-training.
 - (2) Social activities.
6. Consistent Living.
7. Spirituality.

Secretaries and Treasurers of all Organizations.

Subject: Secretarial Efficiency.....
.....General Representatives

1. Standards of Secretarial Efficiency.
 - a. Knowledge of duties.
 - b. Ability to perform duties well.
 - c. The will to do.
2. Values of Secretarial Efficiency.
 - a. To organization.
 - b. To individual.

Choristers and Organists of all Organizations.

1. The Organization, Correlation, and General Use of Music in the Wards
.....General Representative Discussion.
2. How a Congregational Song may be Most Impressively Presented and Effectively Taught and Studied
.....General Representative

Note: Some attention will also be given to the special work of organists.

Teacher-Training Meeting.

- 1 Teacher-training Work, 20 minute address..Stake Teacher-Trainer
 - a. The three biggest things it has accomplished.
 - b. Our problems ahead. Discussion.
2. The Significance of Teacher-training to the Church, 20 min-

- ute address
Member of General Board
 a. The need of vitalizing Gospel truths.
 b. The course of study for 1922. "The Principles of the Gospel."

Saturday 4 p. m.

M. I. A. Joint Stake and Ward Officers.

1. New Division of Time for Regular M. I. A. Ward Meetings
General Board Member
 - a. Ward officers' meetings, 7 to 7:30 p. m.
 - b. Opening exercises, prayer, music and song, 7:30 to 7:45.
 - c. Advanced Senior Class, 7:45 to 9.
 - d. Senior Class and other activities, 7:45 to not later than 9.
2. Special Activities (See folder).
General Board Member
3. The Spiritual Basis of M. I. A. Work.....General Board Member

Saturday Evening

Stake Social Committee.

A Stake Social to be Programmed and Given under the direction of the Stake Social Committee.

Sunday 9 a. m.

Y. M. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers.

1. The Senior and Junior Program.

2. Finance—Ward, Stake and Church—How and When?
3. Two 3-minute Reports of Most Successful Wards in Obtaining Yearly Subscriptions to the *Era*.
4. The New Efficiency Report.....
General Board Member
 - a. What it means.
 - b. How to use it.
 - c. Promptly reporting it.
 - d. Relationship to annual report.
5. New Edition of the Y. M. M. I. A. Handbook.
6. Statement by Stake Superintendent Giving Complete Attendance in Each Ward and Naming Wards having the Largest Regular Attendance, as a Recognition of their Labors.

Sunday, 10:30 a. m.

Regular Quarterly Conference Session.

Address: Responsibility of the Home in Religious Training....
General Representative

Sunday, 2:30 p. m.

Regular Quarterly Conference Session.

Wherever the local authorities desire, a meeting may be held on Sunday, at 7 p. m.

PASSING EVENTS



The Aaland question was settled by the council of the League of Nations at Geneva, June 24, by awarding the island, to Finland.

An earl is kidnapped. James Francis Bernard, fourth earl of Bandon, was taken from his residence, June 21, in county Cork, Ireland, by a band of masked men. The castle was set afire after Lady Bandon and the servants had been locked in a room adjoining the stables.

Mrs. Lettie Farr Thatcher, widow of Apostle Moses Thatcher, died at her home in Logan, Utah, June 21. Mrs. Thatcher was 76 years of age. She was born at Nauvoo, Ill., and came to Utah with the early pioneers, which included her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron F. Farr.

Eamonn de Valera was reelected president of the "Irish republic," it was announced June 20 by his secretary, Harry Boland, who also stated that Sean (James) O'Cealaigh, former Irish "envoy" to Paris, had been elected speaker of Dail Eireann, the Sinn Fein parliament.

Charles O. Wheat, who died at Ogden, June 15, is said to be the last member of the Utah pony express to pass away. He was born in Hartford, Conn., September 4, 1846. He came to Utah in 1860 and when thirteen years of age began riding pony express from Salt Lake to Milford. In later years he became a locomotive engineer.

Crime is decreasing in Salt Lake City, says the chief of police in his report for 1920, published June 22. There were only three homicides as against nine during the preceding year. Most of the property stolen was recovered, and several thieves arrested while engaged in their unlawful pursuit. Prostitution has been entirely eliminated, says the chief.

Nearly a hundred years was the age reached by Andrew C. Olson of Ephraim, Sanpete county, Utah, whose remains were laid to rest in that city, June 14. He was born in Denmark in 1822 and joined the Church in that country. He came to Ephraim in 1873. There he married Mary M. Nielson. He has nine children and forty-two grandchildren. As a young man he followed the sea for a number of years.

Arizona's contribution to the Mormon Battalion monument fund has been received by Governor Mabey and forwarded to Mrs. May Belle T. Davis, secretary and treasurer of the monument commission according to a report published July 1. It consists of a state warrant for \$2500. Governor Mabey has acknowledged the receipt of the contribution thanking the people of Arizona for the expression of good will conveyed in its generous donation.

The death of Lady Randolph Churchill, who was Miss Jennie Jerome of New York, was announced in a London dispatch June 29. It was due to heart failure following a hemorrhage. She was married to Lord Randolph Churchill, second son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and one of England's most influential political leaders of his day, in 1874. Her son, Winston Spencer Churchill, secretary of state for the colonies, was with her at the end.

The British coal miners' strike was ended June 28. It has been in progress since April 1. The miners resume work at somewhat reduced wages, but the government offers a subsidy to the coal mining industry of £10,000,000, and the workers will share the profits with the employers. Nearly one million miners were affected by the strike but they failed to enlist the full cooperation of railroad men and dock laborers and therefore failed in obtaining all they demanded.

Samuel Gompers was re-elected president of the American Federation of Labor, at the 41st annual convention of that organization, at Denver, which was brought to a close June 25. John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, was his opponent. The executive council of the federation instructed Gompers to call upon President Harding, his cabinet, and congress to bring about recognition of the so-called Irish republic and to protest to Great Britain against the "brutal and uncivilized warfare now being conducted in Ireland."

Taft succeeds White. Former president of the United States, William Howard Taft, was nominated, June 30, to be chief justice of the supreme court, to succeed the late Chief Justice White. The nomination was promptly confirmed by the senate, in executive session, only four votes being cast against him—those of Borah, Johnson and La Follette, Rep., and Watson, of Georgia, Dem. Mr. Taft is said to be the first man in the nation's history to be chosen for the highest office in both the executive and judicial branches of the government.

Maneuvering of a ship by wireless was successfully accomplished, July 10, when the battleship *Iowa* was controlled for two hours from the *Ohio*, five miles away. There was not a soul on board the *Iowa*. The ship was a real "Flying Dutchman," that mythical crewless ghost of the seas, as she obeyed the will of Captain F. L. Chadwick on the *Ohio*, almost hull down on the horizon. The invisible, magic fingers of the radio reached out across the sea to whirl the *Iowa's* steering wheel, operate the fuel, oil and water supply valves, and start and stop the ship, says the Associated Press account.

A conference on disarmament may be held in the near future. President Harding, it was announced in a Washington dispatch dated July 10, has approached Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan to ascertain whether it would be agreeable to them to take part in a conference on the limitation of armaments, to be held in Washington at a time to be mutually agreed upon. If the proposal is found to be acceptable, formal invitations for such a conference will be issued. He has also urged that there be at the same time a discussion of Pacific and far eastern problems and that China be invited to participate in the consideration of these problems.

The peace sentiment in the United States is growing. On June 22, a petition signed by more than 20,000 clergymen was presented to President Harding, asking that steps toward an international conference on reduction of armaments "at the earliest possible date" be taken. The petition had the indorsement of the National Catholic Welfare council, the United Synagogue of America, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, and the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. Among the listed signers were Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Episcopalians, Disciples of Christ, Congregationalists, Catholics, Unitarians, Friends and Rabbis.

The Ulster parliament was opened formally by King George, June 22. In his speech he pleaded for peace and harmony in Ireland and expressed the hope that ere long there would be a parliament in the southern part of the island. The king was accompanied by the queen, who, it is said, looked pale

and nervous. Following the conciliatory speech of the king, Lloyd George issued an invitation to De Valera, president of the so-called republic of Ireland, and Sir James Craig, premier of Ulster, to come to London for a conference with the government on the Irish question, for the purpose of finding a solution acceptable to all. Sir James accepted the invitation, but De Valera on June 27, replied that he could not accept it "in its present form." Later, however, he accepted, and proceeded to London.

Piracy in the Atlantic is thought to account for the mysterious disappearance, within the last few months, of at least eight freighters and the crew of one ship, the schooner *Carol A. Deening* which was found stranded, January 31, this year, a few miles north of Cape Lookout, lightship, N. C., with every evidence of foul play.

Four departments of the United States government, says a Washington dispatch dated June 21, are seriously and earnestly endeavoring to determine whether piracy on the high seas has actually leaped out of the pages of early seafaring history into the present reality of modern ocean commerce. Among the missing ships are a Spanish freighter, a Russian bark, and three British steamers, besides the American vessels.

The ancestral home of Washington was dedicated, June 21, with elaborate ceremonies. Sulgrave manor, as it is called, is located in Northamptonshire, England. It has just been reconstructed, at a cost of £50,000, and is now an exact replica of the place as it was three centuries ago. The Marquis of Cambridge, brother of Queen Mary, gave the principal address. The Prince of Wales planned to be present, but was detained. The exercises began with services in the Sulgrave parish church, where lies buried Lawrence Washington, forebear of George Washington; Mrs. Washington, and their eleven children. John A. Stewart, president of the American branch of the Sulgrave Institution, presented a bronze bust of Washington to the manor on behalf of American donors. George Harvey, American ambassador, did not attend the exercises.

A peace resolution ending the war with Germany and Austria-Hungary, was agreed on, June 28, by the conferees of the house and senate. It is regarded as a compromise between the plan of Senator Knox and the proposition of Representative Porter. It declares the state of war at an end and expressly reserves to the United States, "any and all rights, privileges, indemnities, reparations or advantages, together with the right to enforce the same, to which it or they have become entitled under the terms of the armistice signed November 11, 1918, or any extensions or modifications thereof; or which were acquired by or are in the possession of the United States of America by reason of its participation in the war or to which its nationals have thereby become rightfully entitled; or which under the treaty of Versailles have been stipulated for its or their benefit; or to which it is entitled as one of the principal allied and associated powers or to which it is entitled by virtue of an act or acts of congress or otherwise." The resolution, having been passed promptly by both houses of congress, was signed by President Harding, July 2, at Raritan, N. J., where he was visiting at the home of Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen. The next step will be the negotiation of a peace treaty between the former belligerents.

The Total population of Utah, 449,396, shows a preponderance of males over females, according to information issued by the census bureau, June 23, the figures being 232,051 and 217,345 respectively, but the female contingent is gaining. During the first decade the total population increased by 20.4 per cent, the male population by 17.9 per cent and the female population by 23.2 per cent. The ratio of males to females in 1920 was 106.8 to 100, as against 111.5 to 100 in 1910. The figures for the entire country show that we have 2,090,132 more males than females, the totals

being 53,900,376 and 51,810,244 respectively. The females predominate in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. The distribution of the population in Utah according to color in 1920 was as follows: White, 441,901; Negro, 1,446; Indian, 2,711; Chinese, 342; Japanese, 2,936; all other (Korean, Maori, Filipino, Hindu and Hawaiian), 60. During the decade the white population increased by 20.5 per cent while the negro population increased by 26.4 per cent. The foreign-born white population numbered 56,455 in 1920, as against 63,393 in 1910. This element constituted 12.6 per cent of the total male population in 1920, as against 17 per cent in 1910.

Changes in ward and stake officers June, 1921.—New wards and branches.—Logan Twelfth ward, Logan stake, J. W. Linford, bishop, Logan; Utah; Fairview North ward, North Sanpete stake, John Richard Grabam, bishop, Fairview, Utah; Clemmentsville branch, Teton stake, Herbert J. Carbon stake Rudolph Reusser, presiding elder; Standardville branch, Carbon stake Rudolph Reusser presiding elder; Kennilworth branch Carbon stake, Charles H. Clair, presiding elder; Rains branch, Carbon stake, Francis Anderson, presiding elder; Soldier Summit branch, Utah stake, Parley Bills, presiding elder, Soldier Summit, Utah. New bishops, etc.—La Sal ward, San Juan stake, Alexander Jameson, succeeded Walter D. Hammond, address same; Moab ward, San Juan stake, Walter D. Hammond succeeded Clyde A. Hammond, address same; Burrville branch, Sevier stake, Myron L. Burr, presiding elder, Burrville, Utah; Trout Creek ward, Bannock stake, Guy Harris acting, Lago Idaho; Redmond ward, North Sevier stake, J. Ernest Frandsen succeeded James A. Christensen, address same; Coltman ward, Bingham stake, Vincent F. Wootton succeeded Orson W. Hudman, Idaho Falls, R. D. No. 5, Idaho; Richvale branch, Teton stake, Albert Gilbert, Elmer Harris, address same; Palisade ward, Teton stake, Edgar L. Gee succeeded James W. Stott, address same; Darby ward, Teton stake, Octavus Smith succeeded Peter Sorenson, address same; Panguitch south ward, Panguitch stake, Fred G. Gardiner succeeded J. Nephi Henrie, address same; Holliday ward, Cottonwood stake, Joseph F. Quist succeeded Joseph Y. Larsen, address same.

Dr. George Thomas was elected president of the University of Utah, on June 25, at a meeting of the board of regents in the directors' room of the Deseret National Bank building. Dr. Thomas was formerly the head of the department of commerce and finance at the university. The final vote was nine to four. Professor Fred W. Reynolds receiving the minority vote was nine to four, Professor Fred W. Reynolds receiving the minority Utah. His mother had died when he was 14 years of age, and a year later his father suffered an injury that prevented him from working on his ranch and threw added responsibility onto the boy. What time he was able to spare from ranch work was spent in study. For three winters he attended the Brigham Young college, taking the regular high school course. With money which he had saved from working as a thresher band, and with that which had come to him through the death of his father, he went to Boston in 1891 with the intention of entering Harvard. After completing his high school course through a year's study at Berkeley high school in Boston, he was able to do so. The ninth out of a class of 425, he was graduated from the college after four years with a degree of bachelor of arts. For two years afterward he taught at Brigham Young university, later taking a professorship at the Utah Agricultural college for the same length of time.

Dr. Thomas then again returned to Harvard, where he took a year's postgraduate work, obtaining the degree of master of arts. Soon afterward he traveled through England and Europe. While abroad he studied at the Frederick Wilhelm university at Halle, Germany, and the University

of Berlin, being awarded a degree of doctor of philosophy at the first-named institution. He succeeds Dr. John A. Widtsoe, who now is a member of the Council of the Twelve.

Colonel James Henry Martineau, oldest civil engineer in Utah, veteran of the Mexican War, and pioneer of 1850, died at the home of his daughter in Salt Lake City, Friday, June 24, 1921. He was born in Amsterdam, Montgomery county New York, March 13, 1828, and was the son of Doctor and Mrs. John Martineau. Coming to Utah as a non-"Mormon," in 1850, he taught school in Farmington that winter. Through the study of "Mormonism," he joined the Church shortly after. He later followed his profession as civil engineer, and laid out thirty-five towns and cities in Utah and Idaho, besides roads and canals, and many surveys of the public domain. In 1851 he was called to Iron county with President George A. Smith, remaining there until 1860. In July, 1860, he moved to Logan, occupying there various responsible positions in civil and religious affairs. In early days he was an Indian fighter and rendered active service in a number of campaigns in Utah. In 1884 he moved to Arizona and the next year to Mexico, where he continued in his professional labors, returning to Salt Lake City in 1903, where he spent the remainder of his life. He wrote a number of articles for home magazines, and was a fair writer of both prose and poetry. He filled with credit a number of offices in the Church, and during his later years, was a patriarch. Impressive funeral services, at which remarks were made by Presidents Heber J. Grant and A. W. Ivins, were held Sunday, June 26, at the residence of his son, Hon. Lyman R. Martineau, one of his thirteen surviving children, and a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. He leaves also numerous grandchildren, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand-children, who are living. His body was buried at Logan.

In an interesting experiment on the improvement of potatoes by hill selection which has been under way at the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station for nine years, an increase in yield of one hundred bushels an acre has been secured, according to Professor George Stewart, author of a recent bulletin reporting the results of this experiment. The work was begun, in 1911, by Dr. F. S. Harris who was then Director and Agronomist of the Station. In 1916 the work was taken over by Professor Stewart who has continued the work up to the present. When the work was begun a number of the highest yielding hills were selected from the Majestic, Bangor, and Peerless varieties, then being grown at the Station. Each hill was put in a separate paper bag and numbered. The following year each hill was used to plant one row of potatoes. At harvest each year thereafter, each hill has been dug separately and the tubers placed in a paper bag with its proper number. During the winter each hill has been carefully weighed and the tubers counted and then returned to the bag for storage during the winter. From these data some of the best hills from the best rows; and some of the better hills from the poorer rows, were again selected for planting the following year. This process has been continued for the last nine years, an unselected strain being grown each year for comparison. By 1915—just three years—the selected strains yielded an average of 301.03 bushels to the acre as compared with 179.3 bushels to the acre for the unselected. From 1915 to 1920 the selected strain has outyielded the unselected stock of the same variety by more than a hundred bushels an acre, except in 1919 when there was a difference of only 29.6 bushels. The following year, however, the selected strains again outyielded the unselected strain by 168.6 bushels. The small difference in 1919 is attributed to the very poor growing season. In addition to a greater yield per acre the individual tubers have been larger, more uniform and more nearly free from disease.

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Heber J. Grant,	}	<i>Editors</i>	Edward H. Anderson, <i>Business Mgr.</i>
Edward H. Anderson,			Moroni Snow, <i>Assistant</i>

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