



IMPROVEMENT ERA



VOL. 32 SEPTEMBER, 1929 No. 11

Raised From the Dead

LEROI C. SNOW

The Evil of Modernism

DR. ELMER G. PETERSON

Soul of Incurable Boy

THOMAS R. HENRY

VESTIGES OF ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLERS

FRANK BECKWITH

MENTAL HOLIDAYS



PROF. WILLARD S. ELSBREE

THE GREAT OUT OF DOORS



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STORY—THE BRIMMING CUP

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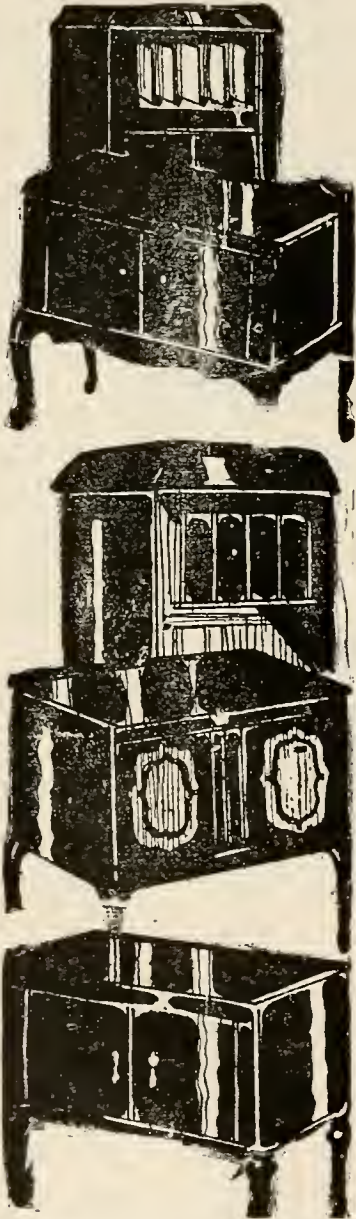
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IMPROVEMENT ERA

SEPTEMBER, 1929

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CONTENTS

EXCHANGE BUILDING, PALMYRA, NEW YORK	- - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE BOOK OF MORMON	- - -	879
RAISED FROM THE DEAD	- - -	<i>LeRoi C. Snow</i> 881
SUN-RISE ON MT. TIMPANOGOS	- - -	<i>Lowell Biddulph</i> 886
THE EVIL OF MODERNISM	- - -	<i>Dr. Elmer G. Peterson</i> 887
PROSPECTIVE TOBACCO LEGISLATION	- - -	897
LESSONS FROM COMMON THINGS	- - -	<i>Dr. Franklin S. Harris</i> 898
THE POWER OF FAITH	- - -	<i>William A. Morton</i> 899
HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE	- - -	<i>Hugh J. Cannon</i> 900
NOT IN VAIN. A POEM	- - -	<i>O. F. Ursenbach</i> 902
WOODEN CROSS BARES SOUL OF MOST INCORRIGIBLE BOY	- - -	<i>Thomas R. Henry</i> 903
ADVICE TO M. I. A. WORKERS—AND OTHERS	- - -	<i>James H. Anderson</i> 907
VESTIGES OF THE ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLERS AT MESA, VERDE NATIONAL PARK. ILLUSTRATED	- - -	<i>Frank Beckwith</i> 910
IMPRESSIONS	- - -	<i>Derrah B. Van Dyke</i> 918
JOSEPH SMITH AT NAUVOO. ILLUSTRATED	- - -	<i>Harold H. Jenson</i> 919
MENTAL HOLIDAYS	- - -	<i>Willard S. Elsbee</i> 923
THE ROCKIES. A POEM	- - -	<i>Mary D. Martineau</i> 927
WHEN JED MET THE COMANCHES	- - -	<i>Carter E. Grant</i> 928
PRE-REQUISITE. A POEM	- - -	<i>Bertha A. Kleinman</i> 935
THE GREAT OUT OF DOORS	- - -	<i>James P. Sharp</i> 936
THE BRIMMING CUP. A STORY	- - -	<i>Elsie C. Carroll</i> 941
THE HIGHEST BEAUTY. A POEM	- - -	<i>Ray M. Williams</i> 947
MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS. ILLUSTRATED	- - -	949
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?	- - -	<i>Dr. J. H. Paul</i> 954
EDITOR'S TABLE—"MORMONS" CONTRIBUTE TO WORLD MOVEMENTS	- - -	955
PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS	- - -	957
MUTUAL WORK	- - -	958

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EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

Raised from the Dead, the leading article in this number, is an amazing account of the death and restoration of a young woman of Brigham City. According to the testimony, she was recalled to life by the power of the Priesthood. This story is verified by numerous witnesses whose word can not be questioned. Among those who participated in the remarkable occurrence was President Ruder Clawson, of the Council of the Twelve. His version of this event, briefly referred to in this article, is given in much greater detail in the next number, when the concluding part of the story will appear. The author of this story is LeRoi C. Snow.

A story of unusual interest will be found in this number, under the title "The Brimming Cup," by Elsie C. Carroll. It will make some hard-working wives appreciate, more than they have hitherto done, the homely blessings which are theirs. It will, too, give to husbands the point of view of the wife which so many of them, unfortunately, do not have.

Vestiges of the Ancient Cliff Dwellers of the Mesa Verde National Park, by Frank Beckwith, calls attention in a graphic and interesting manner to some of the wonders which we know all too little.

Would you like to read a really touching experience? Then read "Wooden Cross Bares Soul of Most Incurable Boy," found in this issue. It shows that even the most hardened boys can be touched if we but find the proper means of approach.

Always a clear, logical thinker, and with ability to express his thoughts, Dr. Elmer G. Peterson, of the Utah Agricultural College, contributes "The Evil in Modernism" to this number. In this article he discusses modern tendencies in an instructive manner.

What is Chlorophyll? Without this

substance, unknown to most persons, life would cease to exist. Dr. Franklin S. Harris tells us what Chlorophyll is in his article "Lessons From Common Things."

Flaming Youth on the Job makes some excellent suggestions to young people of both sexes who are ambitious to obtain a college education but who lack the necessary means.

A story for boys, though many adult readers will find it very interesting, is found under the title of "The Great Out of Doors," by James P. Sharp. It is a graphic description of a wild horse round-up of a generation ago.

Mental Holidays by Prof. Willard S. Elsbree of Columbia University, fits well with the plan of the M. I. A. for the "wholesome use of leisure time."

When Jed Met the Comanches is a continuation of the Western history series, by Carter E. Grant. In this story the author tells of the travels and death of that intrepid scout and explorer, Jed S. Smith.

An illustrated article, Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, gives us a glimpse of the great leader's home life in a manner which will stimulate interest in this important subject.

Elder James H. Anderson's advice to M. I. A. workers and others contains much valuable material. It can be read and re-read with profit by all who hold or are likely to hold positions as speakers or leaders. And that, in this Church, means practically everybody.

Dr. George H. Brimhall is unusually gifted with the power to say a great deal in a few words. Because of this gift, the *Era* repeats his recent talk over KSL, under the heading "Mutual Hour on the Radio." Its thoughtful perusal will give to all a broader comprehension of what our slogan means.

The Book of Mormon

During the night of September 21, 1823, Joseph Smith sought the Lord in fervent prayer. The angel Moroni appeared and gave him comfort and instruction. Among other things he told the youthful supplicant of a book written upon gold plates which were deposited in a nearby hill. The following day the young man visited this place and was shown the hidden treasures by the angelic messenger. After four years of waiting, September 22, 1827, this holy record was delivered to him, and he translated it through the gift and power of God. The Book of Mormon is a "light that shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not." In the heart of every serious reader, it inspires faith, awakens reverence for the Almighty and devotion to righteousness, illuminates the past and reveals much that is to come. It is a holy book.

The following are a few gems taken from its sacred pages:

"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 the Lord giveth no commandment unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them." 1 Nephi, 3:7.

"Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy." 2 Nephi, 2:25.

"For my soul delighteth in plainness; for after this manner doth the Lord God work among the children of men. For the Lord God giveth light unto the understanding; for he speaketh unto men according to their language, unto their understanding." 2 Nephi, 31:3.

"Yea, and as often as my people repent will I forgive them their trespass against me." Mosiah, 26:30.

"But behold, if ye will awake and arouse your faculties, even to an experiment upon my words, yea, even if ye can no more than desire to believe, let this desire work in you, even until ye believe in a manner that ye can give place for a portion of my words. Now, we will compare the word unto a seed. Now, if ye give place that a seed may be planted in your heart, behold if it be a true seed, or a good seed, if ye do not cast it out by your unbelief, that ye will resist the spirit of the Lord, behold it will begin to swell within your breasts; and when you feel these swelling motions, ye will begin to say within yourselves—It must needs be that this is a good seed, or that the word is good, for it beginneth to enlarge my soul; yea, it beginneth to enlighten my understanding, yea, it beginneth to be delicious to me," Alma, 32:27, 28.



Photo by John D. Giles.

THE EXCHANGE BUILDING IN PALMYRA, NEW YORK, WHERE THE BOOK OF MORMON WAS PRINTED, IS THE BUILDING ON THE FURTHER SIDE OF THE GABEL ROOF.



VOL. XXXII

SEPTEMBER, 1929

No. 11

Raised from the Dead

BY LEROI C. SNOW, OF THE GENERAL BOARD OF Y. M. M. I. A.

INTRODUCTION: These are the people who participated most prominently in the following remarkable experience, now published for the first time:

LORENZO SNOW was the fifth president of the Church.

ELLA JENSEN, now Mrs. Henry Wight, living in Juniper, Idaho. She is fifty-eight years of age, the mother of eight children, six of whom are now living, and has six grandchildren.

JACOB and ALTHEA JENSEN, Ella's parents, and her Uncle HANS JENSEN, all of Brigham City, Utah, and all now dead.

RUDGER CLAWSON, of Salt Lake City and president of the Council of Twelve.

LEAH REES, now Mrs. Wilford Reeder, of Brigham City.

MRS. HATTIE CRITCHLOW JENSEN, of Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, now on a visit to Palestine.

ALPHONZO H. SNOW, of Salt Lake City, father of little ALPHIE, who died at six years of age.

THIS story, true in every particular, shows the fulfillment of a prophecy made upon the head of Lorenzo Snow when he was a young man, twenty-two years of age. At that time he received a patriarchal blessing, under the hands of the Prophet's father, Joseph Smith, Sen. This blessing was given in the Kirtland Temple. Among other things were these promises:

"Thou shalt become a mighty man. Thy faith shall increase and grow stronger until it shall become like Peter's—thou shalt restore the sick; the diseased shall send to thee their aprons and handkerchiefs and by thy touch their owners shall be made whole. The dead shall rise and come forth at thy bidding."

For several long weeks Ella Jensen had lingered, almost between life and death, with scarlet fever. In order to relieve the tired parents from their weary hours of loving care, kind neighbors took turns in staying at the Jensen home over night to help look after the sick girl.

Among these thoughtful friends was Leah Rees (now Mrs. Wilford Reeder of Brigham City). She occasionally played the little, old-fashioned harmonium and sang for Ella's entertainment. This particular evening the sick girl became very much worse. Leah had come about eight o'clock to remain until about eight the next

morning. Ella was so weak that she could hardly speak above a whisper.

"Ella asked me to sing and play for her," Leah says, "but, goodness, I was so worried about her condition, I felt more like crying. I sat down at the organ and began to play and sing but broke down and had to quit."

After Ella had gone to sleep, Leah lay down on a couch in the room, and also dropped off to sleep.

MAKES PREPARATIONS TO DIE

LEAH continues with her own story: "About three or four o'clock in the morning I was suddenly awakened by Ella calling me. I hurried to her bed. She was all excited and asked me to get the comb, brush and scissors, explaining that she wanted to brush her hair and trim her finger nails and get all ready, 'for,' she said, 'they are coming to get me at ten o'clock in the morning.'

"I asked who was coming to get her. 'Uncle Hans Jensen,' she replied, 'and the messengers. I am going to die and they are coming at ten o'clock to get me and take me away.' I tried to quiet her, saying that she would feel better in the morning if she would try to sleep. 'No,' she said, 'I am not going to sleep any more, but spend all the time getting ready.' She insisted that I get the comb, hair-brush and scissors, which I did, but she was so weak that she could not use them.

"As I was brushing her hair, she asked me to call her parents. I explained that they were tired and asleep and that it would be better not to disturb them. 'Yes,' Ella replied, 'you must call them. I want to tell them now.'

"The parents were called and as they entered the room the daughter told them that her Uncle Hans, who was dead, had suddenly appeared in the room, while she was awake, with her eyes open, and told her that messengers would be there at ten o'clock to conduct her into the spirit world. The father and mother



ELLA JENSEN

feared that the girl was delirious and tried to get her to be quiet and go to sleep. She knew their thoughts and said: 'I know what I am talking about. No, I am not going to sleep any more. I know I am going to die and that they are coming to get me.'

At about eight o'clock Leah left the house, realizing that the sick girl was gradually sinking. The father and mother remained at the bedside. Relatives and friends who had heard of Ella's sudden relapse came to see her.

PRONOUNCED DEAD

TOWARDS ten o'clock, Uncle Jake, the father, who was holding his daughter's hand, felt the pulse become very weak. A few moments later he turned to his wife saying: "Althea, she is dead, her pulse has stopped." The heart-broken parents wept and grieved at the loss of their beautiful daughter.

Jacob Jensen, Ella's father, and uncle of the writer of this article, was familiarly known to the people of Brigham City as "Uncle Jake."

Here are his own words to me:

"Ella had been sick for several weeks. She awoke one morning with the idea that she was about to die, and told us that her Uncle Hans had appeared in her room and said he was coming for her that morning. We kind of put her off and told her we thought



WHAT REMAINS TODAY OF THE OLD JACOB JENSEN HOME IN BRIGHAM CITY. THE INCIDENT OF THIS STORY OCCURRED IN THE ROOM AT THE RIGHT.

she must have been dreaming and not to pay much attention to it, to go to sleep and she would feel better in the morning; but she said: 'No, I know I am going, because he told me he would be here for me at ten o'clock in the morning.'

"She wanted to see all the folks and bid them good-bye. All who were near came in, all but Grandma Jensen. She was in town and I sent for her. She arrived just when the others of us had said good-bye. Ella put her arms around her grandmother's neck and kissed her good-bye. It was not more than a minute after that when her pulse stopped and she passed away. I was holding her hand and felt her pulse stop.

"We talked the matter over and wondered what we should do. I told my wife that I would go to town, more than a mile from home, and see President Snow, tell him about her death and have him arrange for the funeral.

"I went out to the barn, hitched up, and drove to the tabernacle where your father, President Lorenzo Snow, whom we all loved so much, was in meeting. I went into the vestry, behind the main hall, wrote a note and had it sent to your father, who was speaking to the congregation. When the note was placed upon the pulpit, President Snow stopped his talking, read the note and then explained to the Saints that it was a call to visit some people who were in deep sorrow and asked to be excused.

"President Snow came into the vestry and after I told him what had happened he meditated a moment or two and then said: 'I will go down with you.' Just as we were about to leave, President Snow stopped me, saying: 'Wait a moment, I wish you would go into the meeting and get Brother Clawson, I want him to go also.' President Clawson was then president of the Box Elder stake." (President Rudger Clawson is now president of the Council of Twelve and lives in Salt Lake City.)

PRIESTHOOD OF GOD STEPS IN

II WENT in and got him and took them both down to my home, about a mile and a half south of Brigham City. We went into the house. My wife and children were there. After standing at Ella's bedside for a minute or two, President Snow asked if we had any consecrated oil in the house. I was greatly surprised, but told him yes and got it for him. He handed the bottle of oil to Brother Clawson and asked him to anoint Ella. Your father was then mouth in confirming the anointing.

"During the administration I was particularly impressed with some of the words which he used and can well remember them now. He said: 'Dear Ella, I command you, in the name of the Lord, Jesus

Christ, to come back and live, your mission is not ended. You shall yet live to perform a great mission.'

"He said she should yet live to rear a large family and be a comfort to her parents and friends. I well remember these words."

President Rudger Clawson relates his experiences and after telling of Brother Jensen's coming to the meeting house toward the close of the morning session and being invited by President Snow to go along, says:

"As we entered the home we met Sister Jensen, who was very much agitated and alarmed. We came to Ella's bedside and were impressed by the thought that her spirit had passed out of the body and gone beyond.

A CALL HEARD BEYOND THE VEIL

TURNING to me President Snow said: 'Brother Clawson, will you anoint her,' which I did. We then laid our hands upon her head and the anointing was confirmed by President Snow, who blessed her and among other things, used this very extraordinary expression, in a commanding tone of voice. 'Come back, Ella, come back. Your work upon the earth is not yet completed, come back.' Shortly afterward we left the home."

Uncle Jake, Ella's father, continues his account: "After President Snow had finished the blessing, he turned to my wife and me and said; 'Now do not mourn or grieve any more. It will be all right. Brother Clawson and I are busy and must go, we cannot stay, but you just be patient and wait, and do not mourn, because it will be all right.'"

As already stated, it was ten o'clock in the morning when Ella died. It was towards noon when Jacob Jensen reported to President Snow at the tabernacle service, and not long after twelve o'clock, noon, when President Snow and President Clawson left the home after the administration.

Uncle Jake says that he and his wife remained at the bedside. The news of the death spread about the city. Friends continued to call at the home, express their sympathy to the sorrowing parents and leave. Continuing in Uncle Jake's words:

"Ella remained in this condition for more than an hour after President Snow administered to her, or more than three hours in all after she died. We were sitting there watching by the bedside, her mother and myself, when all at once she opened her eyes. She looked about the room, saw us sitting there, but still looked for someone else, and the first thing she said was: 'Where is he? Where

is he?' We asked, 'Who? Where is who?' 'Why, Brother Snow,' she replied. 'He called me back.'

UNWILLING TO COME BACK

WE EXPLAINED that Brother Snow and Brother Clawson were very busy and could not remain, that they had gone. Ella dropped her head back on the pillow, saying: 'Why did he call me back? I was so happy and did not want to come back.' "

Then Ella Jensen began to relate her marvelous experiences, marvelous both as to the incidents themselves, and as to the great number of them that occurred in the short space of between three and four hours.

Hattie Critchlow (now Aunt Hattie Jensen, who is visiting Europe and the Holy Land as a birthday present from her lawyer sons in Los Angeles) was a young lady at the time of this story. She and a group of girl friends were on the street in Brigham City when word came to them of Ella's death. Ella was one of their associates. They decided immediately to go to the home to express their sympathy and to offer their help to the bereaved parents.

As they reached the home they saw a lot of people in the house, but instead of expressions of sorrow and grief, they saw surprise and happiness in their faces. They entered the house and were astonished to hear Ella's voice. They had arrived just after Ella had returned to life and had begun the wondrous story of her visit to the eternal world.

(The conclusion to this remarkable story will be found in the October Era)

"SUN-RISE ON MT. TIMPANOGOS"

(Written near the top on morning of June 26, 1927)

Softly and quietly the veil of darkness lifted, and wistful, dancing rays of light penetrated the gray dawn. Mountain peaks came to view dimly across the rocky canyon and stood out like carved images in the silent morn. Birds began to chirp and twitter as a morning breeze rustled the leaves on the mountain side.

As I turned to the east a glowing mist appeared above the far-distant peaks, radiating its mystic, colorful rays into the new-born day. I watched it as it gained its strength and flooded the eastern sky, rising majestically and dashing its tints and colors upon the foamy clouds. Then out of its bed, all soft and fluffy, jumped the sun, beaming radiantly upon the world. The flowers and the trees reverently turned their faces to greet the morn.

With the break of day came life and joy; the world once more was on its way of happiness and toil, until night should come again and hide the drooping heads in peace and quiet and rest.—*Lowell Biddulph.*

The Evil in Modernism

BY DR. ELMER G. PETERSON, PRESIDENT OF UTAH
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

SINCE Mr. Morgan, some years ago, testified that character was the greatest collateral, it has become more generally recognized that our ultimate security depends more upon our integrity than upon tangible assets. We all are interested in a most important way not only in the output of our mines, factories and farms as representing the fluid wealth of our communities; we are even more interested in the development of personal and social moral quality. The mounting statistics of crime are not more significant than the loosening of those moral restraints which cannot always be designated legally as crime, but which stimulate and lead up to crime itself. The attempt to explain these manifestations of our new attitude as an expression of industrialization following our essentially agricultural life does in part explain, but does not condone. Morals in these important ways do not change. A just man thinks today as did a just man a thousand years ago. Honesty does not change. Neither does charity or love. Lust is lust always and greed is always greed.

The president of the United States has recently given us an engineer's judgment that we are suffering not from a flurry of crime, but from a "subsidence of our foundations." When an engineer uses this term he uses the most terrifying designation at his command. For foundations to subside is for all to be in jeopardy. President Hoover, let it be remembered, is among the least poetic of our presidents. He speaks from the blue prints and specifications when he says that life and property are less safe in America than in any other place in the civilized world.

We are properly proud of our civilization. Since Galileo in the sixteenth century went up to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and dropped his weights in order to demonstrate the law of falling bodies and of motion and to deny the validity of ancient records which had guided the thinking of civilized mankind for hundreds of years, we have advanced very far in our conquest of the forces of nature. Our ancestors, ignorant of the nature and operation of natural law, were held down in dread of these forces and as a result engaged in monstrous social and personal practices because of superstition and fear. We have emerged from this period into the period of free thinking unhampered by false authority. It is most interesting to note how progress has proceeded along different

lines in essential harmony, although at different times. While Copernicus, Galileo and Newton were establishing the foundations of modern science and discrediting the accepted scientific authority of their time, Luther, "the father of Protestant civilization," and Voltaire were breaking away from the religious authority of Rome, and England was setting up the beginnings of free government by destroying the authority of kings. All these great movements were expressions of the passion of people for freedom, the most priceless of our human inheritances.

A MORALLY RELIANT CITIZENSHIP

BUT freedom, priceless as it is, has given way in recent years in important places in civilization to autocracy because the abuses of freedom have become too burdensome for the people to bear. Italy, probably the best example, has been resurrected from what appeared to be certain disaster by abandoning the free institutions which, it is important to remember, were born 714 years ago, when the barons of England forced King John, on June 15, 1215, to sign Magna Charta, the original charter of all our modern liberties. We may well ask in America if we are not approaching a time when we too shall be forced to resort to new methods to curb the increasingly intolerable disrespect for law and the abuse of freedom which manifests itself in every walk of life. We will not, I think, in America agree that our institutions based upon Magna Charta and embodied in our Constitution and Declaration of Independence shall ever be abridged. We shall prefer to regulate our freedom rather than abandon it. This means that we must build up, by processes of education, an informed citizenship and a morally reliant citizenship sufficient voluntarily to deny itself liberties which lead to disorder. And this is no small task.

It may be profitable to analyze for a few minutes some of the aspects of our life because along with its virtues there are many defects in our civilization which it would be unwise, indeed needlessly foolish, not to recognize.

This is the age of science. "Tested thought" rules the civilized portion of the world as completely as our ancestors a thousand years ago depended upon signs and portents or the word of authority to guide them. Civilized humanity, as has been so completely shown in recent writings, is dedicated to science because "science is getting for us the things we need." It is ridding our children of diphtheria and dozens of other diseases, either directly by injection of a curative substance or indirectly by prevention; it is through machinery producing in mass an abundance of food and clothing within the reach of all; through processes of preservation and by means of transporta-

tion from regions of plenty to regions of want, it is eliminating famine; it is establishing control over pests and animal diseases and floods, thus measurably eliminating the disasters which make up a larger part of the record of human struggle. Science is transporting us with amazing speed as we do our work over the surface of the earth, over the seas, and in the air. It is bringing music and information to our firesides by radio. The application of science to industry has raised the so-called standard of living to a level unheard of before in world history. Particularly in America but measurably also in northern Europe and in other regions such as Canada, Australia and similar areas, which have been most influenced by modern civilization, the working man is receiving a comparatively high wage, and has the opportunity, for the first time in the history of the world, of giving his children food, clothing, education and recreation. In America common laborers today frequently live much better than princes of old as far as material comfort is concerned.

Mr. Hoover in his "bread and butter" speech at Newark, N. J., last fall brought out the fact that American labor, skilled and unskilled, receives in "bread and butter" values, expressible of course in other values, from about double to eight times as much as labor in other civilized countries. This is but one expression of the very great benefits accruing from American freedom, inventive genius, initiative, natural resources, free and general education, and a public opinion and conscience untrammelled by national hatreds and by decadent social customs. The wealth of America expressing itself in roads, automobiles, home plumbing, refrigeration apparatus, and other home conveniences and in per capita consumption of necessities and luxuries, in general in a material standard of living, so far transcends all other countries as to be considered almost miraculous.

CHANGE IN ECONOMIC PRACTICES

INDEED the problem of American industry has come to be, how to dispose of the surplus wealth and production. Factories and farms are producing more than we can consume. This overproduction is all in all one of the most astounding developments of history. We are trying to meet the situation by developing installment buying, shorter hours and fewer days of labor a week. Some of the important old economic practices, if not indeed what we thought were principles, are threatened with nullification. We are told by one of the greatest industrial leaders that, "No one who ever amounted to anything ever saved money." Economics is forcing employers to give and give. They are being forced to charge as small a profit as possible and pay as high a wage as possible; twenty-five years ago they proposed just the opposite. "Get wealth into

the hands of consumers!" is the distress cry of American industry. Are we not being ushered by processes of trade into a millennium where it will be "better to give than to receive" and where we will "take no thought for raiment?" Before we know it we may, in utter self-defense, be doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us. The kingdom of heaven may be in the offing.

So as a result of all this we have become worshipers of science and the investment today in education and research mounts into the hundreds of millions each year as we try to extend the field of knowledge and thus reap further rewards for ourselves.

But along with anti-toxin, automobiles, highways, aeroplanes, radio, educational institutions, abundant food and clothing, libraries, parks, and leisure time, we hear with irritating frequency of banditry, corruption in public office, bootlegging, growing addiction to narcotics and other drugs, low-grade contemporary literature and music, a stage almost devoid of virtue, an almost total absence of really great art, a flood of movie productions, barring a few admirable exceptions, fearfully sterile of thought or beauty, news stands which fester with diseased material, vulgar or stupid or both almost beyond belief, increasing divorce, lowering birth rate, companionate marriage, a coarsening of the relationship between men and women, open advocacy of experimental selection of mates on the ground of satisfaction of lust, and a general breakdown of sex restraint, a restraint which is admittedly the foundation of the family and the home.

TO ELEVATE BUSINESS

AND business itself which is the altar at which America and the civilized world are coming to worship is not free from concern. Ethical business is undoubtedly a "civilizing process" but there is current complaint that too large a portion of business is still unethical. We are striving through civic clubs and similar organizations to elevate business. The motives represented in these activities are most worthy, superficial as much of the activity is, because they represent or at least try to represent organized mercantile conscience. Individual initiative on the part of good men in the aggregate of course far transcends these organized efforts. Yet, in spite of such efforts, there is a strong opinion that fakery and injustice still play a large part in modern business. We have seen corruption displayed in big business through recent investigations. Undoubtedly for one culprit exposed there are a hundred who escape detection.

And a lesser but very pernicious manifestation of evil shows itself in our advertisements. Read any popular magazine. Drugs of doubtful value, at most only semi-reputable remedies, various

pastes and other forms of toilet preparations whose values are grossly misrepresented, misrepresented foods, mouth washes ridiculously exploited, tobacco, drinks, stomach reducers, and obviously absurd educational proposals, to mention only a few of the commodities and devices which fill our magazines, stare us in the face. At almost every turn of the highway we are confronted with utterly false exposition of the virtue of cigarettes. Often such advertisements try to accomplish their objects by an inference colorfully illustrating what they know would be impossible to say frankly without arousing indignation. Many of them are an offense to common honesty. Every intelligent smoker of cigarettes must be embarrassed by the guilty feeling that he is a party to the cigarette propaganda. To be sure there are many notices about such necessities as automobiles, reliable foods, machinery, building equipment and clothing, many of these, however, containing obvious misstatements directly or inferentially misrepresenting the commodity in comparison with competitor articles. There is of course a recognized element of unconscious humor in these statements and as a result we do not take them too seriously. But one wonders if it is necessary, in order to sell a soap, to try to convince the public that it produces a good complexion or a mouth wash that its antiseptic qualities eliminate mouth and stomach odors, neither of which is at all true. Yet millions of dollars each year are spent in trying to perpetrate these and similar deceits. It is surprising to note the number of notices which relate to needless, superficial or vicious products, catering to ignorance, false appetite, habit or vanity. Many are misleading, unethical or fraudulent.

Run the scale on your radio some night and try to determine the proportion which has merit. It will be surprisingly low. There are a few genuine presentations such as the Damrosch orchestra and interpretations, some excellent sermons and addresses, and of course there is a good lot of dependable subject matter. But the bulk of the material is obviously for a very coarse appetite and much of it particularly obtrusive advertising. The other night, unawares, we tuned in, a mixed company of us, on a disrobing scene in an artist's studio. The sex notes of alarm and the loud ecstatic breathing of the participants carried very clearly over the air.

THE GOOD STILL PREDOMINATES

LET it be admitted and emphasized that with all the evil which critics and pessimists may search out in the operations of modern business, it is unbelievable that the evil transcends the good. We have, furthermore, year by year the opportunity to educate ourselves out of the use of the inferior or worthless and thus eliminate

it by selecting the superior both in goods and in processes. One cure for such evil is perfect freedom to express itself. What is emphasized here is that there is a large admixture of evil in the probably larger good which civilization is bringing us. While we have produced an advanced mechanical civilization, we have fallen far behind in the development of a culture to correspond.

An American magazine states: "What idea can the unfortunate young people of today have of ancient polish and refinement? So extensive is the deterioration of society, so deleterious the consequences of abounding established system, that even the well intentioned know not how to conduct themselves. Our manners have been left to choke themselves with their own wild growth till they have shot into the exuberance of rudeness."

This is not a quotation from a current number of the magazine; it is a statement published in the *North American Review* in its first issue of May, 1815. It may appear at first that our outcry is needless; past generations have been criticized the same as ours, and they have come through their so-called depravity triumphantly. But have they? The quotation of 1815 merely suggests that our problems are not new and that change has always alarmed us. Wisely so, because change may be good or bad and each generation must select the good if it can. The process of "going to the devil" has apparently been a never-ending one. It is not necessary to be a believer in a dismal future for the race to believe that the wastage in human material is and always has been tragically great. And "going to the devil" has unfortunately actually been a rather large part of the activity of every generation; and emphatically so of our own because our own has greater facilities for reaching that destination quickly. We can go there by automobile or aeroplane today while our ancestors had to walk or be pulled slowly by ox-team or horses.

The breakdown in social and personal standards and the measure of evil which is in business may be over-emphasized by the observers who are writing of it. The difficulties which we encounter in international relations, often revealing hypocrisy and deceit on the most monumental scale, may be but an expression of human weakness indicating the status of our progress and not so much, as many believe, of national wickedness. It must, however, be admitted, no matter how we seek to minimize these symptoms, that there are many causes for grave apprehension.

SCIENCE DESTROYS KINGCRAFT AND PRIESTCRAFT

SCIENCE cannot be held guilty of causing this visitation of fraud, this riot in the name of freedom. Science may only be properly

associated with these conditions on the ground that science destroyed the authority which previously had been assumed by kings and priests and thereby released men's minds from obedience to any outer authority. The story of this connection between the development of science and education and the destruction of kingcraft and priestcraft is a long story and has been detailed for us many times. It may be sufficient to say what is now so generally understood that these twin evils always fought science and education because the business of kings and priests was to think for the people and not allow the people to think for themselves. For that reason they fought freedom. The development of freedom and the resultant development of education and science inevitably ended the rule of king and priest. When science revealed that blessings could be secured by men through their own efforts and research, men abandoned kings and priests.

It is probably all working out as it was planned, and the world will arrive at its great destiny in due time in spite of these obstructions. In the meantime we are justified in refusing to join in the worship of modernism as it expresses itself in evil. It is defensible to believe that there is more downright good in the world today than ever before and at the same time object to including in this benediction the host of demagogues preaching that it is all progress which we witness today, or the intellectuals whose souls are burnt out by vanity, or the mere money changers who clutter up the temple of modern life and science with their cheap wares and offend with their loud shouting—prostitutes debasing the great processes of economics to the ends of greed. There are great business men among us, so great indeed that they will go down in history, some of them, with the major statesmen, prophets, scientists and poets. These men are helping greatly in making over modern life for us. They are sanctifying business because of their very great sincerity. And every community has its valiant little quota of upright men who in the aggregate make up the real army of the Lord, fighting each day an honest battle more significant than any Hastings or Waterloo or Marne. But while still so large a group of camp followers are trailing after the army of progress, let us recognize them as such.

The measure of degeneracy which we now have reached indicates that our civilization like a dread serpent is turning upon itself and sinking its fangs into its own writhing body. The World War is rather complete evidence of this; the international jealousy which exists eleven years after the war, in spite of the noble efforts expressed in recent treaties, is evidence that the nations merely await another opportunity to test their power. These treaties when you come to think of it should greatly embarrass us; they say among other things

that murder is disavowed as a national process. That we should find it necessary to say this solemnly in a treaty is evidence enough that our international standards are those of the wolf. This avowal by the nations is equivalent to asking a private citizen to forego burglary or personal assault as a recognized process of citizenship.

In international affairs in practice we completely deny the reality and the potency of spiritual law. The biological sciences and chemistry which have taught us to be healthy, by revealing the secrets of physiology and of foods, have at the same time taught us to be sterile. Deliberate sterility by the so-called superior people is resulting in the world being peopled with the off-spring of the so-called inferior. The automobile has become the most effective instrument of vice criminals have ever had. Our command of the very sciences which produced curative and preventive medicine and surgery and gave us a mastery in manufacturing and transportation, is preparing poisonous gas, liquid fire, war machines for use in the air, and possibly physical and chemical forces even more terribly destructive, and will, if some unforeseen transformation does not take place, effect the suicide of our civilization.

CIVILIZATION VICTIM OF AN OLD DISEASE

EDUCATIONAL institutions are not immune from the withering effects of this new propaganda. It is not uncommon to hear expressions from educators in advocacy of doctrines which cannot be designated as other than evil. Such degeneration which manifests itself in the world often indeed parades as advanced thought. It parades as the new freedom in advocacy of indulgence in any form necessary in achieving what is called "self-expression." Strip these practices of the adornment of modern knowledge and they are as Sodom or Babylon or Rome. In these respects civilization is merely becoming the victim of an old disease; it is not subscribing to a higher ideal. This expression of modernism scorns the idea of God except as a vague and impersonal force to whom or which we owe no allegiance. Prayer is considered by very many an indefensible manifestation or superstition. Only the rational and scientific are considered good form. We seem to be in the clutches of a huge Cyclops of science of our own creation which threatens to crush the art, the poetry and the religion out of us.

In this age of precision instruments and methods we tend to discredit or ignore what cannot be measured or in some way tested. The length and width of disease organisms is now known to a micron and their action on our bodies measured in terms of temperature, pulse and blood count; the effect of the movement of the electron has been seen and meas-

ured; our intelligence is tested and put down as a definite figure on a scale running from brilliance to stupidity; the test tube measures and pictures the nature of chemical reactions in terms of colors, odors, crystals, nature of filtrate and residue, and a variety of other definitely determinable reactions; the Petri dish pictures microscopic life for us in definite colonial form. Our weight should be so many pounds if our height is so many inches and our age so many years. The barometer, thermometer and speedometer tell us without guessing of pressure, temperature and speed. Our obedience to them is implicit; if something went wrong with our thermometer and it registered summer heat in the winter, our fidelity would prompt us to discard our coats and walk out blithely in straw hats and light linen. We have almost convinced ourselves that we are not sick unless one or more of the multitude of tests reveals it, no matter how we suffer. It is all good unless we decide that that which cannot be measured does not exist. So far we have no instruments or formulas to measure or express courage, fear, faith, tenacity, hope, devotion, sacrifice, charity and love. And these do exist although they are beyond the reach of calipers. These indeed are the greater essentials of human life.

NO SCIENTIFIC MEANS OF FINDING GOD

AND we have no telescopes, microscopes, spectroscopes, micrometers, Binet tests or chemical analyses to find God. We do not know how far we are from the discovery of anything even approaching the real essence or nature of life. In spite of our monstrous conceit and vanity, we know as little of the nature of life "as the insect knows of the printed page across which it walks." To plan our personal and social actions including our morals entirely on the basis of our "tested" knowledge is therefore the most outrageous stupidity. Yet that is exactly what is being attempted. Charity indeed is now organized and with philanthropy has become big business, not, however, without serious question as to its effectiveness. And witness, for instance, the attempt to put sex, procreation and love among the "things" which should be measured out. Women are becoming merchandise, garbed and painted for sale, the methods varying little from the advertisements of the body lines and duco on cars shown in our display rooms. We seek to control the maternal instinct of a peasant woman, in the name falsely of a higher standard of living which means frequently only a greater measure of indulgence, as we measure out vitaminines and calories for her family. Such scientific vanity would have denied to the father and mother of Steinmetz the right to have borne the deformed son whose life has added glory to the name of man. Recently we have

witnessed the spectacle of a cock-sure biologist attempting to subject a major state university and the ideals of the people it represented to formula. This young university president quickly discovered that the people who had built the university and who demanded that it conform to their standard had emotions, racial ideals, instincts and religious conceptions, whether true or false, which they refused to have measured and tested by what they thought were imperfect methods.

A NEW TESTAMENT CIVILIZATION

WHAT can be done to keep men and women, and particularly our youth, from deadly modern poisons as we give them the food of modern science? No one can answer this question completely. Anyone may attempt to answer. It seems to me that we need a revival of ancient religious devotion. I do not mean a return to the rule of the priest whose power it took hundreds of bloody years to destroy. I mean a belief in God as a directing and essentially a personal force working of course through law. A great case can be made in favor of the proposition that the good in our civilization is essentially a result of Christianity. I am, therefore, speaking of God in terms of the interpretation in the New Testament. Ours is a New Testament civilization. It requires too much credulity to expect the average person to establish loyalty to a power, merely, or a mechanism, or a formula. This average person is utterly lost in his efforts to associate himself with any degree of satisfaction and therefore ultimately with any loyalty or sense of responsibility to a God as law only. He can have high and proper respect for, let us say, gravity. "Force equals mass times acceleration," is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, deductions, ever made by the mind of man. This Second Law of Newton is the physical foundation of our civilization. But the ordinary man will admit his inability to establish loyalty to gravity or the formula $F. equals M. A.$ It is in another dimension of emotion. We think of such laws as forces to be taken advantage of and in no sense as occasioning affection or devotion.

One of the great hallucinations of our times is the belief in the animal nature of man, consciously or unconsciously correlated with our theory as to the origin of man. This doctrine of animalism if accepted tends to lower our conscience to the level of the beast. Evolution of course is a fact or rather a tremendous concourse of facts; that man is a brute is not a fact. The attempt physically, chemically or biologically to mechanize the universe or to animalize the human race has not as yet succeeded. Job of old is represented as trying to explain some of the problems of life; the glory of the

record of Job is his final acknowledgment that he not only cannot know but finds joy in leaving to God what still is God's. So, many of the little minds we call great but which after all are quite small would do well not to misunderstand the purposes of the flesh.

Progress has never come except as it is coming to us. We are not to be ushered into a millennium unless we are worthy of it and deliberately choose it; indeed, possibly unless we create it ourselves. God and evil always come together. We can select either. Our task is to distinguish one from the other. Evil is most dangerous when it appears as something else. If it went about with its own scarlet mark upon it we would avoid it. It appears frequently in the garb of respectability, even intellectuality. Its fangs are hidden behind a gracious smile. Yet to know evil and to fight it is our second duty and privilege. The first is to love the truth.

PROSPECTIVE TOBACCO LEGISLATION

On June 10, the United States senate received a shock. Senator Smoot introduced a bill to amend the Food and Drug Act of June 30, 1906, by extending its provisions to tobacco and to tobacco products.

He said he introduced the bill because "the manufacture and sale of tobacco products are matters that affect the public health and welfare of millions of our population;" that "various drug products are contained in tobacco;" and that "false and deceptive statements made through advertising media in the interest of tobacco products should be brought under government regulation."

In introducing his bill the senator delivered a scathing address in which he charges the tobacconists with indulging in "an orgy of buncombe, quackery, and downright falsehood and fraud to create a vast woman and child market for their products."

The No-Tobacco League prints the senator's address in full in the July issue of *The No-Tobacco Journal*. It has also organized a nationwide campaign to get individuals and groups of people in all the states to petition congress to pass the bill.

Anyone interested in having a part in the campaign in this matter, so vital to the "public health and welfare of millions of the population," can obtain copies of the senator's address and suggested form of petition by writing to the No-Tobacco League, Box 578, Indianapolis, Indiana, and enclosing five cents for postage.

Lessons From Common Things

BY DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, PRESIDENT OF THE B. Y. U.

7. Chlorophyll

AS a person looks out into the world the green color of vegetation meets his eyes. In the tropics, great forests cover the landscape; in temperate lands, fields, trees, and grass cover the earth; even at the tops of mountains or in Arctic regions, plants, large and small, seem to occupy every particle of space, even to cracks in the rocks. So common is this green coloring of vegetation that we ordinarily take it as a matter of course, as we do water and air. Yet within each green plant is going on work so wonderful that it should hold the attention of all who love to know the wonders of the world.

Have you ever asked yourself just what this green substance is which is so universally distributed throughout plant life? If you should take a magnifying glass and examine the leaves of plants, you would find that they are made up of very tiny cells, so small that it requires several hundred of them to equal an inch in length. In each of these cells there are from a few to several dozen little particles of green material which the botanists call "leaf-green" or "chlorophyll". No matter what the green plant is, whether a tree or a blade of grass, its leaves have this same material. It is one of the most common of substances; so common that most people scarcely give it a thought, and if they do they seldom trouble themselves to find out just what it is or what its relation might be to our lives.

This green material, commonplace as it may seem, is so tremendously important that no animal or plant could continue to live on earth for any length of time without it. It is the primary factor in the manufacture of plant and animal food. The sunlight, acting through the leaf-green on water and carbon dioxide from the air, builds complex food substances which serve as the foundation of all animal food.

The chlorophyll cells may be regarded as the most practical chemical laboratory in all the world. All the manufacturing done in the United States requires only about forty million horsepower of energy, whereas just the pastures on the farms of Utah use several times this much energy in a year. This trapping of sunshine to create food goes on so silently that we scarcely notice even the growth of the plants, let alone think of the many, many billions of tiny spheres of chlorophyll cells which are doing the manufacturing.

This first material which the green cells manufacture is a simple

sugar or starch, as is found in potatoes and rice. In many instances the peculiar needs of the plant which does the manufacturing require that the food be changed to other forms, such as cane sugar, or oily foods, but no matter what the later changes, the work of the chlorophyll cells is invariably the same. Their great work is to keep the whole world supplied with the initial food for all plants and animals, and should their activities cease, all living things would perish. Man and animals, by utilizing stored fuel and food, might live for some time after chlorophyll were destroyed, but soon all such supplies would be exhausted, and all forms of life be stilled.

Many of the common things which seem entirely independent of chlorophyll were really created under the activity of this one green substance. Gasoline, kerosene, coal, tar, and numerous other substances all trace their origin back to the sunshine trapped by chlorophyll and used to weld the hydrogen of water with carbon dioxide to make plant food. The method of storing these fuels in the earth are responsible for their almost unrecognizable forms.

Suppose the world had been made by mere chance, and this green substance had been left out. Our planet would always have remained a barren waste of rock. Does it seem reasonable that this wonderful green material organized itself so that it automatically began to manufacture food, and that other forms of chance created living organisms to utilize this material, or was there a divine mind supervising the creation so that it would evolve into a world of beauty? Scoffers, whose minds have been warped through one-sided views of the wonders of life, may answer that chance could perform such miracles, but for those who study nature with an open mind, the Creator's hand is plainly visible.

THE POWER OF FAITH

A short time ago a boy up in the mountains of Colorado was bitten by a rattle snake. He knew that the bite of a rattler is deadly poison, and for a few minutes death stared him in the face. Then a happy thought came to him: "If I could only get to the hospital in Colorado Springs, I am sure the doctors would save my life."

With this assurance he mounted his horse, and rode several miles, when he met an automobile. He explained his condition to the driver of the auto, who rushed him to the depot, where he caught a train for Colorado Springs. On arriving there he hastened to the hospital, where he received treatment at the hands of the doctors and his life was saved. This is a pretty good example of the power of faith.—*William A. Morton.*

Hard Times Come Again No More

BY HUGH J. CANNON

STAND for a moment, and reverently, at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. As you look over the Salt Lake valley, now filled with verdant fields, comfortable homes and prosperous factories, visualize if you can the scene which met the gaze of our pioneers on that memorable July day, 1847.

The leader spoke, more than a leader on that and other occasions—he was a prophet, “This is the place.” And what a place it must have appeared to the weary traveler! Sagebrush, baked plains, desolation!

Nearly three-quarters of a century later, Judge LeGrand Young, a nephew of the departed president, speaking at a conference of the Liberty stake, related two pioneer incidents which are worth preserving. Unfortunately, he was not asked to put them in writing in his own words, but subsequently they were told in a meeting at which Judge Young was present, and he was asked to correct any inaccuracies. No corrections were made, and the incidents are here given from memory.

Lorenzo Dow Young, an uncle of Judge Young and a brother of the pioneer leader, made his home in what is now a beautiful residential district of Salt Lake City. Then, it was farming land. One morning his wife called attention to the fact that their flour was gone, and that there was nothing in the house to eat.

Brother Young's crops demanded his attention for most of the day, and he went about his work with a prayer in his heart that their wants might be supplied. Late in the afternoon he returned, tired and hungry, to the house, still wondering what they were to do for food.

“Can't you scrape together a little flour,” he asked his wife, “and make a batter cake? I am faint.”

“I took all there was in the bin this morning, and we haven't a thing left,” was her reply.

However, at his request she went into the pantry to see if, by any chance, she might find something heretofore overlooked. A moment later she returned, crying.

“I don't think it's right of you to play jokes on me at such a time. I'm tired and hungry, too, and wrought up because of our destitute condition, and I think you should have told me about the flour.”

Brother Young was ignorant of what she meant but was not

long in learning that the bin was full. Then together this good couple thanked the Lord for providing for their needs.

In commenting on the circumstance, Judge Legrand Young said: "I know the skeptic will say there was nothing miraculous about this occurrence. The Lord had nothing to do with it, but some kind neighbor who knew the straits in which this family found themselves, and who desired that his left hand should not know what his right hand did, had, unseen, slipped in with a sack of flour. It is possible this was the case. My uncle never found out where it came from, but he always acknowledged this experience as an answer to prayer, and in this I fully agree with him. That the Almighty perhaps used human agencies to bring it to pass matters not at all. These people whose hands were always open to assist others had asked that their own distress be relieved. The prayers were answered. Relief came, and what more could they expect?"

The other incident related by Judge Young was about as follows, and the essential features of the story are substantiated by the *Deseret News* of October 4, 1870:

On one of his trips through the south, President Young was very much delighted by the singing of the Parowan choir. This group, like most choirs of Utah even in this day, was made up of people who had come from various parts of the United States and Europe. It will be recalled that President Woodruff converted hundreds of people in Herefordshire, England, among them almost an entire choir, and some of those singers had found a home in Parowan, where they and their descendants contributed to the musical development of the community.

It was decided to have this group come to Salt Lake City, to sing at the October conference of 1870. Upon the countenances of many, those who had come from England and other foreign countries, and who in their native lands had worked in factories, offices or stores, the passing years and their struggle with the elements had engraved a pathetic story of hardship and privation. They were weather-beaten and toil-worn. The clothing of some was threadbare and patched. But in one particular they were unchanged; their faith in the Gospel, which had caused them to gather with the Saints in this new land, was as firm as ever.

William Tecumseh Sherman, general-in-chief of the United States army, was in the city at the time, stopping at the old Townsend House. This was the General Sherman who is famous for his apt and terse definition of what war is and who directed the historic "march to the sea" during the civil war.

The word had spread that the military band from Fort Douglas was to serenade the general during the evening, and an eager crowd

of several hundred people had congregated in front of the building. After the band had rendered several selections, a speech was called for. The general, however, declined to respond, although some of those present obtained a personal interview with him and vainly attempted to persuade him to do so.

It had been suggested that the Parowan choir go to the Townsend House to sing for the military party. This suggestion was followed. The singers assembled in the street in front of the hotel, and the general and his party sat on the balcony which extended over the sidewalk. Several selections were rendered and finally they sang "Hard times come again no more." The old soldier, deeply touched, arose as the strains of the familiar melody reached his ears. He walked to the front of the balcony, leaned on the balustrade and stood silently looking down into the faces of the group before him. As the song proceeded, tears came into his eyes and ran unchecked over the furrowed cheeks. When the song was ended the old man said brokenly, "My friends, I see from your faces that you know what hard times are, and I pray God, with you, that they may come again no more."

The Church records show that General Sherman was in Salt Lake City on October 3, 1870, and again on September 22, 1883. During the first visit he met President Young and some of the leading brethren. President Daniel H. Wells became somewhat well acquainted with the distinguished visitor and formed a very high regard for him.

NOT IN VAIN

If I can ease one wounded heart,
 Or pacify some throbbing breast;
 If charity I can impart,
 Or I can cope with friendship's quest;
 If through the shaded throes of life
 I can emit a sunny gleam;
 To give myself with my small mite
 To help those down to rise again;
 If I can speak a kindly word
 To turn your boy from shame and sin,
 Or, if I lead some wayward girl
 Back to a wholesome life again;
 If sympathy for all that live
 Helps me to feel their inmost pain,
 Then in my soul I do believe
 That I shall not have lived in vain.

Wooden Cross Bares Soul of Most Incurable Boy

(Taken from the *Washington Star*)

BY THOMAS R. HENRY

NOTE—This is the second of a series of articles telling of the remarkable experiment in the redemption of boys who have proved unmanageable in ordinary schools, which is being carried on by the District of Columbia public school system.

[Harold D. Fife, mentioned in this article, is a young "Mormon" boy who is making a real contribution to the teaching profession.—*The Editors.*]

E'EN though it be a cross."

Peter was one of the worst problem children the District schools have known in recent years.

Harold D. Fife, principal of the Gales Special School, has a stack of letters in his desk about the child. Some express unmitigated disgust; others sympathy, but hopelessness. Peter had been tried with all sorts of teachers. The strict disciplinarian found him unmanageable and dangerous. The gentle, motherly kind wasted their tenderness. The mental research department classified him as a dullard.

Peter was ragged, dirty and a thief. His adolescent mind was a sewer of filthy thoughts. Girls weren't safe in the same room with him. When he was asked a question he would reply with a string of oaths and nastiness that would have shocked a mule driver. He took no interest in anything offered by the schools. He was an habitual truant.

Here, it seemed, there was a congenital delinquent, if such a creature ever existed.

As a last resort, Peter was transferred to the Gales Special School. He was a stubborn case. Week after week Fife tried to find some point of contact with whatever spark of goodness there might be in the child. His personality was impenetrable. Even among the problem cases he was outstandingly bad. Nothing could be found which interested him upon which to condition other interests. Here at last, Fife thought, was the exceptional case where his theories didn't work.

TRIED TO MAKE FRIENDS

DAY after day the teacher talked with the boy on his own level and tried to make friends with him. The net result apparently was only a slight lessening of the animosity which the child felt for all teachers and all authority.

That point of contact in the child's personality with decency

and aspiration which Fife thinks exists somewhere in every one could not be located and there seemed no alternative but to abandon him to a reform school—and probably to a succession of prisons after that—for the protection of society.

Suddenly, strangely, beautifully, came the break.

Peter had been showing the world an artificial, self-created shell of personality. Behind this he had hid his real self—a highly spiritual, luminous, saintly self, with Christ-like elements about it.

He came to Fife's desk after school one afternoon.

QUERY ABOUT CROSS

YER know dem crosses dey sticks on de stiffs out in Arlington?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, what I wants to know is how much the —— things costs."

"I don't know—about \$50, I should think."

Fife noticed the boy's face fall.

"As much as that?"

"Yes. You see, they have to carve them out of a pretty big piece of stone and there is a lot of heavy work."

"Don't they ever make 'em of nothing but stone that don't cost so much?"

"Yes. You might make one out of wood."

"Could I make one?"

"I should think you could. I'd help you some. Why are you interested in crosses, Peter?"

The old look of hostility came over Peter's face at this question. The teacher saw that he had made a mistake, that it was too soon to ask.

"I want to make a cross," the boy said.

Fife took him to a room downstairs where there was some lumber and a few tools. He showed him rapidly how the tools were used.

MADE MANY MISTAKES

GO AHEAD and make your cross," he said.

From that time on he didn't bother Peter with school work. Every morning the boy went to the lumber room, shut himself in and worked. He made many mistakes. There was much to be done over. But he seemed absorbed in his work.

Never before had Peter shown any mechanical interests. For the first time something had been found which kept him out of mischief. Fife visited him every day and coached him a little.

Peter rather resented this coaching, but he listened and profited by it. He grew more and more friendly with the teacher.

Finally Fife judged that the time was ripe to try once more to go a little deeper.

"Peter, you've never told me why you are interested in crosses," he said.

"Oh, didn't I? Well, you see, it's like this—"

A marvelous transformation had come over the dirty, foul-mouthed boy in that moment.

His mother had died 10 years before, leaving his father, a poor day laborer, with a large family.

OUTLINE OF STONES

THE family was poor. The mother had been buried in a corner of one of the Washington cemeteries. They had put no headstone over her grave. Brush and weeds had grown over it. The poor woman was cast utterly out of the world's memory.

But there was an outline of stones around the space into which her coffin had been lowered. Peter had put them there.

Twice a year little Peter had trudged to the cemetery and filled in the gaps in that outline of stones. He had been doing this, unknown to anyone else, all the time that his school teachers had been calling him the worst boy in Washington. He had been doing this all the time that his tongue was so filthy that the most hardened teachers, men and women, couldn't endure listening to him.

There he would kneel in the long grass, replacing the scattered stones.

All around him, over the graves of the mothers of other little boys, rose monuments and crosses. Each of these pilgrimages only made him worse. He would get even—the boy would clinch his fists and curse the Lord in Heaven—he would get even with a world which had treated his mother like this.

Over her nameless grave he had promised to get even. He was keeping his word.

The father was a well meaning man, but his thoughts were with the living and not the dead. His slender wage barely sufficed to feed the hungry mouths dependent on him. He tried to clothe them decently and made a terrible job of it, to judge by Peter.

NOT HUNGRY OR COLD

EVERY time the boy had suggested that a headstone be placed over his mother the father had dismissed the idea rather curtly. She was dead, wasn't she? She wasn't hungry or cold any more. She was comfortable enough there in the ground. Why bother with her when the kids needed clothes?

He was not an unkind man, but he had no motherliness about him. He was too tired to mother the kids when he came back from his day's work.

The human touch had gone out of Peter's life the day his mother's body, in a bare wooden box, had been carried out of the door of the shack where they lived.

The spiritual, Christ-like Peter had gone out of the skinny, unwashed little body and crept into the coffin. There all these years he had snuggled in her arms. The poor, dead woman had crooned to her baby there in the grave-yard.

The Peter of the District schools, the Peter who swore at teachers, stole everything he could lay his hands on and assaulted girls, was not Peter at all. Peter was in his mother's arms in her nameless grave.

Fife gave the boy money to finish the cross, to buy paint and other trimmings. It was a work of art when it was done. There was a soul in it.

One day the teacher and the boy went out together and cleared away the weeds from the grave. But for the setting up of the cross Peter went alone one Sunday.

CROSS OF GOLD

IT LOOKS better than any of the others in the cemetery," he said when he came to school the next morning. "Do you think she knows about it? Do you think she will like it because it's wood and not stone?"

"That cross is made of gold, Peter," the teacher said. "She will know it is made of gold."

So the soul of Peter was raised from his mother's grave on the cross his hands had carved.

"I have known many boys," says Mr. Fife, "but I never knew another so spiritually-minded as Peter is today. He is all spirit. And he is the one boy sent here for whom nobody had any hope."

Fife hesitates to psycho-analyze this strange case of dual personality in a child.

One school would explain it perhaps in terms of mother fixation twisted in some curious way.

Another would find an inferiority complex—the motherless child, whom the world so despised that it would not even accord his mother the poor honor of a cross over her grave, developing a superiority complex in compensation which drove him to make the world pay attention to him by the very extent of his depravity, the way which offered the line of least resistance at the time.

But the mystic would find here the symbols of holy and unseen things—of Christ descending into hell at the behest of the Mother.

Perhaps all are right. Who knows?

Advice to M. I. A. Workers—and Others

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY ELDER JAMES H.
ANDERSON IN THE OGDEN STAKE.

WHenever a Mutual Improvement Association achieves actual success, it recognizes two fundamental, vital factors: First, that it is promoting a righteous cause.

Second, that its officers and members, having a definite purpose in view, put energy, courage, sincerity and faith into their combined efforts.

The expression, "combined efforts," as here used, means, so far as practicable in the Association, "Everybody at work, and working right." In achieving this desired result, enlivening songs, in which everybody can join, at least in feeling, play an important part.

I give you a text, the thought of which I believe it is well to remember. Ages ago, when a king of the House of Judah, in dire straits, obtained a wonderful success in a portion of his reign, the historian makes this record of him; and it is the text which I bring. It is in the Bible, in 2 Chronicles 31st chapter, 21st verse:

"And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

"He did it with all his heart, and prospered." There is the record of cause and effect. It is a lesson to apply in the verbal presentation of every subject in the Mutual Improvement Association meetings. Failure to apply it, too often is the chief cause of failure to make our programs worthy of our active Association membership.

In presenting a subject to your class or to your audience, speak clearly. The human voice is used to convey a message or an idea. But unless that method of conveyance has such a measure of force and earnestness as to awaken thought in the mind of the auditor, the message or idea is not conveyed, and the messenger becomes a failure to the extent that he has not impressed his audience with an essential fact; namely, that he knows what he is talking about, and also knows how to tell it. We should learn also to utilize the blackboard or the picture. Visual instruction is a vital and popular means of conveying information. But to make the lesson deeply impressive, the sound of the human voice to the ear also is vital. Shakespeare says:

"Speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall."

That is good advice. Clearness of voice and clearness of enunciation are positively demanded in a successful speaker. Then his hearers know that his suggestions in the lesson or instruction he would convey are up to them. His correct example in this regard will show his audience that courage, energy, and persistence in a good cause are winners in the end. It will give them confidence in him and faith in the cause he represents.

There is a world of illustration for the necessity and value of earnest, vigorous action to be found in concise notes that may be taken from biographies of men who have been successful workers in mechanics, literature, etc., and even in present personal experience, if one's eyes are open to contemporary achievement. There also are incidental rules to follow, one of which is to be tactful, by pleading and leading, and thereby avoid driving or giving offense. The percentage of participants attained during the season from your regular membership will register your measure of success in putting over the series of topics presented. This percentage includes interested hearers and inquirers as well as interesting talkers. To succeed, keep at work persistently. In the old dispensation, Moses was a great worker, as was Paul in the new dispensation. They kept at work persistently.

Every boy and girl in the rear seats in the hall is entitled to a knowledge of just what you are saying. You owe it to them, when they have come to the meeting. Set the example of power in your own voice, to reach the entire audience. I repeat, that is what your voice is for. You fail when you do less. "Talking right out in meeting" makes a "hit." A speaker has no right to waste the time of a half or a third of his audience by not speaking clearly so they can hear distinctly.

Biographies of successful men in the ordinary vocations of life are lessons of encouragement to old and young. When crisply and concisely pointed out, everybody learns something. Energy, courage, and persistence in dealing with a task, bring gratifying results; without them, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man. It takes what we sometimes designate as "Pep" to drive that lesson home; but when driven it arouses enthusiasm for work in your hearers.

Don't be afraid of the Bible. It is the Book of books that has helped most in business. Using a modern form of expression, Moses was the greatest salesman of his day. His sale was, "There is one true and living God." Convincing his people of God's special care for them, he took twelve tribes who had been slaves to the Egyptians for generations, and transformed them into a dominating nation; from degradation to a compact, conquering national life,—all

in the lifetime of a single man! That was a big job of salesmanship. Moses laid out for his people a health program in minute detail; science now is discovering little by little that there was a scientific reason behind that program. Moses stood for one day a week in rest from daily toil; modern science is proving that a man's nervous powers absolutely require Sunday's rest to recuperate. We boast of discoveries to increase human efficiency, and going back find that Moses looked to their application nearly four thousand years ago. Nobody knows, perhaps nobody cares, where Moses was buried; but the results of his work have persisted through the ages.

Note the tactfulness of a man named Paul. He appeared in ancient Athens, ragged, weary, and on foot because he did not have carfare. He had a new religion for the sophisticated Greeks. He did not say so in those words, or they would have hooted him out of town, for they had barrels of religions. He had noted their erection of an altar to "The Unknown God." He complimented them on their variety of religions, and announced, "That is the very God whom I represent." Then everybody wanted to hear him. One will find it difficult to cite a better human exemplar of "honest-to-goodness" work than this same Paul, whose chief mental quality was that of a persistent, straightforward, resolute, and earnest man, battling with hunger, thirst, privations, and dangers of all kinds, still pursuing his mission of love, till he made the name of Christ, the Redeemer of mankind, ring throughout Europe, from the Hellespont to the British Isles; turning armies and nations from paganism to Christianity.

Biblical quotations drip like dew from the trees from all the great masters of English—Addison, Steele, Burke, Franklin, Webster, Lincoln, and others. Patrick Henry's inspiring patriotic speech which carries the slogan, "Give me liberty, or give me death," and the warning, "Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace, but there is no peace," are merely paraphrases of God's call of repentance to the Jews through the Prophet Jeremiah.

"The harvest is great and the laborers are few." The M. I. Association where only the officers do the work hasn't even started toward success. The corps of officers who have "Pep" to put to work, and have them working right, sixty, seventy-five, or even ninety per cent of their Association's regular membership, and who do it, are worthwhile leaders. It has been done, and can be done again and again.

To love and win is the best thing: to love and lose the next best.
—William Makepeace Thackeray.

Vestiges of the Ancient Cliff Dwellers At Mesa Verde National Park

Ruins Dating into the Pre-History of Our Continent; Possibly the
Most Spectacular Ruins in the Entire United States

ANCIENT INHABITANTS WORSHIPERS OF SUN

BY FRANK BECKWITH

I LIVED in Wyoming where the Shoshone Indians were thick until a later time when, by order of the Government, they were removed from that area; and for sixteen years now, in and around Delta, I have found much interest in exploring, conducting research work, and discovering relics, sites, and remains of the many generations of early inhabitants who frequented this arid spot. In the pursuit of that study, drawn by necessity, I have visited many other regions where the ancient Indians lived—Clear Creek canyon, Wayne county, Kanab, every one of our museums, and finally took a tour of seven states to gather first-hand information. Our itinerary took us into Nevada, California, Arizona, old Mexico, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah. This article will deal with the interest, archaeologically considered, of Colorado. A forthcoming article will be devoted to Arizona and New Mexico.

At the Mesa Verde National Park, one is struck with the beauty of the scene; the table is mounted from the northwest corner, and in a few miles one is carried upward by the road 2500 feet. As the road winds, on purpose, in and out among the buttes and crags, view after view of magnificent beauty is presented; at Point Look-out, one stops the auto, and looks upon Cortez nestled on the plain below; the shades of cedar darkening the landscape, livened by green fields, or yellow summer-fallowed land; and with here and there a splash as a small reservoir is sighted. Rain was falling in the distance as I looked, adding charm to the scene.

The view is magnificent.

At the highest elevation, one is at 8575 feet. Then the road descends by easy gradients down the slope of the table top, and one encounters the ancient ruins of Far View House. It was after sun-down that I came to this site; in the soft afterglow, when all was mellowed, and I alone in the utter solitude of the ruin, treading where moccasined feet softly patted the earth how many centuries ago the imagination craves to know, I took off my hat, and in deepest rev-

erence stood there, silent, alone, imbibing rushes of the sentiment which the hour and place sent surging through me.

I got into the public camp quite late, registered, and walked at once to the rim, and saw for the first time, very dimly in the dark recess of the steep canyon, what could be discerned of Spruce Tree House at that late hour. The next morning before breakfast I was prowling around in its rooms, applying all I had read to kiva, ceremonial dance-drama procession, and the rites of the ancient man who constructed the ruin.

Spruce Tree House is tucked under the overhanging cliff; it has been somewhat restored; ruins of three stories in height are quite well preserved, show admirable stone work in their construction, and the timbers of roofing in several rooms are intact. With stone axes, almost gnawing their way through the poles, these were cut; laid in place, the butts protruding through the wall; then a layer of mud, smaller sticks cross ways, more mud, and finally on top, a layer of cedar bark and bast, and over that again, more clay, well trodden down into a hard, compact, tight flooring.

One room near the left end as one faces the ruin is left almost as it was, to show the construction.

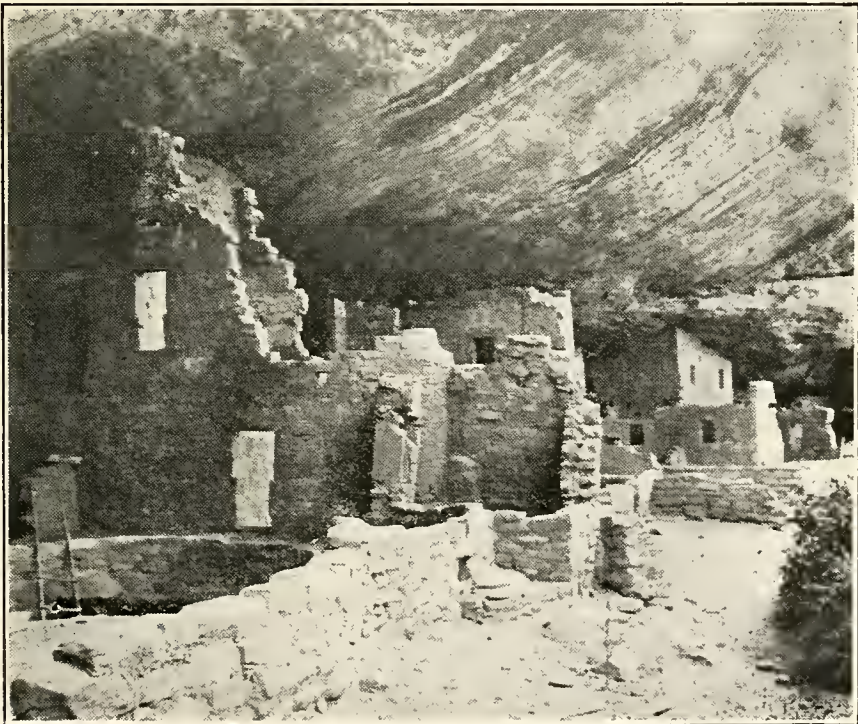


Photo by Frank Beckwith

SPRUCE TREE HOUSE

A kiva adjacent to it is most interesting; I find my main interest in archaeology in re-constructing a living, breathing, pulsating man who walks around with me, as I wander in the ruins, explaining by pantomime and actual worship his use of each part. And thus alone, supplemented by study, there is not the interruption of a crowd of chattering, attention-dissipating tourists, whose vision is entertainment alone, or, at the highest, a brief and easily satisfied curiosity.

In the mind's eye I saw the ancient Cliff Dweller come to this kiva, silent, intent, imbued with religious fervor, and go down the ladder poles; I followed him and witnessed in that same manner his acts of devotion—the prayer and supplication to the six regions, the bare foot, on soil too sacred for covering of moccasin; his entry into the silent circle with strict ritualism, as within a secret lodge. The Governor and his adjutants absorbed with the weighty problem awaiting solution; the cacique, alone, solitary, an ascetic, taking upon himself the sins of the tribe, that prayer, fasting and spiritual insight might attune him to receive the message from "The Trues Above" whereby the tribe should find favor with them, and be blessed, or this annoying infliction then besetting them removed.

For the supplications of this ancient man were done to find favor with his many powers. Most prominent in that is his adoration of the Sun Father and of the Earth Mother, from both of whom he receives his material and spiritual blessings. And that he might the better observe the comings and goings of the Sun Father, the guide showed me a round building, with peep holes in the walls, which, he said it had been conjectured, were holes for observation of the sun at its setting, to get its farthest north and farthest south positions, to regulate their dance-drama ceremonials.

Note that I have used the word "conjectured," for while it is so thought, yet that use is not so firmly established as to be laid down as scientific fact. Similar uses were found among modern Indians by observers fifty to eighty years ago, and it is thought this was a similar procedure. One is at liberty to accept it or reject it.

The most spectacular building in the area of the park is Cliff Palace. It was discovered by Dick Wetherhill in 1888, and in the few short years following, masses, tons in fact, of relics, priceless, were dug out, carted away and taken from the ruins. Pots, vessels, artifacts—wholesale—until the women of Denver formed a club for the preservation of our national wonders, and got it made into a National Park and all plundering stopped.

Cliff Palace is now greatly restored. I have photos of it as it appeared when first discovered, with the heaps of talus at the foot of the walls; but careful archaeologists fitted fallen blocks into place,

used cement, and today, as nearly as can be, the ruin is restored to its pristine vigor.

Cliff Palace is a wonder. I have not seen Pueblo Bonita (as yet!) but I have seen Montezuma's Castle, Zuni, Acoma, the Sky City, Laguna, Isleta, Santa Clara, Taos, the Mecca of thousands of tourists yearly, and the ancient ruins of the Rito de los Frijoles, of the Puye—in fact, almost all the more important ruins and present-day villages,—and still, beautiful Cliff Palace holds its sway as chief of them all, the spectacular, the interesting great communal house of the Mesa Verde.

Cliff Palace is tucked under a great over-hanging ledge, an open cave, so to speak. It is thought that nearly as many people as are congregated in the little hamlet of Hinckley, Utah, lived together in Cliff Palace—say from 650 to 850 souls.

The ranger points out to you the round tower in the middle foreground, and tells you that it is thought to be the Speaker Chief's House, and that from it, early morns, a crier shouted out the day's activities to the people. It takes little imagination to picture that man, at sun up, in stentorian tones, addressing in formal call his people, laying down the duties of this clan and that, telling what dance-drama processions the different secret societies will present in the next few days, what clans will repair to the farms for attention to the growing crops, and, in general, informing the people of the activities of that industrious hive.

Not a stone in Cliff Palace but that you or I could have carried up the long trail from the canyon below, or gotten down the steep path from above; unlike Chili, Peru, or other centers where immense megalithic stones, wonders even today, are laid in place. No, with interminable toil, a labor of love, man after man carried piecemeal his burden of stone, that he might aid in erecting this monument to the tribe's greatness. Moccasined feet busied themselves up and down; toe holds were actually worn in the walls where the exit trail leads up and out. It is easy to put back into this ruin the actual living man who built it.

One morning in the yesterdays of the long ago the wives became busy and got out the sinew nets for catching game; lengths of from twenty to sixty feet; banded together into a communal hunt; fastened the nets ends to ends, propped them up with sharpened stakes stuck in the ground, all put in place on some selected spot, and then, in a great "surround" the men spread, gradually closed in, and forced the game into these nets. Woe betide the man or woman whose aim missed, as he threw a club or missile at the running game as it turned at the net! For if he missed (the custom of many present-day



SUN TEMPLE

Photo by Frank Beckwith

tribes is) he had to don the garb of woman, the awkward, who can't throw, and be a woman until his missile regained his garments.

At these "surrounds" all is giggling, laughter, merriment; how the women do jeer and taunt the man who missed, and is dressed in woman's raiment!

It is quite easy to see in the mind's eye that same scene enacted centuries ago.

Or, if man and wife do not agree, and separation is imminent, she (for she owns the home, is master, and controls it)—she hangs his moccasins outside the door, and it is "skidoo" for that man from that household then and there. Or, if she gets the huff on, he shrugs his shoulders in a certain way, wraps up his mantle to his shoulder, partly covering his face, and thus, with a cold shoulder averted, stalks away from wife and home.

And even at that, divorce was uncommon, say the ancient writers.

The round rooms are the secret, ceremonial rooms of the men; in them the males congregated, rehearsed their dance-drama processions, made ceremonial clothing, ground and mixed the paints for the holiday bedaubing, and chanted the songs. Women were not allowed in them except to bring food to the inmates upon needed occasion.

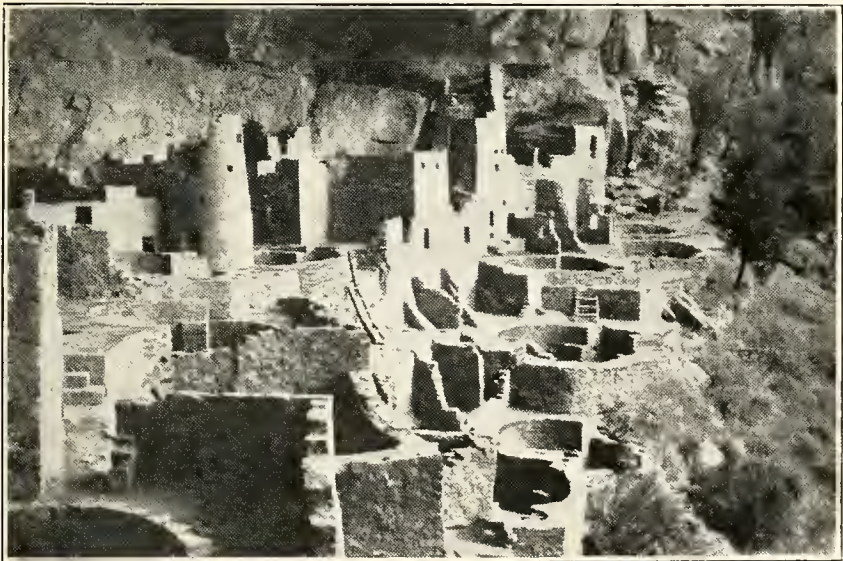
And at times the Navajoes raided the village, when lurking spies brought back word that the men of the Cliff Dwellers, the

defenders of the village, were holding forth in the kivas, engaged in the work at hand; and thus caught, trapped in the raid, many a village of the Cliff Dweller was decimated by these relentless enemies.

But the women folk conquered their conquerors; for as the more or less nomadic Navajoes took the women to live with them as wives, these wives taught their lords how to weave, until now, almost all the tribes depend upon the Navajoes for blankets and other woven articles, and are ceasing the art which they once so adroitly practiced.

A trip to the Mesa Verde is only begun by seeing Cliff Palace and Spruce Tree House;—to me the real interest was in the wonderful Sun Temple.

Here the primitive man had erected what in his crude beginnings of architecture was to him a magnificent, stupendous monument to the father of all—the Sun Father. When discovered it was a mound, grown over with evergreens, but slightly betokening what that mound concealed within. Archaeologists dug, and bared to view great massive walls, now only low lying, for none of them are over seven feet or so high, but about three to four feet thick. The building tops the mesa brow, fairly close to Cliff Palace. Archaeologists think this building had no roof—never had one. No roof timbers are found, though they are found in excellent preservation in Balcony House, in Spruce Tree House and elsewhere. No artifacts of any kind implying domestic use were discovered in or around this build-



• Photo by Frank Beckwith

ing, hence it is thought it never was a dwelling, but was designed and used as a temple of worship.

The rising sun may be seen from this at all times of the year. Likewise when Old Sol sets, his position can be studied and marked in memory. His journeyings north and south, besides his daily rising and setting may be studied in this now ruined temple. It is only a step in the mind's travel to think of the ancient Maya, with their wonderful astronomy—a system more accurate than was our own the day that Cortez placed foot upon their shore—and then to span the distance to this Sun Temple topping the mesa near Cliff Palace, and imagine this man also a sun worshipper, regarding the great orb of day as the Sun Father.

All scientific investigation of the present-day Indian reveals that much of his religious ceremonies is a direct thanks to the Earth Mother for her bounty, the blessings of crops, of birth, life, nourishment, food both from soil and from animal form. "The vivifying rays of Our Father, the Sun, are received by Our Earth Mother, and by her engendered into all that is—the myriad forms of life upon which man lives. We thank Our Mother for her bounty."

As I visited village after village; as I applied the study I had given to scientific books to what was before me, more and more it grew on me that here was more of the inner actuating motive of the ancient man than was embodied in Cliff Palace. For here was his religion; and religion motivates us all. In the same proportion to his achievements, was I then looking (compared with our own forebears) upon his striving, his yearning for, his achievement toward building a Rheims Cathedral, the mighty pile of Westminster, the sacred edifices of Strasburg or Milan. Compared thus, here was his inner expression, toward that same goal on which our civilization spent its greater efforts in the Middle Ages, and upon which we look with reverential awe. For he, too, strove to worship his Sun Father to the best of his capabilities; he built the best he could; he erected the pride of that tribe, the glory of that ancient Indian nation, if such there were in that region at that time. He expressed himself.

From the dawn of civilization down through the ages, religion has been man's chiefest motivating urge; he has fought for his religion, he had builded for his religion; he has migrated, he has settled; he has subdued, fought stubborn nature, builded empires—all for his religion.

So in standing upon the ruins of Sun Temple, I felt that it was the more important expression of the ancient man than any other evidence in the area. You will see a stump of a tree in the illustration, apparently growing right out of the cement of repair in the wall to the upper left; it is a tree which as a seed found lodgment in a crack

in the wall, some time after abandonment of the temple, carried there by wind or bird. That tree has 360 annual rings, denoting a lapse of 360 years since it was large enough to form its first ring. Allow a time before that for abandonment, then a time for dust to blow in sufficient to give root, and scientists think the age of occupancy cannot be less than 600 years ago. That puts this temple back into 1300 A. D.—possibly into 1100 A. D. And how much before that it was occupied, how many centuries of occupancy preceded that abandonment has not yet been solved.

It seems very reasonable to conjecture on all evidence that approximately 1100 to 1300 A. D. this temple ceased to be used; say a thousand to eleven hundred years ago that it was. Why it was abandoned is not known. Scientist dare not risk a reputation in vain statement, as additional evidence of archaeology may disprove what is now a reasonable conjecture.

In my own research into the ancient Indian's past, I wish to clothe the man with flesh and blood and put him back into the scenes of his daily life, now tilling a field, then again bearing home a burden of deer stalked on the mesa top; now terrified with supposed sorcery of a witch, then engaging in a sacred dance-drama procession; now resisting a raid from Navajo or Apache, then electing a sun priest to officiate at this sacred edifice. Thus to me is the man brought back to life; I see living, breathing, pulsating men, throbbing with action, bowed by sorrow, exultant in victory—not a mere dry-as-dust scientific cataloging of artifacts, a museum index in hand as I study! Not so.

As I toured Arizona, the Apache, once our dread, met me with smiles, received my request to take a picture with a giggle—and I got some excellent negatives; the Navajo accorded me a gracious consent: the Zuni, the Acoma, the inhabitant of San Ildefonso, of Santa Clara, of Laguna—why they all were most hospitable. Not once did I meet with rejection.

And I wonder if it was not my friendly attitude of mind, my deep and abiding respect for the brother of the brown skin—a something which he felt—that got for me impressions which were recorded in personal experience as well as upon the camera film, and which shall keep alive the memory of a trip never to be forgotten, linking a kindly, hospitable, friendly living Puebloan with his forebears, known to us through archaeology as the Cliff Dweller.

Who knows?

The ruins in Mesa Verde National Park are wonderfully interesting, even to the casual tourist; but to the one attuned, they are fascinatingly absorbing—a treasure trove. And easy of access, for the roads are fairly good in Utah down to the corner of the State.

and better in Colorado. There are accommodations of any kind at the park headquarters. Another phase of interest are the lectures evenings by the rangers or superintendent, or distinguished visitors, which add a flavor of charm, and are at the same time highly instructive.

Delta, Utah

Impressions

BY DERRAH B. VAN DYKE

Recently I attended the funeral of a friend. He was a splendid Latter-day Saint boy of high school age who had honored his parents, had honored the Priesthood which he held and, to a remarkable degree for one so young, had been an influence for good in the lives of his associates. During the evening of the same day, I attended a lecture given by an eminent philosopher who is also an author of high distinction, an orator of nationally acclaimed ability and a recognized authority on his chosen subject.

To the boy's funeral came men and women of many vocations. However, the predominant type was the humble, sun-tanned tiller of the soil. Sitting near to me in the small country chapel was a Japanese, grey at the temples, with benevolent, weather-beaten countenance. During the services he scarcely moved. With bowed head and tear-dimmed eyes, his attitude bespoke homage, reverence and respect more convincingly than could the words of a Demosthenes. His was a silent tribute to the young friend who was of a different race and a different religion, yet whom he loved.

The parents of the boy, stricken

with grief yet unconquered by it, radiated the sweet, strong faith of those who know the Gospel of Jesus Christ to be true.

The sermon was delivered by one of the Twelve. It was simple and direct, yet the thoughts were of profound import. The assurance of a definite Gospel plan and of life beyond the grave struck straight to the heart. And the remainder of the services was in harmony with the sermon.

To the lecture came men of many vocations. All in evening clothes, the group was impressive against a background of a beautiful room in a beautiful building. After dinner, the speaker was introduced. I sat in awed admiration during his discourse—admiration for his fund of knowledge, his logical intellectual processes, his wide vocabulary. He delved deeply into the learning of men.

Impressions! From the one event I took admiration for the intellectual achievements of a man and an intellectual hypothesis with which I mentally struggled for a few hours but have since forgotten.

From the other event I took what I feel to be a bit of eternal truth.

I would compromise war. I would compromise glory. I would compromise everything at that point where hate comes in, where misery comes in, where love ceases to be love, and life begins its descent into the valley of the shadow of death. But I would not compromise Truth. I would not compromise the right.—*Henry Watterson.*

Joseph Smith at Nauvoo

BY HAROLD H. JENSON

“Backward, turn backward,
O time, in thy flight,
Make me a child again,
Just for tonight.”

WORDS soon die, but writing, like souvenirs safely guarded, live on a testimony of yesterday. The remarkable exhibition of relics of the Prophet Joseph Smith, a reproduction of a room from the “Nauvoo Mansion,” displayed recently for a limited time in Salt Lake City, brings back a picture of the life of a great martyr whose memory will live on forever. With the passing of the Salt Lake Theatre, Utah’s pioneer playhouse and the third oldest theatre in America; the tearing down of Social Hall a few years ago, the building of the Federal Reserve where the Gardo House once stood, great credit is due Herbert S. Auerbach, whose hobby is to keep alive the spirit of the past, so that generations today may see and visualize what took place in days gone by. Too few appreciate the historical interest attached to such places, and the exhibit already referred to, which must have been secured at great expense, is interesting to all members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The Nauvoo Mansion stood at Nauvoo, Illinois, and was notable for two things: It was the official residence of the Prophet Joseph Smith, where with Emma Smith, his wife, he lived a happy family life amid, not luxurious, but comfortable surroundings; secondly, it was the place of entertainment for notables of the day. History recalls that Charles Francis Adams, American Ambassador to Great Britain, who was largely responsible for preventing the cause of the Confederacy spreading, once stopped at the Mansion House, sleeping in the guest room, which was so ideally reproduced in the Auerbach exhibit.

The reader will also recall that Josiah Quincy, the historian, slept in this house, and visited with the Prophet Joseph Smith forty-three days prior to his martyrdom. In a later history this famed writer records of Joseph Smith, “It is by no means improbable that some future text-book, for the use of generations yet unborn, will contain a question something like this: What historical American of the nineteenth century has exerted the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen? And it is by no means impossible that the answer to that interrogatory may be thus written: Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet.”



PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH'S COTTAGE, NAUVOO, ILL.

One can picture this early-day mansion as one of the sturdy pioneer type. The "Mormons" built to last, and visitors to Nauvoo today will still find houses just as good, or nearly so, as when inhabited in the days when this place was larger than was the city of Chicago. For Nauvoo was then Nauvoo the beautiful, while today it is Nauvoo the fallen.

Though the Mansion House was a frame building, not built so substantially as were the homes of Wilford Woodruff, Brigham Young and others, still it stands, the west front facing Main street and the south front Water street. The Smith family moved into it on August 31, 1843, and the place was the scene of many a festive gathering. Poor and rich visited there, for Joseph Smith feasted the unfortunate just as often as he did the first men of the state.

The Smiths have always been noted as a family who loved children. One cannot but picture the Prophet Joseph Smith with his group of loved ones around him. The hand-made rugs on the floor, the home-made chairs and footstools, the spinning wheel in the corner, all bore mute evidence of busy days. Work was paramount with those early colonizers. Each one had a part to do and did it well. Although it is not likely that Joseph Smith had time to make many of the things found in his home, it is likely that he often had to repair some of the furniture. In fact, the wicker-bottomed chairs show signs of hard usage and rather crude repair-

ing. To the children of the Smith household, their home was a paradise as well as playhouse. One can even imagine the finger marks on the many candlesticks of pewter and bronze, when lovingly the kiddies were sent up to bed, and told to be sure to "blow out the light," for candles, in those days, were a luxury, and the candle-snuffer must have seen good service. The eight-day and thirty-hour clock, must have been a gift, like many other relics, for the Smiths could not afford many luxuries. The writer of this article is of the opinion that a great many of the articles on display, such as the old metal lantern, hand-pierced and hand-wrought pewter pots, and other relics, were gifts to the Smiths.

A low rocker, with a hand-made head rest, said to have been occupied by the Prophet, brings back memories of a loving father with children on his knee, and, as he rocks, the man thinks, and thinks, for he was a thinker, and had a heavy weight on his mind, the welfare of his people.

One pictures Emma Smith at the spinning wheel, or the old wooden churn, whose handle is worn thin by long usage. One also sees her tucking the children into the two little beds and the crib, which were made of walnut, beautifully hand carved, and still stand as complete as when used by the Smith family.

From this scene of happiness, one pictures a home of grief. For history recalls that the body of Joseph Smith lay in state in the Mansion House after his foul martyrdom at the hands of a cruel



THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH'S "MANSION HOUSE," NAUVOO, 1842



INTERIOR MANSION HOUSE, NAUVOO, ILL.

mob. His body was viewed by sorrow-laden people, who passed silently by his bier to see for the last time the form of a man who was loved dearly.

Thus ended the life of a real character in American history. That a Church can grow from six members to over half a million, bears testimony that Joseph Smith's life was not in vain. The song of life for him was ended, but his work will ever linger on.

Credit is also due W. C. Reimbold, who for sixty years had these relics and safely guarded them at Nauvoo, exhibiting them to hundreds who visited the place. Mr. Auerbach, with John Y. Smith, recently secured the exhibit, which is now assured of being kept intact. This writer believes the best place for it would be with the hall of pioneer relics at the State Capitol.

You want a better position than you now have in business, a better and fuller place in life. All right; think of that better place and you in it as already existing. Form the mental image. Keep on thinking of that higher position, keep the image constantly before you, and—no, you will not suddenly be transported into the higher job, but you will find that you are preparing yourself to occupy the better position in life—your body, your energy, your understanding, your heart will all grow up to the job—and when you are ready, after hard work, after perhaps years of preparation, you will get the job and the higher place in life.—*Joseph H. Appel.*

Mental Holidays

BY WILLARD S. ELSBREE, PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION,
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Lecture delivered before Summer School Students, Brigham Young
University, June, 1929

WELL-REGULATED LIFE

ONCE upon a time there was an American citizen named Willoughby Z. Smith, who grew ashamed of getting through the day as a matter of course and set out to master the reason for everything he did.

"In the morning before picking up his shaving cream, he took pains to inform himself on the atomic structure of face lather, with special reference to the big bubbles which stick to the sides of the follicles and the small bubbles which go down to the roots of the beard. Before he was through, Smith knew all there is to be known about catalysis, thrombosis and periphatic monotheism as underlying a really comfortable shave. His razor he selected on the basis of a thorough insight into diagonal and perpendicular incidence upon maxillary surfaces and only after a microscopic examination of the edge of the razor. By now it was 9:30.

"When he stepped into the bathtub, W. Z. Smith had under his right arm the thin-paper edition of the Home Encyclopedia in one volume. There he read up on the physical structure and chemical characteristics of household soap, with emphasis on the high suds-producing qualities obtained from the sciolistic fermentation of the abrasive constituents secured through an intensive process of shooting the oleaginous elements from a battery of neon tubes revolving at the rate of 2,500 a minute. When he dried himself it was 10:15.

"As Mr. Smith pulled on his shoes he was careful to reflect on the importance of a proper adjustment of the metacarpal ligament to the subliminary bones of the arch as an essential condition to the maintenance of the erect posture which distinguishes the human skeleton from that of quadrupeds, who know nothing about Evolution. He was careful to recall the fact that before he went to bed he would have taken 47,896 steps, according to the report of the United States Census Bureau on basic conditions in the Central Competitive Area in the year 1925. It was now 10:55.

"Stepping into the little dairy room around the corner for his breakfast, Willoughby Z. Smith picked up the menu and conscientiously set himself to figure out the vitamins, the proteins and the

carbohydrates. It must be confessed that on occasional mornings when he was in a hurry or in a particularly unsocial-minded mood he omitted the calculations and ordered prunes, toast and coffee. But that was not often. Five days out of six he took pains to make a proper synthesis of the vitamins, the carbohydrates and the proteins. He found it somewhat less simple than the problem of the inter-allied debts, but almost as easy to grasp as the statistics of unemployment and the drift from the farms to the cities.

"At 11:45 Willoughby Z. Smith arrived at his office with a thorough, scientific understanding of everything he had done since he got out of bed. But being two and three-quarter hours late for his job he was informed by his employer that his services would be dispensed with at the end of the week."—*Quoted from a newspaper.*

This case is an excellent illustration of the person who takes life all too seriously. Few people would actually be as extreme as Mr. Smith, but there are many of us who approach him in our attitude toward the every-day affairs of this life.

No one would seriously question the desirability of being curious and analytical about the world in which we live and about our immediate jobs. Too many of us take our environment as a matter of course and frequently overlook and thereby fail to appreciate some very interesting and significant facts about our daily surroundings.

However, life has become so complex and so intense that the serious-minded individual is doomed to despair. The teaching profession especially is faced with an almost impossible task in the matter of keeping abreast of current developments in the field. Some teachers have told me that, in a single month, as many as twenty-five new books bearing directly on their work have been called to their attention. How utterly impossible to assimilate all the wisdom in these books before a new carload pours into one's office! Some of my colleagues have advised me that in order to be really well informed I should at least read the following periodicals: *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *The Literary Digest*, *The American Mercury*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The National Geographic*, *Travel*, *The Forum*, and *The Scientific American*, and in addition ten or twelve educational periodicals. It is taken for granted that I read carefully the daily newspaper. Incidentally by actual clock hours it takes about three-quarters of a perfectly beautiful Sunday to do justice to the *Sunday Times*. In addition to this list, I am supposed to belong to the "Book of the Month Club," the "Literary Guild" and the "Book League of America." I am frequently asked, "Have you read *The Cradle of the Deep*? more recently referred to as *The Cradle of the Duped*. Did you like *Galsworthy*? or What have you read?"

I felt embarrassed when a speaker referred to a current book with which I was unacquainted. Possibly a faculty member would make some reference to a political struggle in South America which I had entirely overlooked in my hasty perusal of the daily newspaper. The thing troubled me so that I finally came home one day and announced to my wife that from henceforth and forever more I was going to keep pace with the literary world. Since making a living consumed eight hours a day, sleep another eight hours, and meals two and a half hours, there remained but five and a half hours, exclusive of Sundays, for reading, amusements, friends, and all the other activities of life.

By Herculean efforts I might have been able to carry out my literary program were it not for the fact that I was also besieged by friends to take advantage of the special opportunities offered by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Theatre Guild, the Opera, the New York Symphony, special concerts at Carnegie Hall, and various and sundry exhibitions. Many of the names of artists, sculptors, poets, and musicians which I frequently heard mentioned might have been commanding officers in Mussolini's army for all I knew. It was evident I was overlooking a wealth of culture and beauty that would contribute greatly to my enjoyment and pleasure. To say nothing of the fact that an intimate knowledge of the arts would enrich my teaching decidedly.

After considering the time at my disposal and the immensity of a comprehensive cultural program, I threw up the whole attempt as utterly impossible. I went to five consecutive big league games, renewed my associations with Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, bought a new fishing rod and a set of golf sticks, had my tennis racket restrung, took in every good musical comedy in town, and planned to dine and dance with my friends every fortnight at Greenwich village. Temporarily the pendulum swung in exactly the opposite direction from my original program. It was evident to me that art, music, and good literature all had an important place in life but that one could scarcely hope to become a connoisseur in all these lines with only five and a half hours a day at his disposal.

Even if it were possible to keep well informed in all these fields it probably would not be desirable to make the attempt, for it would make us consumers rather than creators. Our entire time would be devoted to the task of getting acquainted with the work of others with no time left for original work of our own.

The usual advice given by the successful to the young people who yearn to become creators is: "Work, work, work; concentrate on your job; stick everlastingly to it; remember that genius is nothing but an infinite capacity for taking pains."

If we wish to become real creators, however, and not just plodders and routine workers, we must not take this advice too literally. Highly important as work, study, and concentration are, they are not the sole foundation of great careers. Indeed, if such advice were followed conscientiously it would prove as much of a hindrance as a help. No matter what the field in which we are working, whether it be music, art, literature, science, business, or education, the psychological process of forming ideas is the same.

When we are working, studying, and observing, we are filling our minds with new facts, the material out of which ideas are fabricated. Some of the information acquired is retained in the conscious portion of the mind for every-day use, but much of it is stored away in the subconscious vaults of the mind. It is in this subconscious portion of the mind that our best thinking is done; here ideas are conceived as a result of the interaction and association of the facts and knowledge which have been acquired from time to time.

Yet as long as these new ideas are in the subconscious they are of no use to their possessor or to anyone else. In order to become of use they must be transferred to the conscious region of the mind. Unfortunately, that transference cannot be effected at will. Nor can it be effected so long as the mind is consciously and tensely preoccupied.

We should, therefore, give our minds from time to time a *mental holiday*. The *sine qua non* of the creation of ideas, of originality, is mental leisure—leisure that permits us to reap the benefit of our subconscious thought.

The testimony of great men gives ample support to the doctrine that flashes of insight come during periods of mental relaxation. Mozart, for example, conceived the aria for his "Magic Flute" quintet while playing billiards; Alfred Russell Wallace had the doctrine of evolution suddenly and unexpectedly presented to his mind as he lay day-dreaming on a Malayan island. Galileo first got the idea of a pendulum when he happened to notice the motion of a huge bronze lamp swinging from the roof. Finsen lying on a roof idly watching a cat move constantly from shadow to sunshine first thought of the light cure which is now used so effectively. Beethoven used to walk cross country carrying a notebook to record ideas which came to him as he strolled. Nietzsche goes so far as to say, "Do not trust an idea unless it has come to you in the open air, when one is in free motion."

Edison says, "I find that in my own case the details of carrying out new ideas are arrived at by hard thinking, but the ideas themselves are pulled out of the air so to speak. They come as a surprise."

Now ideas are not the exclusive property of genius. Every individual of normal intelligence and a thorough background of

knowledge in any given field is a potential creator of ideas. Add to this a keen interest and a reasonable amount of mental leisure and the creation of ideas is almost assured.

Just how is one to go about being creatively lazy? There is no general formula since individual tastes and peculiarities must be taken into account. In general, everything which makes for complete mental relaxation for the individual concerned, whether it be taking a stroll, musing by the fireside, fishing, riding, or doing anything else which does not absorb his conscious attention, predisposes to ideas.

In conclusion then, "Be lazy on occasion if you would profit to the utmost from the labors of your hours of conscious thought and effort."

THE ROCKIES

Like giant sentinels they stand,
Guarding the valley down below;
Those lofty peaks, so stately, grand,
Could tell of many a tale of woe.

Their tale, exceeding fairy lore,
Would tell of hardships met and won;
How pioneers in days of yore,
Braved winter's cold and desert sun.

How earth, so barren and forlorn,
Took on new life—men toil and sow,
And lo! a paradise is born,
Where man might live and work and woo.

Of romance, too, full many a song
They'd sing, had they the voice, for while
The woe, the toil, the pain was long,
The heart, the soul of youth must smile.

O guardians of those stalwart men
Who built a glorious commonwealth,
Keep well thy trust! Nor falter when
All seems in vain; men live for self!

Thy silent watch will foster faith;
Thy steadfastness will reverence bring;
Thy towering majesty well saith:
Ascend, O man, to higher things!

When Jed Met The Comanches

BY CARTER E. GRANT, PRINCIPAL OF THE JORDAN SEMINARY

[Author's note: On page 844 of the August issue the statement is made that "General William Ashley had induced Provot to run for governor of Missouri, * * * ." This should read: General William Ashley, who the fall before was induced to run for governor of Missouri but had been defeated.]

Because Jedediah S. Smith's thrilling frontier experiences weave themselves so persistently into the trails followed by the "Mormons," we are again giving an account of his explorations. He is credited with accomplishing more than any other American in bringing the great unknown regions of the West to the attention of the world. With his Bible and rifle he moved ahead of the pioneer, and from his letters we learn that he pursued the trackless regions of the "Great West," feeling it a sort of divine duty toward future humanity. From a letter to his brother, Ralph, Christmas, 1829, written from a "frozen-up" lodge on the Wind River Mountains, Jed tells why he continues to face these perils: "It is that I may be able to help those who stand in need, that I face every danger. It is for this that I pass over the sandy plains, in heat of summer, thirsting for water where I can cool my overheated body. It is for this that I go for days without eating, and am pretty well satisfied if I can gather a few roots, a few snails, or better satisfied if we can afford ourselves a piece of horse-flesh, or a fine roasted dog; and most of all it is for this that I deprive myself of the privilege of society and the satisfaction of the converse of my friends!" But he adds that two friends ever are with him, the Lord and his Bible.

We now turn to Jed where we left him on the Big Horn river. On August 7, 1825, Ashley and Smith with twenty-five men, having built bull-boats, loaded in all their beaver packs and supplies, some \$200,000 worth, and began their voyage north-

ward to meet the Yellowstone and Missouri. Twelve days later, where the Yellowstone joins the treacherous current of the Missouri, sweeping off toward the States, a real mishap greeted them. "In effecting a landing at the junction of the two rivers," so Beckwourth informs us, "we unfortunately sank one of our boats, on board of which were thirty packs of beaver skins, and away they went floating down the current as swiftly as though they had been live beavers. (As each pack contained one hundred skins, worth five or six dollars a pound, some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars' value was rapidly slipping away.) All was noise and confusion in a moment, the General, in a perfect ferment, shouted to save the packs. All the swimmers plunged in after them and every pack was saved." The scribe continues, "The current of the Missouri is swift, but to our impatient minds a locomotive would have been too tardy in removing us from the scenes of hardships and privations to the scenes of our friends, our sweethearts, our wives and our little ones.—When we came in sight of the city (St. Louis) we were saluted by a piece of artillery, which continued its discharges until we landed at the market place. There were no less than a thousand persons present, who hailed our landing with shouts which deafened our ears. Those who had parents, brothers and sisters, wives, or sweethearts, met them at the landing; and such a rushing, crowding, pulling, hauling, weeping, (weeping for those lying scalped in the distant valleys) and laughing I have never before wit-

nessed. Everyone had learned of our approach by the courier sent ahead."

Beckwourth says, "Our cargo was soon landed and stored, the men told they would be paid off that afternoon at the store of Messrs. Warndorf and Tracy. We reported thither in a body to receive our pay. The full amount was counted out in silver to each man. Accordingly we all repaired to Barras' Hotel and had a glorious time."

As General Ashley's share of the furs netted him a rather comfortable fortune for those days, he decided to dispose of his Rocky Mountain interests to Jedediah S. Smith and his companions. It was agreed that Ashley, knowing the market, should handle the furs sent by the new organization. In order to effect the contemplated change, Sublette, Bridger, Jackson, and other mountain trappers must be brought together in the spring to meet Smith and Ashley at the Weber rendezvous. Accordingly James P. Beckwourth and two companions were hired to make the long, hazardous journey—a bold and almost fool-hardy enterprise. But, as we have seen so often, these men really did their best only while gambling with their own lives. Arriving west of the Green river, the messengers learned that Cache Valley had been selected for the fall rendezvous. Neihardt says that when the last trappers arrived late in October under Sublette, the united bands moved slowly southwestward to the Weber where Ashley should meet them in the spring.

This string of two or three hundred men, many having Indian wives and children, with horses and outfits, must have made a real frontier picture as they came out of Cache Valley, moving toward the present site of Ogden. To this town of lodges there later came more than two thousand Snake Indians, self-invited, to spend the winter of 1825-26, twenty-two years before Brigham Young and his first scouts arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

We are told that many of the white men during the encampment married Indian girls. Beckwourth "fell heir" as he put it, to one of these maidens. "She was of a light complexion, smart, trim, and active, and never tired in her efforts to please me, seeming to think that she belonged to me for the rest of her life. I had never had a servant before, and found her of great service to me in keeping my clothes in repair, making my bed, and taking care of my weapons." But the sad part of it was, when Beckwourth left the mountains a few years later, the young, faithful wife and her dependent babies saw the "White Chief" never again, no never! for he had returned to the "lassies" of St. Louis. Beckwourth, however, was no exception to the rule. Little wonder, that after twenty years of similar abuse, the tribes of the Rocky Mountains looked upon President Young and his men with forebodings of evil. The marvel is, not that the Indian became cruel and faithless, murdering and scalping indiscriminately, pursuing his victims stealthily when he was outnumbered, but with eagle craftiness when surroundings favored him; but the marvel is, that with all the Indian's artful cunningness, the white man should find any peace whatever in the western wilderness. It really seems possible that these savages of the deserts are of Israel, and when they "begin to be gathered in,—not many generations shall pass away before they shall become a white and delightful people." The Book of Mormon gives their origin, declaring that they are of "Joseph."

While on the Weber, Beckwourth further writes, "A band of Bannock Indians swooped down upon us one stormy night and drove away eighty of our horses. Here was work we could not allot to the squaws." Such work, inviting reckless fortitude, the trappers seemed rather to enjoy. It broke the winter monotony and gave them a chance of a thrill without much

danger of being injured. Well equipped for the fray, fifty men under the fearless Fitzpatrick and Bridger, like bloodhounds on the trail, followed through the deep snow five days northward. A surprise attack proved more than favorable to the mountaineers. "We succeeded in getting off with the number of our own missing horses and forty head besides," adds Beckwourth, and "in the engagement, six of the enemy were killed and scalped, while not one of our party received a scratch. The horses we captured were very fine ones; and our return to camp was greeted with the most lively demonstrations." Thus we see the education given the Indians.

At this time the great leader, Sublette, began a fearful mountainous journey. We read, "During the absence of Fitzpatrick's party, Sublette owing, doubtless, to the letter received from Ashley, had decided that his business interests made necessary his presence at St. Louis; and he had started with but one companion, Black Harris, on the trail that led back to the States—one thousand five hundred miles across a blizzard-swept mountain and prairie wilderness!" One can hardly imagine an experienced trapper like Sublette beginning what appeared to be an absurd undertaking. But anyway, "he reached St. Louis safely, following untold hardships."

During late February of 1826, four men went down the Weber and out on the waters which had been discovered by Bridger, as we shall learn in our next narration, the purpose of the visit was to find the outlet to the Pacific Ocean. Neihardt says, "After three weeks these men, being the first after Bridger to ride upon the salty brine, having circumnavigated the lake, returned to camp with a tale of unprofitable labors. They found neither beaver nor the Buenaventura (meaning the great opening or river that they supposed ran to the Pacific, and the river Ashley thought he had found the year previous when he fell upon the

head waters of the Weber,) and they had suffered much from thirst." Very few of the trappers at the lodge village accepted the report favorably, believing that a large lake situated in the tops of the mountains, surely had an outlet to the ocean. It remained for Jedediah Smith, however, to prove the "Arm of the sea" a Great Salt Lake, for such it was known for twenty years prior to Pioneer times.

Toward spring, away went the trappers up the various streams, Bear river, Weber, Ogden and north to the Malad and Portneuf. Young in *The Founding of Utah*, tells us that the name Ogden comes from Peter Skeen Ogden, a fearless Hudson Bay trapper, well educated, and a son of a prominent Montreal judge. Many of his experiences are dramatically told in his journal. He writes that among the Flatheads on the upper Columbia, one of his men having offended an Indian chief over a horse trade, that he, Ogden, got the blame and was sentenced to be shot. "What?" finally exclaimed Ogden. "Do you think a white man fears to die? Shoot!" and he bared his breast before the would-be executioners. As the Indians looked into the unflinching eyes of Ogden, they hesitated. "Hold!" cried the chief. "He a brave man. No shoot!" Following this, the chief's daughter, Julia Mary, fell in love with the fearless trapper. Following the marriage celebration, Ogden and his young bride with some fifty men, most of them having Indian wives and children, moved southward into Cache Valley. Jed found them here while on his great northern trip of 1824-25. It is interesting to note, how at this early date, how many men were seeking beaver up and down the valleys of the mountains. No wonder that by "Pioneer times" few furs were to be found.

Even though the trappers swiftly scattered from the approaching rendezvous of 1826 on the Weber, still at the arrival of Ashley and Smith with "a great train of fifty men and a hun-

dred pack-horses and mules," the few seekers, as if called by radio, were promptly gathering again. Even the Snake Indians rallied also, as Beckwourth put it, "to the general celebration which was freely indulged in by all parties. But the unpacking of the 'medicine water' contributed not a little to the heightening of our festivities."

When the articles of agreement were drawn and signed, "July 26, 1826, near the 'Grand Lake' (note the early name) west of the Rocky Mountains," the firm passed into the hands of "Smith, Jackson, and Sublette," Fitzpatrick desiring to forage for himself. Ashley then returned to Missouri, and, two years later, was elected to Congress, serving two terms. We might state here, that this man became a bitter enemy of the Saints, being in Congress when the "Mormons" were expelled from Jackson County in 1833, and later from Missouri in 1836. He could have helped shield the Saints in their afflictions had he desired. It is rather singular that he should struggle to help open the trails of the West and then assist in driving the Saints out of his State toward those trails. In Church history we read, "The governor, judges and other State officials were in turn appealed to, and even the president of United States was memorialized in relation to the Jackson county tragedy. Courteous replies came back, deprecating and deploring what had taken place, but that was all. The mob then was supreme."

"On the 22nd of August," Jed informs us, out on the Weber, "I started south from the rendezvous with fifteen men, fifty horses and a stock of merchandise, the latter for trade with the Indians." The first presents to the Indians were given out in what is now Davis county, possibly near Farmington. One marvels at the material he carried; and, from the variety of gifts his packs contained, he had an abund-

ance. Here is his own record of the first and second day's presents:

- 2 yards of red ribbon.
- 3 yards of red stranding.
- 10 awls.
- 1 razor, 1 dirk knife.
- 1 brass-handled knife.
- 40 balls and arrow points.
- 2 dozen rings.
- ½ lb. of tobacco.

The next day he gave:

- 1 tin kettle.
- 4 razors. 2 dirk knives.
- 2 butcher knives.
- 1 dozen combs.
- 4 hawk balls.
- 2 stretch needles.
- 50 balls, 1 pound powder.
- 3 looking glasses.
- 2 dozen awls, buttons.
- 1 large green-handled knife.

Smith, having been told of a river running from the south into the Salt Lake, found the stream now called the "Jordan," and became one of the first white men to gaze upon its waters. Forward he pressed past the present site of Salt Lake City and through the Jordan narrows, catching beaver as he proceeded to Utah Lake. Skirting its east shore, he moved southward to the Sevier, which he called Ashley's Lake. Some early writers have led Ashley, himself, as far south as this lake, but it is now definitely known that, while in the Great Basin, he was never south of the mouth of the Weber river. See *Utah Educational Review*, September, 1927, "Ashley," by Dr. William J. Snow, who adds, "It has been asserted and traditionally handed down, that Ashley brought a two-wheeled cannon over the mountains in 1826, which was later placed at a fort on Utah Lake. Now there never was a post on Utah Lake. Moreover, it was in 1827 that the cannon was brought over, Ashley, himself, coming only as far as South Pass. The cannon was

probably placed at the fort or post on the Great Salt Lake near Ogden."

Jedediah S. Smith is now recognized as one of the first white men to pass through the Great Salt Lake Valley. Provo (not Provost) moved south a little later, trapping the streams of Utah county, and thus we get the "Provo" river. (See "Provo," *Utah Educational Review*, January, 1928.) After passing the Sevier, Smith continued on to California. He says the Indians he saw in southern Utah raised many vegetables, especially "corn and pumpkins," the Indians themselves wearing rabbit robes for clothing, as no large game abounded in that country.

As Mexico at this early time was at war with United States over the Texas Territory, which had formerly belonged to Mexico and which was now in revolt, she and her people hated everything "Yankee." Therefore, when Smith reached the Franciscan Mission at San Diego, he was arrested and imprisoned. Finally set free upon the promise to leave the country of California, he trapped northward for over three hundred miles, then turning eastward in the early summer of 1827, he succeeded after perilous hardships and the loss of many horses in crossing the Sierra Nevada's snow-packed mountains, but so difficult was the trail that all but two of his men turned back. For twenty-two days Smith and his two companions struggled forward across the American Desert, one pack animal after another went down. At last but one poor horse remained. This night the three men, gaunt and weary, sank down to rest beside their hollow-eyed pony. We are told that Jed quietly produced his "Book," reading aloud to his companions. The shades of night drew themselves deeper about the weary men, but with the first signs of day they were moving again. This, however, was to be a day of joy, for, upon reaching a rising desert mound, far away in the hazy distance they

saw the placid waters of the Great Salt Lake.

From the southwest corner of the salty sea Smith made his way to the Bear Lake rendezvous, reaching there June 27, 1827. Two months later, however, aspirations gripped him. He must return to California—he may have been somewhat modern in his longings—anyway, without Pullman or aeroplane, he and his pack train were again at the Colorado river which they crossed and followed down to the Needles as before. Here while Smith attempted to recross, heading for San Diego, the Indians, having been hired by the Mexicans to keep out the "Yankees," murdered ten of his men. With the remaining nine Jed made a nine-day dash across the desert; but he was captured again and placed in prison, this time threatened with being sent to Mexico City. Four American captains, however, took matters pretty well into their own hands; got Jed released and started off north after giving bonds for \$30,000, and promising that Smith would be out of California within two months. Twenty years later, the "Mormon" Battalion camped near this same mission when California was taken from Mexico, 1846-47.)

Smith now resolved upon a bold excursion, he would trap the Pacific coast a thousand miles to the Columbia. Having been to the Columbia north from Salt Lake, he determined to visit it at Fort Vancouver. Week after week, success smiled upon his trappers. Finally a year had passed. It was now July 13, 1828, and his men were on the Umpqua river, a hundred miles south of the present Portland, Oregon. Here, following some difficulty with a chief over an ax stolen from the trappers, a terrible massacre occurred, and so sudden and unexpected did it come that fifteen of the eighteen men went down at once under the knives of the swarming savages. Smith, not being in camp at the time, was met by the two men who escaped, and together

they hurried to Vancouver, the British Fort, belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. These stricken Americans were in the very center of the disputed "Oregon Territory" over which the Yankees were crying, "Fifty-four, forty, or fight!" Twenty years later, 1846, to avert a war with England, United States accepted the forty-ninth degree north latitude, the present Canadian line.

Knowing that the wilderness soldiers of the two nations were on the verge of war, we marvel at Smith's boldness in knocking at Fort Vancouver for aid. The kind-hearted Dr. McLaughlin, nevertheless, who managed the British interests, showed himself a true Christian. Upon hearing Jed's story, McLaughlin sent buyers to the Umpqua river, seeking trade with the Indians. When all the furs were secured, those bearing Smith's brand were turned over to McLaughlin, who reprimanded the Indians for murdering the Americans, and then gave Jed a draft on the Hudson Bay Company for twenty thousand dollars for the packs. He also insisted that his new friend remain at the Fort all winter, partaking of hospitality, the like of which Smith had never before known. During the following months, McLaughlin, Jed and a Catholic priest spent much time with their Bibles.

Mr. A. S. Clark, in *Pioneer Days of Oregon*, has this to say of McLaughlin, "Over six feet high, powerfully made, with a grand head on massive shoulders and long, snow-white locks covering them, he was a splendid picture of a man. The Indians knew him as the 'White Eagle' and they respected him as they never did anyone else." He is very properly styled "The King of Old Oregon" in Skinner's, *Adventurers in Oregon*.

When the Columbia was cleared of ice, Jed pushed eastward hundreds of miles to Pierre's Hole, on the headwaters of the Snake. Here his companions met him, but three men only had survived. Smith's honor of be-

coming the "First American Overland to California" had been dearly purchased. Two thousand miles or more, most of the way on foot, was his one round trip.

As the spring rendezvous of 1830 was to be held on the Wind river, the three partners with their men now pushed eastward toward the Yellowstone district.

After many stirring adventures during the winter and spring of 1829-30, Smith, Jackson and Sublette sold their interests to Fitzpatrick, Bridger and others. By October, 1830, Jed and his friends had sold their packs at St. Louis for more than \$80,000. There is a coincidence here, relating to early Church history, worth noting. Jed's arrival was six months after the "Mormon" Church was organized, and the same month, October, that the Lord, by revelation, called Oliver Cowdery, Parley P. Pratt and two or three other missionaries to travel westward from New York "to the borders of the Lamanites," proclaiming the Gospel as they proceeded. The flourishing branch at Kirtland was established and many persons baptized before the brethren reached St. Louis, where Smith and hundreds of other trappers were wintering. Did these Church leaders realize as they conversed with these mountaineers from the distant Rockies that sixteen years later men, women and children by the thousands would be wending their way toward the trails of the Platte, South Pass and the "Great Salt Lake?"

As Independence, Missouri, some two hundred miles westward, seemed to be "the border of the Lamanites," thither the missionaries traveled. Here also followed Jedediah S. Smith, Jackson, Sublette and Fitzpatrick who had now joined the group; for trapping headquarters were now being rapidly changed to Independence, this being closer to the frontier. As this western trading town had been located but four years, it was destitute of trees and pleasant surroundings, the houses of

frontier type, logs and dirt roof. The citizens were mostly after the order of town, rough and unkempt, with a habit of doing nothing today that can be put off until tomorrow. Many western trappers made up the citizens, some even living with their Indian wives and half-breed Indian children.

Therefore, when the famed Smith, Fitzpatrick, Jackson, and Sublette and eighty-five men came driving into the little village with twenty-two heavily loaded wagons, called prairie schooners, and trailing a six-pound brass cannon, besides, the villagers all turned out. Among them were Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, Jr., Ziba Peterson, and Frederick G. Williams, and a number of converts that these missionaries had baptized at Independence. Parley P. Pratt, having been sent back to Kirtland, was not present at this time. As the "Mormon" missionaries were holding meetings and preaching in the village, it is only natural to suppose that out of curiosity Jed, who loved his Bible, attended some of the services and conversed with the "strange ministers." Oliver Cowdery certainly could have interested the great trapper, for Oliver stood next to Joseph and had seen the Savior and other heavenly messengers, had seen the golden plates, and had written from dictation most of the Book of Mormon, as the words fell from the lips of Joseph Smith. Oliver, having the book with him, may have even put it into Jed's hands, bearing his testimony at the same time.

Here, indeed, ranged western life! And what a chance for learning of the West these early missionaries had! For here were mighty frontiersmen, having visited the "mysteries beyond the western horizon." On the 4th of May, 1831, Jed and his wagon-train moved out of the village on the road—not to the Rockies—but to Santa Fe, New Mexico, with seven hundred seventy-five miles of prairie wilderness ahead. As this was to be Smith's last journey, one almost

wishes he could have remained at Independence for another sixty days and met the Prophet Joseph and twenty-eight other missionaries, who by revelation came to this little western town and dedicated the land as "the place for the city of Zion," and the site for the great "temple of the latter days." As we look back on these early events, we see that it was with no little awe that the villagers of Independence learned of the revelations given their peculiar friends from the East, not only claiming Independence, but all of Jackson county, as "the place of their inheritance." In the midst of it all, too, came the Colesville branch, about thirty in number, and a conference was held and the Prophet and others spoke of "Zion and her future." (Three years later 1200 people were driven from Jackson county, 200 homes and several grist mills burned. We are told that although the people have been moved, the place of Zion has not, and the days are coming when all the words spoken by God's prophets are to be fulfilled regarding that land.)

As Smith moved southwestward day after day on the Santa Fe Trail, the large, well-equipped train gave every evidence of security. "Within two days after striking out from the Arkansas river," Neihardt tells us, "the party began to experience the tortures of thirst and the famishing animals began to die. Confused by a maze of buffalo trails that led nowhere, taunted and misled by lying mirages, Smith and his companions struggled on." Of this land, Gregg in his *Commerce of the Prairies*, writes, "This tract of country may truly be styled the grand prairie ocean; for not a single landmark is to be seen for more than forty miles—scarcely a visible eminence by which to direct one's course. All is as level as the sea." Then Gregg tells the melancholy story of the last days of the mighty Jed. He had been informed by a buffalo hunter who had been trading with the Comanche Indians who committed the tragedy.

"In this perilous situation, Capt. Smith resolved at last to pursue one of the seductive buffalo paths, in hopes it might lead to the margin of some stream or pond. He set out alone; for besides the temerity which desperation always inspires, he had ever been a stranger to fear; indeed he was one of the most undaunted spirits that had ever traversed the Rocky Mountains. But, alas for the unfortunate Capt. Smith! After having so often dodged the arrows and eluded the snare of the wily mountain Indian, little could he have thought, while jogging along under a scorching sun, that his bones were destined to bleach upon those arid sands! He had already wandered many miles away from his comrades, when, on turning over an eminence, his eyes were joyfully greeted with the appearance of a small stream meandering through the valley that spread before him. It was the Cimarron. He hurried forward to slack the fire of his parched lips—but imagine his disappointment at finding the channel only a bed of dry sand! With his hands,

however, he soon scratched out a basin a foot or two deep, into which the water slowly oozed from the saturated sand. While with his head bent down, in the effort to quench his burning thirst, he was pierced by the arrows of a gang of Comanches, who were lying in wait for him! Yet he struggled bravely to the last; and, as the Indians, themselves, have since related, killed two or three of their party before he was overpowered."

In horrifying glee the Comanches pounced upon their dying victim, tearing off his scalp and stripping his wounded body of its clothes, and, then, what was that falling from the pocket of his heavy shirt? Snatching it from the sand, they quickly turned its leaves—there were no pictures. Then opening it to the pages most worn, they gazed at the print. Could Jed's spirit have spoken, it probably would have quoted, "I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live."

PRE-REQUISITE

What of a day to a century,
 What of one little hour,
 What of a rain drop drowned in the sea,
 What of a trampled flower!
 What of the rue at the foot of the rose,
 What of the aphids stain,
 What of the tares that the reaper sows,
 Along with the golden grain!
 What of the heartache, what of the doubt,
 Fretting the days along,
 What of the soul with its joy gone out,
 What of the wasted song!
 Needed the spur of the opposite—
 Thus shall we crave the good,
 Negative plan and pre-requisite
 That Truth shall be understood!

The Great Out of Doors

BY JAMES P. SHARP

Some time ago I read the following poem and was reminded of the times I had spent in the "Out of Doors."

That night I went to Mutual and was asked to speak to the Scouts upon some of my experiences as a boy, when I was on the western desert, and after the story was finished, one of the hardest boys to manage asked where I had read it. When I told him it was just a story from my own *Book of Life*, he asked me to write it and let him take it to his parents to read. I prefaced my narrative with the verses written by Edgar A. Guest:

GET OUT OF DOORS

Get out of doors! 'Tis here you'll find
The better thanks of heart and mind,
Get out beneath some stretch of sky
And watch the white clouds drifting by,
And all the petty thoughts will fade
Before the wonders God has made.

Go wade a trout stream in the spring,
And brother with the birds awing;
Know what it means to wander far,
Your guide the sun or evening star,
Who sleeps beneath the open sky
Soon grows too big to tell a lie.

Get out of doors, the fields are clean,
The woods will teach you nothing mean,
Who toils beneath the summer sun
Sleeps soundest when his work is done,
If splendid manhood you would know
Get out where you've a chance to grow.

Read deeply kindly nature's books,
Familiarize yourself with brooks,
And with the majesty of trees
The constant industry of bees,
And all that shapes the Master's plan,
They'll teach you how to be a man.

Sometimes when you have read an appealing story or poem, you will stop and think it over and turn back the

pages to some part that was particularly pleasing and read it over again. Tonight I am going to turn back some of the stories written in my *Book of Life*, and will read to you some of the pages of that book. It will be told in language you can understand, for it is simply what happened to me when a boy of your age, so will turn back these pages for the space of from thirty to thirty-three years.

Our story begins in the south end of Tooele county at a small town where I was born and reared. This town is situated on the edge of the Great American Desert, as it is called, and it was about the middle of May.

For days we have talked about the first spring round-up of wild horses. The boss comes out and tells us that tomorrow we will have to have two or three riders ready to leave; so if you boys want to go with us, you will have to seek employment from one of the other outfits, as this is a general round-up and all the ranchers send two or three men, and as there are six or eight different outfits you see there will be quite a few riders. He picks out the men he wants to go, and tells the one in charge what horses to take. The riders go over their outfits to see that there are no broken saddle strings or cinches and to see if their ropes are all strong, for we may have to use the ropes several times.

The next morning you are awake early, and each man sees to getting his own outfit ready. This means he must see to his saddle, bridle, rope, "chaps," or leather riding breeches, and his spurs, slicker and gun, as all cowboys carried guns in those days.

The man in charge of the outfit goes to the storehouse and gets a pack-saddle and bags and sees that the brand of the outfit we are riding for is on

the saddle as well as on the bags. He then gets as much flour as will be needed of what we called the "self-rising" variety. All it needs is to be mixed with water and baked and it makes good bread. He then cuts off some bacon and some fresh beef and gets soap, towel, a few cups and spoons, some knives and forks, a few matches, salt, pepper and sugar. Sometimes he puts in a can of syrup, but seldom, as this generally gets spilled and is a regular bother, so we leave it this time. All of this he puts into one of the bags and into the other he places a bake-oven, frying pan and coffee pot. I will tell you why we take tea and coffee. In that part of the desert we are going to, water will be scarce and some of it will be bitter or have a salty taste which makes you feel like you had been taking castor-oil; besides, it makes you sicker than does the oil.

This pack is now put on the horse with your bedding on top, and with a long rope and a lash cinch you learn to tie what we call a "diamond hitch." If you do this properly your pack will arrive at camp all safe.

We are ready to leave and the extra saddle horses are driven in. Each man is given from five to eight horses to ride, so you see when we get all the fifteen or twenty riders together, and each man has as many horses as we have there are more than one hundred horses to start with. But we will need them all before we get back. The riders are to gather at Point Lookout.

This is the last water we find before going on the desert proper, and is the old station of the Overland Stage, as it was called. It was the scene of more than one hold-up in early stage days when the mail went through these valleys to California. Some other time I may tell you of the stages and hold-ups, as I learned the stories from my father, but not now.

We ride up to the house and see a sign, "Water One Cent a Gallon. Horses 15c." and we wonder how we

will get along. Just then Horace Rockwell, a relative of the much talked of O. P. Rockwell, appears, looks us over and then seeing the brand, the Jew's harp, on the horses we ride, says cheerily, "So you are the Sharp riders? Well, give your horses all they can drink. That sign is for strangers. Go and camp by the corral. You will find the Wine Cup and Pot Hook D. boys there already. I've been expecting you boys for some time, and have kept the horses out of the north pasture and the feed is fine. Turn in."

We meet the other riders. They are a rough but jolly and good-hearted lot. The head men of each outfit get together and appoint a boss for the round-up. It may be any one of you, but before you can expect to be the Big Boss, as we call him, you must have been on many of these trips, as there is a lot to do that you never dreamed of.

Each outfit starts to get supper. Someone is asked to mix bread. He is willing but can't find the bread pan. This is easily explained. As no boys like to wash dishes, we left it behind on purpose as there is always some dough left in the pan and this is a waste. So one of the older hands at the business takes the sack of flour and makes a round hole in the flour and pours in a cup of water and stirs it up and soon has a nice ball of dough which he places in the bake-oven, and ties up the sack. There is no pan to wash and no waste of flour.

Soon supper is ready and eaten and you go to bed soon after, knowing that from now on it will be hard work.

Your bed is made on the hard ground and you wonder how it will be possible to sleep; but it is always cold on the desert as soon as the sun sets, so you pull the covers up and look at the stars and think, and before you know it, are asleep and you hear a voice calling, "Breakfast," as the boss has a cook appointed for the outfit.

You open your eyes and see that day is breaking. After a hasty toilet and breakfast, the horses are brought in and work begins. The boss leaves two men with the cook. These are to follow with the saddle and pack animals, and here is where the brand on your outfit helps, for as soon as you are up you roll your bedding and put it in a pile with your pack saddle on top, and the men left to pack up know which horse to put it on.

It is nineteen miles to the next water and it will not be reached before night-fall, so the boys have filled their pockets with chaparral leaves to suck, as this will help to keep them from becoming too thirsty.

Nothing happens today, and as you ride along on the desert, all in a string about half a mile apart, you think, "What a snap."

The distance here is deceiving. Granite Mountain, about forty miles to the west, looks but a short distance away. Surely at scout pace could be reached in an hour, but as you ride it gets no nearer. We now turn south and head for Simpson Springs, where we arrive about sundown, having rounded up possibly fifty horses. These are put with the saddle band for the night and all turned up one of the draws to the east. There are no corrals and only the remnant of the once Overland. We are in Uncle Sam's pasture and it is a big one. To the south about eighteen miles is a spring of bad water; west it is forty-five miles to Fish Springs and north I can't tell how far to water, but to the east there are numerous springs. There is not a ranch on this range of forty by sixty miles.

The next day we ride and make it back to camp by noon, but as we can see some of the boys way out west having trouble, the boss has us change horses and go out to help them. One thinks it is only a short distance, but we ride mile after mile before we reach our companions, whom we help back to camp with the wild band. By this time we are so tired we can hardly

move, besides our legs are chafed considerably from not having ridden before, and as we watch some of the older riders rubbing their chafed legs with salt and flour or bathing them with salt and water, we try it, and as soon as the salt touches the chafed part we make for the spring to wash it off, but by the time we get there, we decide to let it go as it has partly quit.

We lie down exhausted on the bed for a moment when supper is called, so we get up and, after a bite, return to bed and are all prepared to turn in for the night when the boss comes along and says, "You are on grave-yard shift." You reply that you are dead tired, but not dead. It is explained that you are to night herd from ten until relieved by the day herders next morning. Here is where your partner comes in handy, for a good boss never has the two that bunk together work together, so while you doze your chum gets your horse ready.

At nine-thirty you are called and go out with the other men and relieve those on watch and thus spend your first night in the saddle and will have plenty to think of. If it's moonlight you sit on your horse on one side of the band assigned to you, the other riders doing likewise; but if it is dark, you ride around the herd all night trying to keep just so far from the rider ahead, not an easy thing to do. Well, after years, as it seems to you, the first light appears in the east, the birds begin to sing and you are not so lonesome, and think only of getting to bed. Soon you are relieved, then you get breakfast and to your dismay the boss tells you where to ride today. You determine that when you are boss you will let the night herders sleep all day.

Some days, when the horses you are rounding up are exceptionally wild, a man will ride as many as four horses, so you see why there are so many in the saddle band.

Now let me tell you of the many things the boss has to know. Some

of the riders have been out south and drunk some of the bad water. When they reach camp it has either affected their kidneys or bowels and in either case makes them very sick. If it affects the kidneys the boss sees to it you are given the gum off the pinion pine. This you chew and swallow all the saliva caused to flow, and swallow as well some of the gum. Generally you will be all right by the middle of the next day; in fact, I have never seen a case this treatment would not cure, but have heard of some, and to these was given a tea made of the juniper berries. However, I never saw this tried. If the bowels are loose get some slippery elm and make a tea or if this cannot be found, get the root of crow foot and if none is handy, take some tea made from the root of the wild rose which can always be found. Some drink the tea made from mountain rush or, as it is also called, joint brush, or Brigham tea, as I have heard that Pres. Young recommended it to the early settlers. I would not advise this, however, until you know how it affects you, for to some it is the greatest physic they can take and to others acts exactly opposite. If the bowels don't move properly we will drink a tea made from the black sage or else from the wild grape root, but riding constantly and with only coarse food, this will hardly be needed. If one of the men has had a bad spill which frequently happens, and is all bruised up, bathe the bruise with strong sage tea into which quite a bit of salt has been added and soon the soreness and swelling will disappear. For toothache I have seen the cavity filled with sage brush ashes and also have seen dry tea leaves used and the toothache stopped, whether through the belief or some curative property, I cannot say. One man in the hills came in contact with poison ivy, and to cure this, a tea was made of the shad scale, which is a small salty bush, and the parts that were smarting or burning were bathed and soon the smarting stopped.

Besides being a boss he has to be doctor and everything else. You notice this morning as you are getting up a night rider comes in and speaks to the boss who immediately mounts a horse and rides away. You all sit and wonder where he has gone. Soon he appears and, calling to one of the best men, tells him to take as many men as he will need to get that band of horses to the nearest place where they can be corraled, and to get them there before night. He adds that the men have begun "stringing" the band, which means that one rider has led out and the others are slowly starting the band to string after him. As there are possibly five hundred horses it will take a long time to start them. The riders leave, and one man follows with the pack animals.

The leader must also be a peace scout able to read the signs. This one has read the sign which tells him that a storm is brewing. You will not believe it for there is not a cloud in the sky and besides it seldom storms on the desert, but when a storm breaks it is generally an electrical one, and the lightning and thunder are something awful, though we usually have little rain.

We are not asked to go with the band and therefore can rest, as it is useless to gather more horses until after the storm. Ten times the men we have could not hold a band of desert horses in a storm at night. The boss is uneasy all day, but as night comes on and no storm, he feels easier. He knows with good luck the band is safe in the large corral at the ranch twenty miles to the east. You go to bed and laugh at the boss's mistake, for you have not thought so much of him since he made you take your turn at night herding.

Sometime during the night you are awakened by the awful crashes of thunder, and as you open your eyes you are nearly blinded by the flashes of lightning that keep the whole country

lit up with the strange blue cast seen so plainly on the desert.

The storm leaves as suddenly as it came without any rain, and as you lie and think it over, you rather admire the boss, feeling sure that had the band not been sent to some corral the work of the past would all be undone and no horses left to show for all the riding. The boss had read the signs of the approaching storm in the actions of the wild horses, as anyone long connected with live stock can generally tell when a change in the weather is coming by the actions of the animals. The next day we start to ride again and by night the boys are back with the horses and we ride as before. There is not much change, only today one of the boys may kill a deer with his pistol or another rope a young antelope or coyote.

One of the boys has had a sore hand for a few days and has not been able to sleep for some time. Now his hand is all swelled up and a small kernel comes in the arm at the elbow and soon another comes under the arm pit, and he may be delirious, so the boss orders one of the men to make a strong sage tea, bathes this sore hand for an hour or so. He has also sent a man to hunt for some birds eggs and busies himself mixing soap and sugar and melting these with a little water into a thick paste. A cotton-tail rabbit is shot, cotton-tails are generally found near these desert springs. The boss sharpens his pocket knife on his boot until it is like a razor, and then he dips the blade in the hot sage tea, lets it boil and everything is ready for what? The boss takes the hand firmly and, with a swift stroke, lances the swelling in the dark spot in the center. It reminds one of the boy who said he liked to stub his toe, for it felt so good after it quit hurting. As soon as the cut was made, the matter and corruption came and with it some blood that was nearly black and very thick.

The boss now took some of the white from the birds' eggs, mixed it

with his soap and sugar and warmed it. The rabbit was skinned and the soap, sugar and white of egg was put on the cut and the rabbit skin, flesh side next to the man's skin, was wrapped around and held the poultice as moist as does the oiled silk that doctors use now. The man was soon asleep and all went well.

Now we start to the ranches with our horses. We have from six to eight hundred. The boss is still worried, for any time something may go wrong and cause a stampede, but we arrive safe and now the round-up is over as we turn the band in the large pasture at the home ranch and the boss takes a long free breath, the first for many days.

Now let's turn back these pages to the present time and here we are in the meeting with a few minutes to spare, and I am going to tell you that about this time a man from Salt Lake came to our ranch and tried to get us to move to a more desirable country. He said the Lord would never own a country where the water was bad and where there was nothing but sand and clay with wild horses and coyotes everywhere, and behind most of the bushes were rattle snakes and lizards.

Now what is the difference between the desert and the city? Not much, as I see it, only here the sand and clay are built into houses and there it is not. Here we have drug stores where by paying an enormous price we can get a substitute mixed up with a lot of sweet syrup that tastes good, while there we have the real medicine. As to the snakes, coyotes, lizards and such, don't you have them here, only in a different form? Out there they are in their natural state and element, and all are taught to look out for themselves, while here we have them but of more deadly kind, and they are dressed up and parading around as men. That to me is as much God's country as any I was ever in and I would sooner trust a snake there than here.

The Brimming Cup

BY ELSIE C. CARROLL

"No, really, Clara. I ought not to sit down. I just ran over a minute while the girls are finishing up the dishes. I wanted you to have some of this fudge pudding I got a recipe for while I was gone, and I saw so little of you last night that it was not possible to tell you how much I appreciate your kind of looking after the family while I was away." Jen Sidney set the dish of pudding on her neighbor's kitchen table and took the rocker Clara Burke brought in from the other room.

"I was glad to do what little I could, Jen, but it really wasn't much."

"Oh, but it was. Ruth has been telling me how you came right over and took care of Philip when he had the croup and they were all so frightened, and how you helped with the mending, and were always bringing in a dish of something to help out with the meals. It's something to be mighty thankful for to have a neighbor like you, Clara: especially when one kind of loses one's head like I did and goes off on a foolish tangent, neglecting her family."

"My goodness, Jen, whatever makes you feel like that. I think it was wonderful for you to have such a trip, and no one deserved it more than you did."

"You don't know what you're talking about, Clara, but I really am glad I went, for I learned a lesson that every hard-working mother of a big family ought to learn before it is too late to profit by it."

"Why, whatever do you mean, Jen? Did something happen?"

"I believe I will stay long enough to tell you about it, Clara. Dick has gone to the store with Nancy Watkins. There's never a Sunday passes

that she doesn't come for him because she has company or has forgotten something like baking powders or vanilla when she was shopping the day before. I don't suppose he'll be back for half an hour; Nancy won't know what brand of this or that she had better try and she'll have to tell him all about Lucy's new son-in-law. And besides, Clara, my story maybe will help you to see things like a woman ought to be able to see them."

"Well, I'm right hungry for a visit. I really didn't know how much neighbors meant until you were gone and I couldn't visit over the fence every day. Do tell me all about your trip; it must have been grand." Clara drew her own chair nearer to her friend.

"Not in the way you think. Do you know, Clara, ever since I left Mae's last Thursday there's been a kind of proverb, or saying, fussing around in my mind trying to find a way to express itself; but somehow the right words wouldn't come until this morning when I was measuring the orange juice for the pudding sauce. When I saw that golden juice almost ready to run over the sides of the cup, Mae's own words came back to me with such force I knew they expressed what I was feeling inside—"The Brimming Cup."

"You and Mrs. Hamilton used to be chums when you were girls, didn't you?" Clara asked, to recall her neighbor from the train of thought into which she had suddenly fallen.

"Yes," Jen answered, throwing off her abstraction. "And I hadn't seen Mae for fifteen years when she came here to Granger last month. We grew up together and used to sing duets from the time we were in Miss Fackerell's chart class. I remember we drew

cuts to see who was to have the part of Snow White in our first school operetta, and all through the grades and high school we sang together at every entertainment of importance."

"I remember hearing my cousin Molly talk about your singing when she'd come to Dalby to visit us."

"Then when Mae's Aunt Nellie from up in Wyoming decided to send her to Boston to have her voice trained, everybody began asking father and mother why they didn't send me, too. Some folks, like old Uncle Hank Daniels, even went so far as to say that my voice was better than Mae's. Father and mother took the suggestion seriously, and after spending a few days and nights figuring, told me I could go with Mae if I wanted to."

"Oh,—and—you—you didn't take a chance like that?"

"At first I was thrilled with the thought and began to make preparations to go. Then Dick came over from Dalton where he'd been working all summer in Mr. Thompson's dry-goods store, and well—I don't know just how it happened, but we decided to get married that fall." Again Jen fell into deep thought, her neighbor studying her curiously.

"It must have seemed good to see her—and a little strange," suggested Clara.

"Yes, it did. It was Monday and wash-day when Dick told me, as he came in for lunch, that Mae was in town. Lew Thorne had walked up to the store with Mae's brother-in-law. When the children came in from school a few minutes later they were all excited. Katie Lawrence had told them that her aunt from the East had come to visit them in the biggest, shiniest car that had ever been in Granger. And do you know, Clara, that suddenly the wall paper on our kitchen seemed unbearably dingy and I felt tired and discouraged all over. Then when Junior looked over the table and said, 'Gosh, beans again?' I silently echoed his disgust. I was

sick of baked beans and rice-pudding every wash-day, too; and of smoky walls and sagging doors and faded rugs and second-hand chairs; and of perpetual, toy-littered porches and walks. The thought of Mae in a big, shiny car made me tired of life as I knew it with its work and hum-drum sameness—e t e r n a l scrubbing and scrimping."

"I know just how you must have felt. I feel that way lots of times."

"Well, when I went back to the washing after dinner, I was thinking of the brilliant success Mae had made. She had not only done well in music, but had married a railroad official or something of the sort. At any rate, her sister Dora had reported when she came back from a visit with Mae, that her home had fifteen rooms and three baths and a greenhouse, and that she had a French maid and a chauffeur.

"I had never considered myself an envious person, but as I bent over the wash-tub that afternoon, I tell you, Clara, I was thinking pretty bitterly how the good things of life are mighty unevenly divided.

"I wondered how long Mae would be in town and if she would condescend to call on her old friends. And right while I was thinking about it I thought I heard someone at the front door. I straightened up and listened, for I knew it would be just my luck for someone to come; I hadn't even cleared the lunch table.

"Well, I decided that the noise I had heard must have been from the sand-pile where the twins were playing and bent back over the scrubbing board, when all at once I saw someone pass the kitchen window, someone in a bright-blue suit and a flame-colored scarf. A horrible premonition flashed to my mind and panic seized me. Why hadn't I at least cleared up that table, I asked myself. And the rest of the house was a sight, too—not a bed made, and the doors all open, and blocks and toys strewn all over the living-room floor.

"I brushed back straggles of damp hair and tore off my dirty apron as I heard a tap at the door and a voice I knew at once was Mae's calling 'Jen, are you home?'—Just like she used to.

"I felt sick all over as I opened the door. There sure enough was Mae—prettier than she had been fifteen years ago, and almost as young looking. And do you know she seemed as tickled to see me as I was embarrassed to see her.

"She said she couldn't wait any longer to come and see me and that it seemed ages since we used to sing together and go to Hailey's for ice cream with Dick and Jack Henrie."

"And she was as sociable as ever?" asked Clara, interestedly.

"It surprised me too, Clara, for as close as we'd been I expected her to be too stuck-up to act as if there was no difference between us now. Well, somehow I managed to lead her to the living-room, picking up caps and balls and marbles as we went, and trying to straighten chairs and rugs.

"As she sat down on our faded old settee she kept saying how good it seemed to see me. I tried to hitch the over-stuffed rocker over the spot on the carpet where Junior had spilled the ink, as she was asking me to tell her all about myself and Dick and the kiddies. Dora had told her we had six children and that one of them was named for her.

"Well, we had scarcely got seated when the twins came trailing in, dirtier and more untidy than usual on account of wash-day. Marian had on an outgrown apron of Ruth's and was clutching a squirming kitten; Marcus with a big hole in one leg of his rompers, and with a broken supporter, was dragging a battered toy wheelbarrow full of sand, dribbling the sand along the floor as he walked.

"Clara, I don't believe I was ever guilty of being ashamed of those happy, healthy babies before. They had seen Mae as she had passed along

the side of the house, and their curiosity had brought them in. They stood staring at her when she spoke to them, and sidled a little nearer to me, Marian putting her thumb in her mouth as she always does when she is bothered.

"Mae exclaimed about what a picture of health they were, but I was sure she was only trying to be polite. As I was telling the twins to run out and play, I could see Mae's eyes taking in all the shabbiness and ugliness of our home.

"When we were alone she asked me however I managed with four children besides the babies. She said it was no wonder I looked thin and tired. Then she came right over by me and took my hands like she used to when we were girls, and said she had come to make me promise to go home with her on a visit when she came back from Dalby in a few days.

"I started to tell her how impossible such a thing would be, but she cut me short. She said I'd stayed here and drudged for fifteen years and that I certainly needed a rest and that she knew the family could get along without me for a month for she had just been to the store and talked it over with Dick and he had said he'd have his sister Grace come and help out with the children. As she went on with her arguments I could feel myself being swept off my feet just as I used to be when Mae planned things for me to do. She always had a way of getting what she wanted.

"I knew it was too wild a thing even to dream of, but she'd thought of every obstacle I could bring up, and told me how lonely she was with her husband away for several months in Europe and how really pleasant she would make the visit for me, until the first thing I knew I was saying that I'd love to go and was promising that I really would think about it.

"When the children came in from school a few minutes after she had left they wanted to know all about the

beautiful lady they had met who had told them she would send them a lovely surprise if they would be good while I was visiting her. They were all excited about it, and I'll declare if I wasn't getting excited myself. Our house seemed so small and hateful and ugly after Mae had been there. I was ashamed of that feeling, but it kept growing, and when Dick came home all enthused over the trip, I dropped my last bit of resistance and let myself be thrilled over the prospect of getting away.

"Dick kept saying what a wonderful trip it would be, and that I certainly deserved it, and he was sorry I couldn't have more things like that. But he said he guessed we had some things Mae might envy, and I remember how I stared at him and wondered what.

"The washing was out of the way by that time and the house as tidy as a child-filled house ever is. The children had picked up the things from the yard and the porch, and Dick had brought smoked salmon and bananas home for supper. Under ordinary circumstances I would have been contented and happy. But I couldn't help noticing how awkwardly Philip handled his fork—and he nearly nine; and there was dirt back of Junior's ears and Mae's hair didn't have the sheen it might have with more careful brushings. The twins seemed unusually boisterous and even Dick irritated me when he reached for the butter instead of asking to have it passed. I thought it certainly would seem good to get away from the ugly, scrimping, hard life I had chosen for myself, and see for once the kind of life I might have had.

"I guess you remember the next few days, Clara, my mad rush to get ready for my trip."

"I should say I do, and I surely envied you—it seemed so grand."

"Well, I could hardly realize that I really was going until I found myself standing by Mae's big, shiny car dressed in the new suit Dick had in-

sisted on my buying, with the money he was saving for a cash register, and telling the family good-bye. And do you know, Clara, guilty as I feel now to confess it, I had a sort of elated feeling that morning that maybe I would never come back? I had found myself vaguely arguing with myself that I had given fifteen years of drudgery to my family, and that maybe my talent had not been dormant too long to be cultivated even now.

"Mechanically I kissed the children and was not even moved when Junior wondered if he could really have his birthday if I wasn't there to make his cake. Dick had arranged to go to the store an hour later in the morning so he could help see that things went right and I wouldn't have to worry. Just before I got into the car he took me in his arms and held me close. He whispered that he was mighty glad I was going to have this rest, and he called me a pet name he used to call me before we were married, and there was the same huskiness in his voice there had been the night we thought Philip was dying with the croup, and he told me the house and the town would be empty with me away, but that they'd get along fine and I must have a good time and not worry a minute. I was ashamed even at the time that I was conscious of the fact that he hadn't shaved and that his tie was crooked.

"And then we were off.

"I turned back once and my last glimpse was of Dick, a twin on each shoulder, and the other four children—all waving frantically."

Jen paused so long, that her friend finally broke the silence.

"I imagine the trip was wonderful, in a car like that."

"Yes, it was. During the three days' journey I relaxed and threw off as completely as possible all thought of home. I was having a wonderful dream, and it seemed to me that I would almost rather die than be awakened from it. Mae petted me and did

a thousand little things for my comfort and pleasure. Time and again I thought of what Dick had said about our having a lot of things he guessed Mae would envy. I wondered how a man could be so blind.

"Clara, Mae's home—well it's simply grand. Nothing Dora had told us about it was exaggerated a bit. Why, my room was just like the grand rooms we see in the movies. The carpets were so soft that at first I wanted to get up in the night and walk on them; and there were lovely pictures and tapestries and beautifully polished furniture and long mirrors, and every day fresh flowers. Well, I never could have imagined it all. And to think that Mae and I had been chums!

"Mae dressed me up in lovely clothes and took me to concerts and operas and recitals—some of them she took part in herself—and introduced me to her fine friends. At first I felt timid and awkward, but soon I was just plainly thrilled with it all.

"When my thoughts would straggle back here to Granger, I would tell myself that this was my vacation—maybe the one big event in my whole life and I wasn't going to spoil it with wondering whether I was doing my duty.

"After the first wonderful week, I began to notice that the big house sometimes seemed dreadfully still and empty. I would find myself waking suddenly in the night, with my hand reaching out to see if the twins were covered, or snuggling over to Dick's side of the bed—only to find that I was alone. The places Mae took me didn't seem so interesting as they had at first and I found myself criticising to myself the things Mae's friends talked about. What did it matter who won at the Kenton bridge party, or how many courses Mrs. Lawhorne served at the luncheon for Lady Devenport, or what kind of dress Katherine Hepplewhite was going to wear at her coming out party? Instead of drinking in such nonsense as I had

at first, I found my mind wandering back here—wondering if Grace was insisting on the twins drinking their milk, or if Junior's coveralls were being mended when he tore them, and if Dick was getting his bowl of hot milk and toast the nights he had to stay late at the store. I thought, too, of Junior's birthday—and the cake I wouldn't be there to make—It hurt!

"All the time Mae went on planning things we were to do, and I didn't have courage to tell her I was homesick and wanted to go back to Granger. She thought I was going to stay a month—maybe longer.

"And then one terrible night I woke up in cold horror. I knew it had only been a dream and that I was foolish to tremble so, but I couldn't get rid of that picture of Philip being carried, with his leg all mangled, from Slide Hill. I lay there for a moment motionless. Clara, I can't tell you how I hated that big, still house with its silk draperies and soft carpets. I felt that I would have to scream in my loneliness and longing for my dingy little home.

"At last I got out of bed. I thought I would steal down stairs to the living room and read one of the new magazines I had glanced through earlier in the evening. I knew I must do something to get rid of that terrible dream. And then tomorrow, I told myself, on the very earliest train I was going home! I promised God that if he would only keep my loved ones all safe until I got home, I'd make it up to them and to him for the thing I had done.

"I was going cautiously down the hall so I would not wake Mae or the servants, when I was stopped by the sound of sobbing which I was sure was coming from Mae's room. I stood still wondering what it could mean. I didn't know whether to go in or not. I remembered, then, that Mae had been unusually quiet all afternoon and evening; in fact ever since two men had called and had talked with her early

in the afternoon. At first I thought they had brought news of some financial loss. But the sobs didn't indicate that kind of trouble. They were coming from a real heart-break.

"At last I knocked on the door, and went in. Mae, dressed in a beautiful negligee, was sitting on a low stool before a big window. The moonlight was the only light in the room. I went to her and tried to soothe her as I would my own Mae or the twins.

"She didn't say anything for a little while, but at last the crying gradually wore itself out and she began to talk. As long as I live, Clara, I'll never forget that night. Why, what she told me was just like a chapter in a novel. Poor, poor Mae!

"And to think I had been envying her. Well, it was right then and there I got my lesson.

"'Jen,' she said, 'you have thought I have everything to make me happy. Because I have money and a fine home and influential friends, you have thought my cup of life was filled to the brim, while you had only the dregs. But, oh, Jen, it isn't so! It is I who am drinking the dregs. It is you who have the brimming cup!'

"And all at once I knew that she was speaking the truth, and I knew that Dick had been right when he said he guessed we had things Mae could envy.

"Well, Clara, she told me of her marriage. She said she supposed I had heard what a lucky match she had made; but she confessed that she had married Robert Hamilton because he had plenty of money and because he had friends among the kind of people she wanted to know. She confessed that now he had grown tired of her and that the two men who had been there that afternoon were lawyers who had come to see if she would give her husband a divorce so he could marry another woman with whom he was infatuated.

"Clara, I even forgot how homesick I was as I listened to her—I felt

so sorry for her. Imagine me feeling sorry for Mae!"

"Was it a shock to her—finding out about her husband?"

"No, she had known for a year what was coming, and she had tried to make herself believe that she didn't care. She even confessed that she came back here to Granger to see me in my poverty because she thought it would be a consolation to her to know that at least she had something better than that. But she said she didn't get the consolation she was looking for. My life, she told me, showed her what she had missed. It showed her how shallow a career is compared to the life a woman ought to live.

"Clara, I wish you could have heard some of the things she said, 'Jen,' she asked me, 'what have I got that is worth one of your lovely children?' And I didn't have a thing to answer her.

"Then she told me that she had wanted children, and had always thought that when she had made her name she would settle down and rear a family. But her husband had laughed at her.

"And do you know, Clara, sorry as I was for her, I couldn't say one word of comfort. I was overflowing with gratitude for my own blessings, and felt so sorry for her! She told me that she had known the day she came to see me that I was envying her the mere dry bones of life, while she was envying me the love and sacrifices that make up real living.

"And then I told her I wanted to come home. She didn't try to persuade me to stay, but she refused to come with me as I begged her to do. She said it was too late for her to find happiness my way; that she had burned her bridges behind her and could not go back; that she would just have to make the best of things as they were. But I did hate to leave her—alone in that big, empty house, when I came away the next morning.

"Clara, when I got off the train last

night it was just getting dark. Of course no one was at the station to meet me because they didn't know I was coming. Mae wanted to send a telegram, but I wanted to surprise them.

"I wish you could know, Clara, how humble I felt as I walked toward that little home that had seemed so dingy to me two weeks ago. When I entered the gate and started up the walk—why I just felt like I was walking on holy ground. The window shades were crooked and the usual litter of toys was on the porch and I knew that the kitchen paper would be even a little dingier than when I had left, and that the bathroom door would still squeak, and that there would still be endless scrimping and drudgery; but, oh, Clara, I could hardly wait to get into the house.

"The girls were setting the table for supper. I could see them passing back and forth to the kitchen. I saw Dick pick Marcus up and give him a playful toss in the air, and I heard the baby's delighted shriek and demand that he do it again. Junior was

standing by the table looking at the funny paper and Philip, with both his legs sound and well, was making a top over by the waste paper basket. They seemed happy and getting along just as usual—without me. A sickening feeling came over me that maybe they hadn't missed me and wouldn't care how long I stayed. A lump in my throat was choking me as I opened the door.

"But, Clara, the shout that went up when they saw me, and the way they all rushed to me—why that was the happiest thrill of my life. I'll always have that to remember if I ever feel any signs of getting discontented. Oh, I tell you Mae was right about my having the brimming cup.

"Why, Clara, you are not crying?"

"No, Jen, I'm just finding out that I have a brimming cup too—and I—I didn't know it before."

"There comes Dick back from the store. It took Nancy plenty of time to decide what she wanted. Do run over, Clara, and thanks again for all you did while I was gone."

THE HIGHEST BEAUTY

The crafts of men are lauded,
Nature's handiwork is sung,
The things of life applauded,
The bells of glory rung.

Man, satisfied, reliant,
Content in realm and pow'r,
Sees not the gems of truer worth,
Sees weeds, but not the flow'r.

In mortal world, in realms of men,
Or heaven's unknown parts,
What beauties found, or grace abound,
Like a child's untarnished heart.

“THE ERA IN EVERY HOME”

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The **NEW Improvement Era**

Combined with the Young Woman's Journal

For many years there have been two magazines—the *Improvement Era* and the *Young Woman's Journal*—devoted principally to the interests of the M. I. A. Each has filled its own place, offering fine encouragement and an avenue of expression to those desirous of developing their literary talent; presenting articles and messages of importance to Church members generally, and giving detailed instructions and suggestions to Mutual Improvement workers.

Of recent years the plans of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Associations have drawn the two divisions more closely together, as a constantly increasing portion of the work is joint.

In view of this and other facts, it has been decided to effect a merger of

the magazines, and make of them one greater and more valuable than either alone could be. In this new *Era* will appear miscellaneous articles, fiction, poetry, dramatizations, etc., written by inspiring and able authors; reports from missions; material dealing with educational problems; and Priesthood and M. I. A. messages of real significance to officers. It is to be a magazine worthy of the Associations which it represents—a publication embodying the ideals and standards of the Latter-day Saints, and equalling the nationally circulated magazines in interest and value.

Watch for the first issue in November.

Believe in the future of the new *Era*, and prove that faith by your work in its behalf.

A Bigger, Better Magazine

The price for the combined
magazines is only \$2.00 a year

“The Era in Every Home”

Messages From the Missions

CONFERENCE IN VIRGINIA

District President Neldon L. Richards of the West Virginia South district in the Eastcentral States mission writes:

In sending a group picture of the missionaries in attendance at the recent annual conference of the West Virginia South district, we unite in sending greetings to our co-workers throughout the world and friends and loved ones at home.

The first of our five sessions of

conference, was held at Huntington, where the Saints and friends who filled the chapel enjoyed the counsel of Pres. Miles L. Jones and the remarks of the visiting missionaries.

The following day (May 19th) many attended the three splendid sessions held in Charleston. At each Pres. Jones presented some inspirational and instructive thoughts, and the talks of each of the missionaries were very uplifting. Special musical selec-



MISSIONARIES OF WEST VIRGINIA SOUTH DISTRICT, EASTCENTRAL STATES MISSION

Front row, left to right: Neldon L. Richards, district president; Miles L. Jones, mission president; Sister Miles L. Jones; Edith Wooton, West Virginia North district; Alice Jenkins, West Virginia North district; Irma Bihler, mission stenographer; Mary Burch, Melba Cox. Middle row: Alma Hanson, R. Evan Gee, West Virginia North district; Marlin Erickson, West Virginia North district; Alberta Gren, Edith Young, Margaret Inkley. Top row: DeLos Anderson, Fenno Casto, G. Ross Huntington, Bruce Lyman, president Kentucky district; Clyde Hollingshead, Melvin S. Hamilton, president West Virginia North district; Derald Stowell, James Bail.

tions were arranged by the local members and added much to the spirit of the meetings.

The concluding session held at Verdunville, was favored by the same interest and spirit which accompanied the previous sessions. Many were in attendance there who had never before attended a Latter-day Saints' meeting.

We rejoice in the truth and its steady advancement in the world.

Many opportunities are presenting themselves in the tracting and meetings held by the elders. The lady missionaries have five non-"Mormon" primaries which are held regularly each week with an attendance of 20 to 40 boys and girls. These are wonderful openings for the Gospel message.

We take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation and thanks for the *Era* as it is an invaluable aid to the missionaries.

SHEFFIELD DISTRICT CONFERENCE AND M. I. A. DAY

After expressing appreciation of the *Era* and stating that it is used as a missionary medium, Elder John P. Hopkinson, president of the Sheffield district, adds:

An enjoyable spirit of Easter permeated the Sheffield district conference,

held in our chapel in Sheffield, Sunday, March 31st. Many interested persons gathered to hear the stirring message of "Mormonism" and to participate in the splendid services. The spirit of the Lord was present in abundance at all the sessions. Presi-



MISSIONARIES OF SHEFFIELD DISTRICT, BRITISH MISSION

Front row, left to right: Elbert C. Kirkham; Louis S. Leatham, district clerk; Gwendolyn Lund; John P. Hopkinson, district president; Mission President A. Wm. Lund; Josephine B. Lund; Alvin G. Pack; Joseph S. Savage, president of the Liverpool district; Ralph A. Garner, European mission office, and Joseph E. Whitehead. Back row: Rulon S. Scoville, Newcastle district; Virgil E. White, Edward L. Hall, Leo V. Toombs, Hull district; George W. Linford, Richard K. Knight, London district; Wesley D. Amott, Raymond H. Swenson, Lucian C. Reid, Arthur B. Livingston, Hull district; Edward E. Morgan, Jay M. Smith, Henry J. Bates, Leeds district.

dent A. William Lund discoursed on the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and bore solemn testimony to the truth and efficacy of Christ's mission on earth.

On Easter Monday, April 1st, a keen spirit of friendly rivalry was manifest at the district M. I. A. finals. Since the inauguration of competitive activities last spring, the Mutual Improvement Associations throughout the district have been bending every effort toward making the event this year more successful than was the one held last year. The dreams of the members of the various branches were realized when they joined together to prove that Sheffield district has the proper spirit for contest work among its people.

The program for the day included debates, musical contests, vocal and instrumental renditions, essays, original

poems, oratory and extemporaneous public speaking.

All contestants joined whole-heartedly together to make the day and program a success; and when the decision was announced by President Lund, all felt that their participation had contributed to the growth of the community and to the success of the event. Sheffield branch won the greatest number of points; it also retains the district M. I. A. banner for the second consecutive year.

Much talent was discovered. These contests show that our people possess those qualities which make for useful, happy citizens of the Church and community. The practical side of "Mormonism" has proved to be of immense value in the lives of its adherents. The spirit of cooperation shown thus far has given all M. I. A. workers a new incentive to greater achievement and usefulness in the future.

WILL THIS INTEREST YOU?

BY AUSTIN A. CARTER

"*Tonga! Where is that?*" Such is the question submitted wherever the above name is mentioned. People hear the name and wonder.

The writer of this article made the same startled interrogations when he received a call from our beloved leader, President Heber J. Grant, to go on a mission to Tonga.

Responding to the call, I came to this land, have labored among its people and will endeavor to answer the above question, and relate some of the interesting things which have been observed here.

Tonga is but a small group of islands, some two hundred in number, gathered together in the Southern Pacific ocean. Wrapped in the glories of tropical splendor, a regular paradise for the artist, it is a spot selected

for habitation by many Europeans. It is approximately four hundred miles south and east of the Fijian Islands, and practically the same distance south and west of the Samoan group. It is readily admitted the latter group exceeds our much beloved Tonga in size.

There are three main divisions in the Tongan group upon which our elders are laboring. The main islands of each group are separated from each other by only a few hours travel if suitable means of transportation could be had. To be more exact, the main islands of the south and that of the north are separated by a one hundred and eight mile expanse of ocean, with the third group situated between them and with many smaller islands dotting the huge ocean between these groups.

But travel between islands is accom-

plished in small sail boats and much time is thereby consumed.

The Lord's work has been established throughout each of the three divisions, and we are striving to increase the number over the eleven hundred and thirteen names now on Church record.

The Saints and also non-members treat us well and no serious hardships confront us. Tonga, needless to say, is no longer infested with cannibals. The people are well on their way toward civilization. Places of business are plentiful, education is their chief aim, and everything in the government (which is reputed as being the only one completely without debt) is accomplished in an orderly manner and by well learned

men under the direction of a queen who also possesses an enviable education.

Such are a few facts concerning Tonga, but here is what I desire mostly to say.

In the September, 1927, issue of the *Improvement Era*, appeared an article written by Elder Melvin J. Ballard, concerning the ancient ruins of South America and illustrated by a beautiful array of snaps, with which to support the "External Evidences," as he called them, of the Book of Mormon.

This article was of great interest to me, and I recollected some things of like construction which had often at-

tracted my attention on the island of Togatabu, Tonga.

Unlike many other nations, Tonga is without any authenticated history of former periods, and for that reason little or nothing is known of the origin of its people. Some renowned men would have them of Asiatic descent,

but we Latter-day Saints proclaim to the world that we have learned much of them and their ancestors through the Book of Mormon. However, very few as yet will accept our belief in this respect.

It is my firm conviction that the workman who built the temples, walls and arches, as displayed in Elder Ballard's article, were very closely related to the ancestors of the present generation of Tongans.

The things

which I have already referred to are called the "Lagi" in the Tongan language, and in fact, a place of rest. It is here that the old line of Tongan kings were buried.

Each of the larger ones, and there are many of them, covers approximately an acre of ground, and are built of huge slabs of stone which are uniform in size and in harmony with each other in every respect.

In the center of the stone terraces they have dug graves and there buried their chiefs, while all about are great trees hundreds of years old.

The slabs of stone in one particular "Lagi" are about twelve feet long,



THE HA'AMOGA, OR GATE-WAY

four feet wide and over one foot thick. The other one consists of much larger stones, they being approximately four feet square, on the bottom row of stones, with smaller ones forming the two upper rows. However, these too are wonderfully well proportioned and conform most exactly in size and workmanship.

The formation of the bottom row of the latter one awakens interest, for the corners are built of huge seamless stones—that is, they do not join with other stones on the corner but extend around it about five feet, forming a jointless corner. This one stone I have made mention of is twenty feet long and has a regular four-foot square shape, as the others have. Its weight would be extremely difficult for an inexperienced person to estimate. Kindly remember that, and it will be of interest when you hear of the way these were brought and made.

One finds also an old stone gate very similar to that mentioned by Brother Ballard, which is evidently the gate-way of a huge palace or place of worship. This has long since crumbled, but the gate-way still remains almost intact.

This old gate-way which is called

the Ha'amoga, and means a burden, consists of the same workmanship as the Lagi's and is formed of huge stones placed on end in the ground and reaching to a height of twelve feet or more.

One day I called on an old Tongan gentleman whose story of these ruins is said to be the only authentic one. He was told it by his mother, who died at a very old age, and she in turn received it from her mother. This is all Tonga knows of the Lagi's and the Ha'amoga.

Many years ago Tongans, under the leadership of Tele'a, a chief, visited Uvea, an island some five hundred miles away and brought those monstrous stones on double canoes to Tonga.

All of their labor was accomplished, as the natives believe, with the old Tongan ax, which was made from a smooth rock with ends sharpened somewhat. Through the use of these axes they cut out the huge stones, fashioned jointless corners, made them in almost exact proportions, and built these things which I have briefly and imperfectly described.

Archaeologists passing through and examining them claim it to be old Asiatic workmanship, and they even



TONGAN RUINS CALLED "LAGI"

infer that the Chinese or Japanese people were the authors of it all. Of course they connect the Tongan with one of these two races.

After bringing the stones and depositing them in their present resting place, burials were performed therein, and a few years ago one of the old graves was opened and there was found an old Tongan pillow made of ivory. On the ends was found carved a person seemingly hanging, with outstretched arms. They buried it again through superstitious fears and there it remains to this day.

The person who told me the story, vouched for the authenticity of it, for he assisted in uncovering it and saw it himself.

Obviously these things were built very long ago, and, I suggest, by the same class of people who built those marvelous things of stone in South America, and with a better grade of tools than a stone ax.

Every line of the ruins suggests science and highly developed skill, the like of which is absolutely unknown among the people today.

Where did they learn of such things? I believe the Tongan to be indeed the seed of Father Lehi, drifted far from his former home. Comparing these old relics with those of South America has been an additional force in strengthening my testimony of the Book of Mormon story.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

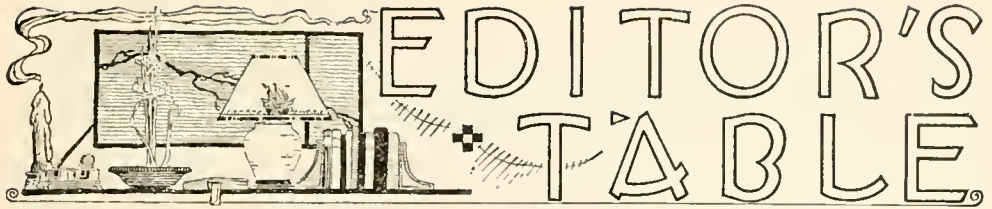
BY DR. J. H. PAUL, OF THE U. of U.

These reflections came to the writer during a recent visit to Bear Lake, to act as nature guide for groups of boy and girl leaders. Impressive reminders of the findings of four leading American economists—Ely, Hess, Leith, and Carver—were frequent there. In their admirable work, *The Foundations of National Prosperity*, the authors approve the startling conclusions of Regnault, a French investigator, who finds that the decline of Greece, Rome, Spain, Italy, Palestine, China, and parts of Austria, was due, not to the usual causes given by historians (wars, tyranny at home, emigration to other lands, poverty, and popular unrest), but to a cause only recently disclosed by investigations in forestry—the failure to practice forest conservation.

Exploiting the elevated lands with herds of cattle and sheep, without any rules as to how the grazing should be carried on, led to forest destruction in the uplands and was quickly followed by floods, which poured down upon the lowlands. These resulted in wide-spread ruin of agricultural lands. Diseases from the presence of malarial mosquitoes in the swamps and lagoons made by the floods followed in the wake of the flood losses. Then, of course, poverty and disease discouraged the people, causing them to emigrate to more favored countries.

The investigations of Regnault have found favor with the Smithsonian Institution, which published some of his results in its annual report for 1914. The importance of all this to the people of the Rocky Mountain region may be precisely and bluntly put thus: Shall Utah and other intermountain states become, like Spain, Palestine, China, Greece, Italy, another monument to the folly of forest destruction? If not, Western legislatures must act, and act quickly.

That is the situation. What are we going to do about it?



EDITOR'S TABLE

“MORMONS” CONTRIBUTE TO WORLD MOVEMENTS

Members of the Church at large will join with the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. in its feeling of pride in the honor which has come to two of its members, Dr. Franklin S. Harris and Oscar A. Kirkham. Reference has already been made in these columns to appointments which seem to have special significance.

No people in the world, not even orthodox Jews themselves, have a stronger belief in the fulfillment of the promises made anciently to the Jewish race than do the Latter-day Saints. There is ample reason for this feeling, the promises made of old and recorded in the Bible having been reiterated, emphasized and more clearly explained in the Book of Mormon. They are also supplemented and interpreted by modern revelation, which declares repeatedly that the Gospel is to be preached to the Jews until they “look no more for a Messiah to come who has already come.” For centuries this race has been scattered. This is essentially a dispensation of gathering.

It seems significant and fitting, therefore, that a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, one thoroughly conversant with the ancient and modern predictions, should be invited to act as chairman of a group of scientists and business men who are to investigate a plan whose aim is to “colonize a huge tract of land which has been set aside for them [the Jews] by the Soviet government in Southeastern Siberia, north of the Amur river.”

Dr. Franklin S. Harris, president of the Brigham Young University, is the man upon whose sturdy shoulders this unsought responsibility has fallen. His

scientific, well trained mind, together with his practical judgment, and the further fact that he will doubtless approach this task seeking humbly for divine guidance, fit him admirably for this place.

His selection came about in the following manner:

During Leadership Week at the B. Y. U., in January, 1929, Mr. Benjamin Brown, selling agent of the Utah Poultry Producers' Association and a member of ICOR, which stands for Jewish colonization in Russia, mentioned to Dr. Harris the possibility of a commission going to Russia and asked him if he would consider becoming a member of it. Receiving a favorable reply, Mr. Brown wired the information to the head of the organization in New York. After cable communication with Moscow, the Soviet government gave permission for an investigating committee of experts selected by the ICOR. The chairmanship was then offered to Dr. Harris and the responsibility accepted.

Jews in America had been asked to help the Jews in Russia to colonize this tract. It is virgin country, supposed to contain many natural resources, but will require a large amount of money to develop. To determine the feasibility of the whole project, the likelihood of success, and the amount of help needed, this commission was made up and sent to Russia.

The personnel of the commission is as follows: Dr. Harris as chairman and chief agronomist; Mr. K. B. Sauls, also of the B. Y. U., as secretary; Prof. J. B. Davidson, of Iowa State College, as agricultural engineer; Mr. Kahn,

commercial representative in America of the Soviet government, as road engineer; Dr. Kuntz, of Columbia University, who is already at Bira Bidzhan, as general adviser; Mr. Talmy, general secretary of the ICOR, as the official interpreter; and Mr. Benjamin Brown as marketing specialist and general farmer.

Russia has never been looked upon as the ultimate gathering place of the Jews, but to have them come together into one cohesive group, or a number of groups, is an important step toward the fulfillment of prophecy.

To the multitude of friends and admirers of Oscar A. Kirkham, executive secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board, it was no surprise to learn that, unsolicited and in the face of strong competition from influential communities which had favorite sons, he had been selected by the New York officials to go to the Scout Jamboree at Arrowe-Park, Birkenhead, England, from July 31 to August 13. It was a great compliment to him. However, it was not given as a compliment, but solely because these hard-headed executives, having a difficult job to do, wanted a man who could do it well.

His friends were delighted to learn that Oscar's commission was to be "in charge of general morale and to serve as the organizer of large religious observances in the International Camp." He, associated with other leaders, is to "prepare and direct the opening religious meetings in camp, and the closing religious meeting in the Liverpool

cathedral," one of the greatest gatherings of boys in the history of the world. This is a duty which will require tact of an unusual order, for, be it remembered, he will be directing the religious activities of Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, men and boys of every religion and of no religion.

At this writing no detailed report of the Jamboree has been received, but we venture the statement in advance that our representative will perform this delicate task tactfully and impressively, will give no offense to the unbeliever, but nevertheless will inject into the gathering the true spirit of religion. Furthermore, of the 50,000 alert boys from 44 nations, the sons of all mankind, there will probably not be one who does not know that this genial, sympathetic and dynamic man is a "Mormon."

There are many able men among those who are directing the Boy Scouts of America, but to find one who can lead in singing, in praying, who can direct their religious expression and at the same time be as much of a Scout as any of them, is not an easy task. This "Mormon," because of his magnetic personality and the deep and sincere love he has for boys together with his comprehensive grasp of their problems, will awaken respect for his own and for all religion.

It fell to Oscar's assignment to direct the largest delegation to leave New York at any one time, 365 Scouts and Leaders.—C.

NEW HAND BOOK SUPPLEMENT

Officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. will find it impossible to carry out the plans for the coming season's work as they should be carried out unless they are familiar with the "Supplement." The various committees have put in hours of painstaking labor in its preparation.

Much time is wasted by officers who write to headquarters for information which is given in our publications. Not only is their own time lost, but that of the secretary as well. There is economy in preparedness.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

Matters in this department pertaining to the Melchizedek Priesthood are prepared under direction of the Council of the Twelve; those pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood under direction of the Presiding Bishopric

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD ACTIVITY

An examination of the reports of the Aaronic Priesthood activities for the six months ending June 30 reveals the fact that in many wards of the Church the Aaronic Priesthood quorums are not properly organized. Many of the ward reports show a Priesthood membership of those holding the office of deacon sufficient to organize several quorums, yet only one or two quorums are reported organized. Some reports show an Aaronic Priesthood activity far below that necessary to keep young men holding these offices interested in their quorum duties and assignments.

Now that the vacation season is past, everyone called to the responsibility of leadership who is charged with the duty of training the quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood, including the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee, the bishoprics of wards and the ward Aaronic Priesthood committees, should immediately make a careful study of the condition of the Aaronic Priesthood activities in each ward.

Each quorum roll book should be carefully checked with the ward membership record to determine if all holding the Aaronic Priesthood are enrolled. A study of attendance for the last six months should be made and a plan agreed upon for giving personal

encouragement to all who have been inactive or lacking an interest in quorum work during the last six months.

In the beginning of the year a lesson program for each grade of the Aaronic Priesthood was provided for the whole year. These lessons should be carefully reviewed by the bishoprics of wards and members of Aaronic Priesthood committees in order to enable them to get clearly in mind a plan of procedure for the remainder of the year.

The Presiding Bishopric feel that there is no work required of those who hold the Priesthood which carries with it greater responsibility and greater opportunity for real service than training young men how to serve in the Church and Kingdom of God through the activities of the Aaronic Priesthood. Without proper direction and encouragement under wise and conscientious leadership, these young men cannot be held wholly responsible for their inactivity.

It is the sincere desire of the Presiding Bishopric that all who are called to assist in this important work, if they have not already done so, will immediately prepare for a vigorous campaign of activity during the remainder of the year 1929.

CURRENT M. I. A. PUBLICATIONS

The following publications, of interest to M. I. A. workers, may be had from the general office of the Y. M. M. I. A.:

Three-act drama, "Success," 50c.
"The M. I. A. Book of Plays," 50c.
(Six one-act plays.)

Special Executive Officers' Edition
Hand Book Supplement, 15c.

The Hand Book Supplement, 10c.

The Adult Manual, "A Century of Progress," 35c.

The M Men Guide and Course of Study, "Men Who Have Made Good," 15c.

(This is a reprint of last year's Adult Manual, "Captains of Industry.")

The Vanguard-Scout Guide, 10c.



MUTUAL WORK



EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

WHAT PROMINENT PEOPLE ARE DOING FOR THE ERA

That the plan of combining the *Improvement Era* and *Young Woman's Journal* is meeting with great favor and that all are determined to make the magazine a success is evident from the letters received in almost every mail. The following, taken from a communication addressed to Business Manager Melvin J. Ballard, is self-explanatory:

"Accept my congratulations that the *Improvement Era* and the *Young Woman's Journal* are to be combined.

"Wishing to be among the charter subscribers to the new *Improvement Era*, I am enclosing my check for \$28.00 to pay for subscriptions for myself, each of my ten daughters, and each of my three married grandchildren. Please send the magazine to the addresses shown on the list enclosed.

"Sincerely your brother,
"Heber J. Grant."

President John W. Hart, of the Rigby stake, who, by the way, was the first person to hand in a subscription to the new *Era*, writes as follows:

"Dear Brother Ballard:

"Attached is chashier's check for \$32.00. This is in payment of subscriptions to the new *Improvement Era* and you will kindly enter the following names on your subscription list, and we understand they will receive Charter Subscription Certificates." Then follows a list of sixteen names. The letter continues:

"For your information, will state

that all members of the stake presidency, the high council, the stake clerk, stake superintendent and secretary of M. I. A. are now charter subscribers.

"We feel that this magazine should be in the homes of the people, and in order to lend our support and encouragement to the same, we ourselves felt to set the example and therefore all members of the high council were glad to respond, and as a result we are pleased to send this list to you."

President A. H. Park, of the Gunnison stake, is pushing this work vigorously and is determined to put over the slogan, "The *Era* in every home." That this is not an impossibility is shown by the results obtained in the Clarion ward of that stake, presided over by Bishop Peter L. Frandsen and his counselors A. H. Lund and Hyrum Domgaard. This ward has a Church membership of 26 families and it has sent in thirty-one subscriptions. From appearances other wards in the stake will equal this record.

An interesting meeting was recently held in the Church office building. It was made up of members of the General Boards, men and women who are devoting hours and hours of their time gratuitously to the *Era* and *Journal* and the M. I. A. work generally, but each person present without exception expressed a willingness to give his or her check for \$2.00 for the new *Era* and did so before the meeting adjourned.

OPENING OF MUTUAL SEASON

Officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. will please note that the date set for the

opening of the season is September 10. It is hoped that preliminary ar-

rangements have already been completed and that from the first meeting every member will recognize a well de-

finied purpose in all that is done by stake and ward officers.

TO OFFICERS OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.

The measure of leadership is not what is done for people but what they are led to do for themselves. The thing that is most self-supporting is the most successful. The association that can supply interest and advancement with the least dependence on outside help is the most fortunate.

Outside ability is to be appreciated and to a judicious extent utilized, but not to the neglect of the inside energy and efficiency. It requires much less effort to get a local lecture than to prepare a program for a monthly joint session. But following this line of least resistance is rather an expensive indulgence. If listening is the most desirable thing, then the M. I. A. meeting is unnecessary for the star radio speeches which one may hear at home has first claim on our interests. The program that enlists the efforts of the M. I. A. workers lifts "mutuality" more nearly to its apex than can any importation of talent.

What is true of individuals is true

of organizations. And, with apologies to St. Paul, we may say to officers, Neglect not the ability in your associations. If you will assign in time, if you will secure acceptance of assignments, if you will hold a rehearsal of the principal parts under the direction of some officer, your monthly joint meetings will sell M. I. A. interest.

To Members:

When you are assigned a part on a program accept it as an opportunity, prepare it as an advertisement of your dependability and present it as an event of your life. Dread "donkey bridges" or make-shifts, remember that "He who excuses himself, accuses himself." Study your part, learn your part, rehearse your part. Prepare it as though you were going to broadcast over K. S. L. or some other radio. Live an M. I. A. life worth living, a progressive life and make the presentation of your M. I. A. assignment an outstanding feature of the occasion.

SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR CONJOINT M. I. A. MEETING

The Program for October is one of a series of seven, each having for its central theme one of the Presidents of the Church.

Joseph Smith (In modern psychology there is but one Joseph Smith.)

I. HIS CHARACTER—

a. *Courage:*

Time devoted to this topic, eight minutes.

Read or recite from memory from *Essentials of Church History*, by Joseph Fielding Smith, pages 32-38, selecting judiciously the material that can be effectively presented within the time limit, or tell the story recorded in the *History of Joseph the Prophet*,

by his mother, Lucy Smith, pages 60-63.

b. *The Majesty of His Personality:*

Time for this topic, seven minutes.

Relate the events recorded in "*Essentials of Church History*," pages 243-245, and *Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt*, pages 228-229, reciting from memory the material contained in paragraph "Majesty in Chains."

c. *High-minded Estimates of His Character:*

Time for this topic seven minutes.

The following material is taken from chapter 48 of *Life of Joseph Smith*, by George Q. Cannon:

"A writer for the *New York Herald* has visited the Prophet and in 1842 that paper said:

"Joseph Smith is undoubtedly one of the greatest characters of the age. * * * In the present infidel, irreligious—animal-magnetic age of the world, some such singular prophet as Joseph Smith is required to preserve the principle of faith, and to plant some new germs of civilization that may come to maturity in a thousand years. * * * Joseph Smith is creating a spiritual system, combined also with morals and industry, that may change the destiny of the race. * * * We certainly want some such prophet to start up, take a big load off the public mind—and stop the torrent of materialism that is hurrying the world into immorality and crime."

"The *Pittsburg American*, declared that Joseph Smith could not be denied the attribute of greatness." * * *

"Probably the most comprehensive view taken of the Prophet by a man not intimate with him was that of Josiah Quincy, who, in company with Hon. Charles Francis Adams, the senior, visited Joseph Smith at Nauvoo on the 15th day of May, 1844, just forty-three days before the Prophet's martyrdom. Among many things descriptive of Joseph, Quincy says:

"* * * What historical American of the nineteenth century has exerted the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen? And it is by no means impossible that the answer to that interrogatory may be thus written: *Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet*. And the reply, absurd as it doubtless seems to most men now living, may be an obvious common-place to their descendants. History deals in surprises and paradoxes quite as startling as this. The man who established a religion in this age of free debate, who was and is today accepted by hundreds of thousands as a direct emissary from the Most High.

"* * * Who can wonder that the chair of the National Executive had its place among the visions of this self-reliant man? He had already traversed the roughest part of the way to that coveted position. Born in the lowest ranks of poverty,

without book-learning, he had made himself at the age of thirty-nine a power upon earth. * * * From Adam down (Adam of the 'Wealth of Nations,' I mean), none had so won human hearts and shaped human lives as this Joseph. His influence, whether for good or for evil, is potent today, and the end is not yet."

"A writer in Chamber's *Encyclopedia* speaking of the Prophet says:

"From his early years he was regarded as a visionary and a fanatic; a fact which is of the utmost importance as affording a clue to his real character. * * * A mere impostor * * * would have broken down under such a tempest of opposition and hate as Smith's preaching excited."

The foregoing opinions quoted from the Prophet's contemporaries and observers—his opponents * * * are as favorable as could be looked for in a skeptical, materialistic age. * * * The author of the book, George Q. Cannon, writes:

"The Prophet was only a man; but he was a good man, an inspired man, a better man than he could have been without the inspiration of his Master, Christ. In all his actions he was fearless as an angel of light. Not in all that has ever been written or said of him by friend or foe is there one word to impugn the magnificent physical bravery and moral courage of Joseph Smith. Withal he was as meek and gentle as a little child. Disciplined by the Spirit of God, which was his constant monitor, he put away from him alike the fear of men and the ambitions of this world. These were things which a remote or casual observer would not be likely to discover."

II. HIS CONTRIBUTIONS—

Time, eight minutes.

- a. He gave to the world pre-scientific facts, up-to-date investigation has proved the truth of the "Word of Wisdom."
- b. He produced three new volumes of scripture that have not only survived ridicule

and misinterpretation but have steadily grown in recognition. The last edition of the Book of Mormon had a more ready sale than any other edition. The Pearl of Great Price is studied as it never was before and the Doctrine and Covenants is adopted as the book to be studied by nearly one hundred thousand M. I. A. students.

c. Joseph Smith founded the first American Religion.

The editor of the *Forum* of October, 1926, says in an Introduction:

"Some readers will be shocked to find included among our confessions of Christian creed that of the Mormons. To them the Mormons seem but a strange folk given over until lately to the pagan practice of an abhorrent polygamy borrowed from the followers of the Koran. Yet a creed that claims a half-million earnest Americans is surely worth a hearing. To the Mormons plural marriage seemed no more related to unchastity than it does to certain scientists who approve of it today. It was their patriotism, their recognition of the ethics of the social contract, that made them give up this custom and secure the admission of Utah, the state that their pioneer energy had developed, into the Union.

"In fact, Mormon preachers today claim that their people are the most Spartan, the most ascetic of our American religionists. They point out that coffee, tea, and narcotics are forbidden in all Mormon homes. They need no Volstead Act. Tobacco is likewise banned. The Mormons of Salt Lake City exhibit the highest American municipal health statistics. Their venereal record in the World War was clean as a whistle. Their elimination of personal waste leads to savings and economic wealth, and like the Quakers and the Jews they produce outstanding captains of finance. One of these experts in national economy is spokesman for the Mormons in this issue of the *Forum*,—United States

Senator Reed Smoot. The visitor to Salt Lake City is a little disturbed by the Mormon over-emphasis on the material side of living. This hard practicality, however, is relieved by the beauty of the Tabernacle organ recitals and the legend of the miracle of sea gulls that saved the pioneer farmer of Utah.

"The Mormon faith satisfies the craving of large numbers of Christians for continuous revelations from on high. They are not content with a Bible closed and sealed forever in the first century, A. D. The Church of Rome has always recognized this craving, and the candles of St. Peter's celebrated only a few months ago new saints' lives added to authentic inspiration. The Mormons, for their part, claim one new revelation after an interval of eighteen hundred years. They are convinced that on September 21, 1823, the Angel Moroni delivered the plates of the Book of Mormon to their Prophet Joseph Smith in Ontario County, New York. And their new books of the Bible are American; they deal with pre-Columbian Christianity among the Indians. The Mormons have rebuilt their Temple of Zion at an altitude of four thousand feet near the shores of the Great Salt Lake. In answer to our European critics we can put on the credit side of the American imagination two new religions, Christian Science and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

III. THE PROPHET'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE—

He was just six feet in height, standing in his stockings, and was grandly proportioned. In his mature years he weighed about two hundred pounds. His eyes were blue and tender; his hair was brown, plentiful and wavy; he wore no beard, and his complexion was one of transparency, so rare as to be remarkable; the exquisite clearness of his skin was never clouded, his face being naturally almost without hair. His carriage was erect and graceful; he moved always with an air of dignity and power which strangers often called kingly.

IV. HIS GOOD WILL TO MEN—

Recite, "A Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief," said to be his favorite selection, sung in Carthage Jail just before his martyrdom.

The song, "Oh, How Lovely Was

the Morning," by the congregation is suited for the opening hymn.

The invocation could be followed appropriately by the singing of "The Seer," as a solo, and "Praise to the Man" by the congregation would fittingly precede the benediction.

MUTUAL HOUR ON THE RADIO

RADIO TALK OVER KSL SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 28, 1929

BY DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL

I desire to introduce to you two special references for information on the big subject of this little talk,—first, an article, "Our Liberties in Danger," by Professor N. L. Nelson, published in the July number of the *Improvement Era*, and second, an article, "Our New Slogan," by Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve, in the August number of the same magazine.

This is the slogan: "We stand for the preservation of our heritage through obedience to law."

Who is this *we*? It is a co-ed group of nearly one hundred thousand "Mormon" Mutual Improvement workers.

What is meant by the word *stand* in this slogan? What does the word *stand* stand for? It stands for an attitude, a mental, a moral, a spiritual attitude towards a definite purpose, a clear objective. And what is this definite purpose, this clear objective? It is the preservation of *heritage*—a three-fold heritage:

First—the heritage of life, physical life, intellectual life, moral life, spiritual life, all in rich abundance.

Second—the heritage of liberty—the liberty of an abiding faith, the liberty of high hope, the liberty of lasting love.

Third—the heritage of the pursuit of happiness. A pursuit that leads on and on through heaven—seeking to heaven-making.

The slogan might have ended with the word heritage and still have been

strong but it would not have been complete.

It is a double declaration—it declares what is to be done and the method of doing it. It proclaims a stand for preservation and that this preservation shall be through obedience to law, law that lifts to higher levels, law that provides for the greatest good to the greatest number, law that keeps indulgence within the circle of safety, physical safety, moral safety, spiritual safety.

The slogan is a challenge for courage, loyalty, for sincerity, for self-control and social leadership; it is a self-imposed obligation resting upon every M. I. A. member that cares to think, dares to speak, and wills to work for the preservation of his or her heritage.

The slogan is an echo of the Declaration of Independence. It is an up-to-date exponent of the Constitution. It is an emphatic expression of the first law of nature—self-preservation. It is an eloquent advocate of the first law of Heaven—obedience.

The slogan is entitled to presentation, acceptance and application. It merits a prominent place on the program of the M. I. A. ward monthly joint session. It deserves to be featured at the joint Priesthood-M. I. A. sessions of the stake conferences.

You M. I. A. officers—preach it, placard it, and put it over. You members—think it, talk it, transmute it into character.

COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPARTMENT

OBJECTIVES AND LEADERSHIP IN RECREATION

(For September 17 and September 24.)

Text: M. I. A. *Handbook*, chapters 2 and 4. Also new *Hand Book Supplement*.

1. In what year and under whose direction was the Y. M. M. I. A. established? The Y. L. M. I. A.? Read the assignments of President Young to the two organizations.

2. What is the dual purpose of the M. I. A.?

3. Name some aims which might be accomplished more completely through activities than merely through study and discussion.

4. Discuss briefly, as activities which give abundance to life, the following: Worship, Service, Study, Recreation. (*What Men Live By*, by Doctor Richard Cabot, is a delightful book dealing with this subject.)

5. Discuss three ways of reaching M. I. A. Objectives. (*Hand Book*, page 18.)

6. Name and discuss objectives in

our Church leisure-time program, and list ten reasons for attending the M. I. A. (*Hand Book*, pages 19-21.)

7. What do you consider pre-requisites of (a) leadership; (b) M. I. A. recreational leadership?

8. Of what value to a leader is a clear understanding of the psychology of various age groups. Discuss briefly the outstanding characteristics of early, middle and late adolescence, and adulthood. (*Hand Book*, pages 36-38.)

9. Consider methods in leadership, including points for the leaders, program-planning, and putting the program over. (*Hand Book*, pages 42-43.)

10. What is the M. I. A. Educational Program for this year? (See *Hand Book Supplement*, page 4.) Discuss and decide details of education and method which would be of help to your group, taking into consideration local conditions and problems.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

JUNIOR SEMINARIES

Readers of the *Era* will recall that in the July number was published a letter of the First Presidency to stake presidencies notifying them that hereafter religion class work for elementary grades—1 to 6 inclusive—would be incorporated in the program of the Primary Association for these grades. Further, the letter stated, religion class work for grades 7, 8, and 9 of the public schools would go forward under the name of Junior Seminaries, and under the general supervision of the General Church Board of Education.

Heretofore no week-day religion class work has been provided for the 9th grade of junior high schools.

The new plan fills this "tragic gap"—the 9th grade. The Junior Seminaries will be conducted under the supervision of stake boards of education, following plans and outlines prepared by the Church Department of Education.

Heretofore religion classes have been held after school. An interesting thing in connection with the new plan is that in some places Junior Seminary classes

will be held—just as Senior Seminary classes are held—during the school day, the pupils being released one period a week by the junior high schools to go into nearby classrooms to receive instruction in religion. This

plan will completely eliminate the problem of after-school bus transportation. When school is out the children will be ready to go home, for they will already have had their Junior Seminary class.

GOLD AND GREEN BALL, JACKSON, WYOMING

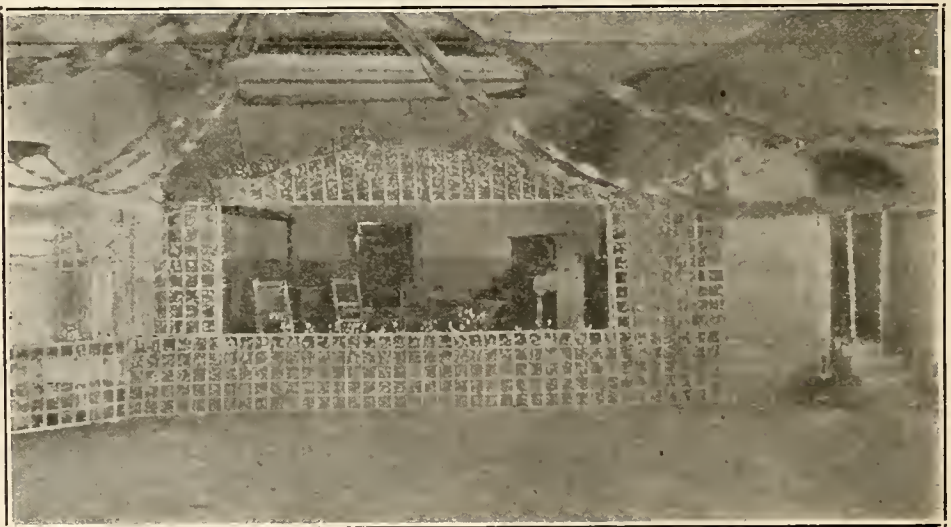
BY ALBERT W. BURTON, PRESIDENT Y. M. M. I. A. OF THE JACKSON BRANCH

Although we were late in putting on the Gold and Green Ball in the Jackson branch, Teton stake, the outcome was so successful that we feel you should be told something about it. Our tardiness was due to continued sickness here, which caused a disorganized condition in the M. I. A.

Jackson is only a small branch of the Church, so it was necessary to obtain the support of the entire population of the town, which is estimated at 500. Advertisements were run in the local paper and clever posters, painted on green paper with gilt paint, were placed in the windows of the business houses, which created a great deal of curiosity and enthusiasm

among the inhabitants of the place.

It was learned that neither the Gold and Green waltz nor the Gold and Green cotillion had ever been demonstrated here, so a request was made for participants to learn these dances. The call was readily accepted by so many couples that there was not enough room in the hall for them to practice, and it was necessary to choose 12 couples from the group to learn the dances and demonstrate them at the "Ball." The waltz was comparatively easy to learn, because one or two couples had seen and danced it and could show the others how, but the cotillion had neither been danced nor seen by anyone in Jackson Hole. How-



THE HALL AT JACKSON, WYOMING, DECORATED FOR THE GOLD AND GREEN BALL

ever, it was our desire to learn it, so we followed the instructions in the *Handbook* as best we could and, though we hardly think we would take the grand prize, we do feel that the dance was fairly well demonstrated.

There is an interesting side-light here in connection with the Gold and Green waltz. When starting to practice the dances, we found it impossible to get a record with "Springtime in the Rockies." The dealer, however, immediately ordered some and says that he has never had such a run on a record here as he has for that. He estimates that at least 75 per cent of the people in Jackson, owning a phonograph, have bought this record.

The hall here is of the old Western frontier type. The walls are dingy with dirt, etc., and to try to decorate it to look well at all seemed discouraging. However, the committee responded faithfully and the results were gratifying. Owing to lack of Gold and Green material for decorating, it was found necessary to add other colors. Lattice work was built across the entire front of the hall and artificial cherry blossoms were made and wired to twigs and placed in the lattice work. In one corner the lattice work formed an arbor for the Queen and her maids, while in the other corner the lattice work formed a refreshment booth, where ice cream and punch were served. The decorations were completed by placing an M. I. A. monogram, in colors, over the center light in the hall and from this monogram streamers of Gold and Green were strung to four

umbrellas, one in each corner of the hall. These umbrellas were decorated in Gold and Green and hung upside down from the ceiling. The decorations, according to the "old-timers" here, were the most impressive and beautiful ever seen in the old "Club-house."

The queen for the "Ball" was chosen by popular vote at the American Legion Carnival dance, held a week previous to the Gold and Green ball. Six girls were nominated and ballots were cast for them at this dance. The voting was very close and the queen received only one more vote than two of her competitors, who were tied for second place. The queen chose these two girls to be her maids.

Though the evening of March 1 proved to be one of storm, the house was packed, principally with people not belonging to the Church. Shortly after the dance commenced, the 12 couples, who were chosen to demonstrate the dances, and the queen and her maids participated in a grand march, forming an "M" at the conclusion of the march, with the queen and her maids making the center point of the "M". While in this position a flashlight picture was taken, but because of the necessary nearness of the camera part of the dancers were cut out of the picture. After the selected couples had demonstrated the Gold and Green waltz and the cotillion, dancing by all was continued.

It is believed that a very favorable impression was made, through this dance, upon the people in Jackson Hole.

THE STORY BOOK WEDDING

It is suggested that the wards producing "The Story Book Wedding" at the opening social, need not go to extra expense. Three large pieces of paper bearing the inscription "Era" "Journal" "New Era" will suffice for

the facsimiles. Costumes can be made of crepe paper or other cheap material, or the whole dramatization can be taken from the fanciful and put into a modern setting.

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—*Toledo Blade.*

* * * *

No mere man can ever understand why a woman will pay five dollars for a pair of stockings that give the impression that she isn't wearing stockings.
—*Arkansas Gazette.*

* * * *

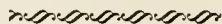
"Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle."

Boy—Well, that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like that to bite you on the neck, would you?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

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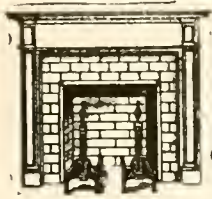


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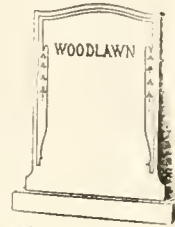
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A young lady entered the stationery store and asked for a pound tin of floor wax.

"I'm sorry, miss," said the clerk, "all we carry is sealing wax."

"Don't be silly," she snapped. "Who'd want to wax a ceiling."

—*Boston Transcript.*

* * * *

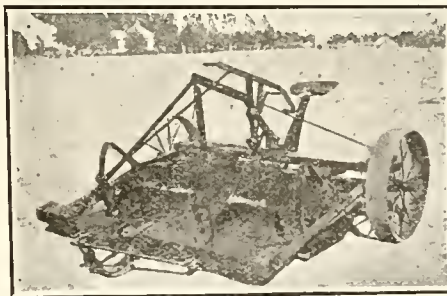
"Only yesterday," said Jones who was discussing philanthropy, "I refused a woman a small sum of money, and in consequence I passed a sleepless night. The tone of her reproachful voice never left me for a moment."

"Dear me, indeed a kind heart! Who was the woman?"

"My wife."—*Denver Post.*

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Utah Gas & Coke Co.
Utah Home Fire Ins. Co.
Utah-Idaho School Supply
Utah Power & Light Co.
Zion's Co-operative Merc. Inst.

The weary magistrate said, "Can't this case be settled out of court?"
"Jes' what we wus trying to do, yo' honor, when the policeman interfered."—*Boston Transcript*.

* * * *

"'Tis a hard worrld," said Tim.
"It is that," said Mike, "and I think so the more every time I put me pick in it."—*U. P. Magazine*.

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Be sure to see us before ordering your announcements or invitations. If you are unable to come in, don't hesitate to write for samples and prices. You should entrust this work to a firm that assures you the newest in style and correctness in taste. Our line is complete.—Printed, Process Embossed, and Engraved, Prices are right.



The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street

Salt Lake City

The following advertisement appeared in a Mississippi paper:

Wife wanted—Youngest I can git. I am 52 and worth as much as eny man my age in the good lordes site and about as white. So call or rite James H. Tims Route 12 Meridian, Miss. in care of R. I. Moffet and see who will be the youngest wife, this ad good til married.

* * * *

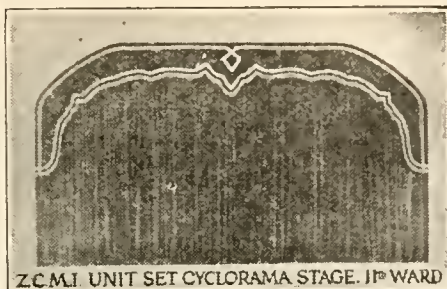
Maybelle was a poetess,

But she married a plumber man.

"More cash in the pipes of a plumber,"

She says, "than the pipes of Pan."

—Florida-Times Union.



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* * * *

Young Girl—"And next week I'm sailing for Paris to get my clothes."

Grandmother—"Yes, yes, I wondered where you'd left them."

—*Schenectady Union-Star*.

* * * *

Mr. Richman—"How do you like this place? Shall we buy it?"

His Wife—"Oh, it's perfectly lovely! The view from this balcony is so fine that it leaves me speechless."

Mr. Richman—"Then we'll buy it."—*Answers (London)*.

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