



IMPROVEMENT ERA



Vol. 32 JANUARY, 1929 No. 3

Faithful Unto Death

DAVID O. MCKAY

Sinking of the Vestris

DAVID H. HUIH

Herbert Hoover

MARY C. KIMBALL

JOSEPH SMITH MEMORIAL FARM

ANGUS J. CANNON


JEWISH STATE IN PALESTINE

H. C. SINGER

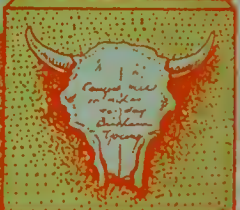
STORIES—WEATHER FORECASTS—

THE BREAKAWAY

ANNIE D. PALMER—HAROLD THORPE



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* * * *

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* * * *

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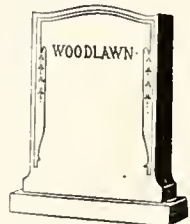


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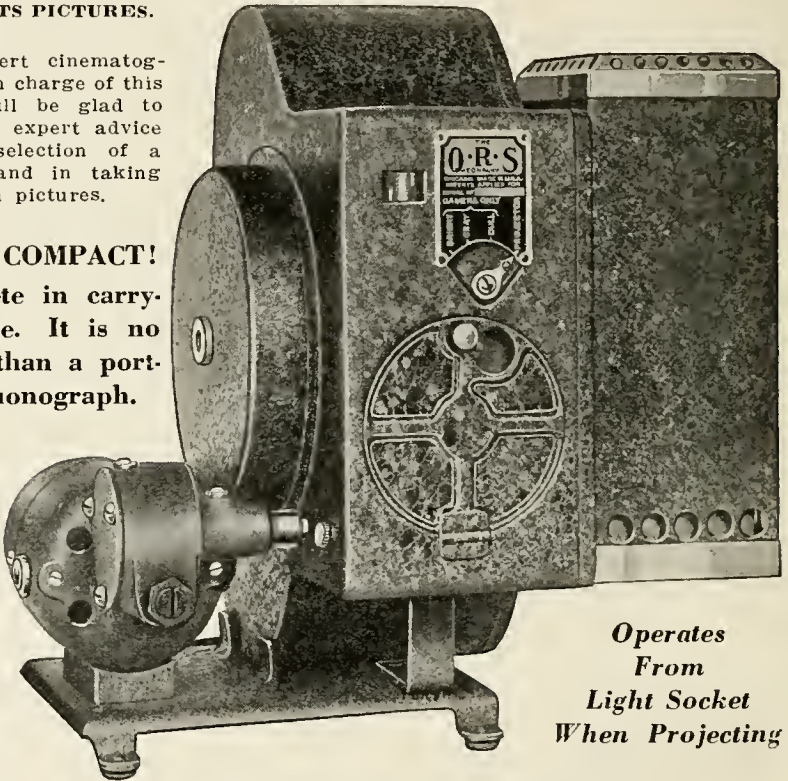
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IMPROVEMENT ERA

JANUARY, 1929

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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's
 Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of
 the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints


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EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

Faithful unto Death, is the title of Elder David O. McKay's tribute to his beloved friend and co-laborer in the mission field, Pres. Joseph Wilford Booth. On two occasions Brother McKay visited this faithful worker in the isolated Armenian mission and can speak authoritatively of his sterling qualities. By good fortune we are able to present to our readers photographs of the five heroes who have laid down their lives in Palestine and Syria.

The Vestris Disaster is described in this issue by Elder David H. Huish, one of the survivors. His description of the sinking of this vessel is touchingly graphic in its simplicity. One can almost see the helpless people struggling in the water. This article, as well as that on the same subject by Glen Perrins, should not be overlooked. In the next issue we will have a picture and a brief sketch of Elder Keith W. Burt, who lost his life in this wreck.

Blind and without hands, N. C. Hanks, a native of Utah, has made a national name for himself. His pluck is an inspiration to every person acquainted with what he has achieved in spite of such handicaps. In this issue Prof. H. R. Merrill gives a brief but interesting account of this remarkable man's life.

The article on Herbert Hoover, by Mrs. Mary C. Kimball, commences in this number. The story of Mr. Hoover, who was left an orphan and in poverty at a tender age, and who now, scarcely past middle life, is president-elect of the United States, reads like a romance. This will prove a valuable supplement to the manual, *Captains of Industry*. The final installment will appear in the February number.

Lessons from common things. Dr. F. S. Harris, president of the Brigham Young University, treats the subject of water as the first of a number of similar articles on subjects which

are before us all the time but about which we know comparatively little. This and the articles which are to follow will prove profitable to all who will give them attention.

The Joseph Smith Memorial Farm, birthplace of the great modern prophet, will always be regarded as a shrine by this people. An excellent description of the place, and a tribute to Elder Junius F. Wells, who secured title to the property, supervised the erection of the Monument, and also removed much of the existing prejudice, will be found in this number.

Inspired by the same spirit which moved the people of Mar Vista ward to such remarkable action, members of the Tremonton ward, Bear River stake, have completed a chapel costing \$65,285.00, with only one assessment. The building was begun in March, 1928, and was dedicated November 25, 1828, by President Heber J. Grant. One thousand people were present at the dedicatory services. Bishop James Walton and a committee of twenty men are given credit for the efficient manner in which the chapel was erected and paid for, and the fact that Sister Wilson, a widow, donated the ground valued at \$1,500.00 should not be overlooked.

The Jewish State, by H. C. Singer, furnishes a good description of the Zionist movement and indicates how the Almighty is working through the nations for the fulfillment of his purposes. There are few, if any, movements in the world today which are attracting more attention and which are more worthy of note than is the return of the Jews to the land promised centuries ago to their fathers.

The attention of writers is again called to the fact that but one month remains for them to finish and submit to us their stories in competition for the prizes of \$50 and \$25. All manuscripts must be in our hands by February 1.

A Picture in my Memory

(See *Frontispiece*)

BY GLEN PERRINS

I FELL in love with the beauty of the scene the moment I saw it.

Looking out across the bay in northern California I sat at Secure Point Lobos, one of the loveliest spots which mark the Monterey peninsula, for over an hour—enraptured!

It was growing dusk and I watched the golden sun sink like a ball of fire into the horizon. Twilight had settled like a blanket upon this picturesque shore line and the coolness of the air reminded me that it was time to leave.

Before going, however, I looked about me, studying the detail of the shore line, the trees and the colored rocks and listened to the pounding of the water on the jagged cliffs below me.

God is good to us, I thought, to erect such beauties in the world. When shadows come I often sit back and dream, recalling this scene of lovely solitude—A PICTURE IN MY MEMORY.



POINT LOBOS, CALIFORNIA

Photo courtesy Pictorial California

IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. XXXII

JANUARY, 1929

No. 3

Faithful Unto Death

BY ELDER DAVID O. MCKAY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE



PRESIDENT JOSEPH WILFORD BOOTH

After a total of eighteen years of service in the Turkish and Armenian mission, President Booth has been given his final release from his earthly labors. Needless to say, it was a highly honorable one, for every day of all those years was filled with earnest, conscientious effort. A few days prior to his death the *Era* received a letter from President Booth in which he outlined his program of travel for the ensuing months. His plan was to visit Church members in Beirut, Damascus and Aleppo. On December 5, he died in the latter city and was buried there.

President Booth was born August 14, 1866, in Alpine, Utah County, Utah, and was set apart for his last mission Sept. 14, 1921, and left for his field of labor on the same day. He is the fifth missionary to die in the Armenian mission.

Elder Ralph V. Chisholm was sent by President John A. Widsøe to accompany Sister Booth home.

IN THE bright sunshine of a January forenoon in the year 1924, at a customs house, on the coast of old Tyre and Sidon, I last shook hands with my beloved brother and esteemed friend, President Joseph Wilford Booth, of the Armenian mission. Little did I realize then, as we bade each other *goodbye*, that we should never in this life see each other again! That that was our final earthly parting, however, is attested by the recent cablegram from President John A. Widsøe, announcing the sudden and wholly unexpected death of Elder Booth on December 5.

At that farewell, just before I entered the auto bus that was to take me to Haifa, my friend and I embraced each other, and exchanged a mutual "God bless you!" "I'm sorry to have you leave me, Brother McKay," said he, as his eyes became tear-dimmed, and his countenance became saddened by a shadow of sorrow. That sentence was the nearest to a complaint that I ever heard Elder Booth utter. Through that remark, however, and the look that accompanied it, I caught a glimpse of a noble heart longing

for companionship—the companionship and strength of a fellow-missionary who could help solve perplexing questions, and share the heavy burdens incident and peculiar to that far-off mission. A few minutes, thereafter, I was speeding on my return journey toward England to rejoin the five hundred other elders then laboring in the seven missions of Europe. Brother Booth returned to Aleppo



ELDER EDGAR DILWORTH SIMMONS

The first elder to die in the Turkish (now the Armenian) mission was Elder Edgar Dilworth Simmons, who arrived in the field July 9, 1889. After studying the language with his companion for a few weeks in Aintab, Syria, he was left alone, and in January, 1890, was taken down with smallpox, and after fourteen days, with only native friends to care for him as best they could, he died, on February 4, 1890. He was buried by a kind Protestant minister, known as Budville Krihor. A suitable monument has been placed over his grave. Elder Simmons was 26 years old at the time of his death.

down his life there. Elder Edgar A. Simmons lies buried in Aintab, but we had no opportunity of visiting his resting place. None of us imagined then that President Booth, himself, would also end his earthly labors in that far-away land.

alone, for Elder Earl B. Snell, his only missionary companion, had been honorably released to return home, and no other missionaries had as yet been called to the Armenian mission. Fortunately, President Booth's wife had joined him just ten days before. Back to Sister Booth and to the Saints he loved, he wended his solitary way, to work out alone, under God's guidance, the destiny of the mission over which he had been called to preside.

More than two years before this parting, President Hugh J. Cannon and I had miraculously met Brother Booth at Haifa, when we were all three on our way to gather and to succor the scattered Armenian Saints. That memorable meeting was about 2 p. m., November 4, 1921. Brother Booth's first desire, following greetings and explanations, was to take us to visit the graves of Elders Adolph Haag and John A. Clark, who sleep in what is known as the German cemetery, just outside Haifa. Later, in Aleppo, we visited the grave of Elder Emil J. Huber, who laid

In Vol. 12 of the *Improvement Era*, under the title "Four Heroes Far Away," Brother Booth has written an account of these brethren and their heroic deaths. He himself now brings the number to five.

The three of us left Haifa for Beirut, a few hours later, where we stayed that night.

At 2:30 p. m., November 8, 1921, we reached Aintab. The alacrity with which the Saints, who, like hunted hares, were living in caves and ruined houses, became informed of our coming, is still an unexplained mystery to me; but at 5 p. m. seventy-four grateful people, including some who were not yet Church members, assembled in a fairly commodious place to greet us. Only those who beheld the heartfelt welcome which that people gave President Booth can realize what his return to them meant. One kind woman, whose countenance reflected deep and sincere appreciation, expressed the feeling of all when she said: "For seven years we've been in hell, but today we are in heaven."

That evening it was decided that the members of the Church and their near associates should leave Aintab at the first opportunity. They would have started that night, if possible.

Upon Brother Booth's return to Aleppo, he took up his abode among the refugees, and began to make preparations for the exodus from Aintab, eighty miles distant.

What difficulties he encountered in accomplishing this duty, perhaps no one can now realize. There were carts and horses, and

other transportation facilities to secure. There was permission of a not too-favorable government to obtain. There were winter rains and cold weather to endure, and muddy roads to traverse.

How he was impressed to seek the aid of General De La Mathe,



ELDER ADOLPH HAAG

This brother was the second missionary of our Church to lay down his life in the Armenian mission. He was born in Stuttgart, Germany, February 19, 1865, and, because of his knowledge of the German language, was appointed to labor among the people of that race in Haifa, Palestine. After two years of earnest work, he was stricken with typhus, from which he died October 3, 1892. Elder Don Carlos Musser, then president of the mission, attended to his burial. An appropriate monument marks his resting place.

of the French army, who issued an order for passports for fifty-three "Mormons" to come out of Aintab; how Lieutenant A. P. Guitton conveyed President Booth from Aleppo to Aintab, furnishing food, bedding and protection free of charge; how the little colony packed household furniture and personal belongings on the mule-drawn vehicles that made up the train that started from Aintab to Aleppo on a wet December day; how much of the poor but treasured household articles were abandoned by the roadside to lighten the mud-

bedraggled wagons; how the Saints endured the exposure in comparative cheerfulness because they were going to safety; the difficulties of housing them after their arrival in Aleppo; all these experiences though unpleasant and full of anxiety were cherished memories, during his lifetime, in the man's mind who alone carried the worry and responsibility of it all! They constitute also a bit of Church history that merits proper recognition, and which reflects the great outstanding fact that the intrepid, unselfish missionary, Joseph Wilford Booth, literally gave himself to relieve, comfort and cheer a people whom he loved.



ELDER JOHN A. CLARK

Not far from the grave of Elder Haag, one comes to the stone which informs the visitor that there lies the body of Elder John A. Clark, born February 28, 1871, at Farmington, Utah. He, too, died at Haifa, Palestine, under the shadow of Mt. Carmel and overlooking the Mediterranean, the date of his demise being February 8, 1895. This elder died of smallpox, and from the fact that he paid ten francs tithing on January 18, and that his name appears again on the tithing record on January 26, it would seem that his illness was not of long duration.

the remodeling of the large house rented, these two dauntless mis-

From November, 1921, Elder Booth labored constantly for the alleviation and betterment of the members of the mission over which he presided. For over a year he labored alone. April, 1923, Elder Earl B. Snell joined him, and together they worked diligently in securing more commodious quarters for the colony, in teaching and in making more effective for good the organizations in the Aleppo branch. In the renovating and

sionaries not only directed the efforts of carpenters, masons and plasterers, and cement mixers, but became themselves workers in these trades.

But the greatest results of this devoted service are seen not in material things, but in the development of the members of the branch. To one who saw them in their discouragement and distress in 1921, the change wrought is wonderful. It is true that from a financial standpoint many are still dependent, and are yet longing for the day or opportunity to come when they can earn their own livelihood and become permanently assured of being placed beyond the reach of dire want; but in the joy of association in surroundings of safety, in the assurance of proper care and skill in times of sickness; in opportunity for mutual helpfulness, and for spiritual growth and enlightenment, the change which was brought about by their mission president is little short of a transformation.

No wonder the people loved him, for he loved them and had demonstrated that love throughout eleven years of faithful service, to which he has since added over seven years more—faithful and ever solicitous, even unto death!

No man in the Church could have been truer to his trust; no one less complaining; no one more hopeful; no one more self-denying; no one more willing to sacrifice personal comforts and convenience to give aid to the poor and unfortunate; no one more ready to give his life for his friends and in the service of his God, than was **President Joseph Wilford Booth.**

I know what fond wishes and fervent prayers he had in his heart as he left me, at the coast of



ELDER EMIL J. HUBER

The fourth missionary to pass away in the Armenian mission was Emil J. Huber, who sleeps under a stately monument in Aleppo, Syria, at which place he died of typhus on May 16, 1908. He was of Swiss parentage, but was born in Paris, France, March 7, 1885. He had labored diligently for less than a year when death overtook him. During the last Sunday services which he attended, Elder Huber, his voice trembling under the influence of the Holy Spirit, bore his testimony, and among other things said: "I know the Gospel is true, and you cannot deny it, having heard it preached by a humble servant of the Lord."

Tyre and Sidon, to return to the little branch at Aleppo. During the nearly five intervening years, he and his faithful wife, Sister Mary R. Booth, have labored unceasingly and uncomplainingly to make real their cherished hopes and desires for the Armenian mission.

Every day, this faithful, intrepid missionary, following in the footsteps of his Master, "went about doing good." His noble soul was actuated by this high motive even when death called. It was truly with an upright heart that President Booth met this relentless visitor, whose final summons he would answer as he had answered every other worthy call to responsibility, by saying cheerfully and resolutely: "I am ready."

With the passing of President Booth, closes another important and tragic episode in the history of the Church.

My wish for my esteemed friend's last hours and my present feeling are best expressed by Byrant:

"Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould, like thee,
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree,
Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain,
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again."

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

In the dark days through which we all must pass, there is, though hidden for the time, a shaft of golden sunshine. For as under the sodden, wind-swept furrows of the fields in early springtime the fruits of the harvest are blossoming into life, so beneath the shadows of life God is ripening for us, by the sunshine of his love, his harvest of nobler purposes, higher hopes and purer desires.

Then when the sun shines out from a rift in the dark cloud, and we have yielded our souls to the Heavenly Husbandman, we notice a richer glow in the things which our faith has ripened in the experience of the Almighty love, to which we crept for shelter from the shadows that weighed us down.

Not always for us are the days when we call ourselves happy the most happy, for when enjoyment is our special concern, there seems to be drifting through it the shadow of discontent. The higher conscience finds its full content only when we are quietly filling our place and doing our duty—when "each morning sees some task begun, each evening sees it close."

So, through sunshine and shadow, our steps, if we will it so with faithful diligence, may tend ever heavenward.

The Sinking of the "Vestris"

BY DAVID H. HUISH



ELDER DAVID H. HUISH

IT REQUIRES but little time to make fast friends of people, heretofore unacquainted, if they are drawn together by a common purpose. This was the case with Elder Keith W. Burt and myself. We met at the Mission Home in Salt Lake City, and inasmuch as we had been assigned to the same field, the South American mission, a deep friendship was instantly formed. As days passed, this feeling ripened into a sincere love, at least on my part, and I think Elder Burt felt the same way.

We traveled together from Salt Lake City to New York, by way of Denver, Chicago and Washington, D. C., and spent two and a half days looking over our nation's greatest city, and boarded the S. S. *Vestris* about 2 p. m. on Saturday, November 10, and immediately saw to it that our trunks and baggage were taken to our room. The ship left Hoboken at 3:45 p. m. and traveled down the Hudson river to the ocean. Everybody ate supper that night, although some of us didn't feel like eating much. Elder Burt and I went up to our room after supper, wrote our diaries to date, and also wrote letters and some postal cards to our loved ones at home—which never reached their destination. Then we had our prayers and went to bed. The boat was rocking quite a bit, taking us back to our cradle days, and soon we feel asleep.

Sunday morning we awoke, had our prayers, and were a little hesitant about getting off our beds for fear of becoming sea-

sick. I went to the dining room and tried to take breakfast but could eat only a grapefruit. I noticed a solemn look on the kitchen steward's face and perspiration on his forehead, although it seemed cool to me. The ship was rocking badly and it was a hard thing to make the dishes stay in place. I was obliged to leave the table, was dizzy and became seasick—the only time on the ship. On going back to our room I found that Elder Burt had been sick while I was gone, and he was ill several times during the day. The ship listed and rocked considerably, so we stayed on our beds and slept practically all day Sunday, our main reason being not so much sleepiness as fear of seasickness. We remained in bed all that night, but did not sleep much. It was a hard matter for me to stay on the bed, due to the list and rocking of the ship. We had stopped moving forward about noon Sunday and heard the men bailing and the pumps pumping out water. The captain had sent out an S. O. S. that morning but cancelled it because he thought he could handle the situation. We knew nothing about the trouble as it was our first trip out at sea, and all the sailors said everything would be all right. I sang some songs and played a few tunes on my harmonica. Elder Burt had a saxophone along with him. He took it out and tried to play a few pieces but found that it had a few keys out of commission. So ended the Sabbath on the S. S. *Vestris*.

Early Monday morning we arose and went down for some breakfast. It was almost impossible to stand up in the halls, and we had to cling to the railing in order to walk. On arriving there, we found people strung around on the floor, sick and worn out. I asked where the steward was, and a man replied, "They're all down in the coal bunkers bailing out water. Wouldn't you rather go without your breakfast than lose your life?" This was the first time we felt any alarm at our prospect, and Elder Burt remarked, "This is getting to be a serious matter; something is dreadfully wrong." We didn't get any breakfast, so we went up to the parlor and sat for a while and listened to some conversation, which was interesting but not very encouraging, about the S. O. S. being sent out and cancelled, about the ship not moving forward, and the terrible manner in which it listed. We went back to our room and waited, lying flat on our backs to avoid sickness. The ship was tipped so much that it was hardly possible to stay on the bed, in spite of the railing. We had had our prayers both Sunday night and also that morning, so all we could do was hope and trust in the Lord.

About 11:00 a. m. (ship time) we heard a noise in the hall, and I got up to see what it was all about. There were some colored passengers on the ship and one colored woman gasped when she saw me, "For heaven's sake, boy, get out of your room, this ship is

going to sink." I asked the sailor helping her if we should take our life belts, and he said, "Oh, I guess you'd better take one along for safety, but I don't think you will need it." So we pulled down life belts and started to leave the room, Elder Burt remarked, "We'd better take our money and passports." I said, "We might not need them any more." He replied, "Oh, yes we will." Then we got them and started for the top deck. It took us quite a while to get there; sometimes we couldn't climb the slant of the ship and once I slipped and was thrown against a chair the other side of the room and broke the chair into pieces. We finally reached the deck and had to lean against the wall or hold to the railing of the ship in order to stand up. Even ropes were used to help people from the stairways to the railing.

We watched them lower the life boats, which they did with much difficulty, because they had to pry the boats away from the side of the ship, due to the list. It took them about two hours to lower the boats. I asked an officer, standing near, if there was any danger and he said, "No, the ship could go on like this for a week probably." It sounded like a fairy tale to me and I asked him why they were lowering the life boats, and he answered, "Just a matter of precaution." Almost all the passengers were attaching their life belts. Elder Burt and I had ours on over our overcoats. About 2:00 p. m. there came a call for all the women and children to go on the first life boats, which were loaded with a few sailors and let down on the other side of the vessel, which was almost level with the water. After this we started to load our boats, got them all loaded and two of them cut loose and away. Elder Burt and I were sitting side by side in No. 4 boat, which never was loosened from the ship, as the vessel started to sink fast. A crowd of people started to run for our boat and got on it, but immediately we saw it was still tied to the ship, so we all had to jump out and take to the water. Elder Burt was a little ahead of me and I believe he got into the water, but I was still on the side of the ship when it went down and a big wave came, along with the suction of the ship, and took me under. While in the water I caught hold of a panel, the bottom of a life boat or something, and came up. I looked for Elder Burt but I never saw him again. I floated on a 2 x 12 plank for a few minutes and pretty soon a life boat, No. 14, came somewhat close and I swam over to it and was helped in the boat. We picked up about twelve more people—19 in all. I looked constantly in the water and into the other life boats for Elder Burt, but he was not to be seen.

The waves soon drove us from the wreck: we had no rudder and only three oars, so we were helpless in picking up any more people. The water was warm at first, but towards evening it became

cold and I never shook so much through fear of facing the public as I did during that night from cold. We drifted all night, without any flares or torpedoes. Two or three storms came up, one hail storm. By morning the waves were very high and we did not know at any time whether we would be swallowed up or not. About 11:00 p. m. at night came our first hope, when we saw a flash-light. The ship came nearer and about 4:00 a. m. they picked up one life boat. From then until 8:00 a. m., we drifted and were finally picked up by the *American Shipper*—the last of the five boats that this ship picked up. We had been trying all the time to get their attention with a flash-light and with our shouts, but to no avail until after dawn.

They gave us something to eat on the ship, and a place to get warm and to dry our clothes. They searched for more survivors as long as there was any hope and then set sail for New York, and arrived here about 9:00 a. m. We were treated well on the ship, but slept on blankets on the hard floor and were glad to get that. Brothers Steed and West met me at the pier and brought me to the mission home in Brooklyn, bought me clothes, and I'm waiting now for further instructions. Elder Burt has never been heard of; but we acknowledge that God can over-rule all things for good. I am very grateful for my own life, but am very sorry for the loss of my beloved companion.

RARENESS IN DESIGN

Don't count your troubles unless you would increase them many per cent. Trample them under your feet, mix them with the leaf-mold of understanding.

Don't repeat your troubles. Let them slip away like a leaf in a current; they will soon drift into the forgotten past.

Don't brood over your troubles. Let them pass like ghostly steps on a dim-lighted stair; they will leave no mark, stain, nor echo.

Don't remember your troubles. Let them fly as swiftly and silently as a weaver's thread; view them safely, perchance they were sent to break the rapid flow of self-conceit's river.

Don't review your troubles, the years wing swiftly. Take your petty cares and annoyances gracefully; they are absolutely necessary to make life's fair pattern rarer in design than it possibly could be if skies were always blue and cloudless.

San Diego, California

DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF

"Religion gives man courage. I mean the higher moral courage which can look danger in the face unawed and undismayed; the courage that can encounter loss of ease, of wealth, of friends, of your own good name; the courage that can face a world full of howling and of scorn—aye, of loathing and of hate; can see all this with a smile, and, suffering it all, can still toil on, conscious of the result, yet fearless still."—*Theodore Parker*.

Interview with Seaman Maurice Howe

BY GLEN PERRINS

THE *Vestris* sea tragedy, in which 114 persons lost their lives, might have been averted had the English ship observed the regular routine aboard American ships, according to Maurice Howe, Ogden newspaperman, who recently returned from a voyage to South America.

Proper precaution for the saving of lives in case of shipwreck, in contrast to what seems to have been a display of inefficiency, is set forth by Mr. Howe, who pays high tribute to the safety rules of American ships.

In describing the manner in which life boats are handled at sea, the general rules and regulations prescribed by the board of supervising inspectors, ocean and coastwise, the following is listed as equipment for life boats by U. S. government:

A properly secured life line the entire length on each side.

One painter of manila rope.

A full complement of oars and two spare oars.

One set and a half of thole pins or rowlocks. One steering oar with rowlock and one rudder with tiller or yoke.

One boat hook attached to a staff of suitable length.

Two life preservers.

Two helmets.

One galvanized-iron bucket with lanyard attached.

One bailer.

One efficient liquid compass.

One lantern containing sufficient oil to burn at least nine hours and ready for instant use.

One can containing one gallon of illuminating oil.

One box of friction matches wrapped in a water-proof package and carried in a box secured to the underside of boat.

A wooden breaker or suitable tank fitted with siphon, pump or spigot for drawing water, and containing at least one quart of water for each person.

Two enameled drinking cups.

A water-tight receptacle containing two pounds of provisions for each person. These provisions may be hard bread or U. S. army ration—any emergency ration of cereal or vegetable compound approved or used by the army or navy, but no ration of meat or any ration requiring saline preservative allowed.

One canvas bag, containing sailmakers' palm and needles, sail twine, marline, and marline spike.

A water-tight metal case containing twelve self-igniting red lights capable of burning at least two minutes.

A sea anchor.

A vessel containing gallon of vegetable or animal oil, so constructed that oil can be easily distributed on the water and so arranged that it can be attached to the anchor.

A mast or masts with one good sail at least.

All loose equipment must be securely attached to boat.

Life boats of less than 180 cubic feet capacity on pleasure steamers are not required to be thus equipped.

With the foregoing general rules set down by the U. S. government, and being strictly observed, sea tragedies may be averted.

Howe tells of life-boat drill, as follows:

Clang! goes the ship's bells and "whooooo" goes the ship's whistle as the alarm is given to stand by and prepare to lower the life boats. The members of the crew rush to their accustomed positions, each to his assigned task,—fulfilling the orders given by the captain, mates and other officers aboard the vessel. The gripes are loosened, the boats are swung out on the davits and lowered. A signal is given and the boats are returned to their positions on deck. All is completed quickly and in an orderly manner.

Such a scene is part of the regular routine abroad American off-shore ships and is required by the safety laws governing U. S. merchant marine. And no one knows when the weekly life-boat drill aboard ship may suddenly become the real thing. When actual emergency conditions supplant mere practice and rigid discipline must prevent confusion, calm heads and steady hands must prevent loss of life.

The recent tragedy of the freight and passenger steamer *Vestris*, sinking in the Atlantic ocean with a loss of 114 lives, brings to attention the helplessness of persons inexperienced in danger, coupled with a lack of discipline, lack of leadership and lack of proper equipment.

American ships operate under the strictest laws pertaining to safety of any nation in the world, and failure to comply will bring penalties for the master and the owners.

The boats were swung out. Everything was observed to see if they were in good working order as a precaution against emergency. The boats swung back. No confusion, no disorder. Each man trained to his duty.

There were life preservers in every stateroom and in the fore-castle where the seamen slept. The life preservers must be inspected

each year to see if they are in good condition. Most life preservers are made of blocks of cork or other light material, sewed into a sort of canvas jacket that can be strapped around the body. The life buoys, shaped like an automobile tire, usually seen fastened to the rails along the decks, are painted white and have a can attached to them containing a chemical. This will ignite and burn as a flare as soon as it touches the water. In case a man falls overboard at night or in foggy weather, someone may throw him a life buoy for him to cling to. The flare will burn and enable him to be found after the ship is stopped and a boat lowered. Since the sea all looks alike, it would be impossible to locate the man in the darkness without the aid of the light. The same holds true in case of shipwreck. The chemical in the cans will burn for several hours and passing steamers can trace the survivors by means of the glimmering flares.

On American ships engaged in off-shore trade the crews are made up of a certain number of A. B. seamen and ordinary seamen. Ordinary seamen get about \$40 and their "mess" per month. The A. B. seamen, also known as able-bodied seamen, get about \$55 and "mess." The able-bodied seamen must have had at least two years' experience and a life-boat certificate, or one year's experience with an examination and a certificate.

Life-boat certificates are issued by officers of the coast guard to seamen who have had experience in handling life boats and their equipment, and on passing the examination at the coast guard station they are given a certificate of their proficiency.

Efficiency is the watchword aboard American ships as contrasted with inefficiency of the ill-fated *Vestris*. If the officers really did fail to maintain discipline, they were at fault; if the captain really did fail to send for aid when aid was needed twenty-four hours before the ship sank, he was at fault; if the demoralized and untrained crew rowed away in the boats leaving helpless people to drown, they all, officers and men, committed one of the gravest offenses against the law of the sea. Rather they should have died to the last man than to have refused aid to the passengers. Rather should the officers have held the crew in control, if need be at gun point, than to allow them to abandon women and children to the waves.

One wonders what the captain of the *Vestris* could tell about the matter. An SOS message sent in time might have saved every life. The law of the sea demands that a distress signal be heeded by all vessels within range.

Most distressing are the stories told by the survivors of the rotten lines and ropes, casks filled with salt water instead of fresh,

rusted match and rocket boxes, rotten boat material and unskilled seamen.

On most American ships making long cruises the life boats are inspected and painted each voyage. If one is found defective it is repaired at once. The United States rules are very strict regarding the construction and buoyancy of life boats. Each one is equipped with water-tight airfloats that will keep it afloat even though it is full of water. New ropes or "falls" replace those showing the slightest signs of decay. The blocks (pulleys) are tested. The food and water and other supplies are renewed.

Foreign ships, of course, operate under the safety laws of their respective flags. For example, boilers in the engine-rooms of American vessels must be inspected at regular intervals. This requires that the fires be drawn and the boilers cooled. This subjects them to a terrific and uneven strain. But the ships of other nations can come into port and have their boilers tested while they are still hot!

The equipment on ships is usually stenciled with the name of the vessel and especially all life-boat equipment. Then, in case of a wreck, the finding of some floating objects will identify the ship.

The Lamport and Holt line which owned the *Vestris* has a number of ships engaged in South American trade. Most of them run between New York and Montevideo and Buenos Aires, on the River Plate. The *Vestris* was in South America during the time the *West Nilus* was there and one of the passengers who went to Argentina aboard the *Vestris* decided to come back to the United States on an American vessel. She was Mrs. R. L. Selleck of Santa Monica, California. She came aboard the S. S. *West Nilus*, while it was lying at anchor in the Rio Parana at San Pedro, Argentina, June 22, and came back to the States with us, arriving at Los Angeles, August 9, this year. While the *West Nilus* is primarily a freight steamer, with a capacity of over six thousand tons of cargo, it also has accommodation for ten passengers.

Each passenger was assigned to a certain life boat. The members of the crew and the officers are assigned to various boats, so that there are men in each that understand seamanship and can handle the boat properly. There was at least one navigating officer assigned to each life boat, and each was equipped with a sea anchor. This is a conical piece of canvas fastened to a length of "line" in the stern of the boat. It acts as a drag and thus keeps the boat headed into the waves and keeps it from capsizing in the troughs of the sea. The sea anchor may contain a small can of oil that will spread over the water. Each life boat is equipped with a gallon or so of oil. This may be poured on the water in rough weather and will keep

the waves from "breaking" and thus swamping the boat with its human cargo.

In the forward end of the boat is a "painter," a coil of about sixty feet of two-inch rope, which is made fast to the rail of the ship when the boat is lowered to keep it alongside the vessel. When the boat has reached the water a person in the boat can pull a small lever which operates the automatic release device. This latter releases both "falls," or lowering ropes, at the same time so that one end is not tipped up as would be the case if the ropes were not freed at the same instant.

Before the boat leaves the deck the canvas cover and its supporting "strongback" is removed. A moment is devoted to glancing at the stores and equipment to see that all is in good order, the "gripes" are released, the "chocks" removed, then following the order the boat is lowered away.

American sea laws require that life boats be of certain length and breadth and of certain materials, and of non-sinkable construction. Along the inside of the boat are air tanks for buoyancy. There must be enough boats to accommodate all the persons aboard the vessel, and they must be equipped with a number of articles fixed by the regulations governing safety devices. These include the following: A full set of oars and two extra, small mast and sail, twine, needles, sailor's "palm," hatchet, lantern, rockets, water-proof matches, compass, a life line and floaters, storm oil, fuel oil, two drinking cups, a quart of water and two pounds of hard tack for each person, canvas, a knife, etc. Thus there are provisions to sustain life and equipment which would enable the occupants to make their way towards land or another ship.

In a case where a ship comes to the rescue of another and the seas are running high a line may be literally "shot" from a small cannon to the ship and "breeches buoy" rigged up. This is a sort of chair or swing attached to the line from one ship to the other and one by one the people are transferred to safety.

Whatever the cause of the *Vestris* wreck and whatever blame will be attached to those in charge, it will always be a blot on the records of British shipping. It appears strange that 154 out of 199 members of the crew should be saved while only 60 out of 129 passengers are now alive—that is, more than 77% of the crew and less than 47% of the passengers were saved. But considering the panic, the apparent lack of leadership, the mountainous waves and the difficulty of launching poorly equipped boats down the side of a listing ship, we must withhold judgment until the facts are brought out.



MONUMENT AND COTTAGE ON THE JOSEPH SMITH MEMORIAL FARM

The Joseph Smith Memorial Farm

BY ITS MANAGER, ANGUS J. CANNON

THE average January temperature is 17 degrees in the hilly sections of Vermont. This means that the thermometer often falls far below zero, not infrequently reaching 40 degrees below. This intense cold, together with the deep snows that drift and fill in the roads and hollows, would help to drive a less resolute and hardy race out of the country. But history tells us that neither the elements nor King George's red-coats, even with the help of the Indians, could conquer them. With dauntless courage they waged independent war against England during the war of the Revolution and in the end wanted to conclude a separate peace treaty with their recent enemy.

From this stock Joseph Smith came—just as independent and sturdy in his work as were the Green Mountain Boys of Revolutionary fame.

When Champlain first saw the Green Mountains, he called them *Verts Monts*. Later when the constitutional convention met in the old Constitution house, now used as a very attractive tea room, in Windsor, Windsor county, the state was given the name of Vermont, from the French *Verts Monts*, meaning green mountains.

Even in this day of modern conveniences, such as the telephone, electric lights, radio and the auto, winter life on the hill farms of Vermont leaves much to be desired. The farms are very much isolated, not always because of great distances between them, but rather because of the hilly, wooded character of the country, which makes neighborly communication quite difficult, and after the frequent heavy snow storms the hardy people of the back hill farms are hard put to keep their roads open.

On such a farm, far back in beautiful hills, and about three miles from what is now the charming little village of South Royalton, Joseph Smith was born on the 23d day of December, 1805. It is rather hard, 123 years after that important event, to picture the primitive conditions surrounding people of the time, but though we know something of those hill farms today, and are acquainted with some of the modern conveniences enjoyed on the more favored of these farms, it is possible to realize something of the hardships of that time. Where and how did they send for a doctor? The nearest villages, Sharon, Tunbridge and Royalton, were miles away and, even if a doctor could be found, were the roads open? What kind of a home did they have? Probably a very poor one, even for

that early time. They lived on a rented farm—rented from Lucy Mack's parents, Solomon and Lydia Mack. We think there must have been a large, open fireplace in the house, because the hearthstone has been saved from the ruins of the old home, and this hearthstone naturally has a place of honor in the cottage built on the site of the original dwelling. And another interesting part of that home is the old well, still to be seen some distance below the cottage, a vivid reminder of the toil connected with living in the olden days, when even water, that most important article in our lives, could not be had without much hardship.

We can imagine that the surroundings were, in a wild way, beautiful and attractive then, even as they are now. Mount Patriarch, thickly covered with white and yellow birch, rock maple, ash and other trees, is a wonderful background, being one of the highest hills in that hilly neighborhood, while on the north the old sugar groves have for many, many years given forth the sweet sap from which delicious maple syrup and sugar are made, and on the northwest near the cottage is that charming bit of wildwood named after the Prophet's sister, Sophronia, and now called Sophronia's Glen. This is filled with maple, ash, birch and other trees. On the south, about a furlong away, is another sugar grove hill. So the cottage and grounds are pretty well shut in, and all else shut out. Beautiful! Yes, and romantic, with no other dwelling in sight. The solitude and the stillness are almost oppressive at times in winter. But what a wonderful place for meditation and prayer! Today it is a most delightful place in the summer, and thousands visit there each season. The grounds are well laid out and the cottage is attractive. It is a white-painted frame building and makes a pleasing picture in the centre of the lawns. Hundreds of visitors express surprise in finding such a beautiful place far up in the hills away from everywhere, and one lady expressed the views of a large crowd of visitors when she wrote in the guest book, "We are proud that the 'Mormons' have such an appreciation of the beautiful." Perhaps she and her friends had been of the opinion that the "Mormons" have no love of beauty. This is just one case of the many hundreds in which persons leave there with a better idea of this people's worth.

Another incident: One day the reception room of the cottage was filled with visitors composed of two or more different groups. Sometimes, as was the case that day, these different groups will not mix well, and it is more or less difficult to interest them. Well, this day of which we are writing, one of the groups was made up of theatrical people, some of whom had been several times in Salt Lake. The other group seemed critical, and passed almost slighting remarks on some of our statements. However, one of them after read-

ing the "Articles of Faith" said, "Well, if the 'Mormons' believe that, they must be a broad-minded people." One of the actors took the conversation away from the guide by saying, "Broad-minded! Why the 'Mormons' are as broad-minded as the streets of Salt Lake are wide."

But though the grounds and surroundings are attractive and form a harmonious setting for the cottage, they are the least important part of the Joseph Smith Memorial Home, or Farm as it is more often called. The big drawing card, of course, is the Monument erected by the Church in 1905, under the direction of Elder Junius F. Wells.

In this connection we should pause long enough to pay a slight but well deserved tribute to Brother Wells for the work he did in obtaining title to the old Mack farm, in planning the Monument and selecting the almost flawless block of granite from which the thirty-eight and a half-foot shaft is cut, watching every bit of the work from the quarrying, polishing and the transportation of the one hundred tons of granite forming the base and the shaft of the Monument by rail and over bad roads that had to be planked every foot of the way with heavy hardwood planks, until the shaft rested on its base, a few feet from the cottage. Then when the crowd, that had gathered to watch the hoisting of the shaft into place, started to cheer, Brother Wells stopped them and, kneeling before the wonderful shaft, thanked the Lord for the consummation of his efforts. But Brother Wells did much more than direct all this. He did a work for which he was peculiarly adapted in breaking down the spirit of opposition and hate, and by his charming personality he won the friendship of many, not for himself alone, but for the Church and our people. I use the word "charming," for that expression has been used more than once in my hearing by visitors speaking of him.

The shaft itself, as has been mentioned, is thirty-eight and a-half feet long—a foot for every year of the Prophet's life. It is a splendid piece of granite—as nearly flawless, we are told, as one could find in any quarry. One expert, after carefully looking over the Monument, made the statement that, outside of Barre, Vermont, he did not know any granite field where such a perfect shaft of that length could be quarried. And a Barre man later told us that even Barre could not produce such another shaft. The people there are very proud of the Joseph Smith Monument.

It may be of interest to the readers to know that many of our visitors call on us again, often bringing friends with them. Naturally they usually come to see the Monument rather than to learn of Joseph Smith's great mission. Still, many listen to our story of

the work he was instrumental in starting, and we feel confident that they leave with a better impression of the Church and her people than they had before visiting that sacred place.

The good that is done there cannot be measured in dollars and cents, nor can one estimate it with any degree of accuracy. One day it was noticed that visitors had come to the place from England and from at least five different states. This may or may not have been an exceptional day. They come from Florida and California, as well as from Vermont and New Hampshire, and leave the place with the feeling that they have visited a great American shrine.

REPENTANCE

I wandered through green fields at home,
 And found a bird, so young, alone;
 With childish glee I seized it tight,
 And made a cage for it that night.
 Next day I found it lying dead—
 The body cold, the spirit fled.
 My bitter tears were all in vain;
 Its life I could not give again.

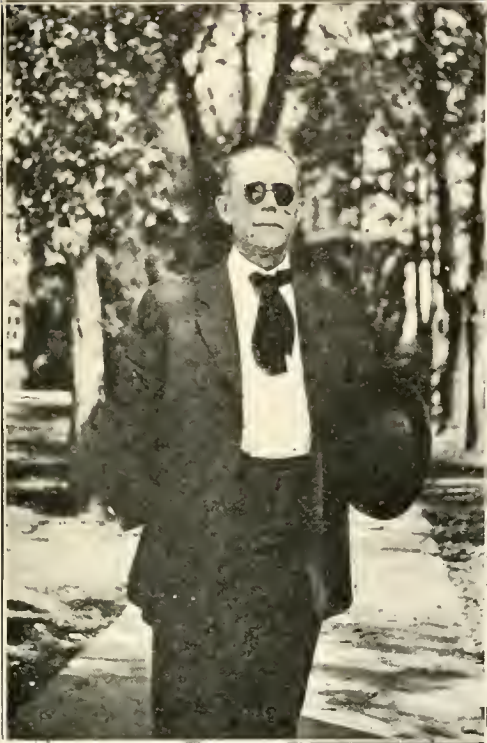
A wanderer I grew to be,
 The laws of God were naught to me.
 I met a boy, so young, who plead
 For help from me, a crust of bread.
 I helped him not. Next day I found
 His body cold upon the ground.
 My pleadings, then, were all in vain,
 I could not call him back again.

Last night in dreams I thought I went
 To meet my Maker, him who sent
 Me here to earn a rich reward,
 To do his will and keep his word.
 He gave me just what I had earned,
 A punishment that seared and burned.
 And though I cried in bitter pain,
 My life I could not live again.

Heavenly Father, hear my plea!
 Guide me, a sinner, back to thee,
 And of thy love let me partake,
 In Jesus' name and for his sake.

A Relative of Nancy Hanks Carries On

BY PROFESSOR H. R. MERRILL



N. C. HANKS, ON CAMPUS OF THE BRIGHAM
YOUNG UNIVERSITY, WHERE HE WAS A
STUDENT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

II MET him the other day in my home town. With his head up, his hard hat marking him as *different* among all the men on the street, the stubs of his arms shoved well into his coat pockets—I knew that he had no hands,—his face gleaming in the autumn sunshine, radiating light and optimism although I knew that behind his large, smoked glasses there were no seeing eyes, he was walking along a crowded street unattended. After our conversation, which lasted a few moments, I let him pass on unassisted chiefly because his optimism and his assurance convinced me that he needed none.

I had met Nymphas Coridon Hanks, Cory Hanks, as he is called up and down his own state, where he is known and loved, many years before when he came to our high school without eyes, without hands and had given one of his inspiring talks. I had met him a number of times since, and I had read *Up From The Hills*, the book in which he tells his story, but I had never really had an intimate conversation with him. This time I was determined to know this wonder man a bit better; therefore, I hailed him.

“Good morning, brother,” he replied as he held out his right arm for me to clasp.

I gave him my name. From his response I knew that his alert mind had jumped back through the years from one of our several meetings to another. He invited me to call upon him at the hotel, an invitation which I lost no time in accepting.

For exactly a quarter of a century this man has walked up and

down the world in darkness, but beholding the light; without hands, but grasping many of the finer things of life with a firmness denied him in earlier manhood.

Twenty-five years ago, in other words, in the fall of 1903, N. C. Hanks was a youthful, vigorous miner to whom the world looked unusually beautiful. He and his friend were working a mine on the western slope of Mt. Nebo, thirty miles southwest of Provo. It was November and the November sun made the mountain and the checkered valley below a paradise of color.

About 11:30 of a sunny day, N. C. Hanks walked from the cabin to a point near a huge rock where he took in his hands a box containing 100 XXX California giant-powder caps which had been standing directly in the hot, November sunshine. The box was hot. Young Hanks, as he held it between his two strong hands, shook it slightly.

A roar rocked the canyon as the caps exploded, each of the hundred being guaranteed to exert power of 300 pounds. In other words, thirty thousand pounds or fifteen tons of power were suddenly turned loose between those two strong hands.

Hanks was thrown back fifteen or twenty feet, but was not knocked unconscious. Both hands were blown off and his eyes were shattered. In his book, *Up From The Hills*, he describes his experiences.

"I found myself lying on the rocks about fifteen feet from where the explosion occurred," he says. "I immediately rolled over and stood up calm, sane, and collected. My hands were gone, my eyes were blind. Darkness loomed. The blood streamed. Where my left hand should have been, sharp bones protruded as I raised it to my face. The wreck of my right hand was even worse, mashed like sausage. I was not in extreme pain. My face was smarting as if I had been hit with a handful of gravel, my clothes were torn and burned; in fact, most of them were gone. My body was bruised and cut, and flying particles of copper had played havoc with my eyes. My partner wept and beat his head.

"From that minute on, down, down I sped, worse and worse, until it seemed that I would die. It began with a walk up the trail to the cabin door. The seat on the bed was a welcome place; the fire was made by my partner and the examination began. He opened my right eye with his thumb and finger.

" 'My God,' he said, 'that one is gone.'

"The left eye was next in turn. He opened it wide. 'Can't you see? That one looks good.'

" 'You are not lying to me,' said I. 'Look here, old man, if that one is gone I want you to tell me, and right here is where I will take my medicine.'

“ ‘No, I’m not lying, I can’t see where that one is hurt at all.’

“ ‘Is it worth a chance?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“Then we had better tie it up and stop the blood, or this will soon be all over.’ ”

Through that conversation shows the grit of the man. The details of that awful experience are told elsewhere. Of the waiting from 11:30 until after dark for his companion to return with the doctor, of the remaining over night in the little cabin, of the long trip in a wagon down the canyon, of the railroad ride the following day to the hospital, and then of the struggle after the operation—all are told graphically and well. But in it all there is no whining at fate—just this: “Until my dying day I shall thank the Almighty Creator for the last glorious look over the mountains and cliffs.”

For twenty-five years—all in darkness, many times more awful than mere physical darkness—N. C. Hanks has been like that: thanking God for the bright spots in his life and never complaining at the dark ones.

Blind and without hands this man set out to build a new life. It was difficult and trying, but in his veins was blood that had overcome. He has delivered to young and old 5,654 lectures in all parts of the United States, Canada, Mexico, and the Hawaiian islands. He has crossed the continent 34 times, has visited Mexico four times, and Canada fourteen times, always revealing the silver lining, never the dark clouds which must, in spite of him, hover thick and black at times.

He is the grandson of Eph Hanks, famous in the annals of the Utah pioneers and a cousin of Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln. Cory relates the experiences of his grandfather with pride. He got much of his information from one Tom Dobson, who knew old Eph well. “Eph never stuck,” said Dobson, “when there was anything to do he did it.” There’s the blood which makes a man out of a fragment. But on the opposite side N. C. Hanks had blood equally determined. From his grandfather, Nymphas Murdock, he gets his first given name and along with it much of the Murdock grit.

N. C. Hanks is in his forty-sixth year, but he is looking young. His determined optimism has driven back the years. He looks to be thirty-five. As he stands before an audience with face uplifted, one can almost sense the flash of the sightless eyes behind the smoked glasses and can feel that here is a Westerner; for his grit, his quiet acceptance of fate, his determination, his fine optimism, his keen appreciation of friendships make him more like the Westerner is thought to be than any finely drawn hero of fiction.

The Jewish State in Palestine

BY H. C. SINGER

DESPITE the crushing defeat the Jews suffered at the hands of the Romans under Titus in the year A. D. 70, the hope of a restoration to an independent state did not die. For about two generations after the destruction of the temple, rebellion broke out among the Jews in the eastern dominions under Roman rule. Finally, under Bar-cochba in 133 A. D., one more concerted effort was made to establish Jewish independence, which culminated in the crushing defeat two years later, in the month of Ab, at the siege of Bither, in Palestine; Bar-cochba was slain and over half a million followers lost their lives in the revolt that did not die out until all had fallen.

The hope of restoration did not die for generations, but the impossibility of reconquest became manifest as the years went on, and the Jewish people consoled themselves, over the loss of the national independence, by faith in their ultimate redemption through special divine intercession. Being, as they believed, the recipients of divine favor through having been chosen as a medium of revelation to the world, the return to Palestine and the setting up of a national independence seemed to them a prerequisite.

As time passed and the Roman went, their lot became harder under the Persian, and later under the Arabs who had been raiding from the desert. Finally the Byzantine army, which at this time, 640 A. D., had assumed control over Palestine, was destroyed by the Arabs and the country over run by the hordes under the Caliph Omar. Later the heel of the Egyptian trampled over the roads made sacred by the pilgrimages of the faithful, and despite the attempts made by the Byzantine emperors again to repossess the land, it remained under the Egyptian masters until disputed by the Turkish adventurers who filtered in from the north and east.

The profanation of the sacred places of Palestine and the closing of the roads to the pilgrims set Christendom aflame and contributed to the launching of the Crusades. Because of the success of the early Crusades and the organization of Palestine into Latin states the country flourished as it had not done for many generations. By 1189 A. D., however, the last of the Latin states had succumbed to the invasions of their Moslem neighbors and a strong foothold in Palestine was not again established by the Christian kingdoms till many centuries had passed. Under treaty, however, in 1229, Jerusalem and several neighboring cities were restored to Christian

keeping, but less than twenty years later the Tartar hordes sacked and invaded Jerusalem, and Acre in 1291, the last stronghold of the Crusaders, was captured by the Egyptians, who had overcome the Mongols on the Plain of Esdraelon fifteen years previously, and the Latins vanished from the scene.

After about a hundred years of comparative tranquility the Tartar menace reappeared in the person of Tamerlane, who withdrew, however, after contenting himself with fighting on the borders of Palestine but not invading it. The year 1516, brought other taskmasters, the Ottoman Turks, who were destined to remain masters till the days of restoration of Palestine should have begun. They made no attempt at colonizing or administering the land, and the history of Palestine for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries resolved itself into perpetual warfare between local chieftains. The abortive campaign of Napoleon in 1799 had the effect of compelling the Turks to reassert themselves in the administration of Palestine, but rebellion gave the Egyptians the opportunity they had been seeking, and they became masters of the land for a decade. Harsh and stern as was the Egyptian rule, it gave Palestine some semblance of order, and when the Turks again returned to Palestine in 1840, under the support of European powers, the country had left the Middle Ages behind forever.

Still Palestine had no political history save that afforded by the rivalries of the Greek and Latin churches, which were among the immediate causes of the Crimean war and furnished a basis for international politics with the Levant for years to come. Under the Young Turks' regime the reforms promised in Palestine were little more than a dead letter, although in the closing years of the Turkish rule there were signs of economic progress through the growth of the ports of Jaffa and Haifa, the building of roads and railways and the influx of Jewish and European settlers prior to the Great War.

Out from a new land, from among a strange and peculiar people, a people harrassed and persecuted as the Jews of the world, went a prophet of the Lord carrying into the land of a despised people a promise and a blessing. The seeds of adversity bring forth flowers of humility and the fruit thereof is love. From despised Israel in America, known as the Latter-day Saints, or "Mormons," went the message of love, and hope, and prayers for the Jews scattered abroad awaiting the gathering that was to come in the due time of the Lord.

Set apart at general conference in Nauvoo, on April 6, 1840, Orson Hyde was appointed to take a mission to Palestine to dedicate the land for the return of the Jews. On April 15, Elder Hyde left Nauvoo and journeyed to New York where he spent some time among the Jews of that city. After many trials and difficulties, Elder

Hyde, a modern apostle of the Lord, arrived in Palestine, and early on Sunday morning, October 24, 1841, ascended the Mount of Olives overlooking Jerusalem and dedicated the land of Palestine for the gathering of the Jews. As was the custom in the days of old, to erect a pile of stone as a witness, so did Elder Orson Hyde on the Mount of Olives and again on Mount Moriah where the glorious temple of old had stood. He prayed that scattered Judah might again be assembled, for the building of Jerusalem so long trodden down by the Gentiles and the erecting once again of a temple to the Lord. He prayed that the curse of barrenness and sterility might be removed from the land; that springs of living water might break forth to water its thirsty soil; that the vine and olive and fig tree might again bloom and flourish; that the clouds might distil virtue and richness, and the fields smile with plenty. "And let thy great kindness conquer and subdue the unbelief of thy people," he prayed. "Do thou take from them their stony heart, and give them a heart of flesh; and may the sun of thy favor dispel the cold mists of darkness that have so long beclouded their atmosphere. Incline them to gather in upon this land according to thy word. Let them come like clouds and like doves to their windows. Let the ships of the nations bring them from the distant isles; and let kings become their nursing fathers, and queens with motherly fondness wipe the tear of sorrow from their eye."

All Europe was stirred in 1895, with the trial of Captain Dreyfus, a French army officer, on charge of espionage in the French army. To Paris was sent a young Jewish reporter from Austria, by the name of Theodor Herzl. He was a doctor of laws, a clever journalist, and a successful playwright, already launched on a brilliant literary career. He saw in Captain Dreyfus, the defendant in that trial, a symbol of the Jewish people who had been the victims of political and religious persecution, of social injustice and outrage throughout all the Christian centuries.

In Theodor Herzl's mind was formed an idea born of a reaction against Jewish hatred and persecution, more particularly against that form of it which has come to be known as anti-Semitism. In a Paris hotel during those days of the trial he wrote a pamphlet, wherein he offered what he thought to be a solution to the Jewish problem, and called his pamphlet "The Jewish State," and based his call to the Jews of the world on the premise, "We are a people;—one people." Being a man of unusually fine sensibilities and intellectual courage he thought the problem out to its inevitable conclusion; a Jewish state for the Jewish people. Such was the modern starting point of the Zionist Movement.

Herzl was by no means the first to conceive a plan for the re-

establishing of a Jewish state. Napoleon had conceived it as part of his great political scheme to control the Mediterranean Basin, and had his plan been attended with success, a Jewish state would have arisen in the east under the protection of the French flag. This solution to the problem at once suggests a great danger. The life of a Jewish state established by one great power would depend upon the ability of the creator to protect it. Instead of the realization of their hopes, through long centuries, of an independent national state, it might prove nothing more than a pitiable incident in the drama of Israel in exile. Napoleon was not the only theorist to dream of a national Jewish state, although he undoubtedly was animated by more than altruistic impulse. Warden Cresson of Philadelphia planned on paper a reconstructed state and later, in 1844, went to Jerusalem to act as United States Consul there, where he became a convert to Judaism and wrote considerable on the Jewish problem. Both Jew and Gentile alike called upon the Jews to restore their national life, and upon the rest of the world to aid them; Joseph Salvador, a French Jew, early in the nineteenth century; Hollingsworth, an Englishman, in 1852; Moses Hess, a German socialist and philosopher, in 1862; and George Elliot in her great novel, *Daniel Deronda*, in 1876. But from the ranks of Judaism was heard the great clarion note in 1860, when Hirsch Kalisher, an Orthodox Rabbi, wrote advocating the colonization of Palestine, and declaring that the Messianic ideal is not incompatible with human labor and sacrifice.

The movement to colonize Palestine took root. The first modern settlement was established in 1876, by the International Association of the Alliance Israelite, which founded an agricultural school, known as Mikweh Israel (the gathering of Israel) a few miles out of Jaffa. Two years later pioneers from Russia started a colony in the plain north of Jaffa, and named it the "Gate of Hope." It was, indeed, to be rather the gate of death to some of the pioneers; Baron Edmond de Rothschild became interested in them and sent assistance and also rendered financial aid to all the Jewish settlements springing up in the country. There were not, according to available statistics, more than three thousand Jews in Palestine at the commencement of the nineteenth century, and practically all of them were living in the four so-called holy cities, Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias and Safed. These were descendants of Jews who had been exiled from Spain and Portugal in the fifteenth century and were joined by pious mystics of Poland and Russia. Settling in the cities and living on the charitable gifts of their brethren scattered throughout the world, they cannot be said to have had much influence on the problem of resettlement. By the late eighties of the nineteenth century, how-

ever, some half a dozen colonies had been centered around Jaffa, and another group in the northern part of the Plain of Sharon and on the lower spurs of the ridge of Carmel and another in the valleys and highlands of Galilee. By the outbreak of the war there were forty-six Jewish agricultural colonies established in Palestine throughout Judea, Samaria, Galilee and even on the eastern side of the Jordan, largely assisted by Baron Rothschild and the Jewish Colonization Association.

Throughout the years that had followed Theodor Herzl's first article on the Jewish state question, there had come to be a vast interest in the re-establishment of the Jewish colony. Following swiftly on the issue of his pamphlet in 1895, he appeared at Basel, in Switzerland, in the August of 1897, at a Congress of Jews and under his presidency, and, for the first time, laid before the world a public petition of rights for which was asked international sanction. The great basic declaration of this Congress was that the object of Zionism is the creation for the Jewish people of a home in Palestine secured by public international law, and from this declaration Zionism has never swerved.

Expressions of good will were at once shown by many of the leading writers and diplomats of the world; foremost among them, Herzl received offers from the British government. Expressions of good feeling were given by the Sultan Abdul Hamid, the King of Italy, the Pope, and William II of Germany and from Von Plehve the Czar's minister. From the British government, however, came two distinct offers of land; one in October in 1902, of a section in the Sinai Peninsula, bordering on Palestine; the other in 1903, of a large tract in East Africa with guarantees of local autonomy. The first offer was found impracticable owing to the dearth of water in the territory in question. The second, however, created a crisis in the history of Zionism. It brought to grips those who held that Palestine alone was the Zionist objective and those who were willing to establish a national home in any part of the world. Despite the unfavorable report of the commission who investigated the land in East Africa, those who held to the latter view seceded from the Zionist movement under Israel Zangwill and did not again join forces until the days of the re-establishment of Palestine had begun.

Theodor Herzl, the great leader, died in 1904, having first organized the Zionist movement in every quarter of the globe even to clubs in Rhodesia and Manchuria. He was a man of imposing personality and those associated with him say he had no reason to ask for either obedience and leadership, the people knew it was his and gave it to him. In Jerusalem, after seeing the German Emperor, he stood on the tower of David, and looked toward the south and

west toward Egypt, where the British held their protectorate, and he is said to have uttered:

“From that direction, and only from that direction, in the end, will come the redemption of Israel.”

Though he died, Zionism was not lacking in leaders and when the time was ripe they moved with a sagacity that could only have had its inspiration from a divine source.

The late Sultan Abdul Hamid was not unfavorable to the plan proposed to him by Dr. Theodor Herzl, and he granted a charter to the Jews of Palestine, giving them local self-government upon their paying a certain sum in cash into the Turkish treasury and a definite annual tribute thereafter. The Zionists could not raise the money and the plan fell through. The attitude of Turkey had been a vacillating one, torn by the desires of Germany towards the Jews on the one side, and Austria on the other; both nations had conflicting views on many points touching the Jews in Palestine and Turkey, and their own particular interests.

It has been said that Herzl was the Moses of Zionism, and Chaim Weizman the Joshua of the new return. The latter is a British subject, but was born in Russia, and has studied in Vienna. He went to England and taught chemistry at the University of Manchester, advocating the principles of Zionism at every opportunity. Meeting Mr. Arthur Balfour he talked to him of Zionism and the former, liking him, introduced him to men of power and place. Then came the Great War.

Chaim Weizman was a great scientist. The British needed a certain chemical for their munitions, and Weizman supplied it; so successful was he that the British Admiralty called him to London to work in their chemical laboratories. To the head of the Admiralty came Mr. Arthur Balfour. So pleased were the British authorities with his efforts that they granted him a special fund of money to make him financially independent. All the while Chaim Weizman continued to talk Zionism to new people with power and at the same time with added prestige to himself. In the year 1916, there was a new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the British Government, and the new secretary was Mr. Arthur James Balfour.

The entry of Turkey into the Great War led to the invasion of Palestine by the British forces. Attacking Gaza in March, of 1917, Sir Archibald Murray, commander of the British forces, said:

“What should we do with Palestine liberated from the Turkish grip? There can be no doubt that we should revive the Jewish Palestine of old.”

Such was the first great Zionist declaration of 1917. But it could not bind the British Government. By the summer of 1917,

General Edmund Allenby had assumed command of the Palestinian Expeditionary Force and was thrusting northward from Gaza, menacing Jerusalem and striving to cut the Turkish line of communication. His successes had been brilliant and on November 2, 1917, the British Foreign Office through Arthur James Balfour wrote a letter to Lord James Rothschild, vice president of the English Zionist Federation. That letter will go down as the greatest document in Jewish political life since the year of 70 A. D. Great Britain, with all her mighty energies strained in a life and death struggle with a colossal military machine, spoke to scattered Israel in words of comfort, hope and in fulfillment of prophecy, as follows:

“His Majesty’s Government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.”

One month later, in December, 1917, Allenby had entered Jerusalem and the Turkish armies were in retreat.

There are few passages in history that surpass the story of Allenby’s brilliant surprise attack on the Turkish positions in the Plain of Sharon, near the old battlefields of Thothmes and the Hittites. The story of the British Horsemen charging into Nazareth in the grey dawn and later galloping with drawn swords through the streets of Damascus pursuing the fleeing Turk, and hearing the cries of Arab and Jew, both sons of Abraham, of deliverance and praise to Jehovah, will furnish stories that shepherds guarding their flocks at night will tell oft and again.

No sooner had the British ensured the safety and order of Jerusalem than the Zionist executives began to link the interests of their organization in Palestine with those scattered throughout the world and work out the program that had existed in theory during the years of waiting. “When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.”

Following closely on the declaration made by the British government, came those of France, Italy, Serbia and Greece, and later an expression of sympathy from Pope Benedict 16. Due, however, to the circumstance that the United States and Turkey, not being formally at war, the United States could not express itself in an official endorsement. But in August, 1918, President Wilson wrote Dr. Stephen S. Wise in Palestine expressing the sympathy of the American people and their satisfaction and interest in the laying of the foundation of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

The consummation of the political recognition desired by the

Zionists came on July 24, 1922, at London, when the League of Nations confirmed the Mandate for Palestine and made Great Britain their Mandatory for the Administration of Palestine.

So, in part, has the aim and dream of the modern leaders of Jewish Israel been fulfilled, who sought to establish her among the nations; and the prayer of Orson Hyde, uttered in October of 1841, received answer: "Let them come like clouds and like doves to their windows. Let the large ships of the nations bring them from the distant isles; and let kings become their nursing fathers, and queens with motherly fondness wipe the tear of sorrow from their eye."

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada

SOUL MOONBEAMS

Have you ever sat a-thinking
 On the lone and languid prairie?
 Have you ever slept beneath the hazy sky?
 With the chinook sternly sweeping
 Its hot waves across the grasses,
 Though the modest moon still beaming,
 And the northern lights still gleaming,
 Have you ever wondered why?

Have you ever felt the smallness
 Of yourself beneath such shadows?
 Have you ever grasped the triteness of the world?
 Have you gazed up into heaven,
 As its wide and wondrous bigness
 Seized and stilled your groping fingers,
 While your heart and thought still lingers
 On the universe unfurled?

If you've not, you've missed a blessing;
 You have lost a heavenly dower;
 For 'tis then you learn to understand your soul:
 Knowing then your own creation,
 Understand love's law of giving,
 Feel the bounteous joy of living,
 And the good which gods extol.

Flashes often in the night-time,
 When your heart is gray and grieving,
 Lights illusive from the cold and cutting north,
 But the ray that keeps on shining
 On your dark and wind-swept prairie,
 Through the night-time of your sorrow,
 Till the morn of life's tomorrow,
 Are soul moon-beams of your worth.

Why Should I Be Law-Observing?

PRIZE ORATION DELIVERED AT THE B. Y. UNIVERSITY

BY DELBERT V. GROBERG

THE thought that I should be law-observing is inherent in the subject question. It can well be assumed. It is conceded on the grounds that as a citizen of the United States of America I enjoy the rich benefits and protection of its laws and am directly subject to them. It is a duty that I owe to myself to uphold the laws which give me security and protection. While of course there are penalties imposed for violation, there is first a personal responsibility and honor which prompt and encourage obedience. This is effective before fear of punishment directs aright. There is no escape from honor. It is an ever present reason for living loyal to the trusts of citizenship, and good citizenship contemplates and embodies the law-abiding life.

There have been times in the history of nations when unjust laws were enacted and proclaimed by imperial edict, then prosecuted by officers not responsible to the people. But those who were instrumental in establishing this union of states in America were actuated by the spirit of justice to enact such laws as would best promote the general welfare of all citizens. The great, inspired Constitution was formulated and adopted as an added means to secure the blessings of liberty and the national virtue of domestic tranquility for all who should live under its influence. The laws which have since been made have been made for the same general purpose for which the nation itself was established.

The spirit with which our statesmen have faced their responsibility of formulating reason and justice into law is impressively expressed by a former member of Congress, Bourke Cockran. He explains, * * * "The duty of Congress, it seems, is to examine closely the conditions of the country and keep itself constantly informed of everything affecting the common welfare. Whenever a wrong is found to exist with which the nation can deal more effectively than a state it is the business of Congress to suggest a remedy. * * * The first step is legislation,"—providing law. The state in its sphere guards the general welfare in the same spirit with its law-making power, and provision. Our system of laws has grown as national and local needs have required. I do not wish to evade these laws for they were made for me and for my good, as well as for the general good of all my friends and fellow-citizens. It is clearly my duty to myself to be in harmony with them.

This nation has grown in population and power as well as in laws, until now it is a leader among all nations. With pride I realize our influence among the great powers of the entire world. I thrill to know the profound importance of this government in relation to international affairs. Our contributions in direction of world peace have recently attracted the attention of great men and great nations all over the earth. Our general contributions toward progress have challenged international respect, and have demanded prestige for American people in the minds of the progressive world. Also to have the honest conviction that, as President Coolidge said in his Armistice Day address, "No citizen of the United States needs apologize to anybody, anywhere, for not having done our duty in defense of the cause of world liberty,"—increases the value of citizenship and must thrill every citizen. The world is now marveling at the obvious manifestation of popular participation of the members of this great democracy in its affairs. The recent election showed that the will of the people, which is the source of governmental authority in the United States, was expressed by more men and women than ever before in any single election in the history of nations that have engaged in the election of officers and in determining the policies of administration. I need but think of these things to feel thankful for my membership among this great people under the Stars and Stripes in the land of the free and the brave.

Idle and passive thankfulness can in no way represent my reaction to the numerous advantages I enjoy as a free citizen of this free land. Instead, active appreciation vividly expressed by a whole-hearted support to the principles that have made us great is my natural if not my expedient response.

I can not receive and enjoy the blessings derived from citizenship and at the same time be engaged in impeding the effective operation of the forces of law that have made and are now making the blessings possible. It is no less than a duty which I owe to my country for me to cooperate with its principles. This throws me into direct contact with the laws that govern. My normal conclusion is that I must observe them.

Just as the democracy is dependent upon its members for its power and achievements, so the proper functioning of these laws is dependent upon the people, you and me. If it is a great privilege to live in the United States now, it is an honor to those noble men and noble women who have moulded and upheld its standards, its traditions, its laws. If it continues to be a great privilege to live here then there will be honor for us upon whom the responsibility now rests.

In my action toward the provisions of liberty which character-

ize America and endear it as a home to its citizens, it is my duty to be constructive. My country is as a consecrated trust to me. It is handed to me with the stamp of the life work and life blood of those who have made it, clearly imprinted upon it. I must live in it and pass it on to others. Were I to contribute to internal friction by law violation I should be accountable for damaging my trust; whereas, by observing its statutes I can strengthen my trust and pass it on with service rendered. This latter alternative appeals to me, it seems the better and is reason why I should be law-observing.

That laws are necessary admits of no doubt. One of the revelations given to the Prophet Joseph, in contemplation of the immensity of space depths, explains: "There is no space in the which there is no kingdom and no kingdom in the which there is no law." Could we dare imagine the universe with no laws of control? Think of planets and planetary systems; the myriads of stars that bespangle the firmament released from the domain of law. The immediate "wreck of matter" and "crash of worlds" would reduce the present organized universe into confusion and chaos. Nor are the laws of our land less important to our national security. The effective operation of law constitutes our governing power and control and is essential to our national continuity. Nor am I over-emphasizing the importance of obeying law when I say it is a fundamental pledge in my religious faith "to honor, obey, and sustain the law."

By observing law I discharge an important duty to myself and to my country. I also uphold a salutary pledge. Law observance is the one important practice I can teach which will contribute to the greatness and continuity of the greatest nation on earth, and this, I am convinced, is most effectively taught by example.

"It is, indeed, right that we should look for, and hasten, so far as in us lies, the coming of the day of God; but not that we should check any human effort by anticipations of its approach. We shall hasten it best by endeavoring to work out the tasks that are appointed for us here; and, therefore, reasoning as if the world were to continue under its existing dispensation, and the powers which have just been granted to us were to be continued through myriads of future ages."—*Ruskin*.

"The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching; and is this a greatness which is apt to make a show, or which is most likely to abound in conspicuous station?"—*William Ellery Channing*.

"There was never yet a truly great man that was not at the same time truly virtuous."—*Benjamin Franklin*.

Lessons from Common Things

BY DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, PRESIDENT OF BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

1. WATER

THINGS which seem to be most wonderful, if observed frequently enough, become commonplace. This is probably the reason why we cease to be awed by some of the objects surrounding us which in reality have remarkable qualities. There are people who are scarcely conscious of the many things surrounding them, which make up their environment. They are willing to accept the universe as having come to us by accident, or perhaps they do no speculating as to how it all came about. I wish to have the reader do a little thinking on the subject by having him look carefully at some of the most common substances which surround us.

Probably no substance enters more into our daily lives than water. At the same time there is nothing which should challenge our wonder more than this ever-present fluid. Let us investigate this ordinary, colorless, almost tasteless liquid. In the first place, no life whatever could exist without it. It is necessary to every living cell. No part of any animal or plant body could remain alive, nor could it function or grow, without the presence of water. It is Nature's universal solvent, and it has many properties which make it indispensable. We all know how necessary it is for us to drink water regularly, how it is used as a medium in which to cook food, how it serves to produce crops, to convey commerce, and to serve man in many capacities. Many of us, however, are not acquainted with some of its other properties which make it particularly valuable in connection with life on the earth.

The property spoken of as specific heat is of great interest. Water has the ability to absorb more heat in changing one degree of temperature than any other common substance. Ordinary soil holds only two-tenths and iron one-tenth as much heat as water; and for a given volume, water will hold more than 300 times as much heat as air. This property makes water unusually valuable in preventing rapid climatic changes, and also in regulating the heat of the body. These are so important that it would be very difficult for people to live on the earth if the specific heat of water were not high.

Then take the property of latent heat. Water at the boiling point stores up more than five times as much heat in evaporating as it requires to change its temperature from freezing to the boiling point.

If it did not have this property of storing large quantities of latent heat we should constantly find ourselves in very serious difficulties. As soon as water reached the boiling point it would all be evaporated into steam, whereas with its present property the steam makes a great reservoir for heat and thereby keeps the water from all boiling away with explosive rapidity.

Likewise, when a pound of water freezes, it gives off enough latent heat to do the work required in lifting 55 tons to a height of one foot, or conversely when ice melts, that quantity of heat is absorbed. This storage of latent heat in changing from ice to water and from water to steam is one of the great safety valves of the world. If there were no latent heat of freezing and vaporization it would probably be impossible for people to live on the earth. As soon as the temperature of the air reached the freezing point, all the water would immediately become solid. Also, in the spring, as soon as the temperature of the air rose above the freezing point all the ice would melt at once and there would be terrible floods everywhere.

Another very useful property which water has is what is called its temperature of least expansion. There is a general maxim that heat expands and cold contracts. This applies to water, along with other substances, until just before the water reaches the freezing point, when it expands instead of continuing to contract. This means that ice is lighter than water which is near the freezing point and that ice will therefore float.

If water continued to contract as it became colder, as the other substances do, imagine what might happen. As soon as the freezing temperature were reached and ice were formed, it would immediately sink to the bottom instead of remaining at the top and more ice would be formed and fall to the bottom. This would result in the complete freezing of the water in lakes and rivers, killing fish and other aquatic life, diverting rivers from their channels and leaving the ice at the bottom where it would require long periods to melt again. But with this wonderful property which water has, the ice remains over the surface and protects the remainder of the water from freezing and thereby prevents many disastrous conditions.

If space permitted, we might go on at considerable length discussing vapor tension, surface tension, chemical neutrality, and the other properties of water which make it a substance useful to all plants and animals. We need but to think of latent heat and the high specific heat of water, as well as its temperature of maximum density, to realize that if water did not have these peculiar and unusual properties it would not be possible for any person to live on the earth.

It is a little difficult to understand how people who have made a

study of nature, particularly persons who have a scientific turn of mind, can know these things and at the same time believe that the wonderful harmony was brought about by a mere accident of nature. The more I study nature and go into the properties of matter, and especially some of the very common substances, the more am I led to the conviction that it is preposterous to consider any of these to be merely accidental. Certainly, there must be a great intelligence in the universe; certainly this intelligence has been operating through countless ages to discover law and to put into operation laws that make possible life and development on the earth. It seems to me that the least we, who are favored by the many blessings of the earth, can do is to feel reverence for the Ruler who made possible this harmony.

Only a very egotistical person would fail to be impressed by the fact that even the common things of the world have been planned and are guided by a Master Intelligence.

WINTER'S MANY BLESSINGS

Winter many blessings leaves,
 Though the winds do fiercely blow,
 Loudly howling in our hills,
 Tossing here and there the snow,
 Filling up the deep ravines.
 It is there reserved in store,
 Safely kept for future use,
 In the hills, God's reservoir.

Though the winter may be long,
 It brings blessings manifold,
 Greater treasure to us all,
 More so than all mines of gold.
 Without frosty, glistening snow,
 All our farming would be vain.
 It gives water for our crops
 When in summer we need rain.

Rivulets from melting snow,
 Rushing over cliffs they run.
 Soon they form a mighty stream,
 When they gather into one.
 Dashing o'er the rocky steeps,
 Down the canyon now they pour,
 Work of God we surely see
 In our hills, his reservoir.

Herbert Hoover

BY MARY C. KIMBALL

On August 10, 1874, in a small Quaker community in Iowa, there was born to Jesse Clark Hoover and his wife, Hulda, a baby boy who was to become internationally known for his wonderful service to humanity. Their son was not long to know the loving care of his parents, for his father died in 1880 and his mother in 1884.

His father was the village blacksmith. He repaired farm machinery and household utensils; he manufactured things made of metal and sold farm implements. His two sons, Herbert and Theodore, inherited this inventive turn of their father and later Herbert's two sons showed the same bent.

His mother had unusual mental power. After her husband's death, she became a preacher at Quaker meetings and was a very effective exhorter. She was attractive, but shy and reserved. Her son, Herbert, inherited these qualities.

After their parent's death, the two boys and their sister, Mary, were cared for by their Quaker uncles and aunts. At one time Herbert was sent to live with an uncle, Laban Miles, the United States Government Indian Agent for the Osage tribe in the Indian Territory. During the eight months he spent there he learned much concerning the Redmen. The next two years he lived with his uncle, Allen Hoover, and then went to his uncle, John Minthorn, in Oregon. Two or three years later he went to his grandfather Miles, but he found him so severe that he decided to leave. He went to Portland and Salem, determined to fit himself for the college he desired to enter. In Salem he lived with his Uncle John, but in Portland he lived alone.

He attributes a great part of his

desire to study science to the visit of a friend of his father's. This man, on his way to investigate a mine, stopped off to see the son of his old friend. He stayed at a hotel for two or three days and spent as much time with Herbert as school and chores would permit. His talk was chiefly about the difference between the work and achievement of one with and one without a profession. While Herbert never saw this man again, his talk about mining engineering more than any other external influence, determined Hoover's education and adopted profession.

He desired to attend high school as a preparation for college, but since he could not earn full wages while going to school, he studied at night and worked all day. Back of his Uncle John's real estate office was a small room half filled with old boxes and bags. He fitted it with a bed, lamp and table. Here he slept and studied. He ate at restaurants and boarding houses. He relates that once he stood entranced before a sign, "Table d' hote 75c," but on reflection he felt that no human stomach could possibly hold all the food that 75c could pay for so he went elsewhere.

In two years he felt ready to try the entrance examination for college. Stanford, because its "romantic founding, picturesque setting, the terms it offered to poor students, the freedom it permitted in the selection of studies, its strong leaning toward science," made Hoover feel that it was the university he desired to study in. He felt that there he might become like the wonderful man who had visited him.

In 1891, Professor Swain was sent to Portland to give entrance examinations for Stanford. When Hoover read

the published requirements, he realized that his self-preparation had been one-sided. He found in the examination that he was unprepared in grammar and rhetoric. Fortune was on his side, however, as the professor who was head of the department of mathematics, was a Quaker, and knew a student when he saw him. He was attracted to Herbert by his "evident strength of will." He said, "I observed that he put his teeth together with determination to pass the examination at any cost. He was evidently summoning every pound of energy he possessed to answer correctly the questions before him. I was naturally interested in him. On inquiry, I learned that he had studied only two books of plane geometry and was trying to solve an original problem based on the fourth. While he was unable to do this, he did much better, for the intelligence and superior will he revealed in the attempt convinced me that such a boy needed only to be given a chance. So, although he could not pass all of the tests, I told him to come to my room at the hotel after the examination, as I would like to talk with him. He came promptly at the appointed hour with a friend of his. * * * The two boys invited me and Mrs. Swain to stop at Salem to visit them, which we did. I learned there that Herbert Hoover was an industrious, thoughtful, ambitious boy, earning his own living while he studied." Mr. Swain told Hoover that if he would study diligently for the rest of the summer on the literary subjects he was lacking in, and then come early to Stanford for some coaching, he would be admitted to the University.

The following October he was enrolled among the first students. In time he graduated from Stanford and later he became a patron and trustee, doing much for the institution that had done so much for him.

When he reached the school he had only \$200. He did odd jobs to pay for his board and room. His college

life showed many of the characteristics for which he is noted today. He did things "promptly, positively, quietly." He showed a marked faculty for "organizing and administering." One time when Dr. Branner heard the students talking about "Hoover's luck," he said: "He has not had luck; he has had reward. If you would work half as hard and half as intelligently as he does, you would have half his luck. If I tell any one of you to do a thing for me, I have to come around in half an hour to see if you have done it. But I can tell Hoover to do a thing, and never think of it again. I know it will be done, and he doesn't ask me how to do it, either. If I told him to start to Kamchatka tomorrow to bring me back a walrus tooth, I'd never hear of it again until he came back with the tooth. And then I'd ask him how he had done it."

While studying geology he also studied a beautiful, intelligent girl who majored in geology. He decided that she was the girl for him and that he would marry her.

Hoover began his mining career in Grass Valley in the Sierras with pick and shovel. The hours were long and the work underground. He rose rapidly and became night shift boss.

He soon decided to get work with the best mining engineer on the coast, Louis Janin. He went to Mr. Janin's office in San Francisco. He was informed that there was no vacancy and a long waiting list. The only help needed was a typist. "All right," said Hoover, "I'll take it. I can't come for a few days, but I'll come next Tuesday, say." (This was Friday.) He knew he had to learn typewriting before he could begin the work. He rented a machine, by Tuesday he could use it.

Janin was serving as an expert in a mining case involving a mine in Grass Valley that Hoover knew from working there. When he took the typed sheets that he had copied to his employer he told him that the line of pro-

cedure was all wrong and explained why. In so doing, some facts not yet published, that he had helped to discover while working there, came out. The argument was changed and the case won.

Hoover was too valuable to remain a typist so he was made assistant to an older staff man. On his way to his new post he wrote to the geology girl from Nevada and later from Wyoming, Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico. Janin noted that his reports showed knowledge of geology and mining, but also keen business sense. He was next sent to manage a mine near Carlisle, New Mexico.

Two years after Hoover's graduation, the West Australian mining boom occurred. Janin was asked by a London firm to recommend a competent man. He talked the conditions over with Hoover and told him he believed there were greater opportunities in Australia for him than the Pacific Coast offered. Just before Hoover started for Europe, Janin said, "Now, look here, Hoover, I have cabled London swearing to your full technical qualifications and I am not afraid of your letting me down on that. But these conservative Londoners have stipulated that you should be thirty-five years old. I have wired that I was sorry to have to tell them that you are not quite thirty-three. Don't forget that my reputation depends on your looking thirty-three by the time you get to London. (Hoover was then twenty-three and looked two years younger.) He began growing a beard on his way east. When he appeared before perhaps the greatest mining firm in the world the man spoken to stared at him and said, "How remarkable you Americans are. You have not yet learned to grow old, either individually or as a nation. Now you, for example, do not look a day over twenty-five. How do you do it?"

He found life hard in the Australian mining camps. While there were many opportunities to go wrong, he "kept

his body and soul clean and just everlastingly worked." As a result he made good mines out of bad ones. During the two years he spent there he made a big reputation in Australian and London mining circles. It was realized that his limit was "the limit of the possible."

At this time a Chinaman formed a cabinet in China that decided to effect "a coordinated control of all the mines of the empire." There was established a Department of Mines with Chang Yen Mow at its head. He knew that his fellow-countrymen knew little about mining, so he decided to get a foreigner to assist him in managing the mines of the empire. He wanted his "Director General of the Mines" to know much about mines and to be honest. He asked the firm for which Hoover worked to recommend such a man. They recommended Hoover. The place was offered to him and he accepted.

In two weeks after he had received the offer he was on his way to London to make a report to his employers and to get information regarding his new work. He spent two weeks in London, eight days crossing the Atlantic, two days in New York, five crossing the continent to California.

He felt the time had now come to marry the girl, Lou Henry, he had for four years desired for his wife. On Friday, February 10, 1899, they were married at noon in Monterey. At two o'clock they left for San Francisco. At twelve noon on Saturday they sailed for China and were on the boat one month.

For centuries the mines in China had belonged to the Crown and had been leased out. If a lessor put money into modernizing the mine more rent was exacted. The mining laws and methods used were very primitive. Hoover "plunged into the work of examining and planning and codifying with the zeal of a naturalist in an unexplored jungle." He examined by day and studied the mining laws of all

times and all places at night. He sent for experts who had worked with him before in America and Australia and who were devoted to "the Chief" as they called him.

The Boxer Uprising compelled Hoover to organize a military defense to protect his wife, his home and his employees. He and his wife and their Caucasian helpers could have gotten out if he had been willing to desert his Chinese helpers. As his wife would not leave him, they stayed through the siege of Tientsin.

While in China he did a great deal of work as consulting engineer and later as general manager of the "Chinese Engineering and Mining Company." He built a railway, developed cement works, handled a fleet of steamers and built a harbor to give coal a proper outlet. He superintended the work of about twenty thousand men.

In 1902 he returned to London. He was now a junior partner in the English firm under whose direction he had gone to Australia. As he was the firm's chief engineer and field expert he traveled extensively.

During one of his stays in the great capital he discovered a defalcation. A man connected with the firm had lost in speculation more than a million dollars which he had obtained from the company's friends and clients by issuing and selling false stocks. While the firm could not be held technically responsible, Hoover announced that they would make the defalcation good. He thus lost his personal fortune and had a long and difficult struggle to keep the firm in business. After four years' struggle ending with success, he severed his connection with the firm in 1908. He was now thirty-four and was rated as the best consulting mining engineer in the world.

He soon went to South Australia and undertook a big constructive piece of work in connection with the building of the Broken Hill Mines, in the great Stony Desert between four and five hundred miles north of Adelaide.

The conditions for living and working around these mines were terrible. He rehabilitated two or three abandoned mines and made them profitable. A factor of this success was the origination and development of a process for extracting zinc from ores previously treated for other metals and that had been thrown away as useless. Fourteen million tons of such residue were in the dumps of the Broken Hill Mines. He introduced new processes for handling low-grade sulphide ores. He here demonstrated one of his beliefs; viz. that the backbone of mining rests in handling large quantities of low-grade ores, thus making mining a certain, stable business and taking it from the realm of speculation. All this he did in seven months.

He returned to London and gathered together thirty-five or forty skilled young mining engineers. He became chief consulting engineer for a large number of mining companies. Anything he was connected with gave investors confidence in its honesty and success. Two of his largest undertakings were at Kyshtim, Russia, in the Urals, and at Irtish, near Manchuria. His work at Kyshtim shows his engineering genius, his social nature, his humane instincts and his idealism and democracy. These mines had for years been the richest producers of their kind in the world. They were conducted by old methods, became run down and labor was paid only a pittance. Hoover made a thorough examination. He advised that the plant be scrapped, that the miners and their families be moved to a site nearer the source of the ore, and that there a modern plant be built. "First of all he would have nothing to do with a mine whose workers were housed like dogs in tumble-down shacks surrounded by filth and ugliness, deprived of all comforts and conveniences. Secondly, it was simpler to start new works on modern principles than to spend time and money trying to modernize the old. * * * His plan was to spend

several millions. First, to build a house, with shower bath and sanitary plumbing for every man and wife connected with the mine. Second, to build new mine buildings and install new machinery. Then to pay every workman a real wage for his work." His plan was carried out. He brought new life and happiness to the people. He built 350 miles of railroad. Door knobs, steel rails and steamboats were manufactured. Just as the property was on a paying basis war broke out, so the money invested will probably never be retrieved. One of the best known Russian women in the United States said in 1921. "Why, away back in 1912, I could have told you who was the great American. We in Russia knew all about him from what he

had done at Kyshtim. The mines there were the first lesson we had in what American democracy means—in the things that America stands for, in opportunity and fair dealing, and decent living and hope for the common man. The America of our dreams meant just Herbert Hoover to us Russians."

Under his supervision many large undertakings were operated in Colorado, Mexico, Korea, the Malay Straits Settlements, South Africa and India. In India he achieved his greatest attainment in mining. He developed the greatest silver-lead mines in the world. This took five years. It was necessary to build eight miles of railroad through a jungle and over two mountain ranges. Thirty thousand men were employed.

(To be Continued)

"PEACE BE UNTO YOU"

There is power in words and they should be used with great care. The Lord tells us: "For by thy words thou shalt be justified and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." (Matt. 12:37.) Thoughts and words re-act. Alma writes his son Corianton: "That which ye do send out shall return unto you again and be restored." (Alma 41:15.)

We should send out good thoughts and predict desirable things for others. At the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, President Wilford Woodruff said: "If you prophesy anything about this people, prophesy something good." President George Q. Cannon concurred in this statement.

An aged lady in trouble talked with a guide on the Temple Block. He was kind to her. Years passed. She came again recently and said: "Ever

since you blessed me with peace, I have had peace. Nothing troubles me anymore." The guide does not remember of blessing her with peace, but he frequently says, "Peace be unto you." (St. John 20:19). Let us follow his example and say to those who need our encouragement, "Peace be unto you."

By sending out peace we receive peace. The way to become happy is to make others happy. "Men are that they might have joy." (2 Nephi 2:25.) We all should be joy dispensers, making the world happier for our having lived.

A Yale student's motto was: "Look for the best in every person you meet." People are naturally good and we can find things to admire in all our acquaintances. When we say encouraging, helpful, appreciative words, we brighten their lives and our own likewise.—*Joseph S. Peery.*

Giant Lizards of Panama

BY HAROLD L. SNOW

The flesh of the iguana or giant lizard is reckoned among the delicacies of the tropics. It is tender and of a peculiarly delicate flavor, not unlike the breast of a spring chicken, according to many of the Panamanians who use the reptile as one of their choice foods.

Jamaican negroes now residing in Panama seem to be especially fond of the iguana, just as their American negro brothers relish chicken meat. This perhaps accounts for the fact that the iguana, which at one time was very common in Jamaica, is gradually being extirpated from that island.

Iguanas are a family of lizards, but the name is sometimes loosely applied to many species of lizards such as monitors and varans. Iguanas are distinguished from the rest of their tribe by the formation of their teeth. These are round at the roots, swollen and rather compressed at the tip and notched on the edge. There are generally some teeth on the palate as well.

Perching on trees and living almost wholly among the branches, to which it clings with its powerful feet and claws, the iguana finds the greater part of its food in the form of leaves, fruits and parasitic plants, which in the tropics are so abundant. Many of the creatures prefer the branches of trees that overhang rivers or lakes. When danger threatens they drop down into the water and swim away. Some of them remain under the water for more

than an hour, but in general the iguana, after dropping or being thrown into the water, swims rapidly to the shore, apparently afraid of deep water.

While in captivity it is known to feed upon various leaves and flowers. Some persons who have observed the animal in its native state claim that it also eats eggs, insects and various other animal substances.



THE IGUANA. PERFECTLY HARMLESS, DESPITE ITS LOOKS; AND IT TASTES JUST LIKE CHICKEN. ITS USUAL LENGTH IS FROM 4 TO 6 FEET

The usual color of the iguana is a bright, silvery green, but it is quite variable even in the same individual, changing by the influence of locality, weather and temper. On its sides a few brown bands are generally seen and the tail is marked with brown and green of various

tones, the two colors being arranged in alternate rings all the way down to the tip of its tail.

In spite of its being quite innocuous, the sight of an iguana is rather forbidding, and when it obtains its greatest length, of four to six feet, it presents a sufficiently formidable appearance to warrant, in some degree, the fabulous tales which have been deduced from its strange shape. It used to be said that the only creature that could stand before the iguana and still live was the cock, whose shrill clarion the reptile held in such terror that on hearing the sound it fled into the depths of the desert and there concealed itself. Therefore travelers who were forced to journey through the sandy deserts of Libya were advised always to carry with them a supply of

lively, loud-voiced cocks, whose vigorous crowings would protect them from the iguanas which were haunting that part of the country. The natives claimed that all living creatures, except the cock, were forced to fly from the sight of the iguana. Even man, they said, would fall dead from the glance of the reptile's eye. "This poyson," said Top-sel, "infecteth the air, and the air so infected killeth all living things, and likewise all green things, fruits, and plants of the earth: it burneth up the grasse whereupon it goeth or creepeth, and the fowls of the air fall down dead when they come near his den or lodging. Sometimes he biteth a man or beast, and by that wound the blood turneth into choler, and so the whole body becometh yellow or gold, presently killing all that touch it or come near it. Even a horseman who had taken into his hand a spear which had been thrust through an iguana did not only draw the poyson of it into his own body and so dyed, but also killed his horse thereby."

But in spite of these ancient superstitions the iguana today supplies cutlets which, when properly dressed, take a very high place among the delicacies of a well spread table in the tropics. There are various modes of cooking

the iguana. Roasting and boiling are the most common, and making it into fricassee is a mode which has met with general approval.

In confinement the iguana is slow and inactive but it soon learns to know its keeper and to him it shows decided preference. In their native haunts during the warmer portions of the day



A SIX-FOOT IGUANA

the creatures climb some low tree and stretch themselves in the sun, their tail hanging down like that of a snake. While thus basking they are not easily aroused, and, perhaps trusting too much to their protective coloring, can be closely approached without evincing any alarm. The natives take advantage of this indifference, and while the animal thus lies gently eyeing the intruder, a noose attached to a long stick is slipped over its head, and the unsuspecting animal immediately finds

itself jerked from its elevated position to fall a victim to the omnivorous appetite of man. Two centuries ago the pious Pere Labat gave an interesting account of how he saw iguanas captured: "We were attended by a negro who carried a long rod, at the end of which was a piece of whip-cord with a running knot. After beating about the bushes for some time the negro discovered our game basking in

the sun on the dry limb of a tree. Here-upon he began whistling with all his might, to which the iguana was wonderfully attentive, stretching out his neck and turning his head as if to enjoy it more fully. The negro now approached, still whistling, and advanced his rod gently, and began tickling with the end of it the sides and throat of the iguana, which seemed mightily pleased with the operation, for he turned on his back and stretched himself out like a cat before the fire and at length fell asleep, while the negro perceiving, dexterously slipped a noose over his head, and with a jerk brought him to the ground. And good sport it afforded, to see the creature swell like a turkey-cock to find himself entrapped. We caught more in the same way and kept one alive seven or eight days, but it grieved me to the heart to find that he thereby lost much delicious fat."

The horned toad which inhabits the hills about Salt Lake City and surrounding country belongs to the same family as the iguana, both having the

family name *Iguanidae* in common. The giant lizard of the tropics, however, is some 500 times larger than the horned toad, its Rocky Mountain cousin.

The iguana lays eggs. These it deposits in the hollows of the trees in which it lives. The eggs are of oblong shape about one and one-half inches in length and are said to be very pleasant eating, especially when taken raw and mixed with farina. The albumen makes up only a small part of the egg substance, most of it being yolk. When cooked the eggs do not harden, but become only a little thicker in consistency.

Natives claim that if one approaches the iguana too rapidly as it is clinging to the high limb of a tree and frightens the creature, it will gulp down large amounts of air until its body swells up like a rubber ball. Then upon releasing its hold on the limb the animal falls to the ground with a bounce, whereupon it belches up the air and scampers away from its enemy faster than most dogs can run.

THE MOCKING BIRD

Now, in the early dawn I see
The little gray-coat mocking-bird.
'Tis he awakens wood and lea,
Famed songster, wheresoever heard.
Lo! ecstasy shows in his form
That sways and rises, swings and falls,
As ardently his love-song calls,
Endearing, thrilling, glowing warm.
She comes, she comes for whom he sings!
Now throbs his breast 'neath happy wings,
And still more rapturous the note
Intones from his enamored throat.

I listen to the wonderful!
Hark! how the thrilling notes abound!
How throbs and pulses all the air
With melody, that swells in sound;
And bird-notes from full many a song

Maywood, Calif.

In all the woodland aisles around!
Hast thou a teacher in the bowers
Of jasmine bloom, or cypress shade,
Or 'mid magnolia's fragrant flowers,
Or rhododendron's brilliant glade,
That gave to thee thy subtle art
In tender wooing of the heart?
Again that song!
It floats along
Merrily, merrily, merrily:
The dove's low cooing,
The robin's wooing,

The notes of killdeer, thrush and wren
Is o'er the hill and in the glen,
Mingled with calls that ever quiver
And float along o'er shore and river—
Merrily, merrily ever giving
Joyful tones of love and living!

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND

Adventure with a Rattlesnake

BY ELMER A. GRAFF

Rattlesnakes are not hard to capture if a safe method coupled with common sense is used, so say the Cougar and Coyote patrol of Rockville, Utah, Zion National Park Council B. S. A. But wait a minute; let their scoutmaster tell how they came to capture the largest diamond-back which had ever been seen in that locality:

"We were going on our weekly hike up Shonesburg canyon, two or three miles south-east of Zion National Park, to explore the cliff dwellings thought to belong to the ancient Moqui Indians. As none of us had ever been there before, we decided to tie our horses at the foot

of the mountain and search for the ancient stronghold.

"The mountain side was very steep and it was often necessary to use our hands to assist in climbing over the rocks. Scout Jennings, of the Cougar patrol, was a few feet in front of me, when suddenly he gave a piercing shriek and stood there too frightened to move away. I rushed to his side, and to my surprise a huge rattlesnake lay coiled up about eighteen inches from the ashen white face of Jennings. Upon my approach the diamond-back emitted a short rattle, then drew back his flat beaded head to make his deadly

plunge. With a quick jerk I pulled Jennings out of the way, and none too soon, for the fatal fangs of the monster barely missed their mark. He wailed his disappointment by making his rattles fairly sing,

while we moved to a large rock and listened to the tune of ten protesting rattles.

"Let's capture the old fellow and take him home alive,' I suggested. The scouts were all in favor of the idea but wondered who would 'put the bell on the cat.' I allayed their fears by telling all but Demille and Angell to remain on the rock.

"Demille, bring me the top limb of that scrub cedar, and Jennings throw me your

top string,' I commanded.

"Mr. Rattlesnake in the meantime slowly uncoiled his four and a half feet of detestable anatomy and proceeded to crawl under a small rock. Shortly after he had gained the entrance of a hole under the boulder, I had a noose made in one end of the string and arranged so that it could be loosened and tightened at will. With an old dry limb I pried the rock a few inches from its original position, and immediately the deadly warning was given. A moment later his head emerged from under the rock. The noose was quickly placed over his head, the string tightened, and amidst



MR. RATTLESNAKE

terrible lashing and rattling, Mr. Rattlesnake was carried down the mountain side.

"The real problem which now confronted us was how to get him home, a distance of ten miles. One of the boys, however, had a six-quart pail which contained his lunch, so, after emptying it of its contents, we made the lid secure by wiring two sides of it down. On the third side the wire was threaded through the hole in the lid and rim of the bucket and left loose. The venomous monster was then pushed into the bucket, head foremost, while a forked stick was used to assist in placing the remainder of

his body inside. The string was then cut and the lid forced down and wired.

"The horses were frantic with fear when we approached them with the reptile, who continued to 'voice' his anger by vibrating his rattles against the sides of the tin bucket.

"After reaching home, we turned the old fellow out from the bucket, caught him in the same manner as before, and extracted his poison fangs with a pair of wire pliers.

"He was kept in captivity for more than a week, but refused to eat live mice, lizards and gophers supplied to him, so we finally took his life and thus ended his captivity."

ENLISTED SOLDIERS OF OUR FORESTS

BY WRENO BOWERS

In nature a constant battle goes on for existence, and nothing in her scheme of things has a harder struggle than the trees of our forests. Over 500 kinds of forest trees grow naturally within the United States. Some trees are provided with greater powers of resistance than others, but they all have their natural enemies. There are 200,000 known kinds of tree-attacking insects, and these pests destroy tens of thousands of trees every year.

In this relentless warfare, nature enlists birds to save her trees. More than sixty bird families have their part to play in the great army of forest protection. Therefore, properly to guard our birds is a phase of forest protection. To observers of birds and forests most of these facts are well known; but so ignorant are many people that these feathered friends are often shot or driven away while shade and forest trees may be perishing through lack of their skilled services. It is a dangerous experiment, indeed, to upset nature's balance.

To the larger tree savers, the woodpeckers, nature has committed the duty of specializing on those insects that injure the tree internally, and hence special in-

struments are required for their removal. The woodpecker's bill is a hammer, pick-axe, and auger combined, and his tongue a long, flexible, extensible spear. With the impressive "tap, tap, tap," he locates a decayed spot inhabited by boring larva or a colony of ants. Promptly he breaks open the infected part and devours the insect pests. So helpful are his services in the great economy of the earth that out of the nearly 800 birds of America the woodpecker is considered our most useful bird citizen.

Woodpeckers have the actual supervision of our forest trees. Human senses cannot locate the tree borers; only the long, pick-axe bill of the woodpecker can locate the vile grub and remove it from its hiding place. Alighting against the trunk of a tree, the little soldier edges about, giving the tree a rattling patter of taps with his bill. Presently a sound indicates to his acute sense that he has found the spot, and with rained blows he lays open the right place. Then with his long, extensible, and barbed tongue, coiled up on the hyoid bone, he reaches the burrow and drags forth the beetle larva from the bottom of its crooked gallery, sometimes

three inches from the bottom of the picked hole. A useful tool, this tongue of his—the only instrument that can reach and destroy the larva of long-horned borer beetles.

Nearly every locality has one or more representatives from the twenty-four woodpecker families. They are as widely distributed as forests and everywhere they give their impartial attention to trees. Their food consists of ants, beetles, borers, grasshoppers, bugs, timber worms, and various kinds of moths and flies, which infest forests and vegetation in all parts of the country to our very serious loss. Surely they deserve the gratitude of all American citizens.

One of the best-known, among woodpeckers, is the flicker. It is popular in every locality where it is found and is known by a wide variety of local names. Golden-winged woodpecker, wake-up, yellowhammer, and many other names have been recorded. The red-shafted flicker, the largest of the woodpeckers, is the Western representative of the Eastern flicker. Whether in field or forest these birds are found engaged in the occupation of destroying insect life. More than fifty per cent of the flicker's yearly diet is made up of ants. A single bird will eat thousands of these insects in a day and any creature which destroys ants is a decided boon to agriculture.

Ants are small, but their destructive power is enormous. The termite, or white ant, takes heavy annual toll in lumber. They eat into the wood of floorings, walls and foundations; honeycombing the wood and weakening it. Not only are ants wood borers, but they care for and perpetuate plant lice or aphids, which infest vegetation in all parts of the country

to a loss of millions of dollars each year!

The downy and hairy woodpeckers are other quiet little soldiers. These birds range over the greater part of the United States. In cultivated districts they are of great service and value to the fruit grower, cleaning the trees of boring larva and the unmanageable scale insects. Some people are of the impression that woodpeckers injure trees by digging deep holes for nesting purposes, but it is only in dead or decaying trunks that they excavate for the nest. After the nesting season the holes are pecked out and used for winter shelter. Each year the woodpecker constructs a new home and the abandoned hole is left to the chickadee, bluebird and other birds which prefer wooden-walled homes but cannot construct them. In North America, taken as a whole, woodpeckers are very numerous, and the millions of individual birds which have yet escaped the guns of ignorant hunters constitute a mighty army of protection to our forests.

Some of the smaller tree savers include the chickadees, bushtits, nuthatches, and creepers. These species are small in size but they render a great service to our forests. We find them busily engaged among the trees and shrubs, searching every branch and twig for insect eggs and larva. Specimens of the chickadee were found to have eaten as many as 900 eggs each of the cankerworm. That many eggs, if allowed to hatch, would produce enough cankerworms to destroy a tree in a single season; so the good which the chickadee does by the destruction of cankerworms alone is beyond estimation. All of these active little soldiers deserve full credit for the good they do in saving forest trees.

If thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformably thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is common property, and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth, which blood has not.—*Cervantes: Don Quixote.*

The Breakaway

BY HAROLD THORPE

Fall had come, and with it the beginning of the year's activities for the M. I. A. Brother Jones, newly appointed president of the association in A—— ward, was gravely concerned over the almost hopeless prospects for an M Men's class. There had never been one in A—— ward before. Mutual officers of preceding years had tried zealously to win these young men over to the cause, but without avail.

"It's no use," they had all said when they finally gave up the task as hopeless, "you can't get the young fellows in our ward into Mutual. They're all good boys and they mean well; but they won't join us, and that is all there is to it." Brother Jones had never been identified with the M. I. A. before, and wondered if he could succeed where all the others had failed.

His first meeting with his officers and teachers was a memorable one. The stake superintendent of Mutu-als was there, and made an eloquent plea. "Brother Jones, we must have an M Men's class in your ward. It is the only ward in the stake without one. You surely have enough young fellows here to form an organization. You must get a class started!"

Brother Jones' counselors both shook their heads doubtfully as the stake superintendent concluded. "It's no use," they declared positively, "we've tried everything here, and we just can't do anything with our young men. They are all well meaning fellows, but they are too full of battle and blood and high life. They have their own amusements, and their own notions, and they are as stubborn as mules. They won't come to Mutual."

But this did not satisfy the stake officer, who renewed his plea for an M Men's class. "Brother Jones, we must have an M Men's class here. We expect you to build up this depart-

ment. Let your two counselors take care of the rest of the work if necessary. Make this part of your work succeed if you have to do it all yourself. We shall depend upon you to do it."

"I'll do my best," was the ward president's only comment. During the next few days he visited every young man in the ward between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one. At every home he urged the parents to cooperate with him in getting their boys started. But rough and dry and stony seemed the ground in which he was trying to plant the good seed.

The parents were more than willing to cooperate, but how? "No one," confessed one father, "can convert our grown boys to Mutual work. An M Men's class has been tried here so many times and failed that our boys are soured with it. They are now so set against it that it is a waste of time even to mention it to them." The attitude of the boys themselves seemed to bear this statement out, for only two in the whole ward would promise definitely to join the M. I. A. These two only half promised, and then only because their parents insisted upon it;—for one was the son of the bishop and the other was the son of the president of the Y. L. M. I. A.

In spite of these discouragements, Brother Jones was hopeful that he might finally win the young men over. But when the next M. I. A. meeting was held a total of two reported for the M Men's class—the son of the bishop, and the son of the president of the Y. L. M. I. A.

Brother Jones' heart sank as he faced them in the opening of the first class period, for he could read in their eyes and in the expressions on their faces the deep resentment they both felt at being almost compelled by their

parents to come to meeting. So hostile and disgruntled did they seem that Brother Jones hardly knew how to begin with them.

"Well, boys," he began finally, "you don't seem any too glad to be here."

"We're not," said the bishop's son.

"What shall we do about it?" continued Brother Jones, who now felt that he was facing the crucial situation of the whole problem.

"Dismiss this class and forget all about it," said the Y. L. M. I. A. president's son bluntly.

"You two boys have stomachs, I take it?" asked Brother Jones.

"Not for dry sermons," replied both boys together.

"How about oysters?" asked Brother Jones.

"Are you trying to tell us a fish story?" asked the bishop's son, suspiciously.

"Wait till I get back and I'll tell you definitely," was the answer. Going directly to the Gleaner Girls' class, he asked permission to talk to them a moment.

Quickly he came to the point. "My dear young sisters, everyone says the young men in our ward are perfect mules when it comes to joining us. I think they are the finest mules in the world, and I want them to belong to our organization. Will you help me get them in?"

"Yes," chorused the girls, laughing heartily at the reference to the mules.

"Boys and mules are just alike for one thing," he continued, "the way to a mule's heart, if he isn't too stubborn to have one, is through his stomach. The way to a boy's heart is through his stomach, too. Now, then, if I get the young men organized into an M Men's class, will you give them a nice party later on, and cook them an oyster supper?"

"We surely will," the girls promised.

"I have it!" exclaimed one mischievous maid, with merrily dancing

eyes. "Tell all the young men in our ward I'll give them each a slice of bread and molasses if they will come to Mutual. Poor fellows, they do look hungry at times.

"And I'll cook them some hot dogs," giggled another.

"And I'll ask mother to give them each a drink of buttermilk every Tuesday, to make them feel religious," volunteered a third girl, while a fourth young lady proposed that, as a special inducement to the young men, each one should be given a lollypop every time he came to Mutual. Soon the girls were all convulsed with laughter as each one tried to outdo the rest in proposing some ridiculous scheme for getting the young men into the organization.

Brother Jones was so enthusiastic over the attitude of the Gleaner Girls that he could hardly wait for the merriment to subside so he could continue.

"We will now be brief and sober!" he exclaimed suddenly, in mock anger. "I'll be brief, and you be sober!" But they didn't become sober until they had indulged in another outburst of merriment.

"Speaking seriously now," he continued, when he could be heard again. "you will really entertain the M Men's class at an oyster supper after I get them organized?"

"Yes, we will," they answered in one voice.

"Well, brethren," said he, after he had returned to his forlorn hope of two rebellious and resentful young men, "I am now ready to tell you a fish story about bread and molasses and buttermilk and stewed oysters and lollypops and things."

"Stewed oysters and lollypops?" cried the impatient son of the bishop. "What next?"

"The Gleaner Girls will entertain the M Men's class at an oyster supper just as soon as you are organized," said the Mutual president.

"Will they?" asked the bishop's boy, incredulously, "No one ever

thought of doing anything like that for us other years."

"Hurry up and get organized, and your oysters will soon be stewing," said Brother Jones.

The rest of the period was devoted to a round-table discussion of the year's activities for the M Men's class. The two young men were all eagerness now to learn every detail, and to get the class organized. By the time the class period was over they were in high spirits, and both promised to bring several friends to the next meeting.

A week later half a dozen young men were present. And what a lively and interesting time they had planning the organization of their class and election of officers a week later! It was near the close of the period when one of the new members suddenly asked, "Brother Jones, when do we eat those oysters?"

"How many young men does it take to make a good party?" asked Brother Jones.

"About twelve or fifteen."

"Bring out twelve or fifteen to our next meeting, and the oysters will soon be ready."

Eleven young men turned out at the next meeting, and they went about the business of electing officers and perfecting their class organization with a zest that thrilled Brother Jones immensely. At his suggestion the newly elected president of the M Men's class assumed the responsibility of assigning topics for discussion at the next class. Brother Jones feared that the very mention of topics might dampen their ardor, but the boys could smell their oysters now, and accepted topics with an alacrity and enthusiasm that went to his heart.

A week later sixteen handsome, bright-eyed, oyster-hungry young men came to class. By skillful maneuvering at the very outset of the discussion, Brother Jones brought the boys' own life experiences into play in their discussion of the topics. And what an

Sandy, Utah

enthusiastic time they had of it then! There wasn't sufficient time for each member to say all that he was just itching to say about his own experiences and hopes and ambitions. That timid, bored, oppressive, miserable feeling which blights so many religious classes of young men and young women was utterly lacking. Everyone felt at ease. The very classroom atmosphere was so strongly one of congeniality and good-will that it seemed to invite the young men to come again.

Just before the period ended the bishop entered quietly and sat down, and all the boys grew silent. The bishop's son then rose and began speaking. "Brother Jones, we have a surprise for you. We're going to have that oyster supper at our home next Friday night. The girls are too slow. They never do tumble to anything. I never saw a girl yet who could tumble to anything on time. We've been hungry for oysters for weeks, and there are none in sight yet. So we are going to cook the oysters ourselves and invite the Gleaner Girls to be our guests.

"A week from Friday we're going to take the Gleaner Girls to the canyon. Father and mother are going along as chaperones, and we want you and Mrs. Jones to come along with us. We young fellows know we've been mules all right, but we've made our breakaway from the old pastures now, and we're going to eat grass and sing 'hee-haw' in the newer and better pastures from this time on.

"To be right frank, we young fellows have had so satisfying a taste of what M Men's work really means that we are heartily ashamed of ourselves for not joining before. We're going to see to it that the M Men's class in A—— ward isn't an empty cellar any longer.

"When we found out how interested everyone else was in us, and how willing they all were to help us, we couldn't hold back any longer. We just had to join the good old M. I. A."

Weather Forecasts

BY ANNIE D. PALMER

"Eleven dollars for wiring, five for a meter and seventy-five cents for globes—sixteen dollars and seventy-five cents." Jacob Nord figured it over for the hundredth time this month. Whenever he had time to think about it he fumbled the bit of yellow paper on which it was written and tried to think of some way to stretch his small savings or reduce the amount of the bill.

Early in the spring he had sold the little old home in Meadowville where Jane and Laren were born and reared, in order that he and Nancy might live nearer the children. They bought the three-room frame cottage in the suburbs of the city because it represented about what they were able to pay; and of course they intended, as fast as they were able, to modernize and make it comfortable. After all, it conformed to the standard they had been able to maintain previously, and that was something. They had not moved to the city with any intention of putting on airs.

But Jane and Laren had electric lights in their homes as did also nearly all the neighbors. To be sure they had a great many other conveniences to which Jacob Nord and his wife were not accustomed and which they felt they could get along without. But electric lights that snapped on by turning a button, that were so bright one could see to darn stockings, or even file the wood saw, and that had no smoky chimneys to wash—that was different. Oh, yes; he had seen electric lights before, plenty of them, but when one lives five or six miles from everybody, and from almost every place, one isn't concerned much about what the neighbors have inside their homes. Besides, Jacob's neighbors in Meadowville had been as poor as he, so there

probably weren't any wires connecting them with the center of modern light. But once located within a really lighted zone, the thing that was once a luxury became a necessity; and the dingy lamps they had enjoyed so long became obnoxious and unendurable. So ever since the first of September, when evenings began to be cool enough to entice Jacob Nord indoors, his heart had been set on electric lights for Nancy's Christmas present.

It mattered very little to him that the lights would mean quite as much to him as to Nancy. It had been his custom to give her household gifts; such as a table cloth, or towels, or a tea kettle, and she reciprocated in giving him sofa pillows and kitchen linoleum and dishes. Only once that he could remember did he receive really personal gifts. That was when Jane had a Christmas tree at her home. There were five parcels for him on the tree—one was a five-cent package of raisins and four were socks. Four pair of new socks that had really been bought for him. Just the colors he liked, too! How odd they should be so much like the ones he had recently bought at a sale! It was all explained when he went to put them in the drawer with the others. There were no others. Well, let that go. He had long since forgiven Nancy the joke, but ever after kept his belongings under lock and key at Christmas time.

Sixteen seventy-five. Beginning September first, he must save at least four twenty-five a month, one dollar every week, seventeen cents every day. Surely—and then another idea popped into his head. A bright-red flower for Nancy's coat—what a splendid Christmas. Beautifully bright, wonderfully light.

In September he made good. Several

rows of old poplars had been cut down in the neighborhood and he got the job of sawing them into lengths for stoves and furnaces. He saved five forty. In October there were a few jobs of apple picking and he got an odd shift shoveling coal. He added four ninety to his savings.

Now it was late in November, and he had saved nothing. In fact, he had for several days been short of food rather than take a quarter from his savings to buy bread. He had no work on those days and so he told Nancy he did not feel like eating.

"Seems as if the winter holds off unusually late this year," he said to Nancy as he scanned the sky on a crisp November morning.

"That'll be something to remember on Thanksgiving day," answered his wife thoughtfully. "You, with such thin soles an' no rubbers, sure ought to be thankful for dry ground."

He did not seem to hear. Presently he added, "Thirty cents an hour for shoveling snow, and a job as soon as it needs clearing away. But it looks as though it might hold off till Christmas."

"And if it does," Nancy replied, "the long afternoon walks will do me a lot of good. I can't go out much after the snow comes."

"Nancy, I don't believe the walks do you any good at all. You come home so tired you're all nerves, an' can't even enjoy your bed. Why don't you let me go with you if walks are so good?"

"I've never said a walk was good for rheumatism, have I? Nor for asthma, either."

"I suppose walkin' is only a cure for female diseases," Jacob murmured in a complaining voice. "And yet," he continued, "there was a time when two could enjoy a walk more than one."

"There was a time when we two enjoyed a lot of things," snapped Nancy, irritably, "but that's forty years ago. We haven't had enough

money to enjoy anything together since you paid for the marriage license."

"We've made a lot of mistakes, Nancy, and not much of anything else. Maybe the marriage license was the biggest mistake of all." He spoke bitterly, and with rising anger.

"I'm not saying which was the biggest mistake nor who made it; but I've had nothing but drudgery and poverty all my life, an' I never expect to have things better. But what does a man care? He doesn't sit and look at the dirty walls and bare floors and ragged curtains. I'm sick of it all—the poverty and the dirt and the everlasting grind."

"You know I do care, Nancy. You know—"

"I know you've never in your life had ambition enough to get your nose off the grindstone. You're just too much like your old dad, and I ought to have known it before I married you."

"And maybe I ought to have known a few things before I married you. Seems like there's a lot to learn on both sides after folks get married."

Mr. Nord took his hat and sauntered out, looking wistfully at the sky again, and again wishing it would snow.

That afternoon Nancy went out as usual for the "long walk" which she was unwilling to share with her husband. On her way home she stopped again at the men's outfitting store and left a dollar with a good-looking young man behind the counter.

"How much do I still owe on the leather coat?" she asked, although she knew exactly how much she owed. The question had become a habit in the fourteen weeks since she made a small deposit to have the article held for Christmas.

"Only three dollars more," answered the smiling clerk, "would you like to take it home with you?"

"Well, hardly," she replied, "I'm not in the habit of takin' things home that don't belong to me. An' besides

I'll get to look at that ugly thing enough after it really becomes a part of the family make-up. There ain't any word that I ever use that expresses my dislike for leather coats, an' cowboy hats. But it's what my husband's wanted ever since I've known him, so I'm goin' to give it to him for Christmas—that is if the weather's favorable."

"The leather coat is particularly good for stormy days," suggested the clerk.

"Yes, I know," was the decisive answer, "but payin' for it ain't. You see, I tend babies for Mrs. Howe so she can go out selling silk stockings, an' she gives me twenty-five cents for an afternoon. If it storms she stays home—that's the arrangement with Mr. Howe—an' so do I. Two weeks more of good weather and I'll have the coat paid off."

"It will be nearly Christmas, too—"

"Within ten days. Say, you couldn't afford to put a pair of them silky lookin' sox in the coat pocket, could you? I don't suppose I'll be here a lot more Christmas days, an' I want to make Jacob as happy as I can for this once."

"Oh, we might stand a pair of socks, I'll think about it."

"You see," Nancy went on, encouraged by the kind manner of the young man she was dealing with, "Jacob has really been mighty good to me all these years since I took him for better or worse. He ain't made a lot of money—never did seem to get on much in a business way; but when it comes to honesty and square dealin'—well, he's just been clean an' square through an' through. I could always depend on his doin' the right thing, an' I'm mighty proud of that. There ain't a livin' soul on top of the earth can say Jacob Nord ever cheated him out of a penny or took a thing that wasn't his. I don't tell him about these things as often as I might—we just sort o' take each other as a matter of course, an' that's why I want to give him the coat. For the same

reason, I guess, as Jacob gave his son the coat of many colors. You understand, don't you?"

And that was the reason the weather forecasts were watched so eagerly by Jacob Nord, who secretly prayed for snow; and by his wife, who as earnestly wished for sunshine.

Ten days before Christmas the snow-fall set in so heavily that Mr. Nord felt sure his work would last for at least a week, but his coal was low in the bin, and Nancy had announced the need of a bag of flour. So, even at the best he could possibly do, he now feared it would be impossible to get the lights in for Christmas. Sixteen seventy-five is a lot of money when coal is low and flour gone and only fourteen dollars to the good. A few more days went by, during which Jacob Nord shoveled snow furiously. Then neighbor Sullivan put a new idea into his head.

"Come with me, Jake," said Sullivan, "let's go up and report at the Salvation Army for a Christmas basket. We had one last year—sure fine—big roast, sweet spuds, celery, cranberries, and everything."

"How much?" asked Mr. Nord, who had not learned the ways of charity baskets.

"Free," Sullivan replied. "You must give your name and tell them you're down and out, an' that's all there is to it."

"But I'm not down and out," said Nord, "not that way. So far as I know they hain't never been a Nord name on a charity list yet; and the Lord knows I ain't goin' to put it there. Why, man, I'd starve first."

"You can put some other name fer that matter—wife's maiden, or your dead uncle—they'll ask about your children, maybe—"

Mr. Nord's fists doubled up spasmodically and his teeth bit together hard. It was but for an instant, then he broke into a loud laugh and said jokingly:

"I was about to say 'get behind

me, Satan; but of course you couldn't know just how I'd feel to see Nancy cookin' a charity roast."

"It cooks like any other so far as I can tell and is as good eatin'—.

Sullivan got no further.

"'Nuff said," Jake answered, grabbing the neighbor by the shoulders and turning him around roughly toward his own home, "when I married Nancy I promised to support her. I ain't made much of a show at it, but we've never eaten the bread of charity yet; an' I'll starve before I'll take a basket of things I can't pay for. To think of Nancy sweatin' over a charity roast!"

Sullivan continued on down the path while Jacob went on, perhaps to himself: "Maybe one of the children could make me a small loan. Laren's wife would object to his doing it—but Jane might. Sixteen seventy-five; let's see. I only lack about two dollars—three if I'm to get the coat flower. I'll see Jane anyway."

His job was, for the present, ended. The snow was piled high along the sides of the pavement and the weather was clear and cold.

That afternoon he visited Jane. She had a toothache. The kitchen fire was out, and she explained that they could not afford to keep up two fires. Baby Ellen's apron was torn from the neck to the bottom hem; and little Jakey, his namesake, was coaxing for a shiny-red coaster for Christmas. Jane, sweeping the floor with a vengeance, paused to set him down rather vigorously with the remark that unless something happened at their house, chances were, there wouldn't be any Christmas at all.

After a very brief stay, during which he said almost nothing, Jane's father took up his hat to leave.

"I hope you and mother will have a merry Christmas," said Jane, "I'd have you spend the day with us, only the youngsters make mother so nervous. Sam has to work till noon, anyway; and then I guess we'll go to a

show. Sam said he'd have to stop in and get the tickets today. It's that wonderful play of the Christ life—I can't remember the title; but everybody's wild about it."

As he walked slowly away, Jacob Nord took a backward look to the time, forty years ago, when Jane first saw the light of day. The home was a two-room log—if the small lean-to at the rear might be called a room. The lean-to held Nancy's bed, a tiny table and one chair. He remembered the bed with a rope bottom, a tick filled with fresh straw, and a "love-knot" quilt. He could see again the pictures on the wall, one a Madonna and child, and the other a bunch of bright roses. He had got them both as a premium with "Happy Hour Magazine," and they were tacked up without frames. He remembered the hours of Nancy's travail—the deep concern of the women who attended her, and the agony of his heart as he realized how helpless he was in the time of suffering. And then he thought of the time when Jane and Laren both had whooping cough—how Nancy watched them the long hours of days and weeks with no rest and little food. And so he followed on down through the years, living it all over again—dreaming, dreaming.

And now Nancy was sixty-four. Her eyes were not so good as they once were, she could hardly thread her needle, by lamp-light—and the lights would cost sixteen seventy-five. Impossible. He must forget the lights for the present and try in some other way to make a happy Christmas for his wife. Yes, he would be ever so careful with his money. The electric lights must not altogether be forgotten. They would still need the lights after Christmas.

Two hours passed and in the early dusk he reached home. He had tickets for the matinee—for once they would enjoy a show together—the red coaster for little Jakey, and a beautiful doll for baby Ellen. He had gone to a

store where bright, artificial flowers were sold and had selected a wonderful red rose for Nancy to wear on her coat; and the nice little girl who sold it had induced him to add a pair of hose that were as shiny as real silk, and cost only half as much.

"I just know she'll like these. They look as nice as real silk and wear better. I buy them for myself and wear them to the dances and everywhere," said the little red-cheeked flapper ever so sweetly.

"Seems like they're not very warm. Don't you have woolen stockings?" Jacob asked.

"Nobody wears wool," the girl answered. "You'd be surprised how warm these are. Besides—does your wife go out much?"

"Well, no; not a great deal," he began.

"These are plenty warm enough in the house," was the argument. "What size, please?"

"She used to wear a number three shoe—yes, that's right, number three. I remember the first pair I bought for her. She ordered two's and a half and I figured I wasn't gettin' the worth of my money, so I got three's; an' when I took them back to the store the two's and a half was gone; so she kept the three's an' said they fit better than the others would. Paid two and a quarter for them—two and a quarter worth of grain. Wife was sure proud of that pair, an' I reckon they lasted a whole year. Nancy could take what you spend for clothes in one month an' clothe her whole family for a year. She sure does know how to make the dollars go a long way."

"I guess she'll wear about nine's don't you?" the girl hastened to ask. And while she was wrapping the rayon hose and the bright flower, Jacob Nord admitted to himself that the little girls of today are right smart and pretty.

"Yes, smart and pretty is right. But when it comes to bein' really a—a—well a woman and a helpmate, Nancy's worth a dozen of 'em any day."

One of his purchases he did not bring home. He had stopped to look at a window of a second-hand store. A poorly dressed woman coming out was saying to the man inside: "It would keep the old man so warm and nice through the cold nights and he would not cry with the pain. But I cannot buy it. I must buy bread."

"Is it a stove, lady?" asked Nord.

"Oh, no. An electric pad to warm the bed when the fire is out. My father is very old and has bad sciatic pains. This would keep him warm all night."

There were further explanations about her getting electric power free because of some relationship of her dead husband to the power company; and before he left Mr. Nord had given the second-hand dealer a dollar for the electric pad.

There was a degree of happiness along with the disappointment as he plodded toward home. The grandchildren would be delighted, and as for that poor old man—perhaps he was "one of the least" of whom Christ had spoken—how the pad would comfort him. And there was the beautiful flower and the tickets and the stockings for Nancy. But the lights, if only he could have put them in. Well, he still had seven dollars to tuck away as another start toward getting them.

He came home at noon the next day, sick and discouraged, after making the usual round in quest of work. The postman met him outside and handed him a letter. It read:

"You have been recommended to us by your wife. We want an honest, clean man to look after the furnace and take care of the house plants while we spend a month or six weeks in California. You will have the keys to our home, but will not need to stay at night. If you are interested, please see us at once."

Mr. Nord lost no time in making his way to the place, with the result that he was hired and given two-weeks' pay in advance, because of the

nearness of Christmas. The mystery of it was explained to Nancy when she went to the clothing store for the leather coat. It was the employer of her young clerk who had hired her husband.

They went to the matinee on Christmas afternoon, Jacob in his new leather coat and Nancy with the ridiculous red rose pinned on her shabby brown fur. Jacob figured a good deal and felt that the play was really longer than necessary. Nancy on the other hand enjoyed every minute of it;—the religious spirit, the brilliant oriental costumes, the people, and the lights. To her it was a beautiful day, though she felt very conspicuous on account of the red rose. She was wearing it for Jacob.

It was dark when they reached

home, and Jacob was happy. He knew exactly where the switch button would be; and while Nancy fumbled in the usual place for a match, he turned on the electric light.

The appearance of the beautiful star of Bethlehem could scarcely have surprised the shepherds more than did this illumination in her home surprise Nancy Nord. She stood for a moment with folded hands, spellbound. Then she threw her arms about her husband's neck and exclaimed:

"Dear Jacob, it has been a beautiful day! The snow and the sunshine helped to make it so. Isn't the Lord good?"

"You are happy, Nancy? I—."

"I am very happy! The light is wonderful! It helps me to see the rose!"

LOVED COMPANIONS

The flow'rs of summer fade and die,
And leave the earth so bleak and drear;
All nature seems to heave a sigh,
Each faded leaf to shed a tear.

For they are gone, sweet scented flow'rs,
Their leaves have fallen to decay,
And all through winter's dreary hours
Beneath the frost and snow shall lay.

In deepest silence they will sleep,
While we who live can only wait,
And sigh for them and even weep
Just for the sadness of their fate.

Our loved companions, too, are gone;
They, too, are sleeping 'neath the snow;
They left us sadly, one by one;
With tender hands we laid them low.

But flow'rs shall bloom again in spring
And deck the earth with beauties rare;
All living creatures join and sing,
While earth is robed in garb most fair.

And loved ones, too, shall rise again
And live and love forever more;
Life, life eternal shall attain,
Their Savior and their King adore.

Messages from the Missions

THE GERMAN-AUSTRIAN MISSION

BY PRESIDENT HYRUM W. VALENTINE

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." This we interpret as the injunction to every elder who accepts a call to engage in missionary work, and with all our might we are anxious that this shall be done in our field. Another injunction is, "But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." This is the word of the Master to all who have accepted him, and is especially applicable to the membership of the mission. We thus feel that we have a two-fold activity to direct, that of the missionaries and that of the membership.

Sunday, August 23, 1925, at Chemnitz, Germany, an operation was performed upon the Swiss-German mission, under the direction of President James E. Talmage of the European mission, which resulted in the creation of the German-Austrian mission, with headquarters at Koeningbrueckerstrasse 62, Dresden. Others present were Sister Talmage, Presidents Hugh J. Cannon of the Swiss-German mission, Fred Tadge of the new German-Austrian mission,

and Charles H. Hyde of the Netherlands mission, together with their wives, about one hundred elders, and more than one thousand friends and members. Each of the two German missions had eight districts and approximately one hundred elders, with a membership of 5,305 for the Swiss-German field and 6,125 for the German-Austrian mission.

Although this was the birthday of the new mission, it was not the beginning of the work in this field. The first baptism performed in the territory now comprising the German-Austrian mission was performed by Elder Franklin D. Richards, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the person baptized was none other than our own beloved Dr.

Karl Godfried Maeser. This initial act was performed in the Elbe River at Dresden, about a mile below the Augustus bridge, on the night of October 14, 1855. A marvelous manifestation of the gift of tongues was enjoyed by President Richards and Brother Maeser on that night as they



PRESIDENT HYRUM W. VALENTINE

walked and conversed upon the principles of the Gospel while returning to the city from that remarkable baptism. With such a beginning it is indeed difficult to estimate what the destiny of the German-Austrian mission shall be.

In honor of this great man, a suitable memorial tablet is inscribed and placed in the front wall of that humble house, Zachailaerstrasse 10, Meissen, where he first beheld the light of day. Under the direction of Dr. James E. Talmage, president of the European mission, and in the presence of a great throng that had assembled to do honor to their townsman, and view with curiosity a rather unique service, it was unveiled on November 19, 1926.

On January 1, 1927, the first number of *Der Wegweiser*, a joint publication of the two German missions, appeared as a successor to *Unsere Sonntagsschule*, which had been appearing quarterly for some time before as the organ of the Sunday Schools. The *Wegweiser* carries, in a most excellent manner, material and suggestions for all organizations of the German-speaking missions, and is a marked step forward in establishing standards of efficiency, and bringing about unity of action. The natural outgrowth of this movement was the appointment of a general superintendent of the auxiliary organizations, with assisting committees, for the supervision of this work and the preparation of outlines. This honor fell upon Martin Elmer Christensen, who was made the first general superintendent of Sunday Schools and Mutuals in the mission, on February 15. Although at the time he was ill and his body racked with rheumatic pain, he immediately received the inspiration of the Lord in connection with this calling, and entered upon the work as though he were in the best of health. It was not long until he was actually in that physical condition of health, and was filled with spiritual enthusiasm.

The task of modernizing the organizations went rapidly forward and soon we had Bee-Hive Girls, Boy Scouts, and M Men in all our Mutuals, and activity provided for all, which resulted in enthusiasm on every side. Not alone the Mutuals, but every organization which was in the mission or that should be within the mission was stimulated, until our workers became bees and our organizations veritable bee hives.

This work was carried over into our districts, so that the conferences were transformed into district conference-conventions, with departments for all organizations, and as far as possible, a sub-section for the various classes. During 1927, there were twenty-eight such conference-conventions held, and the workers were clamoring for others.

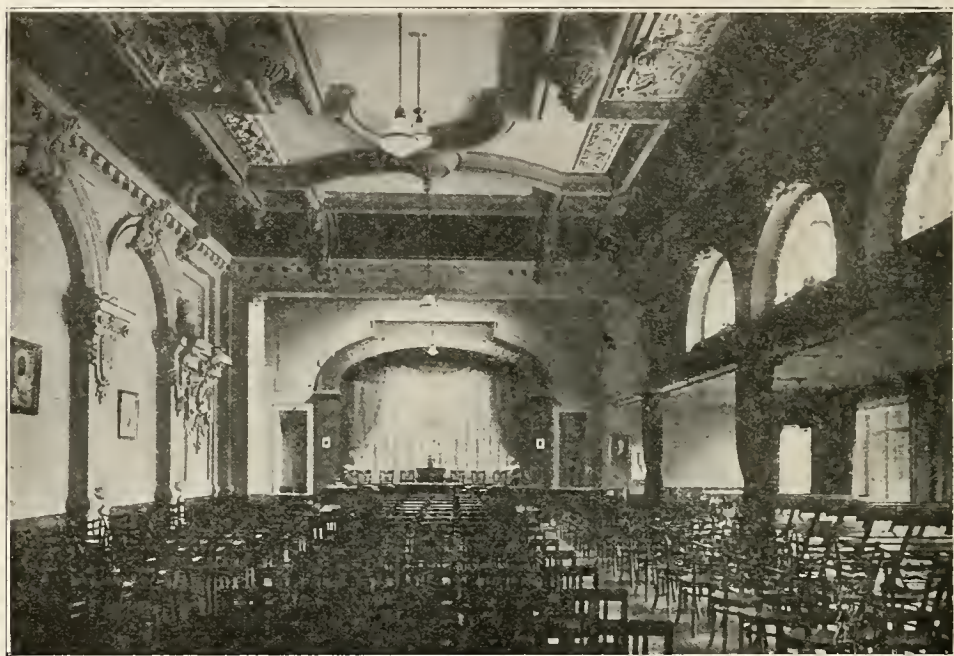
During the early part of 1927 the spirit of the Lord whispered: "Two elders shall labor together, no more, no less. Where the work has grown beyond the capacity of two men the remedy is to divide the work rather than increase the number of elders." One elder alone is lonely, and more than two as companions is wasteful of energy. Another whispering came, "Local people for branch work and the missionaries for preaching the Gospel to those who have not heard it or have failed to heed it."

The basis of missionary work is tracting, and the panacea for the ills of the missionary is more tracting. All district presidents reach out for the man who leads in tracting, even though they themselves may not be able to do much. The Lord is the most just of all paymasters and the only unrestricted activity which we have is tracting. To increase our pay we need but to speed up the work, and the unlimited field is tracting. All other activities must be arranged for, but in this field we are free to go and continue at our pleasure. During the month of August, 1927, all elders were engaged in country work, tracting and

visiting and traveling from door to door and from village to village, as was the practice in the days of the Master himself, and in the early rise of the present latter-day work. They depend upon the Lord and his children for refreshment and entertainment. Although many of them were penniless, they nevertheless testify that they "felt like a million dollars," which is far better than actually to possess a million dollars. The average

increased expenditure, for there are many who expend less.

In honor of the 100th anniversary of the delivery of the plates by the Angel Moroni to the Prophet Joseph Smith, a Book of Mormon campaign was launched for the month of September. More Books of Mormon were sold during this month than in the whole of the rest of the year. Elder Arthur Gaeth went through the mission with a lantern-slide lecture on the



THE INTERIOR OF THE MISSION CHAPEL AT DRESDEN, GERMANY

tracting per man for the month of August was 126 hours.

The "bell weather" tracter for the mission for the year 1927 was Ezra Tobler of St. George, with a total of 1,114.5 hours for the year, or an average of 92.8 hours per month throughout the year. The mission average for the year was 56.6 hours per man, and the average cost per missionary was \$30.26 per month. If your son is spending more than this amount you may well investigate the cause for such

antiquities of America, and was able to hold 38 such lectures at which there were 8,884 persons present. Parker Thomas, of Lowell, Wyoming, led the missionaries in the sale of Books of Mormon for the month with 93. Fritz Lehnig excelled all members in the disposal of said books for the same period with 37, and Sister Ellen B. Valentine sold exactly 22 on the 22nd of September, in a single day's activity, and says that she was not turned down in a single instance. At any

rate, she did not accept "turn downs."

The Maeser 100th anniversary and the general missionary conference-convention held at Dresden-Meissen, January 14-20, 1928, was the most consuming spiritual outpouring that we have ever experienced either at home or abroad. At the Maeser services in Meissen a throng of people was in attendance and the rapt attention of all was simply marvelous. United States Consul-General, A. T. Haeberle, Dresden, delivered an eloquent address, in which he paid glowing tribute to Dr. Karl G. Maeser and his associates. The street in which the exercises were held was closed to traffic during the time of the exercises. In the evening, in one of the most attractive halls of the city, a public meeting was held at which 410 people were present and were furnished a Pentecostal feast. As a direct result of this, favorable write-ups appeared in the important daily papers of both Dresden and Meissen, and the Associated Press heralded the event around the world. Today we are holding our meetings in the "Little Red School" in which Brother Maeser was a teacher 75 years ago, and just recently we organized a Sunday School there.

The last day of this never-to-be-forgotten occasion was a fast and testimony meeting, beginning at 9:00 a. m. and continuing, with two intermissions of 10 minutes each, until 6:30 p. m., during which time testimonies were given by 132 missionaries. At various times during the day tears bedimmed the eyes of strong men and devoted women, while others arose in groups for fear of losing the opportunity to testify of the joy of their souls and the goodness of God.

On February 20, 1928, the 11th district of the mission was organized in Upper Silesia, where, so far as is known, there were absolutely no friends or members of the Church in the entire district. It was named the Hindenburg district, after one of the major cities located there, and Elder

Louis M. Ballard was appointed the first district president.

April 20, 1928, the German-Austrian mission became a recognized entity in the German Republic, being registered as a "Verein" with all rights and privileges of existence, and transacting business in its own name as a judicial personality. This is perhaps the most direct official recognition which the Church has thus far received in this land. It is, however, of more than passing importance to recall that through the energetic action of United States Consul-General A. T. Haeberle, Dresden, the foreign office of Saxony first and later the German National Foreign Office took action favorable to the "Mormon" missionaries, with respect to restrictions placed on their passports by the German Consul-General at Montreal, Canada.

The Green Gold Freud-Echo (echo of joy) was the crowning event of our organization work. A combined attendance of 4000 participated in the functions held in Berlin, May 26, 27 and 28, which consisted of contests, tryouts, socials, banquets, presentations, religious services, dramatics and field sports. A special feature of this celebration was the presentation of the flag of the German Republic to each of our 29 troops of L. D. S. Boy Scouts, by the mission president. Two of the big daily newspapers of Berlin gave us most favorable write-ups of the activities. Computing the space given us in the reading columns at the advertising rate, the space was worth 898 marks, or a little more than \$200. Better than all this, however, is the fact that hundreds of thousands of Berlin's numerous population of four millions were made acquainted with our message through their own mediums. Just today an important press article was asked for from Budapest. The press seems anxious to print favorable matter for us.

The present status of the German-Austrian Mission is:

Elders from Zion.....	121	L. D. S. Boy Scouts.....	248
Full-time local Elders.....	13	Troops	29
Total membership of the mission	7,214	M Men	About 40
Places in which we are at work..	107	Relief Societies	49
Sunday Schools	61	Membership	1,682
Enrollment	4,863	The combined strength of Priest-	
Average Attendance	4,052	hood is	829
Total officers	796		
Mutuals in the Mission	42		
Enrollment	2,466		
Average Attendance	2,123		
Officers and Teachers	496		
Bee-Hive Swarms	58		
Enrolled girls	446		

We have two immediate and pressing needs—more missionaries to push the work along, and the use of the German school buildings for our meetings, classes and organization functions.

THE TONGAN MISSION

BY PRESIDENT J. A. CAHOON

Tonga! Wonderland! Wonderland from many different points of view. It is beautiful to behold, having one of the most charming harbors in all the world. Of all South Sea island climates Tonga's ranks first. One is ever loath to leave after once becoming acquainted with the place and learning to love the natives.



PRESIDENT J. A. CAHOON

which is the seat of the Tongan Government, and also mission headquarters, is situated on the south, with Haapai 114 miles and Vavau 171 miles to the north. Samoa is 506 miles north and east, and Fiji is 420 miles northwest, and New Zealand is 1,100 miles south and west of Tongatabu.

There are three main groups, or divisions, in the Tongan or Friendly islands, i. e., Tongatabu, Haapai, and Vavau. Each of these groups is made up of hundreds of small islands.

Tongatabu, moan mission. The work continued

for a few years and then was abandoned until 1907. From that time until the present the work has continued steadily onward.

On April 3, 1916, the Tongan was separated from the Samoan mission and became what is now known as the Tongan mission.

The history of the work in this field makes a beautiful drama, so it seems, which has been enacted through very trying circumstances, and which has only been able to attain its present level by the help of Almighty God. As in other missions, so in this one, the pioneers of the work showed that same spirit which our grandfathers and grandmothers showed in crossing the plains years ago. But now conditions are much improved and with fewer hardships than in previous years. The natives are no longer barbarians but are advancing as civilization advances.

Time and space will not permit an explanation of the many incidents in the Tongan mission's history which are of importance, i. e., the prophecy of President Willard L. Smith of his preaching the Gospel in the king's palace at the king's request, and its fulfillment, or of the persecution and antagonism shown by the government officials toward the elders.

During the visit of Elder David O. McKay, of the Council of the Twelve, in 1921, he spoke concerning the antagonism of the government, "No government and no man can raise a hand against the Church of Christ without bringing punishment upon itself. And I say this in the authority of my apostleship." This has surely come true in Tonga's case, for the persecution and antagonism continued until, in 1922, a law was passed prohibiting the entrance into Tonga of all "Mormons."

This served to unite the native Saints and the elders from Zion under the leadership of President M. Vernon Coombs as no other thing could. After two years of strenuous and unceasing

efforts, with much fasting and prayer, the public mind was so impressed that, in the latter part of 1924, the law was repealed. Friends and investigators were made of the Europeans residing here, as well as many of the natives, some of them of noble blood.

Internal troubles have arisen in the government as well as between the different denominations. Even the queen changed churches and tried to force the natives to follow her.

To this day the troubles and difficulties have not been settled and will not be until the leaders have fully repented of their actions against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, although there has been a complete change of feeling toward the Church since 1922.

Because of all these troubles the natives have an increased desire for something real and tangible in a religious way and are more willing to listen to the Gospel message than ever before. The time is ripe for the sowing of the seeds of truth throughout Tonga.

The year 1927 was a very successful one for the Tongan mission in many respects. Our faithful and energetic little group or family of missionaries, united with the native Saints, have done much to proclaim the Gospel by precept as well as by example.

Although statistics show only thirteen converts baptized and eight children of members baptized, twenty-eight children blessed and recorded in the Church books, etc., there were many people who heard the Gospel message and many investigators were found throughout all the islands. There were 1,113 members on record at the beginning of the present year, 95 of whom hold the Priesthood.

Through the kindness of the First Presidency, we have been able to remodel, clean and renovate completely the mission home, build a new dwelling house on the mission's 75-acre plantation at Makeke, where our mis-

sion school is located, and to build an elders' home in the Haapai district at Bagai, Lifuka. Thus much of the time of our elders has been taken up in manual labor as well as in teaching school and preaching the Gospel.

Tracting and proselyting and holding meetings among the natives is very interesting work and is much enjoyed by all the missionaries. It enables the elders to be with them and learn their native habits and customs, and teach

not even allowed to enter their homes again after having been baptized into the Church. They are called on to endure many hardships and persecutions for the Gospel's sake, even as Christ said, "And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake: but he that endureth to the end shall be saved." Matt. 10:22. But great is, and greater shall be their reward in heaven if they stand firm and true to the end.



MISSION HOME AND CHAPEL, NUKUALOFA, TONGA

them the simple truths of the Gospel step by step. There is nothing which the natives like better, or which makes the elders learn to love them more than to associate with them in preaching the Gospel.

It is a testimony to the missionaries to see the wonderful faith which many of our Saints have in the power of the holy Priesthood in the healing of the sick. Seldom does a person join the Church without becoming an outcast from his family. In fact, many are

During a recent conference the writer was called to administer to an old lady, a non-member, who was sick with influenza. Before doing so I questioned her concerning her faith in the power of the Priesthood to heal her sickness. She answered: "My husband is dead, and all my children have joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. For years I have tried to convince my children of their mistake and would not permit them to speak to me concerning their religion.

But in listening to the sermons of your missionaries and reading and studying your tracts and literature and by fasting and prayer, I have gained a testimony concerning the truth of the Gospel. I have implicit faith in your teachings and in the power of the Priesthood in healing the sick. Please administer to me so that I will be well and able to attend the baptismal services tomorrow, for I wish to be baptized." And she was in perfect health the following day and was baptized.

"Behold, the field is white already to harvest; therefore, whoso desireth to reap let him thrust in his sickle with his might, and reap while the day lasts, that he may treasure up for his soul everlasting salvation in the kingdom of God." Doc. and Cov., Sec. 11:3. Especially is the field white already to harvest in the Tongan mission, and we need more missionaries to harvest this corner of the vineyard.

To all young men and women of the Church, I wish to say that it matters not to which mission you are called to labor, whether North American, European, or Island mission, there is no one on earth who knows better to which field of labor you are

best suited than our beloved leader, President Heber J. Grant.

It should never be a question of how much the missionary is going to gain from his experience; but, rather, how much is he able to do for the mission—how best can he serve the interests of God and humanity.

Upon each and every member of the Church of Christ rests the responsibility of preaching the Gospel to "every nation, kindred, tongue and people." There are a chosen few who are endowed with the power and authority from on high to travel and preach the Gospel throughout the length and breadth of the world. They should prepare themselves by an intensive study of the Gospel principles. With this store of knowledge, the true and humble servant will, by the power of the Holy Ghost, instill in the hearts of his listeners the message of Christ and him crucified.

The Tongan mission is proud of the fruits of the labors of the faithful sons of Zion, and will ever welcome more of them to this field of labor. The prospects are bright and we look for even greater success in the future.

THE ONE

Two thousand years ago there was One here on this earth who lived the grandest life that ever has been lived yet,—a life that every thinking man, with deeper or shallower meaning, has agreed to call divine. I read little respecting his rights or his claims of rights, but I have read a great deal respecting his duties. Every act he did he called a duty. I read very little in that life respecting his rights, but I hear a vast deal respecting his wrongs,—wrongs infinite, wrongs borne with majestic, God-like silence. His reward? His reward was the reward that God gives to all his true and noble ones,—to be cast out in his day and generation, and a life-conferring death at last. These were his rights.—*Fredrick W. Robertson*: Lecture to Working Men.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE RETURNED MISSIONARY

The Foreign Legion of the Church sends back to headquarters one thousand soldiers annually. This, of course, is an approximate number. They have been marching in the ranks, so to speak, facing their problems under chosen leadership whose sole duty it was to direct them. Suddenly these soldiers, commonly known as missionaries, find themselves at home, face to face with difficulties of which they have never dreamed and which they must meet and overcome single-handed.

One stake president recently expressed it thus: "They have been living in the clouds, and all at once they are dropped to the cold, hard earth." Nearly all of them go back to school or marry very shortly after their return. Either situation demands a complete change in their mode of life from a financial point of view. Their whole thought has been concentrated on the Gospel. Nearly all their reading has been along that line, and they have not talked of little else. They have not been permitted to mingle with young people of opposite sex in a social way, as was their habit at home. Many of them have developed from boyhood to manhood in a foreign country, away from American institutions.

Therefore, an economic, a spiritual, a social, and, one might say, a political adjustment of their lives must be made. They must find employment in competition with young men of similar age whose thoughts all the while have been on the business of making money. After a life of intense spiritual activity, a life of prayer, of humility, of preaching, they must adapt themselves to comparative religious ease. They must learn afresh to associate with

young people of their own age, which is, perhaps, the least difficult of the adjustments which are necessary; and those who have been abroad must renew their acquaintance with real American life.

Practically one hundred per cent of these missionaries come home determined to do right, but this determination when met by the insidious influences which abound everywhere, not the least of which is inactivity, too often melts away. These men and the problems which confront them represent a condition and not a theory. They are passing through a dangerous transition period, scarcely less critical than the youth who is just entering the pubescent stage. In neither case is the young man, without wise counsel, fully capable of analyzing his own feelings. Even from those whose devotion to the truth is unquestioned, one often hears the statement, made with an earnestness that leaves no doubt of its sincerity: "I wish I were back in the mission field."

Sacred history furnishes abundant evidence that, from the very beginning, it was necessary for a people to be constantly admonished, or it deserted the path of righteousness. The Lord understands this tendency in his children, as do also his chosen servants; hence the perfect organization which, when properly directed, cares for every spiritual and temporal need of Church members. Local officers are watchfully guarding their flocks, and the general authorities are traveling constantly, exhorting the Latter-day Saints to cling fast to the "iron rod."

One of the fundamental differences between this Church and other religious bodies is that the former, where

it functions as the Lord intends, gives specific attention to the individual member, while the latter give general attention to the community. The returned missionary needs some of this solicitous care.

The *Era* has no excuse to offer for the man who, after spending two or three years of his life in calling others to repentance, himself deserts a righteous course. We all know he should be eternally wedded to righteousness, should attend his quorum and other meetings, should take part in the classes, and by his activity keep alive the spirit which brought such sublime joy to his heart while he was away. Very many of the returned missionaries do this; indeed, practically all of them except one here and there who was careless before he left.

However, man's nature is such that he seldom does his very best, and it is a regrettable fact that a much larger percentage of missionaries become delinquent after their return than is the case while they were absent in the field. The reasons for this are more or less obvious. Some of them have already been stated. Added to his other difficulties, the missionary frequently finds himself in debt and very often without a salary adequate for his needs, and in this condition is almost certain to exaggerate any seeming slight.

In view of these facts, and we believe they are self-evident, the *Era* promised in its prospectus that it would print, from time to time, articles under the caption, "As the Returned Missionary Views It." One of these articles has already appeared, and we expect that others will follow. This feature was inspired solely by a desire to lead our readers to look at the situation for a moment through the eyes of some of these men who are passing through this trying period of adjustment. The effort of this magazine has always been to make good men better and careless men good.

Naturally we do not advocate that a quorum or an organization which is

operating efficiently should be disrupted merely to give a position to some man recently returned from the mission field. There are numerous ways in which interest in this class may be manifested, and these will suggest themselves to local officers and Church members, if the matter is called, even indirectly, to their attention.

In Australia a few years ago, efforts were made through the government to do something for the boys who had been in the trenches in Belgium and France. The people did not respond as it was thought they should, and one of the soldiers remarked: "It took us four years to win the war, but in four months the public has forgotten what we did." It would be an unfortunate situation if any returned missionary had real cause to entertain similar views.

Recently one of the general authorities of the Church suggested to a bishop that he hear oftener from a certain returned missionary, "a good speaker," who had been home ten years, and only twice during that period had been called upon to address a meeting in his own ward. The bishop's reply was: "That man has had more than his share of opportunities. It would take me twenty years to hear from all the Priesthood in my ward."

If this is the actual condition, and if this bishop follows the advice, given for many years, to call local men to speak instead of constantly inviting speakers from the outside, it would seem that there should be about four wards in that particular district instead of one. It is not necessary in order to show consideration for a man to give him an entire evening. As evidence of this, attention is called to the general conferences where so many short talks are made. Presiding officers who follow a similar plan of procedure will be surprised at the number that can be heard in the course of a year.

We hope that officers and members of the Church will make an effort

to get the viewpoint of the returned missionary. And of course it is to be hoped that these young men, who have cheerfully given so much of their time and means to the cause, will cultivate and retain the spirit which bore testimony to the divinity of this work to

their souls while they were abroad. We have faith in the devotion of the returned missionary, and careful surveys made in some of the stakes indicate that this faith is justified. Salvation, after all, is their own individual responsibility.—C.

BOOKS

Three new books have recently come to the editorial desk of the Era:

Redemption, an Epic of the Divine Tragedy, by Octave F. Ursenbach, is an interesting poem, treating an exalted theme. This writer is well known to the *Era* readers, and in this little volume he has probably done his best work, thus far.

My Father's Farm is a well writ-

ten book of pastoral and other poems, as the title indicates, by Robert Sparks Walker, also a well known contributor to our columns.

Flashes from the Eternal Semaphore by President Leo J. Muir of the Los Angeles stake, is an inspiring volume, the reading of which will stimulate every person to live up to his highest possibilities.

LEADERSHIP WEEK AT THE B. Y. U.

"Education for the enrichment of rural life" is the theme around which all the activities of the annual Leadership Week, to be held at Brigham Young University, January 21 to 26, will revolve. This theme was chosen partly because the Utah State Farm Bureau convention will be held during part of the week in connection with the other exercises and classes, and partly because it is a subject which may well be stressed in the inter-mountain region where rural life is almost the only life there is.

Committees are busy upon plans for the week. They hope to work out a program of study and entertainment which will meet the needs of all adults and especially those engaged in Church and civic work of any kind. The auxiliary organizations of the Church were kept in mind while the program was being worked out, and their officers and teachers will find much help during the convention.

As in times past, the week's activities will be entirely free, both the instruction and the entertainment.

The world is blessed most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them.—*James Oliver.*

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS



All matters pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood in this department are prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP

As the close of the year approaches the reports received at the Presiding Bishop's Office from the stakes and wards make a very interesting study, showing the results of proper leadership and the failures where the spirit of enthusiasm is lacking.

Our attention has been called to the message prepared by Major General Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff, United States Army. We think this message might apply as well to those leaders who are laboring for the salvation of men as to those who are called to establish peace and maintain order in this great nation. The following question is from this article:

"Leadership may be defined as that intangible quality in a commander which inspires men to follow him through hardship and danger with confidence and assurance. It is a quality needed in every commander from the senior general down, including the squad leader; for its lack invariably results in unnecessary loss of priceless lives, if not in disaster. In addition to tactical and technical ability, the true leader possesses the power of controlling and directing his men so as to create a teamwork which will bring maximum results.

"Impulses must come from the top. The real leader initiates impulses for his subordinates and adds force to those impulses which come from above. Having a succession of such leaders, as it goes down through the chain of command, an order gathers power, each subordinate leader adds his impetus, so that when the order reaches the point of execution it carries irresistible forcefulness.

"Men must have trust in their leader in order cheerfully to follow him, they read the expression in his face and are un-

consciously influenced by his appearance, manner, and tone of voice. Self-control becomes, therefore, a vital attribute of a leader; to be calm, self-possessed, and self-confident, even in the face of danger is indispensable. The leader must not only believe that he is right, but he must be so sure of it that he will convince everyone else, by everything he says and does, that his plans and purposes are right. Thus he will make men sure of success even though the plans might not be the best that could have been adopted.

"The loyalty of a commander to his unit is generally reciprocated. Loyalty works downward, it begins with the commander. The leader who is not loyal to his men will get little or no loyalty from them. Loyalty from the subordinate to the senior is not a voluntary condition, it is not capable of being turned on and off like an electric light. Loyalty, like love, is an involuntary reaction which manifests itself only in response to proper stimuli. Loyalty may be latent or undeveloped but it is there in the breasts of your men, capable of being aroused by proper stimulating conditions.

"The soldier has a normal sense of justice. When recognition of a praise-worthy act is withheld he experiences discouragement and depression. His richest reward is recognition by his leaders. This may vary from a single word of approval to the highest decoration or citation in accordance with the merits of the case. On the contrary, censure or blame rouses the equally elemental quality of self-preservation. The man who humiliates his subordinates or who abuses his authority will forfeit their respect and arouse their antagonism and even their hatred. Men want and admire firmness and positiveness, but command must be exercised so as to leave no personal sting. True discipline comes from

pride and not from fear. Arbitrary and harsh measures may be easier to adopt, but they will multiply troubles out of all proportion to the gain.

"Men are pleased by having their superiors know their names and something of their performances. While there are limitations to such a knowledge by higher commanders, in the lower echelons a leader should make every effort to know his subordinates personally and make them realize his individual interest in them."

We trust every bishop will carefully

read the foregoing quotation and that they will apply the good advice given to their own work and carry this message to each individual upon whom has been conferred the Priesthood, endeavoring to have him become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of service which leads to success.

THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC,
Sylvester Q. Cannon,
David A. Smith,
John Wells.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD OUTLINES

The plan of the Aaronic Priesthood work for 1929 will conform, in general, to that which has been carried out during this past year. The order of business in the Aaronic Priesthood quorum or class meetings, in connection with the Priesthood-M. I. A. meetings each week, will be generally the same as that now being followed. It is expected that about fifteen minutes of the quorum meeting period will be devoted to the consideration of activities: the checking up on attendance and the promoting of attendance, the performance of duty assignments, the consideration of the social and fraternal activities of the quorum, etc., with any instructions that may be desirable by a member of the bishopric.

The remaining portion of the time, probably twenty to thirty minutes, is

to be used in the discussion of the topics affecting the training and welfare of the members of the quorum. For this purpose, and in order that the young men shall be properly qualified in the duties of the Priesthood, outline lessons are being prepared for the year 1929 for each of the three grades of the Priesthood—priests, teachers and deacons. It is anticipated that these lessons will be available in book form for each grade of the Priesthood on or about the first of January. It is desired that there should be a copy in the hands of each member. They can be ordered direct from the Presiding Bishop's Office. The price of these booklets will be ten cents each postpaid, for each grade of the Priesthood. Checks or money orders should be sent with the orders for the booklets desired.

"No man is good for anything who has not learned the easy, prompt, cheerful submission of his will to rightful authority."—*Washington Gladden.*

"Success is sweet: the sweeter if long delayed and attained through manifold struggles and defeats."—*A. Bronson Alcott.*

"Resolve not to be poor: whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult."—*Johnson: Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

"Repentance must be something more than mere remorse for sins: it comprehends a change of nature befitting heaven."—*Lew Wallace.*



MUTUAL WORK



EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

CLOSING DATE OF PLAY-WRITING CONTEST EXTENDED

In view of the fact that Mutual people have been so busy since the opening of the season's work, and the multitudinous duties incident to Christmas time, the request has been made that the closing date of the M. I. A. Play-writing Contest be extended to January 31, instead of December 31, as announced in the *Hand Book*. After due consideration, this request has been granted, and the attention of those who are preparing manuscripts for the contest, and also of others who might now want to participate, is hereby called to this new arrangement. M. I. A. officers should give this information to persons in their ward who are likely to be interested. Following is the inducement offered:

1st prize\$50
 2nd prize\$25

The offer is open to all. No limita-

tions is made as to subject-matter, but we suggest a careful consideration of the numerous dramatic events in the history of the Latter-day Saint people or a theme dealing with the ideals of the Church.

The prize-winning plays are to become the property of the General Boards. All other manuscripts will be returned or arrangements made for their purchase. The play should be unsigned and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the author and the title of the play. Address: General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A., 47 E. South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

This is not to be confused with the *Improvement Era* Story-writing Contest, the closing date of which is also January 31, and in which prizes of the same amounts are offered.

REMARKABLE RECORD IN LIFE MEMBERSHIPS

Ward President Wray W. Hegsted, of the Salem ward, Fremont stake, has made an exceptional record in selling Life Memberships this year. In this ward, with a population of 457, Brother Hegsted has sold, to date,

forty-six Life Memberships, which makes 100% record. Congratulations to Brother Hegsted. His fine example, we hope, will prove inspirational to other wards of the Church.

PROGRAM FOR JOINT SESSION

SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 3, 1929

Suggestions: *February is the Mat-ing Month.*

General Theme: *Companionship and Marriage.*

Suggested Music:

"Love at Home."

"Let's Be Kind to One Another."

"Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

"Home, Sweet Home."

Two Addresses on Companionship:

1. The kind of companionship desirable before marriage.
 - a. Educational school mates, college comradeship.
 - b. Social, or community, acquaintance.
 - c. Religious.
 - d. Courtship.

Some happily married man—10 minutes.

2. The kind of companionship desirable after marriage.
 - a. Confidence companionship.
 - b. Council companionship.
 - c. Sacrifice companionship.
 - d. Kindness companionship.
 - e. Parenthood companionship.

A woman who knows—10 minutes.

Two addresses on Marriage:—10 minutes.

1. The universal sacredness of marriage.
 - a. Significance of wedding festivities.
 - b. Value of wedding anniversaries.
 - c. Varieties of marriage customs.
2. The advantage of temple marriages.—10 minutes.
 - a. For the individual.
 - b. For the family.
 - c. For the state.
 - d. For the Church.

Read the following as preliminary to presenting the slogan:

Bordering a large forest reserve is the ranch of Brother X. Part of the ranch is utilized as a variety farm. During the summer months the deer invaded the farm

and did no little damage. No common fence could keep them out of the field. The owner of the field felt that he would be justified in shooting some of the deer, notwithstanding they belonged to the state, and it would be unlawful to kill them during closed season.

After weeks of irritation and deliberation, the man decided to take the law into his own hands and get some venison. Taking his gun he started out alone to collect in his own way what he thought was due to him, but which could not be collected by law. He reached the farm. The deer were there, but he didn't collect. He just drove the animals off with as much scare as possible.

Why did he not shoot the deer? Because he could not do it without shooting through the law. And here was another reason; he had been thinking of how he could answer the question of his lads at home as to how he got the meat. The responsibility of living as he had taught his children to live—that was the deciding factor that placed him before himself as one who "stands for law, for the people who live it, and for the officers who enforce it."

And it was no wonder that a visitor to whom the Bishop made the confession said:

"He is a better man than the ordinary."

ADULT DEPARTMENT

KARL G. MAESER

BY REINHARD MAESER, PUBLISHED BY THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.
REVIEWED BY DR. GEORGE H. BRIMHALL

The Introduction by Franklin S. Harris, President of the University, is a brief but luminous presentation of what the illustrious educator was to the public and to his students.

To read the biography in the light of the introduction is like following the course of a river through a valley,

after having had a bird's eye view of it from the high land.

The Contents:

At the outset the reader is ushered into the presence of Karl G. Maeser, the man, as seen by the author, his eldest son. The first page of the vol-

ume blazes with a pen picture not to be forgotten. With undisguised pride, the biographer introduces the high-grade ancestry and then leads directly into the eventful life of his father.

At eleven years of age we find the boy temporarily blind from overstudy. At twenty we see him graduating from college, and thus on and on one is led to the high points of historical interest in an eventful life of one in that class of whom Longfellow wrote as reminders that "we can make our lives sublime."

A considerable part of the material making up the volume is direct from the personal diary of Dr. Maeser and quotations from his class instruction and public speaking. Each chapter is introduced by one of his maxims; such as, "He who deceives another is a knave, but he who deceives himself is a fool." "The Lord never does anything arbitrarily." "No man shall be more exacting of me or of my conduct than I am of myself."

The first twenty-two chapters carry faith, philosophy, and facts, with here and there a sprinkling of humor reflective of the geniality of a soul, at once approachable, yet dignified; tender, yet adamant; obedient, yet commanding; humble, yet unyielding.

Chapter twenty-three deals with his mission and educational work in California, and records the death of his wife, a lady spoken of as "a woman without guile," and closes with this significant statement:

"As Karl G. Maeser was the first man, so was his wife, Anna, the first woman to be baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Kingdom of Saxony, Germany."

Chapter twenty-four contains a brief but sparkling account of the celebration of Dr. Maeser's fiftieth anniversary as a teacher, and records a poem by Annie Pike descriptive of the venerable man and much-loved teacher, an address by Thomas Rees and a song rendered by a group of children, each

exercise glowing with love and veneration.

In chapter twenty-five are three messages of historical importance: 1, his desire to "die in the harness;" 2, the manner of his passing, and 3, the newspaper comments on his departure.

Chapter twenty-six is devoted to the "funeral services held in Salt Lake City and the memorial services held in Provo and gives several poems, among which is the song still being sung, "The Teacher's Work is Done."

Chapter twenty-seven is dedicated to "Expressions of Appreciation," most of which is taken from the *Young Woman's Journal*. These expressions reveal Dr. Maeser as seen by those whose lives were closely knit to his by educational companionship.

The closing chapter, twenty-eight, holds a record of three events: First, the movement to erect a Maeser Memorial Building at Provo; second, the dedication of a head-stone over the grave at Salt Lake City, the record of which event gives in full an address by President Brimhall and a description of the monument; third, a statement of the cost of the building and an address in full by the author of the book, closing with the following benediction:

"God bless the generous donors to this monument; God bless the Latter-day Saints; God bless the great system of education in which my father was pioneer factor; God bless the memory of Karl G. Maeser."

An appendix of testimonials, maxims and sayings, completes the volume. Among the testimonials that of United States Senator Reed Smoot is the most extended and that of Professor John C. Swenson is the briefest. He says: "Brother Maeser was a man of noble character and his nobility was contagious."

The book is a loving tribute of a loyal son to a noble father, it is a long-wished-for gift to the students of the great teacher; it is a faith-promoting

contribution to Latter-day Saint literature.

Preceding the title page is a picture of one who to me was the embodiment at once of the simple faith of a child and the many-sided wisdom of a sage.

Three quotations from the book:

1. *His first prayer*: "O God, if there be a God, make thyself manifest unto me."

2. *His first covenant*:
"On coming out of the water, I lifted both my hands to heaven and said, 'Father, if what I have done just now is pleasing unto thee, give me a testimony, and whatever thou shouldst require of my hands I shall do, even to the laying down of my life for this cause'."

3. *His first special spiritual gift*:
"There seemed to be no response to

my fervent appeal, and we walked home together, President Richards and Elder Budge at the right and left of me, while the other man walked some distance behind us so as not to attract attention. Our conversation was on the subject of the authority of the Priesthood. Suddenly I stopped Elder Budge from interpreting the President's remarks to me, as I understood them perfectly. I replied to him in German, and again the interpretation was not necessary, as I was also understood by the President. Thus we kept on conversing until we arrived at the point of separation, when the manifestation as suddenly ceased as it had come. It did not appear to be strange at all, while it lasted, but as soon as it stopped, I asked Brother Budge what that all meant, and received the answer that God had given me a testimony."

TEN OUTSTANDING MAGAZINE ARTICLES

Selected by a Committee of Librarians,
November, 1928

"The So-Called Lost Battalion," Henry O. Swindler, in *American Mercury*.

A praiseful but unvarnished history of one of America's finest military maneuvers, now a legend: How Major Whittlesley's men attained and valiantly held an objective five days, although cut off from communication and all supplies.

"The Mucker Pose," James Truslow Adams, in *Harper's Magazine*.

An indictment of those gently bred Americans who adopt the speech and manners of longshoremen, to show they are "good fellows." Mr. Adams scathingly portrays the mucker-poser and tells him to stop imitating his inferiors.

"Democracy Holds its Ground," Charles A. Beard, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Is it true that democracy is on its

last legs in Europe? Dr. Beard presents the historian's verdict: Despite Mussolini and the Soviets, he finds democracy gaining and shows why this is inevitable.

"The Canal is the Answer," Cyrus Frennd Wicker, in *Century*.

Why are we so vitally interested in Nicaragua? What ultimate advantage is to be gained? A diplomat and scholar who has had first-hand experience answers these important questions.

"Our Revolt Against Ugliness," Harlean James, in *Review of Reviews*.

America's "tin-can civilization" is giving way to beauty. In wide, open spaces there are more parks for nation, state, and city; in the crowded sections, town planners bring harmony through intelligent utilization of space and building art.

"Should the Criminal Jury be Abolished?" Edgar Allen Poe vs. Martin Littleton, in *Forum*.

Mr. Poe, attorney general for Maryland, a state that has tried thousands of criminal cases without juries, takes the affirmative. Mr. Littleton, an attorney of wide practice and chief counsel for Sinclair when he was acquitted, says no.

"Europe Ten Years After," Dr. Julius Klein, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

The director of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, outlines the important change in Europe's economic psychology since the Armistice, ten years ago this month, ushered in a new chapter of her history.

"The Great Galilean," Robert Kemble, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

In the first part of a book on Jesus, designed as an interpretation and a

protest: An interpretation of the little-known figure revealed by historical criticism; and a protest against the distorted hypocrisy which has been practiced in his name.

"Smith, Hoover, and Prosperity," Forecasts by Nationally Known Business Men, in *Forum*.

To what extent have political parties created prosperity or are likely to create it in the near future. This article contains forecasts by eight prominent business men on whether or not prosperity will continue.

"Scarlet Journalism," Silas Bent, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The ballyhoo of lechery, started with the Beecher-Tilton scandal, reaches a new high point in the daily press, while, as the author points out, scientific discussion of sex is taboo.

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M MEN DEPARTMENT

M MEN-GLEANER NOTES

Joint Project: We Shall Promote the Cultural and Aesthetic Value of the Dance.

During the past four months the M Men and Gleaner Girls have had as their subject of study and activity, "Etiquette;" for January, "Dancing" (see December *Era* and *Journal*); for the remaining months they will turn their attention to "Fellowship and Sociability." As much singing and other activities as possible should be introduced into this period. It is urged that Gleaner and M Men leaders take charge of this work themselves rather than class leaders. This session, on the first Tuesday, may be made one of the most interesting of the entire month.

Suggestions for songs: Sociability

and fun songs, *M. I. A. Song Folder*, pages 36-86.

Dramatizations. It is suggested that the Gleaners prepare and present the play "Friendship," in this issue of the *Journal*, and that the M Men present "Allison's Lad" or "The Traitor" (*M. I. A. Hand Book*, page 431). Both the Gleaner and M Men play may be given on the same evening or if time prevents may be presented on consecutive evenings.

FELLOWSHIP

(For February 5)

We are social beings and shall continue to be so long as we live together in organized society. When all is said and done we are fellow-men in pursuit

of happiness. Because we live together we must be considerate of each other. Each person looks out for himself but as he does so he must be conscious of the welfare of others. There must be a feeling of fellowship among people if the greatest of happiness can be obtained. In other words, most can be had from life if there is a feeling of social sportsmanship.

What is social sportsmanship? We say that a football player who deliberately kicks an opponent in the face is a poor sport. Why? Because he took unfair advantage of another to gain a personal end. We say that a member of a group who refuses to do a legitimate thing that the group wants to do is a poor sport. Why? Because he disregards the feelings of others to accomplish his own desires. A good sport then is one who plays fair with others; he is one who respects others' rights to live and be happy.

Let us consider for a few moments some of the relationships between human beings that are desirable. In doing so our attention will be directed toward a consideration of our relationships between people as a whole and of a young fellow towards a girl and of a girl towards a fellow, and a consideration of other phases of sociability and fellowship.

Everyone is not always fair with everyone else. This is due to many reasons: personal selfishness, prejudices, jealousies, misguidance, carelessness, etc. I see an acquaintance succeed much faster than I am able to do. I become envious, and say things to hurt him. I make the acquaintance of a friend of the opposite sex, but I may not like him or her, and I am offensive in my conduct. I pass a remark about another which belittles him in the eyes of others. In all these things I am unfair, a poor social sport.

Who is usually subjected to most abuse from his fellow-men? As a rule, the one who deserves the least. Children do not make fun of the pretty girl; instead they pick on the one who

is poor or ugly or has freckles, or who is dressed in an old-fashioned way, etc. They laugh at those who are at a disadvantage already. Grown people do the same thing. It's usually the one who is conspicuous because of some handicap or deficiency that receives the most abuse and neglect. If one is rich or good-looking or attractive, people often overlook his shortcomings; but they are inclined to emphasize, often under most unpleasant circumstances, the faults of the less attractive or more unfortunate.

There is a kind of a wound which is far more painful than a physical bruise or cut. It is a wound of the spirit or feelings. It is known as a psychological wound. It cuts deep and lasts a long time. An injury to the body will usually soon heal and the body be quickly restored to normal health. But a psychological wound lingers on, sometimes crushing the spirit of the wounded one, often killing his ambitions, at times making him bitter towards his fellow-men, and continually giving him pain and suffering. It's the psychological wound that is inflicted by poor social sportsmanship.

None of us is perfect. We have all done and thought things that we are ashamed of, or at least that we would not like others to know. In most of our lives unpleasant memories linger. Now if one person happens to know something of this sort about another, has he any right to broadcast it? Is he a good social sport if he tells a thing, when the telling of it will injure another, or lower him in the eyes of his fellow-men? Have any of us a right to wound the feelings of another through gossip? The pain and unhappiness which this one thing has brought to mankind is almost limitless. "The tongue is fire," Paul has told us. An ungrateful tongue can wound the feelings of another beyond repair.

Every person who lives has something about him which is worthy of admiration. Can we not contribute much to the happiness of each other by

making others conscious of the noble in our associates? There is good and bad in everyone and everything. Let's look for the good and talk about it if we would be social sports.

Remember the story of the roses. Two old ladies were walking in a garden of roses. They were surrounded by beauty. One of the ladies put forth her hand to pick a rose. As she did so, she pricked her finger on a thorn. She said to her companion: "Isn't it a shame that God, when he created such a beautiful flower as the rose, put

thorns on its bushes?" Her sister answered by saying, "I was thinking how thoughtful God was when he created a thorn bush for putting roses on it."

Let's look for the roses—not the thorns. Let's talk about the good in each other—not the bad. That's the first step in good fellowship—the seeing of good in others.

* * *

Suggestions to leaders: Apply the ideas discussed in the lesson to the principles of etiquette as contained in previous lesson.

INTERPRETATION

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD P. KIMBALL, TAKEN LARGELY FROM THE AUTHOR'S "CHORISTERS' MANUAL"

In "interpretation" is embodied everything concerned with the reproduction of a song or a piece of music except the purely physical agencies employed in bringing the notes into being as sound, and even these are involved in such a way as to make it impossible to think of interpretation without taking some of them into account, among these being reading, voice, breathing, enunciation, etc.

The meaning of interpret is "to explain, to elucidate, to make clear the meaning of," and this definition holds good in music, for the performer finds that his task is to make clear to his auditors the message of the composer. In the matter of interpretation consideration of the composer cannot be omitted, for, in the words of von Sternberg, the interpreter is a messenger from the composer to the audience. And "as a messenger is accountable to both sender and recipient of his message, so is the interpretive artist in a position of two-fold trust, and, therefore, a two-fold responsibility. The sender of his message—creative genius—is behind him; before him sits an expectant and confiding audience, the sovereign addressee. The interpretive artist, therefore, first has to enter into the spirit of his message; to penetrate

its ultimate meaning; to read in, as well as between, the lines. And then he has to train and develop his faculties of delivery, of vital production, to such a degree as to enable him to fix his message decisively, and with no danger of being misunderstood, in the mind of the audience."

He might have gone on to say that if one is to be able to understand a message for his own information, and if this understanding is to give him something intelligible for his audience, he must be able to read the language in which the message is written. The more subtle meanings of language are plain to us only in proportion to our knowledge of the true meaning of words, and the uses of punctuation.

Music and language are closely analogous. A knowledge of all the symbols and signs used in a printed page of music is essential to a correct understanding of the composer's intent, because our present system of notation, is so complete and comprehensive as to make it possible to express in minute detail practically every effect desired, and the performer is weak or strong in proportion to his ability, or lack of it, to read this music language easily, and with the same understanding of its various subtleties, as he reads his

mother tongue. Therefore, it may be said that *interpretation is founded upon the written language of music—notation*. Added to this for the singer is the text, but the former must be studied as such, while the latter is one of the things we understand because it is the medium in which we express all our thoughts.

One important factor in the written page which contributes to proper interpretation is the tempo sign of the composition, which indicates the rate of speed desired by the composer. This is made by the use of words—usually Italian—which must be known if the performer is to get the correct conception of tempo. Briefly, these may be classified as follows:

The very slowest tempo:

Larghissimo (superlative of Largo).

Adagissimo (superlative of Adagio).

Lentissimo (superlative of Lento).

A very slow tempo:

Largo (from Latin "largus"—broad—large).

Adagio (at ease).

Lento (slow).

A slow tempo:

Larghetto (diminutive of Largo).

Adagietto (diminutive of Adagio).

A moderately slow tempo:

Andante (going or walking).

Andantino (diminutive of Andante, meaning literally "going less," but, because of a misconception of the term, now more frequently understood as meaning slightly faster than andante).

A moderate tempo:

Moderato.

A moderately rapid tempo:

Allegro (cheerful).

Allegretto (diminutive of Allegro—little slower than Allegro).

A very rapid tempo:

Con moto (with motion).

Vivo (lively).

Vivace (vivacious).

Presto (quick).

Presto assai (very quick).

The most rapid tempo possible:

Prestissimo (superlative of Presto).

Vivacissimo (superlative of Vivace).
 Allegrissimo (superlative of Allegro).
 Prestissimo possible (hyper-superlative of Presto).

These terms may be, and often are, followed by qualifying words, in which case they should be looked up in a music dictionary. The above are the primary designations most commonly used to indicate tempo. Words which indicate change in tempo should also be looked up. The performer must know the meaning of every sign and expression used on a page of music.

Because of difference in opinion as to the degree of speed designated by the words given above, it is not possible to indicate exact tempo without the aid of the metronome. Each tick of the metronome is loudly audible and by the ticks the performer governs his tempo. It is known as the "Maelzel Metronome," and its use on a composition is printed M. M. (Maelzel's Metronome) followed by a note and some figures, thus: M. M.=80 or just =80. The machine is regulated to allow the number of ticks at which the weight is placed to pass in a minute: viz.: at 80, eighty ticks per minute. etc.

Another important factor in the expressive performance of music is the loudness and softness of tone, designated by the technical term "dynamics." The composer has much to do with this phase of expression, and in modern standard music indications by the composers are plainly given in the score, and yet a large part of the responsibility for proper dynamic contrast rests with performer, and certainly greater liberty is taken with dynamics than with tempo.

Much of the emotional effect of a composition is conveyed by the changes from "piano" to "forte" and *vice versa*, the development of "crescendo" and "decrescendo," the use of accents on notes or chords, as well as the subtle shadings in the interpretations which are referred to as "dynamic nuances."

“Crescendo” is one of the most powerful means at the disposal of the performer, and should be thoroughly understood, even though its use is varied. The safest rule to follow is to assume that “crescendo” means *increase*, and should not be thought of otherwise unless it is followed by one of the many qualifying expressions, which, if they are to be understood, must be looked up in a dictionary. From this definition it is logical to infer that crescendo must *begin* with the degree of tone that is being employed in the passage in which the direction is found. For example, if the passage is being done softly the crescendo should begin softly and form an increase to the quantity of the passage; on the other hand, if the passage is loud, the crescendo will begin loud, and increase according to the length it is to be observed. This points out two misconceptions of the use of crescendo which are often heard. Some performers begin every crescendo loud, irrespective of the degree of loudness or softness of the passage; or soft in every instance, causing in either case an abruptness and variation in the interpretation which is illogical, and which destroys the emotional effect of the rendition. Then there is the common disposition to accelerate the tempo with every crescendo, and retard it with every decrescendo, both being bad faults where it is not directed, or where the context does not warrant it. *Often the exact opposite in each case would prove much more effective.* The achievement of a perfect and consistent crescendo is greatly to be desired.

Following is a list, quite comprehensive, of the commonest terms used by composers to indicate dynamic effects:

pianississimo (ppp), pianissimo possible—softly as possible
 pianissimo (pp), superlative of piano—very softly
 piano (p), softly
 piu piano, more softly
 il piu piano, most softly

piano assai, very softly
 mezzo piano (mp), moderately softly
 forte (f), loudly
 fortissimo (ff), very loudly—superlative of forte
 fortississimo (fff), as loudly as possible
 piu forte, more loudly
 il piu forte, most loudly
 il piu forte possible, as loudly as possible
 mezzo forte (mf), moderately loudly
 forte-piano, loudly followed immediately by softly
 forzando, sforzando, (sf or sfz), forzato (fz), sforzato (sfz). These words indicate that a single note or chord is to be accented, the amount of stress depending upon the character of the passage
 Also the sign resembling a caret, on its side or pointing upward.
 rinforzando (rnf), rinforzato (rfz), reinforced, a definite increase in power extending through a phrase or passage
 crescendo (cres), gradually louder, indicated also by lines beginning at a point and gradually separating to indicate an increase in tone
 decrescendo (deces), diminuendo (dim), gradually softer, indicated also by lines beginning some distance apart and running together to a point, the opposite to the above
 crescendo poco a poco, becoming louder little by little
 crescendo subito, becoming louder immediately
 crescendo molto, becoming much louder
 crescendo al fortissimo, becoming louder until fortissimo has been reached
 crescendo poi diminuendo, crescendo e diminuendo, gradually louder and then gradually softer
 crescendo ed animando, gradually louder and faster
 diminuendo al pianissimo, gradually softer until pianissimo has been reached
 morendo, perdeneosi, smorzando, cal-

ando, gradually dying away, softer
 and slower by small degrees
 con amore, with tenderness
 con bravura, with boldness
 con energia, with energy
 con espressione, espressivo with ex-
 pression
 con brio, with brilliancy
 con fuoco, with fire
 con passione, with passion
 con grazia, with grace
 con tenerezza, with tenderness
 dolce, gently (literally, sweetly)
 giocosso, humorously
 giojosco, joyously
 con maesta, maestoso, majestically
 pastorale, in pastoral style
 pomposo, pompously
 scherzando, scherzoso, jokingly
 sotto voce, with subdued voice.

In his helpful book on conducting, Gehrken presents valuable suggestions on dynamics, some of which are given below. Those remarks about instruments are applicable also to vocal groups, so a study of them is recommended. Among other things he says:

"The pianissimo of choruses and orchestras is seldom soft enough. The extreme limit of soft tone is very effective in both choral and orchestral music, and most conductors seem to have no adequate notion of how soft the tone may be made in such passages. This is especially true of chorus music in the church service; and even the gospel singer, Sankey, is said to have found that the softest, rather than the loudest, singing was spiritually the most impressive.

"Pianissimo singing or playing does not imply a slower tempo, and in working with very soft passages the conductor must be constantly on guard lest the performers begin to 'drag.' If the same virile and spirited response is insisted upon in such places as is demanded in ordinary passages, the effect will be greatly improved, and the singing moreover will not nearly so likely fall from pitch.

"The most important voice from the standpoint of melody must in some

way be made to stand out above the other parts. This may be done in two ways:

"1. By making the melody louder than the other parts.

"2. By subduing the other parts sufficiently to make the melody prominent by contrast.

"The second method is frequently the better and should more frequently be made use of in ensemble music than is now the case in amateur performances."

Again, he says:

"In polyphonic music containing imitative passages, the part having the subject must be louder than the rest, especially at its first entrance. * * * In vocal music the accent and crescendo marks provided by the composer are intended merely to indicate the proper pronunciation of some part of the text. Often, too, they assist in the declamation of the text by indicating the climax of the phrase, i. e., the point of the greatest emphasis. The dynamic directions provided by the composers are intended to indicate only the broader and more obvious effects, and it will be necessary for the performer to introduce many changes not indicated in the score. [This is important, but must not be abused!] All expression signs are relative, never absolute, and piano, crescendo, sforzando, etc., are frequently overdone by amateurs. Both conductors and performers seeming to imagine that every time the word crescendo occurs the performers are to blow or sing at the very top of their power and that sforzando means a violent accent approaching the effect of a blast of dynamite, whether occurring in the midst of a vigorous, spirited movement, or in a tender lullaby."

On this point Berlioz says:

"Simple shadings become thick blurs, accents become passionate shrieks. The effects intended by the poor composer are quite distorted and the attempts of the conductors to be artistic, however honest they may be,

remind one of the tenderness of the ass in the fable, who knocked his master down in trying to caress him."

The discussion of interpretation will close with a short consideration of a very important element—phrasing, which in music is similar to phrasing in language. In both cases it is a thought, incomplete, and forming a part of some larger idea, which must be slightly, though definitely, separated from the preceding and following phrases so that it may be understood. Nevertheless, it must be rendered, in relation to foregoing and consequent material, so as to take its part as an integral part of the whole. It is necessary to emphasize the important words of a language and the most significant tones in a music phrase, as well as to subordinate the lesser important parts in such a way as to project the whole as complete and clear. It is not necessary here to draw attention to the importance of phrasing in the reading of a language, since one could scarcely convey the meaning of the thought groups to the listener without causing the important elements to stand out by stressing them and separating each from the other. While phrasing of music is not so easy to understand or to effect, because of the absence of symbolism, it is nevertheless quite as important in the expressive performance of music as it is in language. To quote Gehrken again:

"In order to interpret properly, the conductor must first of all determine what tones belong together in a group; must make the individuality of these groups evident by slightly separating them, but usually not to the degree of distributing the basic rhythmic flow; and must manage the dynamics and tempo of each phrase as to make its content clear to the listener."

In vocal music, the task is not difficult, because the composer has generally adapted his musical phrase to the text, and all that is necessary to do is to follow the phrasing of the text.

The conductor may well be warned against the commonest faults resulting in poor phrasing, the avoidance of which will improve materially his choir's work. One authority cites as the most common mistakes the following:

1. Taking breath unnecessarily in the middle of the phrase.
2. Breathing between the syllables of a word.
3. Dividing a long phrase improperly.
4. Running over breathing places, where a pause is really necessary in order to bring out the meaning of the text.
5. Pronouncing the unaccented syllable of a word at the end of a phrase with too much emphasis.
6. Failing to stress the climax sufficiently.

These mistakes are most frequently made, because the singer fails to base his phrasing upon the text, but considers only the music. One can apply the principles of oral expression to phrasing in music with profit.

If one will examine sacred song texts one will often see the reason for careful phrasing. For example, if the poet writes:

Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall us!
and the choir or singer phrases it:
Jesus lives no longer now,
Can thy terrors, Death, appall us?
the result is not true, but this sort of thing is met constantly. Even in long phrases which cannot be sung without breathing, care must be taken to make the punctuation so that it does not change the text.

Subsequent lessons will deal in more detail with the breath and its effects. Sufficient has been given under the title, "Interpretation," to furnish the choristers with some definite helps in rendering properly any page of music closely in harmony with the composer's intention.

EFFICIENCY REPORT FOR NOVEMBER, 1928

STAKE	Meetings	Organization	Membership	Avg. Attendance	Special Activities	Sunday Evening Joint Session	Leadership Tr. Meetings	Department Work	Improvement Era	Fund	Total Points
Bear River	9	10	6	12	5	6	5	29	8	4	94
Beaver	1	7	2	18	10	10	5	21	5	10	89
Box Elder	21	15	11	12	15	10	11	27	10	10	142
Cache	10	14	7	13	10	10	15	15	8	5	107
East Jordan	17	20	12	13	19	10	12	25	1	6	135
Emery	6	7	6	15	4	4	4	13	2	4	65
Ensign	19	19	11	14	19	10	10	29	6	3	140
Granite	18	19	7	12	11	9	12	22	2	1	113
Grant	10	14	5	---	9	6	6	20	10	4	84
Gunnison	13	21	12	10	16	7	12	18	10	11	130
Lehi	12	16	15	10	8	8	2	8	5	17	101
Liberty	22	21	9	13	20	10	15	33	5	9	157
Millard	9	13	9	14	6	6	7	13	4	---	81
Nebo	11	9	8	8	8	6	6	14	3	8	81
North Davis	16	21	9	12	18	10	13	23	7	9	138
North Sanpete	15	18	8	13	14	9	8	23	6	2	116
North Weber	12	11	9	14	7	8	14	17	10	5	107
Ogden	6	7	3	5	8	4	---	20	1	3	57
Oquirrh	16	16	11	12	12	10	10	15	4	8	114
Parowan	13	10	9	10	4	6	2	10	12	2	78
Pioneer	15	16	9	12	18	10	13	24	2	4	123
Portneuf	1	6	5	10	6	4	---	7	7	4	50
Roosevelt	14	8	7	14	4	2	3	3	3	4	62
Salt Lake	17	16	8	12	15	9	11	22	7	5	122
Sevier	30	21	13	16	20	10	10	32	7	7	166
South Davis	22	20	13	13	20	10	13	34	4	20	169
South Sanpete	13	15	9	11	15	10	10	37	5	10	135
South Sevier	10	9	7	10	10	5	3	12	5	5	76
Uintah	4	4	2	14	---	---	---	3	5	2	34
Weber	14	15	8	13	14	9	14	21	6	6	120
Blaine	7	6	6	17	5	3	---	5	2	2	53
Franklin	15	15	11	13	11	7	6	18	10	7	113
Fremont	4	16	10	12	19	10	13	24	10	7	125
Idaho	9	18	1	9	---	10	10	10	7	10	84
Idaho Falls	15	15	12	14	15	9	8	18	9	9	124
Malad	13	17	9	11	16	10	8	20	10	15	129
Minidoka	8	12	11	7	8	6	5	15	8	12	92
Pocatello	13	10	9	12	9	6	6	16	5	5	91
Rigby	4	5	4	13	4	3	2	4	1	2	42
Shelley	13	15	12	9	4	8	6	20	5	9	101
Teton	5	5	17	8	6	4	3	2	7	4	61
Yellowstone	11	10	5	18	10	10	10	9	5	3	91
Big Horn	10	10	4	14	3	7	7	8	3	1	67

STAKE	Meetings	Organization	Membership	Avg. Attendance	Special Activities	Sunday Evening Joint Session	Leadership Tr. Meetings	Department Work	Improvement Era	Fund	Total Points
Hollywood	19	17	17	13	15	10	16	22	6	12	147
Los Angeles	20	20	11	15	18	10	17	33	12	14	170
Maricopa	12	15	13	14	18	9	13	23	6	10	133
San Francisco	15	12	9	15	16	7	10	17	20	13	134
Taylor	13	14	11	15	13	7	9	23	14	7	126
Woodruff	13	13	6	13	12	7	7	13	6	7	97
Young	13	13	11	18	14	10	---	16	6	2	103
California Mission	19	3	13	13	16	10	3	16	16	19	138
N. W. States Mission	17	17	18	14	17	10	10	16	18	15	152
Central States Mission	3	2	5	4	3	2	2	1	1	5	28

PUBLIC OBLIGATION IN MUSIC

Does not the community owe a great deal to the parent who spends his money, often hard-earned, to provide musical training for his child? And to the child as well, who sacrifices, sad to relate, many of the pleasures of childhood to develop his ability to play an instrument and ultimately to give the community a measure of aesthetic enjoyment? Should not the first duty be to encourage those who show initiative, ability, and industry in music, and to assist them by supplying the training which the private individual finds beyond his scope to provide? Should not the community come to the aid of the private teacher and make his work more vital and far-reaching by furnishing his pupil with the opportunity to apply the principles he is teaching and the ability he is developing?

I believe the most vital need today in the field of instrumental music is the working out, in all the schools throughout the country, of a general musical scheme of ensemble and orchestral training. This would supply a powerful stimulus to those who already play, and would arouse interest in instrumental music.—By *Charles Kent*, Supervisor of Music, Rock Springs Public Schools, Wyoming.

JOHN MILTON

O Milton, there is much I owe to thee,
 Aside from word of inspiration flowing from that pen
 Which gave to me a grasp of truth sublime
 Concerning my primeval state beyond mere mortal ken.

I see from out thy days in darkness spent,
 The drama of a life, a soul with no desire for rest.
 One mighty fact of service I have culled;
 That just by patient waiting one may often serve the best.

PASSING EVENTS

Pioneer passes away. John Wickersham Woolley, pioneer of 1848, died at his home in Centerville, Utah, early Thursday morning, Dec. 13, 1928. Mr. Woolley first saw Salt Lake valley in 1848 when he was sixteen years of age. He made eight trips across the plains, acting as guide and captain. Many of the maps used by the emigrants were made by Mr. Woolley. He was born in Westchester township, Pennsylvania, on December 31, 1831. He was one of the first policemen in Salt Lake. He held various positions in the Church.

Joseph Hyrum Moesser, who arrived in Salt Lake valley in 1847, died at a hospital in Salt Lake City, Dec. 10, 1928. He was born October 11, 1836, in Beaver county, Pennsylvania. He is survived by the following children: Edwin F. Moesser, Frank D. Moesser, Mrs. Martha Todd, Mrs. Maud I. Warr and Mrs. Belle M. Mackay of Granger; forty-three grandchildren and forty-two great-grandchildren; a sister, Mrs. Emma Gardner, of Payson.

Plot against Hoover. A statement published at Buenos Aires, Dec. 11, 1928, was to the effect that an anarchist plot to assassinate Mr. Herbert Hoover, by means of a bomb placed on the railroad track, had been discovered and frustrated. Fifteen hundred special guards were immediately employed to insure his safety during his stay in the Argentine republic.

The Pan-American conference on arbitration and conciliation convened Dec. 10, 1928, in Washington, D. C., pursuant to a resolution adopted at the last Pan-American congress. All American republics, except Argentina, were represented. President Coolidge greeted the delegates and was enthusiastically

applauded. Secretary Kellogg was made permanent chairman of the conference. One of the first actions taken was to appoint a committee "charged with the duty of advising the conference with respect to the conciliatory action which, if necessary, it might render, cooperating with the instrumentalities now employed in the friendly solution of the problem" between Bolivia and Paraguay. The members of this committee are, Dr. Mautua, Ambassador Ferrara, Dr. Manuel Foster of Chile, Ambassador Gurgel Do Amoral of Brazil and Charles Evans Hughes. The Bolivian and Paraguayan ministers to Washington also would serve on the committee.

The Council of the League of Nations convened Dec. 10, at Lugano, Switzerland. Great interest was manifested among the delegates regarding the nature of the step which the United States may take in connection with its reported intention to reopen negotiations concerning entrance into the world court. Among the questions before the Council is the reparation problem and the removal of allied troops from German territory.

Archbishop "enthroned." Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, archbishop of Canterbury and primate of the Anglican church, was "enthroned" Dec. 4, 1928, in what is described as one of the most colorful ecclesiastical ceremonies England has seen in many years. The high-vaulted choir of ancient Canterbury cathedral, with its historic "St. Augustine's chair" standing alone in front of the high altar before which Thomas a Becket was murdered in 1170, was the scene of this extraordinary pageant.

Bishop William J. Tuddenham, for

many years prominent in Church and business circles, died in his home in Salt Lake City, Dec. 5, 1928, at the age of eighty years. Born in England May 27, 1848, Mr. Tuddenham embraced the Gospel early in life and came to the United States, crossing the plains to Utah by ox team in 1864. He at once entered the contracting business and built some of the first smelters in Utah. He aided in the construction of smelters in Pueblo, Colorado. He supervised the construction of a number of large buildings in Salt Lake City and elsewhere. Among the buildings constructed by him are the Hotel Utah, L. D. S. hospital, Deseret gymnasium, Deseret Bank building and a number of public school buildings. Mr. Tuddenham was counselor to the late Bishop Marcellus S. Woolley of the Twenty-first ward and succeeded George H. Wallace in the bishopric, serving until 1925. Surviving Mr. Tuddenham are his widow, Mrs. Mary A. Read Tuddenham, three sons, William J., Jr., Joseph R. and John C. Tuddenham and a daughter, Mrs. J. E. Langford, Jr., of Cedarhurst, L. I.; 14 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

The seventieth congress re-assembled Dec. 3, 1928, for its final labors. The opening ceremonies were brief. Within an hour the house adjourned for the day, and the senate session lasted only fifteen minutes. The message of President Coolidge to congress was read on Dec. 4. It was, as usual, a lengthy document. The president re-affirms his position on the questions of the day, and deals specially with farm relief, taxation, economy, naval construction, waterways, Boulder canyon, Muscle Shoals and restriction of immigration.

Ezra Meeker passes away. With the death of Ezra Meeker in Seattle, Washington, Dec. 3, 1928, a long and remarkable career is ended. He was born at Huntsville, Ohio, Dec. 29, 1830, and in 1851 struck out for Iowa to homestead a farm. In 1852, he

and his young wife joined a wagon caravan for California and Oregon. He settled first at Portland, then moved to a place south of Tacoma, and then to Puyallup. Four years he spent in England as an agent of the hop growers. Meeker retraced the Oregon Trail with an oxteam in 1906 and four years ago flew over the route in an airplane piloted by Lieutenant Oakley G. Kelley. His last years were spent in obtaining recognition of the heroism of the Oregon Trail pioneers by inducing communities along the route to erect suitable markers. Few men have lived to see the development of the communications of a country from oxteam to pony express, railroad and flying machines. Still fewer have lived to try all these means of transportation. Meeker was one of these few.

Earthquake in Chile. The southern part of Chile was visited by a destructive earthquake Dec. 1, 1928, in which a hundred lives were lost and at least \$12,000,000 worth of damage done to property. The city of Talca was almost entirely wiped out of existence. Other places affected were Chillan, Curico, Pelezuen and Santa Cruz. Santiago and Valparaiso were only slightly damaged, but several persons perished in the rush of the people to safety, when the earth tremors first were felt. The government, from the fragmentary reports reaching the capital, was having great difficulty in determining the exact number of casualties, but the most conservative estimate was more than 100 killed with some ranging as high as 180. The number of injured was placed variously at from 300 to 500. The death toll and property damage continued to grow says a later report. On Dec. 3, the known deaths numbered 218; the seriously injured 257; the slightly injured, more than 2000, and the homeless, in the neighborhood of 20,000.

Sabbath desecration. R. H. Martin, D. D., of Pittsburgh, in a sermon here,

Dec. 2, 1928, declared that there are few places in America where so little regard is shown the Sabbath as at Washington, D. C. The influence of the Sabbath breaking in the Nation's capital, the speaker said, is world-wide. The speaker further stated that there are 83,000,000 living in the United States who patronize commercialized Sunday movies, while, at the same time, much unnecessary labor and business are carried on every Sunday.

A devastating typhoon struck the central Philippine islands, Nov. 22-24, 1928, with the result that hundreds of people perished, and thousands became homeless. The typhoon was described by Governor General Stimson as comparable in force with the one which recently wrought havoc in Porto Rico. Communication was disrupted, but reports that trickled in prior to today stated that the Islands of Luzon, Samar, Romblon, Tablas, Masbate, Mindoro, Cebu and Panay had suffered severely. The town of Legaspi, in southern Luzon, and the vicinity had 7000 homeless, but yesterday had so far recovered as to decline the relief brought by the cruiser Milwaukee.

New President in Mexico. The provisional president of Mexico, Emilio Portes Gil, took the reigns of government in Mexico, Nov. 30, 1928, to serve one year until the election of a regular president. In his address to the 20,000 people present he pledged his administration to a continuance of the policies of President Plutarco Elias Calles, whom he succeeded. He made special mention of his hope of continuing a mutual understanding with the United States.

Golden Wedding Anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Murdock, prominent residents of Heber City, Utah, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, Nov. 29, 1928, at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Sylvester Broadbent, 446 South Twelfth East St., Salt Lake City. Mr. Murdock

was born in Salt Lake, August 11, 1858, the son of Nymphus C. and Sarah Barney Murdock. The family went to Wasatch county to make their home in 1871. Mr. Murdock is now a member of the Utah Water Storage commission and is president of the Bank of Heber City, the Provo Reservoir company, the Utah Lake Irrigation company and the Wasatch Livestock & Loan Company. For the past twenty-two years he has been president of the Wasatch stake of the Church. Mrs. Murdock was born August 11, 1860, at Provo, the daughter of William and Jemima Wright. She has been active the greater part of her life in L. D. S. Church affairs. Mr. and Mrs. Murdock were married November 28, 1878, in the old Endowment house at Salt Lake. They were then residents of Wasatch county, making their home at Heber.

Something to be thankful for. The Rocky Mountain region—Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Colorado and New Mexico—were covered with a heavy blanket of snow, Nov. 29. Some cities in Colorado and Wyoming had from one foot to two feet of snow. The flakes, which fell continuously for thirty-two hours, were hailed as manna in the farm belt of the mountain states. Livestock was not injured; automobile accidents were singularly few and transportation and communication systems were only slightly affected.

Hoover in Honduras. President-elect Herbert Hoover was welcomed at Amapala, Honduras, Nov. 26, 1928, by a delegation from the capital, Tegucigalpa, headed by the president-elect of Honduras, M. Don Vicente Mejia Colindres. He expressed profound regret at the inability of the Honduran president, Miguel Paz Barahona, to be present personally and expressed his conviction that the trip of Mr. Hoover would be "most effective in cementing relations between the United States and Latin-America."

The battleship *Maryland*, which had brought Mr. Hoover from San Pedro, Cal., after a week's cruise down the west coast, was sighted off this port at 8:15 a. m., Nov. 26. The great warship anchored at 9 a. m., east of Menguerra island, Honduras, in the Gulf of Fonseca, seven miles west of

Amapala. Mutual respect among countries was described later in the day by Herbert Hoover, in the second speech of his good-will trip, to representatives of the republic of Salvador, as the "foundation of all sound international relations."

FARM FREEDOM

The happiest people are those who live close to nature, and where can one live closer to nature than on a farm? In order to develop, humans must have freedom and live simply. The freedom of life on the farm cannot be over-estimated.

The city dweller employs all his time earning money in order to buy the same luxuries that his wealthy neighbor has. Most of his evenings are spent in crowded theatres or in over-heated rooms at various social functions, for he must entertain and be entertained. He has no time to enjoy the chirp of the cricket; he does not know the delight to be derived from listening to the music of the wind in the tree tops.

The peace and quiet of the farm can only be appreciated by spending a few nights in the city where the street cars wail; where trucks rattle and bang along the pavements; where midnight revellers shout.

Most farm folks work hard during the daylight hours, but night brings its reward in quiet, unbroken, restful slumber. The days may seem long but a peacefulness permeates them that is utterly lacking in the bustle of the city.

The average span of life for the dweller in the crowded marts is much shorter than for the farm individual. Time in the city speeds like the revolutions of an automobile engine.

It becomes a tragedy when one stands apart and watches the velocity with which many city dwellers endeavor to make life

one immense race-course. They put wheels under their feet to make daylight hours fly; they jazz away the nights that God made to heal the wounds left on the heart and soul by the hurts of the day. Mentally and physically they keep themselves in a continuous whirl, seeming to give no thought to the fact that this old world is a fine place to live—a worthwhile place, if one takes things quietly and calmly.

The city with its sky-scrapers, its tree-bordered boulevards, its electric lights, its attractive shop windows, is a thing to be wondered at and admired, but how much more wonderful is the big golden moon rising over fields of corn and wheat? Nothing can be more beautiful than a stretch of meadow where sleek, contented cows graze, no scene can surpass rolling hills draped with the soft purple veils of evening, and never can city air equal the sweetness that comes with the odor of new-mown hay.

The man who owns a few acres of Mother Earth should realize that he is one of the fortunate few who have freedom. The mother who rears her children surrounded by reverent hills should go to her rest every night with a thankful heart.

Fresh air, wholesome food, freedom from nerve-racking noise, tired muscles that induce restful sleep, are a few of the farm treasures that the combined wealth of the cities cannot buy.—*D. C. Retstloff.*

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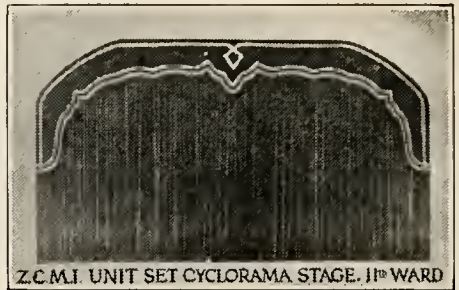
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Nowadays when the skirt reaches the ankle the deduction is that something has slipped.—*Norfolk Virginian Pilot.*

* * * *

"Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?"

"When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I'm not worrying about statistics."
—*Virginia Reel.*

* * * *

At the close of the November Fast meeting in one of our wards, the presiding officer arose and rather hesitatingly said: "I hope no one will attach any political significance to my suggestion that we conclude by singing, 'Let us oft speak kind words to each other.'"

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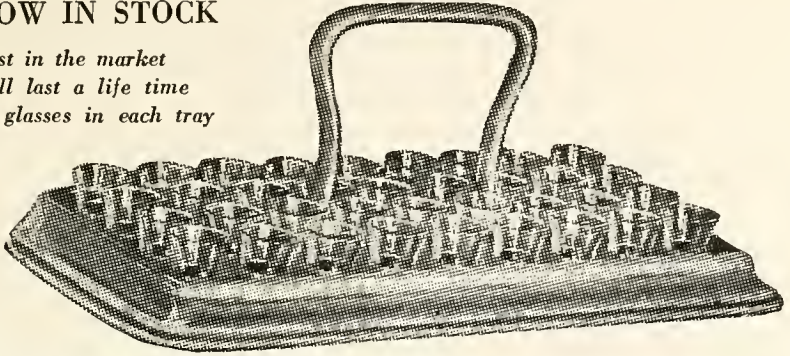
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BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Salt Lake City

"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

"No, I didn't even know he lived there."—*Purple Cow.*

* * * *

Doctor: "I'm afraid I have bad news for you. You will never be able to work again."

College Student: "Whatda you mean, bad news?"—*Jack-o-Lantern.*

* * * *

Teacher: "Now, Bobbie, tell us when is the harvest season?"

Bobbie: "From November to March."

Teacher: "Why, Bobbie, I'm surprised that you should name such barren months. Who told you they were the harvest season?"

Bobbie: "Dad; he's a plumber."—*Birmingham (England) Post.*

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Utah Power & Light Co.
Zion's Co-operative Merc. Inst.

All the big nations have agreed not to go to war, so they are now building war ships to give the sailors a ride.—*Dallas News*.

* * * *

"Husbands should share the house work with their wives," says a woman's paper. We despise those selfish husbands who want to do it all themselves.—*Boston Transcript*.

* * * *

Late one night the landlord of some flats was called up by a tenant who inquired: "Can a landlord interfere when a woman on the third floor quarrels with her husband and disturbs the neighbors at night?"

"Are you one of the neighbors?" the landlord asked.

"No, I'm the husband."—*Times of India*.

FOR A CLEAR HEAD— Internal Cleanliness

The man with a dull sleepy head, a jaded appetite, blotchy skin marred with boils and pimples, is not the man whose grocer has seen the wisdom of selling him Fleischmann's Yeast. He is almost sure to be the man who is troubled by constipation and its accumulation of internal impurities that result and which show this way.

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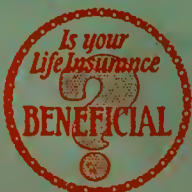
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