

The Improvement

ERA

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VOLUME 35



Salt Lake City, Utah

NUMBER 1



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The Improvement

ERA

Vol. 35 No. 1

NOVEMBER, 1931



FORECAST

CHRISTMAS is the greatest season of the whole year—a time when people of all nations and ages join in gladness and festivity. The *Era* will enter into the spirit of the occasion with story, poem and picture; "Moved—Left No Address," by Bryce W. Anderson, will delight *Era* readers with the simplicity of its human appeal; "The Christmas Tree" likewise will touch a corner of all hearts, and make them glad. These stories are full of the crisp interest of the Yule-tide, and carry tender messages in their lines.

"EDDIES OF LIFE," an article by former President Wm. A. Hyde, of Pocatello Stake, bears a Christmas thought, if loving our neighbors as ourselves is Christmasy. And surely it is, for it was He whose birthday we celebrate at Christmas who bade us love one another. In this day of grim unemployment, this article is of unusual interest, told, as it is, with quiet beauty and in a convincing manner.

WITH increasing interest are readers of the *Era* watching for the articles in the series "Greatness in Men," appearing regularly under the signature of Bryant S. Hinckley. The third one, presenting President Charles W. Nibley, will contain much of the humor and the philosophy which has made President Nibley the beloved leader he is today.

FOR those who wish to put into the Christmas program of their wards a new touch, the *Era* is happy to publish a pageant of the season "Joy to the World." Simple it is in setting and costuming; complete in directions for staging and production, and lovely in characterization and dialogue which will make it of valued and treasured memory in wards where it is used.

Melvin J. Ballard
Business Manager

Clarissa A. Beesley
Associate Business Manager

O. B. Peterson, *Ass't. Business Manager*

George Q. Morris
Rachel Grant Taylor
Chairmen Era and Publicity

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

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EDITORIAL

Harrison R. Merrill
Managing Editor

Heber J. Grant, Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor



Hugh J. Cannon

AT the zenith of his splendid life the managing editor of this magazine passed away at an early hour on the morning of October 6th as the result of a serious operation for a malady from which he had suffered at intervals for several years. Thus was ended a brilliant career crowned with enduring achievements.

The shock is so fresh in our minds that we can hardly reconcile ourselves to his going; but the courageous and hopeful view which he always took in

passing through experiences which wring the heart strings, his sublime faith and his calm outlook upon eternity has a sustaining quality that is both solacing and comforting to us now.

He was born sixty-one years ago January 19th of this year in Salt Lake City, Utah, the son of George Q. and Sarah Jenne Cannon. He received his early education in a private school on the old Cannon farm near the Jordan River. From there he went to the University of Utah.

At the age of twenty he was called on his first mission to Germany and had labored there a year and a half when his brother David, also a missionary, contracted a cold and, through exposure, died from it and Hugh J. brought his remains home.

On his return he engaged for a short time in the mining business in Nevada. He subsequently became interested in the publishing business in Salt Lake City in connection with the interests of his father and for some time was manager of the George Q. Cannon & Sons Company, one of the pioneer publishing houses of Utah.

He served as a member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board from December 29, 1896, until April 3, 1923.

In 1901 he again went on a mission to Germany and was presiding over that mission at the time he was made President of the Liberty stake February 26, 1904. This mission covered a period of three and one-half years.

In 1920, while he was presiding over the Liberty stake, he was called by the First Presidency to accompany Elder David O. McKay on a tour of the world, visiting all the missions of the Church except those in the United States. This historic journey required more than a year's time.

In 1925 he was again called to preside over the Swiss and German mission and was holding that position at the time of his appointment as managing editor of this magazine. Soon thereafter he was made a member of the General Board of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and was serving in that position at the time of his death.

Thus he has been on three missions to Germany covering a period of seven and one-half years and one year touring the world, making eight and one-half years in missionary work abroad, twenty years as President of the Liberty stake of Zion, twenty-seven years a member of Deseret Sunday School Union Board, three and one-half years as managing editor of the *Era* and a member of the General Board of Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations.

From his boyhood to the time of his death, whether at home or abroad, he has been active in the service of the Church and has brought to it an allegiance and a devotion which has been both an encouragement and an inspiration to those who have known him. In all his administrations he has displayed a leadership marked by wisdom, tolerance and a sympathetic understanding of the people and of their problems, a leadership which has secured a cheerful and spontaneous following, one that has inspired faith and fine endeavor.

In his passing the Church has lost a stalwart defender, a talented and effective exponent. To those who know him best and who enjoyed his genial friendship the world will seem lonesome.

The writer has stood by his side when the portals of the tomb closed over the mortal remains of those he loved; his head bowed, his heart crushed but not a murmur fell from his lips—a test of the sublime and sustaining faith which he inherited from his illustrious sire and which he cultivated with diligent care.

In a most delightful and intimate conversation held a week ago, in fact the last time the writer saw him alive, he paid a tribute of love and esteem to

Sarah Richards Cannon, his sorrowing widow upon whom this blow falls hardest, which will shine forever in our memory. He spoke of the encouragement she had brought to him, the support she had given him, of the strength and sweetness and nobility of her character. She is indeed a high-minded, generous, devoted wife and mother who will bear the heavy burden which has come to her with the same quiet resignation and courage which her departed husband has always displayed.

Peace to his memory. His works will live after him. His children, his family, his friends can always repair with pride to the record of his unselfish and noble life.

In a most intimate friendship covering a period of thirty years the writer never heard him say an ungenerous word or speak a syllable that would not endure the scrutiny of time.

He was a noble man of generous and lofty impulses, with a chivalrous heart, a romantic imagination, a fixed and settled faith in God and in the immortality of the soul, the personification of that cherished and fundamental virtue, loyalty. True to his friends, loyal to his leaders, devoted to his God, peace loving and gentle but without fear, kind but superbly courageous, he has left a sweet and shining memory. He made the world better, made men and women feel a little more secure, a little stronger, a little nobler. He died as he lived—without complaint and unafraid.—*Bryant S. Hinckley, President of Liberty Stake.*

His Last Editorial

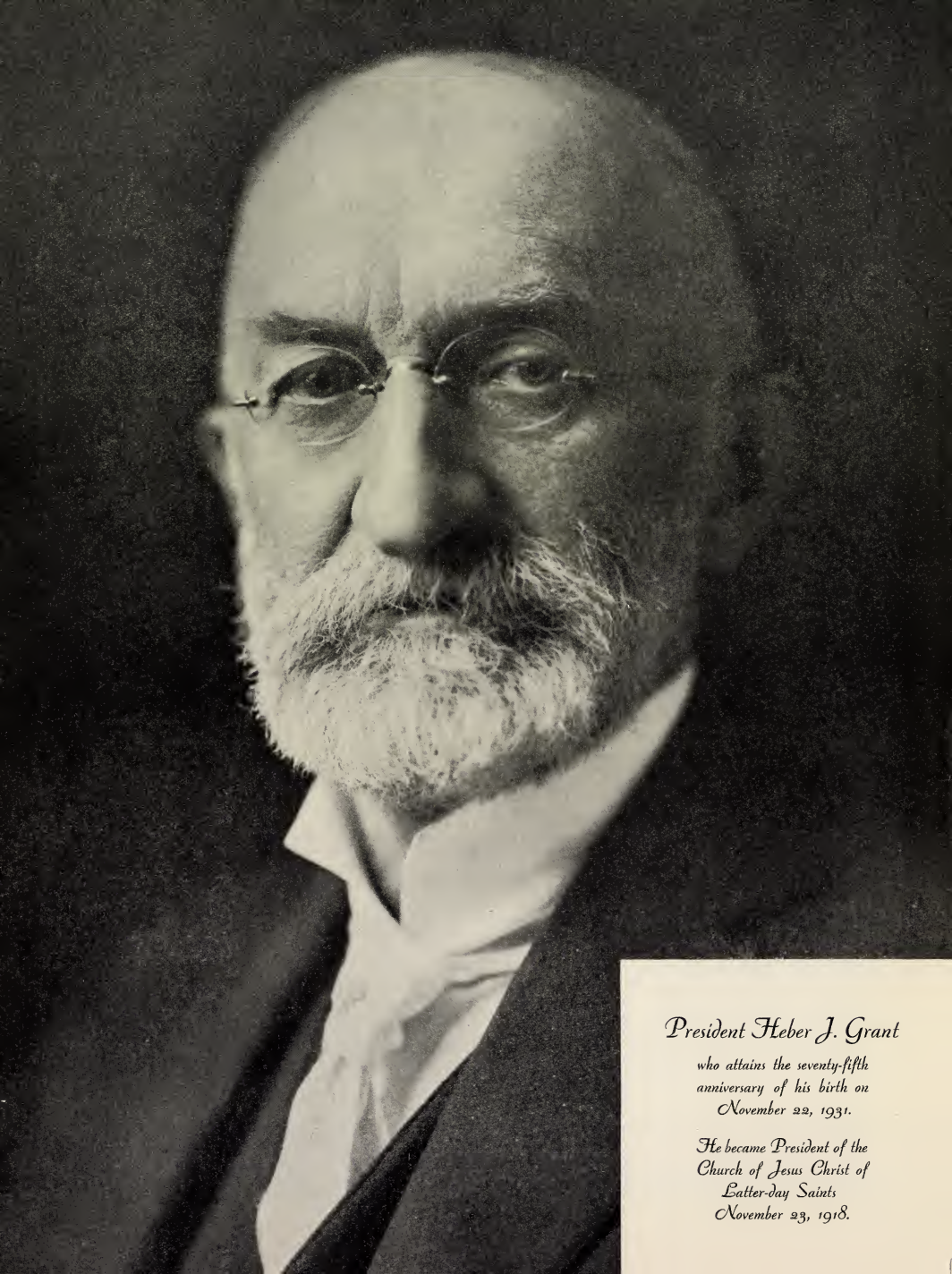
IN preparation for the November issue of the Improvement Era, Hugh J. Cannon had written several editorials. Some were incomplete, but one was finished and in print at the time of his death. We feel that readers of the Era should have the benefit of this last message:

Do Something

AS one means of relieving the tense unemployment situation, President Hoover suggests that students who have contemplated giving up school, because of graduation or for any other reason, continue their educational work for the time being. By doing so they will not add to the number for whom jobs should be provided.

Utah and neighboring states offer excellent opportunities for education through extension and correspondence courses, as well as through resident work. It is not easy for a man without income, especially if others are dependent upon him, to settle down to a regular course of study; but to those who can thus utilize a period of enforced idleness, thereby making themselves more efficient, this distressing time would prove a real blessing.

Thousands of Latter-day Saints live within easy reach of the temples. Inside the sacred walls of these buildings, doing for others that which they cannot do for themselves, unemployed people will find it much easier to subdue the feelings of bitterness or despair which are a natural result of their condition; and by doing this vicarious work for others, they will have earned assistance for themselves.—*H. J. C.*



President Heber J. Grant

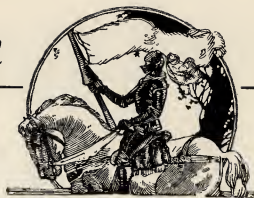
*who attains the seventy-fifth
anniversary of his birth on
November 22, 1931.*

*He became President of the
Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints
November 23, 1918.*

Greatness in Men

President

Anthony W. Ivins



"No sounder piece of * * * manhood was put together in this century of time."
—Thomas Carlyle.*

ANTHONY W. IVINS is one of the last of that noble company of men who will go down in history as the great pioneers of the "Mormon" people. The line is growing thin and gray—but few remain. He was young when most of those men were in their prime, but he was old enough to understand and share the dangers and vicissitudes through which they passed, and he knows better than any other living man their story and has described some of their experiences with the beauty and grace of an artist. Referring to the pioneer trails he says:

"The romance and tragedy of those old trails, now so well known to us, will never be written or told. It cannot be because the men and women who made unrecorded history along those devious ways have long since gone to tread the paths of another and a better world leaving little of written history behind them."†

*Essay Sir Walter Scott.
†September Era.



He appears statuesque on a fine horse.

Those men of the plains and the mountains were indeed a picturesque company; men of fine extraction and heroic mold, lovers of nature and of nature's God, rugged but never crude. Their hard sur-

By
BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

President of Liberty Stake

roundings never made them harsh or cruel. Among them all few indeed fit so admirably into the varied situations incident to pioneering as does Anthony W. Ivins.

HE is a man of peace and of quiet ways, nevertheless many of his experiences are as thrilling and romantic as any found in the tales of the novelist and some of them are pathetic and tragic. He loves all nature, bleak places and hardy companions. He is happy with the frontiersman and the frontiersman is happy with him. Wherever he goes he has shown a marvelous power of adaptation. In Old Mexico he was equally at home with the humble peon and the proud President of the Republic. He appears to advantage among titled nobility and among men of liberal learning. He unites the finest sensibilities with the greatest physical courage and the strongest will. He combines the instincts and accomplishments of good breeding with the broadest sympathies and affiliations. In him are found the qualities of the man of action and those of the

thinker and the writer. He is indeed a many-sided, versatile man with remarkably wide and varied interests. His interests are as keen in economics as in natural history, in baseball as in statecraft, in poetry as in finance. He knows cattle and loves horses. He has a fascination for mining and a patriotic reverence for the flag and the Constitution for which it stands. He is indeed a true American. If destiny had led him into the conflict of war he would no doubt have played that game with a gallantry and skill which would have made him forever renowned. There is something chivalrous and statuesque in his very appearance on a fine horse.

His loyalty to his neighbors and to his friends, his fine sense of justice, his downright honesty, his love for the truth, coupled with his great ability, has secured to him the everlasting allegiance of those who know him.

On the 16th of September last he passed the seventy-ninth mile stone of his life with the years resting lightly upon his seasoned shoulders. His athletic body has resisted wonderfully the assault of time. His hair is white and his head slightly bowed when he walks. Time has mellowed his fine features but his sinewy limbs are still his willing servants.

With his warm sympathies developed, his tenacious memory unimpaired, his poetic imagination

alert, his flawless judgment matured, he stands on the threshold of his eightieth year a shining example of a many-sided, self-made, successful man, one of the most



President and Mrs. Ivins

highly esteemed and universally beloved citizens of the commonwealth.

From the summit of his years he can look over a most colorful and uncommon career, a career in no

THE simple story of his life from his birth place on Toms River, New Jersey, to his home on the hill in Salt Lake City would be an interesting one. He came to Utah as a child, remained in Salt Lake City until his ninth year, moved with his parents to St. George where for thirty-four years he made his home. They were among its original settlers.

As a young man he did missionary work among the Indians and in Old Mexico, where he moved in 1895 and for twelve years was President of the Juarez stake of Zion. In 1907 he was ordained an apostle and moved to Salt Lake City and has since resided there.

St. George, the home of his youth and earlier manhood, is a small town far removed from the centers of population and commerce but a good place for a young

man to grow up. His surroundings were hard but wholesome. Things did not come easy, great fortunes were not made by speculative methods. To succeed required the development of those basic virtues which underlie all

sound living. The people in a large measure were forced to rely upon their own resourcefulness and ingenuity, not only for their common sustenance but for their education and recreation. Whether it was baseball, dramatics, debating, hunting, farming, stock raising or any other activity common in that



In any activity, President Ivins played a prominent part, and played it successfully.

way devoid of irksome toil or perilous experiences, one in which there is much of monotony and commonplace, but in its larger aspects a most romantic and inspiring career.

country, President Ivins played a prominent part—played it well and successfully.

ANTHONY W. IVINS had little schooling in the common acceptance of that term and still he is one of the best educated men of his time. His superior station among men is due, in a large measure, to his intellectual endowments. "There is a sanity, a fineness, a penetration, a reach about his mind" which at once places him in the class of the intellectually superior. One commentator says:

"He is able, out of any particular problem or situation, to get a solution which best meets the minds of the masses." That means not only a comprehension of the problems but a deep and sympathetic understanding of the people. This combination is the essence of real leadership.

It is needless to say that the training symbolized by the three R's is but a small part of education. Education in its best interpretation means something higher and finer than comes from any knowledge of conjugations or calculus. The ultimate purpose of education, of individual endeavor, of all social service, is man's growth in character. The supreme work of the world manifests itself in character development.

CHARACTER is not the product of logic, of research, or experimentation—but faith in great ideals and a steadfast and sacrificial devotion to those ideals. This is only possible to men of resolute convictions. The heart and the will must cooperate in the creation of character.

To keep sweet in the face of disappointment, no matter how bitter, to maintain courage in the face

of defeat, to be true to one's ideals, to stand for the right, to make the most of one's endowments, to live on the highest levels, to meet the varied situations of life square-

mind that can deal with large problems, a mind luminous, absorbent and strong by nature, trained and cultivated with long and laborious care. His schooling was limited but it was enough. His powers were developed and perfected. "Great men come from the wilderness and not from colleges." He is an educated man.

HIS discourses and writings will form a part of the permanent literature of the Church.

For depth and clearness of thought, for soundness of doctrine, for beauty and simplicity of diction, for magnanimity and tolerance, for the sublime and inspiring faith which permeates them, his sermons are scarcely matched in the Church.

In his twenty-sixth year he married Elizabeth Snow, a daughter of the late Erastus Snow—a statesman and colonizer second only to Brigham Young, among the first of the "Mormon" pioneers to enter this valley and among the last to be forgotten for the service which he gave to this people. That great apostle was his companion and teacher. If Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and James A. Garfield on the other made a university, Erastus Snow on one side of a camp fire and a young man his equal on the other side made a noble institution. That is where Anthony W. Ivins went to college.

THERE is no single influence which has contributed more to Anthony W. Ivins' success than the companionship and inspiration of this modest little woman who has walked by his side all these years. She has known his worth and kept up his faith in himself and his destiny. She is a woman of quiet wisdom and unusual executive capacity, and has managed,



He is a man of wide and varied interests.



President Ivins and his grandsons.

ly and wisely is the ultimate sought in education, and it does not come from schools nor school houses altogether.

He has been an industrious and careful reader—he has a tenacious memory. He has been forced to do his own thinking, to arrive at his own conclusions. He has a

with ability, his household during his repeated absences from home.

They met when he was nine years old and on his first trip to St. George. They were camped at Chicken Creek Lake when this romantic love affair, which has lasted for seventy years, began. Here is a dainty and graphic account of it from his own gifted pen:

"As I stood by the wagon tongue conversing with the man, a little girl walked up on the opposite of the tongue and from under a blue sun-bonnet looked at me, and I looked at her. I was thrilled with her beautiful brown eyes and could not forget them. * * * I continued to see her until we had grown to man and womanhood when she became my wife. She is with me still, the same sweet girl that she was at Chicken Creek. She has shared with me the dangers, trials and privations of pioneer life. No other has, or even can take her place."*

They have eight living children, one deceased, all of whom are of the same modest, intelligent, self-reliant type as their distinguished parents.

SPEAKING of the master influences of his life—the deep and dominant influence of his life, the influence which has given direction to all his splendid powers and inspired him to fine endeavor, is his reverent and passionate love for the Redeemer of the world, his profound understanding of His life and mission. This has developed in his soul a universal love for mankind, a tender compassion for the poor and the unfortunate and made him a champion of the oppressed.

Anthony W. Ivins has always stood as a fearless tribune of the common people—he understands them and loves them. This is one of the sources of his great influence. He is a practical man, a man of affairs, a man of the rarest common sense and there is running down through the center of his life this deep, silent current of righteousness. He never speaks upon any great Gospel theme without impressing those who listen with the fact that he has the vision and seership of a major prophet.

While his feet are firmly planted upon the solid earth he is an idealist. Never offensive in expressing his opinions, still all men know where he stands and admire him for his stand. He is a deeply religious man. He is first counselor,

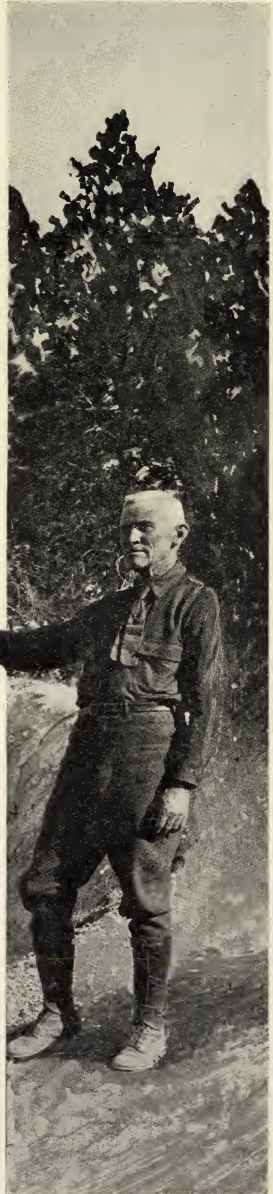
and a little more than first cousin, to the President of the Church, and no one could be prouder of a counselor and a cousin than is his file leader. We doubt if any President ever had a wiser counselor. The contrast between these cousins in some respects is sharp and pronounced, but their lives complement each other with remarkable completeness.

WE come now to some fundamental questions: What has given Anthony W. Ivins such a commanding place among men? What is the explanation of his great influence? Put these pertinent questions to his most ardent admirers or to his most intimate friends and they hesitate—they cannot answer you because it is not any specific characteristic, it is not the result of any single gift.

Still seeking an answer to these questions you ask: Is it the simplicity of his life? Is it his intellectual superiority? Is it the soundness of his judgment? His steadfast loyalty? The strength and purity of his character? His reverence for his God and for his country? You reply without hesitation and with decision, yes—all of these in a most happy and harmonious union.

It is not any extraordinary and easily discoverable characteristic that has distinguished him; but rather the fine poise and balance of all his faculties. His mental, moral and physical equation is admirable. He never explodes, he never leaps before he looks; still he is a man of action. There is nothing rough nor dictatorial about him. He has always led but he never stepped in front of any other man. He is quiet, modest and unassuming but no one ever dominated him or did his thinking for him. Back of his humility, beneath his modesty is a lofty self-respect. The fibre of his soul is tender, the timber of his will is strong. The sources of his power lie in the depths of his shining soul.

FOR the better part of fifty years he lived on the borders of civ-



Anthony W. Ivins—one of a company of noble men known as "The Pioneers."

*September Era.

(Continued on page 39)



Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

of the Council of the Twelve

By DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN

CLASSMATES at the University of Michigan forty years ago this very fall, and later having our offices side by side in the University of Utah for twenty-six years, few men have been more intimately associated during what is now rather a long lifetime than have Joseph Francis Merrill and the writer of this sketch.

As Superintendent of the Mutual Improvement Associations in the former Salt Lake Stake, I suggested Joseph F. Merrill as my first assistant.

"Who is the man? Where is he?" asked President Angus M. Cannon.

"He is a son of Marriner W. Merrill of the Council of the Twelve and a teacher in the University of Utah; at present he is at Johns Hopkins University."

"How long has he been away from home?" asked President Cannon.

"Two years."

"Are you sure that he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Gospel?"

"Yes, President Cannon, I know

the man. A testimony of the Gospel is in his heart and soul. I may say that I speak his language, and he speaks mine; that is, we understand each other. We are kindred spirits."

IN youth, while at Ann Arbor, Joseph F. Merrill was associated with great investigators who were building upon the discoveries of Pasteur, the man who in 1880 made to human welfare perhaps the greatest of scientific contributions. Because of the accuracy and thoroughness of his work,

Joseph F. Merrill was one of the students from the department of chemistry to aid in this experimental research.

Outstanding in his character is persistence. When he attacks a problem, for him no road is too long, no combination of circumstances too difficult.

Unusual good fortune came for Joseph F. Merrill and for the Church when he went into the Presidency of the Granite Stake, for it was then that he had the opportunity and the vision to begin the work of the present seminary system, now comprising, under his leadership, ninety institutions. The present definite details of the unique and remarkable program of the General Board of Education in its courses of religious education have come largely as a result of the clear vision and efficient leadership of Dr. Merrill as Commissioner of Education.

NATIONALLY Dr. Merrill has risen to membership in the scientific societies of his profession. At home he has been honored by his associates in all local organizations of which he is a member, having served as president of the Utah Society of Engineers, of the Utah Educational Association, of the Utah Section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and of the Engineering Council of Utah. He is a born executive. Under his leadership the State School of Mines and Engineering at the University achieved phenomenal growth and prestige.

Unceasingly working for the public good, he is by nature a legislator. I have never known him to take a narrow view on any subject. The State is indebted to him for suggesting legislation requiring the interest on State money to go to the State rather than to the Treasurer. Joseph F. Merrill is the soul of honor. In him a chemical analysis could not find a trace of deceit.

He holds the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from that famed graduate institution, Johns Hopkins University, and by it was in addition awarded membership in the honorary society Phi Beta Kappa. The technical work done for his doctorate was published in the *Physical Review* for February, 1899, and later was translated into foreign languages. Though a scientist of high order, he has de-

veloped his religious thought side by side with his attainments in scholarship, and he finds, therefore, no real conflict between true Religion and true Science.

THIS man comes from that chosen few who have been gathered "one of a city and two of a family" from nearly every country of the world. Of pioneer parents and a native of Utah, he was born in Richmond in 1868. He was a pupil of that devoted teacher, Ida Cook. He was graduated from the Normal school of the University of Utah in 1889, and from the University of Michigan with the degree of B. S. in 1893. The summers of 1893 and 1902 he spent in special study at Cornell, and the summers of 1894, 1896 and 1897 at the University of Chicago. In addition to this training, and the honors from Johns Hopkins, in 1920 he was awarded the honorary degree, Doctor of Science by the University of Utah.

Ponder these lines; they are his own:

"In December, 1888, when I asked my father if I could go east to college beginning in the fall of 1889, without a moment's hesitation he said, yes, and that he would help me to remain in college as long as I would care to stay. In explanation he said that all his life he had been handicapped because of a lack of education and that years ago he had concluded that the best thing he could do for his children was to give them all the opportunities of an education rather than to

leave them material things to quarrel over after he was gone. And so my going to college in 1889 created a desire among all the younger members of my father's family to go to college also, which all of them younger than I subsequently did. There were twelve sons younger than myself; of this number ten have been graduated from college."

A WORTHY son of a worthy father, he had also a devoted, intellectual and faithful mother. From the beginning his life has been a prayerful one. To his callings in the Church he has devoted himself with the same earnestness that he gave to his professional duties. He has been a most industrious worker, and still has found time for recreation.

By his faith, by his years of honest and unremitting study, by profound scholarship, by continuous years of successful leadership in religious, educational, and public affairs, this man, Joseph F. Merrill, has had a preparation which seems well-nigh perfect for work in the Council of the Twelve. There is no group of scholars, no association of scientists or philosophers, whose respect and attention Joseph F. Merrill can not command. He speaks the language of thinkers, scientists, philosophers. Theirs is a language familiar to Dr. Merrill. It is my conviction that during the whole of his life he has, by the power of God, been in course of preparation for the place to which he is now called.

Our American Intelligence

ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM lifts dolorous voice to tell us that American intelligence is steadily on the decline, owing to a subnormal birth rate among educated folk and an abnormal one among the uneducated. As we are drifting now, he prophesies, one thousand Yale and Harvard graduates will have only fifty descendants left within six generations, while a similar number of today's unskilled laborers will have 100,000. Are we downhearted? Not a bit of it.

What, we would inquire of the eminent Mr. Wiggam, has education to do with intelligence? We recruit our great men largely from the ranks of the sons of labor. To name such instances, known to our times, would be tiresome, there are

so many of them. It is true that education better fits one for life and for the enjoyment thereof, but there is nothing to indicate that it increases the intellectual capacity either of the educated or of their offspring. The capacity is predetermined. It existed before the alphabet was learned. A Harvard graduate may have a fool for a son—a rebuke to the family traditions and our American citizenship. A pick and shovel worker may father such a boy as will go far in science, statecraft or learning.

A declining birth rate is no jesting matter, but so long as it is not national in scope no peril presents itself. Wealth, station and culture, we are happy to say, have no patent on intelligence. It is a birthright not conferred by the universities.—*Portland Oregonian*.

The General Conference In Review

By JOHN D. GILES

Of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board

WITH ten thousand people crowding the historic Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, the one hundred second semi-annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was opened Friday morning, October 4, by President Heber J. Grant, with an appeal to all members of the Church to live up to the teachings of the Gospel.

In reviewing conditions within the Church President Grant stated that, in his opinion, there was less suffering in the Church as a result of the depression than among any other people. He said there need be no worry that members of the Church would suffer for food or shelter the coming winter, and added that if all Latter-day Saints will be honest in the payment of tithes and fast offerings, the Lord will provide for His people. Reference was made by him to statements made in the past that with the splendid organization the Church has developed, it might take its place among the leading religious organizations of the world if it would only discard the story of Joseph Smith. President Grant stated that the whole foundation of the Church rests upon the testimony of Joseph Smith. He related several prophecies and their fulfillment as evidence that he was in reality a prophet of God. Tributes to Elders Orson F. Whitney of the Council of the Twelve and Rey L. Pratt of the First Council of Seventies, both of whom have passed away since the last conference, were paid by the President.

ELDER DAVID O. MCKAY in his remarks stated that it is wonderful to be anchored to the truth. He warned against accepting slander and calumny, especially when directed toward the Church and its officers.

ELDER JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH, referring to conditions existing in the world today, said that there are many spirits abroad in the land, some of which are good and some of which are evil. He stated that there is no need of proving them—that the Lord has sent light from Heaven and all who will may see it.

ELDER RICHARD R. LYMAN took as his text regard for law and order. In his appeal to members of the Church, he said that lawlessness and disregard for law are the greatest problems today in this land of Washington and Lincoln. He urged members to stand squarely behind the law and refuse to be parties to its violation.

BISHOP DAVID A. SMITH stated that one of the big problems of the Presiding Bishopric during the past has been unemployment. He recited some experiences to indicate that some unfortunate ones have brought difficulties upon themselves through unwise action. He urged all to be thrifty and to avoid extravagance. "We are living," he said, "in a period when God has found it necessary to call His children back to thoughts of Him."

PRESIDENT CHARLES H. HART directed his remarks principally to a book recently published under the title, "A Lawyer and the Bible." He said it marshalled the facts that supported belief in the Bible and had caused many lawyers who were even greater than the author of the book to conclude that the Bible is divine.

BISHOP JOHN WELLS drew a parallel between conditions existing today and those of the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith when the Saints were called upon to come to Church and bring food for the needy. He said there is need of a revival of the custom of giving relief for the poor.

ELDER JOSEPH F. MERRILL, who was sustained at the conference as a member of the Council of the

Twelve stated that he realized in all humility the wonderful honor which had come to him in being nominated to the high office. He paid tribute to the men at the head of the Church, saying that he knows them to be men of God with the welfare of God's people at heart. He felt keenly the need of working with the young people of the Church because of the perilous times through which we are passing.

ELDER STEPHEN L. RICHARDS expressed gratitude for his ability to recognize spiritual realities. He said he realizes there are many whose hearts do not respond to impressions from divine sources. He expressed regret that this is so, but stated that he does not abuse those who have not this blessing. He pleaded for tolerance for those whose hearts have not yet been touched. In his opinion, the youth of today face temptations and problems that no generation before has ever had to face.

"If the Saints will count their many blessings, they surely will be surprised," said Elder James E. Talmage in his address. "Among those blessings," he said, "is the privilege of assembling to be instructed and guided." In urging the Saints to keep the commandments of God, Elder Talmage especially stressed the commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain." While profanity is a common sin, not one word can be said in its defense. Passages of scripture were quoted to emphasize the sacredness of the name of Deity. He stated that the commandment against taking in vain the name of God in principle is an eternal one. He closed his remarks with the admonition, "Let Latter-day Saints remember the word of the Lord in all respects and not take His name in vain."

"The things of the world are being better advertised than the things of God," was the opinion expressed by Elder Jonathan G. Kimball. He referred to methods being used to advertise tobacco by radio and other means, and said that he prays that the youth may be protected from evil and temptation.



The Hill Cumorah

ELDER LEVI EDGAR YOUNG dwelt upon reverence, particularly for places of worship. He said that if Latter-day Saints can make reverence a daily practice when they enter a house of worship they will be able to respond more obediently to the true meaning of the Gospel.

PRESIDENT ANTOINE R. IVINS made his first conference address as a member of the first Council of Seventies. (*The Era* for June, 1931, reports the appointment of President Ivins.) He brought greetings from the Church members in the Hawaiian Islands, from the Mexican people, and from the forty-one missionaries in the Mexican Mission, over which he now presides. He paid tribute to President Rey L. Pratt, his predecessor both in the Council of Seventy and in the Presidency of the Mexican Mission.

PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON prefaced his remarks with the statement that he had never yet heard false doctrine advanced from the tabernacle pulpit in any gathering of the Church, and said that he takes satisfaction in bearing that testimony. "Any speaker who stands before the Saints," he said, "is expected to tell the truth. If he were to advance false doctrine, it would be detected by those who preside, and no doubt by the congregation also." "The Gospel of Jesus Christ was preached from the beginning," said President Clawson, "and is being preached at the present time with profound influence upon the world." He urged the Saints to interest themselves in Temple work and cited prophecies and their fulfillment to show the importance of this labor.

PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS based his remarks upon a quotation from Isaiah which refers to the day when there shall "be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the border of Egypt and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt." President Ivins then spoke regarding the great pyramid of Gizeh, believed to have been built 342 years B. C. and the relation of that pyramid to modern astronomy and mathematical calculations. He said that calculations made by scholars and scientists seem to indicate that the pyramid contains a history of the human race, forecasting future events and predicting the time of the coming of the Lord. He said he had not given any particular study to the calculations of scientists regarding the mystery of Egypt for the reason that the Church does not depend upon pyramids nor the conclusions of scientists for its guidance. It was pointed out by President Ivins that the Latter-day Saints, through revela-

tion, had received ample warnings and knew what signs would be given and their meanings.

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. NIBLEY, in opening his address, said, "We have fallen upon strange times and I fear the end is not yet." He said that the distress of nations and other signs all about were of ominous nature. President Nibley said the Lord had shown his people a way out of these difficulties and referred to the United Order. In his opinion the widespread distress existing today clearly shows that something is wrong. He stated it would be a fine thing if people were ready for the United Order and if it could be put into effect.

ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS read from the Book of Moroni, Moroni being the one who delivered the plates to Joseph Smith and received them back after the translation. He pointed out that the scripture contains a promise that all who wish to know the truth would receive testimony from God; that we can understand as well as did the prophets of old, if we are true and faithful.

PRESIDENT BISHOP SYLVESTER Q. CANNON, closing the Sunday morning session, said it should be clear that we did not establish the Gospel; that it was established by God. He declared that faith in God is needed in these times more than ever before. He said the Gospel comprehends the things which are good for all mankind, temporal as well as spirit-

ual; that the Saints had been blessed with the leadership of men who were inspired of God.

ELDER REED SMOOT urged the Saints to be more prayerful. He expressed the opinion that if prayer and other principles of the Church were universally observed the world would not be in the condition it is in today. The times the people are passing through will, in the opinion of Senator Smoot, turn their hearts to God. He said it was his opinion that the teaching of atheism in the universities of the country and in social and civil organizations is one reason for the great crime wave which is sweeping the country.

ELDER GEORGE ALBERT SMITH declared, "From the depths of my soul, I am thankful to have as my associates what I consider the best men and women in the world." Elder Smith said that this is a marvelous age and it is difficult to understand why it is so hard to make the world at large believe this Church is the work of God and not of man. "When I see how utterly helpless the world is in meeting the problems of today," said Elder Smith. "I can not help but think how different it would be if the leaders of the nations would turn their faces to God for assistance."

A greater and more strict payment of tithes in order that proper care may be taken of the poor and unfortunate was urged by Elder Melvin J. Ballard. He expressed the opinion that it would be a simple step for the unemployed in suffering the pangs of hunger to reach the stage where they would take property unlawfully. He said he hoped this would not be done and urged the Latter-day Saints to take every step possible to preclude such action. He expressed the opinion that the experiences through which the country is passing will have their benefits. "The Creator is not interested in markets or money," said Elder Ballard, "but in more enduring and God-fearing men."

PRESIDENT GRANT closed the conference with an inspiring and encouraging address after presenting the General Authorities and members of boards of the auxiliary organizations.

The presidents of missions in their addresses reported encouraging progress considering the missionaries available, and several made urgent appeals for more missionaries to be sent to the field.

Special meetings of the auxiliary associations were held as usual with attendance far exceeding the average.





Adolf Hitler

The Man and His Ideas

By

Wendell C. Irvine

PICTURE a crowd of some four thousand people assembled in a huge auditorium in Oldenburg, Germany, on a Saturday afternoon of October, 1930. Women, and many of them wearing costly apparel, are in the majority, but well-built young men in their early twenties are also strongly represented. Most of the latter are dressed in the inevitable brown shirts, sand-brown belts and corduroy breeches of the German Fascisti. Four thousand people sitting eager and tense with expectation, four thousand pairs of eyes trained on the speakers' platform, and four thousand figures rising to their feet with one accord as the next speaker is introduced and making the large hall reverberate with the thunderous salutation, "Hoch! — Hoch! — Hoch!" A man not much over forty years, of slender build and pleasing countenance stands before the vast assemblage, raises his right hand in the Fascist salute, and with a penetrating voice speaks: "Germans! I give you greeting!" It is the voice of the "magician," of the German "hypnotist," and its every tone and shade of quality seem to say—"Introducing Adolf Hitler, spell-binder, par excellence, orator unexcelled, and Napoleon of oral conflict!"

It was on this occasion that I saw Hitler for the first time, and during the half hour that he spoke I formed my first impressions of him and the organization over which he presides. I believe I was the only American in the audience, and I had come there prompted

more by idle curiosity than personal interest, but inhaling the highly intensified atmosphere of hero worship radiated by those around me, and,—my knowledge of German permitting—listening to the man himself, I, too, succumbed to his magic, fell under the spell of his wand, and felt almost forced to agree with my neighbor in saying that a new and brighter star had appeared in the political constellation of the world. A few hours later in my hotel room, where I was able to think reasonably once more, I gave myself up to analytical thought, and concluded that Adolf Hitler wasn't as great as Bismarck after all, that the content of his speech that afternoon was inclined to border on radicalism, and that his speech was greatly enhanced by the ideal conditions under which he spoke. However, even in the face of my sudden return to saneness, I was forced to admit that he was the greatest orator I had ever heard, and that while his personality was not akin to greatness, it was a dominating, compelling force that would play a salient role in the unfolding of the new German history. Whether for good or evil, it was a power that would be felt.

GOING down to dinner that evening I was somewhat surprised to see an unusually large crowd in the lobby, and on making inquiry as to the cause of the congestion I was informed that Hitler and his contingent were staying at this hotel. I jokingly remarked to the hotel attendant with whom I was talking that I

would like to meet this Herr Hitler. Without a moment's hesitation he told me that he thought it might be arranged, and not leaving me time to protest, made his way over to a group of Fascist leaders, brought one of them over to where I was standing, and told him I was an American student who was desirous of meeting Hitler if it could be arranged conveniently. The Fascist lieutenant greeted me with the precise military bow so often seen in Germany, and seemed to think it his duty to entertain me for the moment. He gave me a short outline of the political situation, and although his ideas were decidedly a la Hitler, I gleaned information that was of great interest to me inasmuch as I had now resolved to at least gain an understanding of Fascism and what it meant to the German nation. We had not been talking more than a very few minutes when Hitler himself, accompanied by his various aides and body guards, left the elevator and strode across the lobby. My newly made friend interrupted him in his march, saluted, and with marked deference and respect asked if he could be permitted to introduce "a young American scholar." (I take my bow.) And before I was aware of just what was happening, I was shaking the hand of Adolf Hitler, the would-be Dictator of Germany, and answering the casual questions which he politely asked. This whole incident did not take more than three minutes, but in that short time I realized

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A Habit Worth



Dr. P. A. Christensen

AN approach to happiness is assured if the seeker can be so busy with his required labors as to find them painless and, preferably, so much in love with his work because of his training, dedication, ability and tastes, that his work is a constant joy, and, therefore, fun. This is only part

of the formula, however. It is equally necessary and perhaps more vital that the happiness-hunter know how to utilize his leisure time pleasantly and profitably. The problem suggested by the latter requisite is increasingly weighty in this changing world of ours which, because of its miraculous inventions and magic labor-saving machinery, threatens to increase constantly and consistently the amount of leisure time which the average individual has at his disposal.

SURELY it may be hoped, then, that every individual, young and old, is either making or has already acquired a hobby which may be ridden endlessly with satisfaction to the rider. Perhaps it is just general reading or perhaps the satisfaction of a particular taste for mystery stories, or books of travel, or autobiographies or the so-called modern novel, or works in the field of psychology, science or philosophy. Perhaps it expresses itself in the enjoyment of playing a violin, or even a saxophone, or in singing. It might find its activity in painting pictures or sketching or in amateur theatricals or in indulgence of the urge to write articles or stories which may never seek publication. It might find expression in the collection of rare bugs, or coins, or stamps. Or it might find its activity vicariously in the enjoyment which the participant discovers in listening to music or studying works of art.

But as yet we have not mentioned among these various forms of recreation a kind which always should accompany whatever other hobby the individual may enjoy. We are referring to physical activity which should enable the seeker after the fuller life to employ some of his leisure time very happily in health-promoting, trouble-burying, zestful play. It might be golf or hiking. It might be tennis or horsemanship. It might be archery or boating or horseshoe pitching or volley ball or cycling.

SOCIETY, we are told, takes out a splendid insurance policy to



Dr. F. S. Harris

protect itself against the evils of restlessness, of anti-social activities, of the adoption of dangerous 'isms' and 'ologies' and of perverted tastes and costly abuse of activity, when it makes adequate provision for the use of the individual's leisure time.

The problem of recreation, therefore, becomes a definite personal and social concern. The chief aims of any physical activity program should be to cultivate the deepest respect and the highest regard for the human body as a machine which must be functioning perfectly to assure happiness and efficiency and to guarantee alertness of mind, cheerfulness and vigor of spirit and length of days; and, secondly, to establish as part of the assets of each individual proper recreational habits which carry-over throughout life.

It is a good idea for those of us who are given to preaching a little to turn the X-Ray on our own structure to determine whether all is in good order and perhaps to provide a case in point.

IT is with a great deal of satisfaction that we discover at Brigham Young University that the objectives of the recreational program have apparently struck a responsive chord so generally that we may find striking examples of individuals who have acquired the

Acquiring

By
G. Ott Romney
B. Y. U.

habit of making pleasurable and profitable use of leisure time,—from the President of the Church which sponsors the Institution down to the humblest freshmen. Any recreational or physical educational system which must point to the activities of its competing athletes to make the case for the general system is admitting a grave weakness. It is not what benefits might be administered to the relatively few (although the percentage is increasing each year by leaps and bounds) who compete on teams representing institutions, that counts, but it is more important that the dividends of a well-conceived physical education program be extended to all of the individuals enrolled in the Institution, including the faculty members and administrative officers.

It is perhaps significant that President Heber J. Grant, of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who established an enviable reputation as a baseball player in the pre-glove days, enjoys a rather steady diet of golf and plays a skillful game which expresses itself in low scores. It adds color when the headlines of the sports sheet announce that Adam S. Bennion, former Commissioner of Education of the L. D. S. Church, and his son are crowned champions in tennis doubles in the Salt Lake City recreational system

tournament. It is with satisfaction that the writer recalls the fact that Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, the Commissioner of Education and the newly-appointed Apostle of the L. D. S. Church, was for many years chairman of the athletic council at the University of Utah and has always been a hearty advocate of healthful sports and wholesome recreation.

A LESSON is pointed out when T. N. Taylor, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Brigham Young University, and President of Utah stake, sallies out in the fresh morning atmosphere almost daily to complete nine or eighteen holes of golf before presiding over his daily business meeting which opens the day of Taylor Brothers Company, over which concern he still maintains active leadership. It is a tribute to him personally, to the jealous care he has accorded his physical being and to the cultivation of the proper habits of recreation that at the age of 63 he is able to enjoy with boyish enthusiasm his regular program of competitive golf and to shoot consistently under fifty for nine holes and occasionally a forty-four.

FEW men follow a more rigorous program of varied activities than President F. S. Harris, the dynamic administrator of Brigham Young University. His leadership is recognized in many fields of learning, and human endeavor. He travels widely, lectures frequently, writes prolifically and takes most efficient care of the numerous affairs of a large and growing institution. Only a vigorous body, protected by clean and sound personal habits, and nurtured by vigorous Rooseveltian activities would enable him to carry on so busily and so successfully. With youthful zest and endurance he indulges at frequent intervals in golf, and he still finds considerable enjoyment in an occasional horeback ride. No better example of the benefit of proper recreational habits might be found than in the case of the well-pre-



J. W. Knight

served and well-loved J. Will Knight of the Board of Trustees of Brigham Young University who, because of the care he has given his physical being and the great joy and health he has derived from outdoor sports as a participant and sympathetic spectator, is

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President T. N. Taylor

Facing Life

By

Dr. Adam S. Bennion

X. What is Your Best Preparation?

JUST called to get off my train at 3:40 A. M., I am convinced that about the best preparation for any job is a good night's sleep. And yet such a call has its compensations. It is fascinating to watch one day crowd another into history. Even a half-awake traveler must be impressed that the night makes ample preparations to usher in the dawn. She has to take in her lanterns and paint a path for the sun to follow. One can almost fancy the new day's rubbing his eyes in an effort to determine whether it's really worth while to carry on. Once fully aroused, he seems to have no question.

All life bears witness to the fact that ample preparation is the key to success. If you've had a wonderfully fine trip notice how much of its pleasure attached to the care given to its arrangement, either by you or some one else. Writing an article is relatively easy once you have really thought it out. Only a couple of days ago I watched a football game to observe once more the significance of careful preparation. The men had trained themselves to hold up under stress and strain. They had practiced holding the ball and getting off fast. They knew their signals perfectly. They teamed together well—one player taking his man in—another blocking his out. Every movement gave evidence of painstaking preparation. The game was good to watch. It was a success measured from any point of view.

A FEW weeks ago I watched a surgeon perform an operation. His skill was remarkable. At a cost of infinite pains involving



time, money and tireless effort he had fitted himself to save life and to promote its functions. A wonderfully effective though silent tribute to adequate preparation.

Recently a garage mechanic gave evidence of that same truth. Thoroughly trained, he had but to let his ear check the performance of the engine to discover the probable cause of the difficulty. That diagnosed, he proceeded immediately to its correction. It's a genuine pleasure to observe any man do a really good piece of work—and his performance rests almost invariably upon just one foundation—ample preparation. Not mere routine repetition, but intelligent, scientific, analytical, reasoned procedure—each step an ordered sequence in the light of circumstances.

THESE thoughts are stressed here at the beginning of this the concluding article of this series because so few of us relatively are willing to pay the price of infinite pains. And experience recommends no substitute. Mediocrity is the reward of lack of preparation.

This is the tenth and final article on *Facing Life*. To date we have considered the following challenges:

1. Facing Life.
2. The Will to Achieve.
3. Limitations—Heredity, Opportunity, Training, Habits.
4. Foresight — Building for Tomorrow.
5. What Can You Do?
6. What Would You Choose To Do?
7. What Is a Good Job?
8. What Is Success?
9. What Fields are Open?

Of course, all of these nine must be woven together to constitute the basis for real preparation. All life to date enters into all life ahead. Tomorrow inevitably has its foundations in today. That's why it is so important to do eminently well whatever lies in the way of doing right now. Every present performance fits or unfit us to succeed at the next job to cross our paths. Experience is a graded sequence of performance—excellence is the certificate of promotion.

"How long the violets 'neath the snow
Toiled ere they breathed the Spring!
How long the poet dreamed his song
Before his heart could sing!"
—C. H. Towne.

"When the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something."
—Browning.

So many of the letters which have come in raise the question of

preparation. After listing events in their lives to date and indicating their hopes for the future, writers have rather regularly inquired: "Now what should I set about to do?" Of course, every job calls for its own program of preparation—there is no one recipe of procedure—and yet there are certain fundamental considerations against which any man may check his developments. Let us attempt to think them through.

I.

AT the foundation of all preparation, as it is at the base of all performance, is *Health*. Correct habits of life are fundamental to any permanent achievement. A brief article like this cannot of course lay out a brief hygiene—it can but suggest that each reader do just that thing for himself. The human body is a wonderful mechanism. Given proper attention it will respond. Every man should build his own program of habits which provides for the giving of adequate consideration to:

1. Food
2. Rest
3. Exercise
4. Elimination
5. Avoidance of Excesses
6. Safeguarding Exposure.

IT is normal to be well. Whenever we are sick it is usually because we have neglected or violated one of these six suggestions. Space forbids a discussion of them, but if *you* really respond to their significance you can easily find ample material for your guidance regarding them. Our great difficulty lies in the fact that we are unmindful of their tremendous importance—or we are lazy—or we like to indulge our appetites—or we risk a strain now promising ourselves that we shall let up after while—all too frequently after too long a while. Pain and discomfiture or fatigue are nature's danger signals. Try being your own physician right now!

Does the food you eat agree with you and does it really nourish you? Do you eat variety enough to satisfy your needs? Have you checked your regular menus for *fats*, *carbohydrates*, and *proteins*? Do you eat regularly enough vegetables and roughage? Are you eating too much of anything?

Sooner or later you will have to answer all of these questions. Run them over now while you are blessed with good health. Make some little study of diet. It really is the foundation of your well-being.

Have you determined the amount of rest you need in order to feel fit? Do you regularly get it or are you tolerating an over-draft on your natural reserves?

Do you take out time regularly for play? Do you completely change your routine at regular intervals? Do you add newness of life through exercise that calls for the going to the bottom of your lungs? Do you cultivate the natural tiredness that welcomes sleep? Do you get out in the open and give the sun a real chance at you?

Try analyzing your regular practices against all six of these suggestions. After all you are your own best physician. If you take pains to be such you may seldom need another. Thoughtful care is nature's first medicine. And it can be paid for in attention.

II.

ATTITUDE. This may strike you as a peculiar suggestion by way of preparation for your life's work, but I am more and more concerned about its significance. *Indifference* has cost many an otherwise capable man his chance of recognition and promotion. A certain *zest* is the key to any outstanding performance. The ability cheerfully to put one's heart into work is a real asset. The man who "everlastingly goes after" a job is hard to deny. The world this year is paying tribute to Faraday for his outstanding contribution to the progress of the electrical industry, and yet at the age of ten he was hired out as a lackey to a news stand proprietor. But the news stand proved a benediction. It offered satisfaction to a soul hungry for learning. It might have been only one more place to sweep up. It is a wonderful thing really to *hunger* and *thirst* after knowledge. Therein lies the spark which must kindle the fire of achievement.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—*Ecclesiastes* 8:10.

If indifference costs many a man his opportunity, smug self-satis-

faction is a dangerous ally. So many men seem to spoil under success. A "turned head" makes one so liable to stumble into the pitfalls of conceit. A sweet humility should teach us all that out beyond any apparent success there lie far greater fields of conquest. What awaits us yet to be done so far outweighs the little we may have done that pride ought never to be able to win us to disdain.

Then, too, life is so complex that we regularly need the help of others. The one real guarantee that we deserve it is that we have given it. A bank account of gratitude is one's best insurance against a day of helplessness.

These three—*zest*, *humility*, *helpfulness* constitute a homely but wonderfully workable recipe for building a successful attitude.

III.

STUDY. You don't have to go to college to be a student. But you have to be a student if you care to make a place for yourself. And it is so easy these days to carry forward a program of study—at least it is easy to find ample material upon which to work. *Experience*, of course, offers the foundation upon which to build. "Ripened in experience" is the one best guarantee of wisdom. There is no substitute for it. But it requires "an experiencing nature" really to be of most worth.

The ability to take out of each day's experience the richness which really attaches to it is a rare gift. Cultivate the knack of seeing life to the full. Try yourself out. Talk over with *yourself* just what in today's experience will likely lead you some place. How much asserts itself out of the routine? You are the one person in the world who can make *your experience meaningful*. Go out of your way to make it helpful to someone else—that is the one best way to make it rich for yourself.

THE second great field for study is books. Every worthy book represents the best thinking and feeling of an outstanding man or woman. Through such a book you may live vicariously another's wonderful experiences. He only speaks the sentiments of your own soul—gives expression to the best latent thoughts which you have cherished.

When you have chosen a given field in which you would make exploration, find the half dozen names which the world recognizes as the greatest in that field. Go to school of them through their books. If you find a *real book* for you, you likely will never be the same again. It will kindle a flame in your soul.

Some one has said that the heart of a university is a collection of great books. The key to a substantial learning is the reading of them. How many worth while books have you read in the last three months? What ones are you now reading? What ones have you on your waiting list? If you answer none, turn to now before life robs you of one of your richest privileges — the opportunity to commune with a great soul through the pages of his book. This article is short and your interests are varied, so that it is impossible to set down names of books here. But there are a half dozen books for you. If you haven't found them write in for hints concerning them.

What has been said of books can be said substantially of magazines. Many of the best minds in America are contributing regularly to our best current publications. They deserve thoughtful consideration. If you want to make one month particularly rich, try the experiment of giving its evenings to making the acquaintance of any ten of our best magazines. Your local librarian can tell you which they are. If you want to check on your reading habits name the magazines you have read in the past month. How much out across ten years would such reading contribute to your general culture?

It is presumed that you keep in touch with a good newspaper.

AND finally you may study *men*. They will give you many of your most valuable suggestions. Do you regularly get from them what they have to offer. If you could talk to the three most outstanding men in your state tonight, what would you ask them? How many of the men to whom you have spoken during the past week have you really allowed to help you in your search for wisdom? The fine art of asking questions, coupled with the fine art of listening—these two are wonderful aids to learning.

Experience, books, magazines and newspapers, and men—here certainly in rich abundance are your sources for study.

Listen in for a moment to three notable Americans who speak out of a day when education was regarded as a sacred privilege.

"The good education of youth has been esteemed by wise men in all ages as the surest foundation of the happiness both of private families and of commonwealths. So may it be of the youth of Pennsylvania."—*Benjamin Franklin*.

"Let the youth acquire by industry and application such knowledge as his situation enables him to obtain. In doing this two other important objects will be gained besides the acquisition of knowledge—namely, a habit of industry and a disrelish of that profusion of money and dissipation of time which are ever dependent upon idleness."—*Washington*.

"Above all things, I hope the education of the common people will be attended to; convinced that on this good sense we may rely with the most security for the preservation of a due degree of liberty. If a nation expects to be ignorant and free in a state of civilization it expects what never was and never will be."—*Thomas Jefferson*.

If you have really caught the meaning of study, you find yourself in any situation trying to do three things:

1. Get all available facts;
2. Correlate and evaluate those facts;
3. Form sound judgments in the light of those facts.

The ability to do those three things is after all the real test intellectually of an education.

As you think through the matter of your preparation for bigger things, I can offer only two other suggestions:

IV

CULTIVATE a Sense of Adventure. You may have locked within you the secret to the proper working out of many of the problems now troubling society. Only you can reveal the secret. Reach out and "spress yourself." Even if you don't startle the world with an outstanding contribution, your effort will bring you a creative satisfaction which is one of the keys to happiness.

V

DEVELOP the Happy Faculty of Enjoying What You Have. Too many of us in our ambitions to achieve some end, let either worry or regret crowd real happi-

ness out of our lives. And the sad thought is that we do so *all along the way*. If these articles seem to have carried an urge to you to strive to become other than you now are, accept that challenge—they have been written to do just that thing. But you oughtn't to be unhappy in the process. Learn to find happiness *where you are* and in *what you are now doing* and take it along with you. If you can't find it now it may be that you never can. A recent issue of one of the outstanding papers in America carried this note of good sense for all of us:

"Mrs. Richard M. Cadwalader of Philadelphia now owns the largest and most luxurious yacht in the world, the *Savarona*, built at Hamburg, Germany, especially for her. Its cost was around \$5,000,000. It has every desirable feature a yacht can have, and is 407 feet long—nearly sixty-five feet longer than the famous J. P. Morgan's 'Corsair'.

"What is a flock of fine motor cars compared with such a magnificent plaything? or a fine city and country residence? when one can finance parties on trips around the world. So we say, a lucky lady. But we say it without prejudice against other lucky ladies; for instance, a young wife and mother in a little cottage of her own in a pleasant neighborhood, with a husband devoted to providing for her and her children. She may be just as happy as Mrs. Cadwalader and have many less cares and anxieties, and not be important in society or in the news of travel.

"That is because in this wonderful world happiness is not a matter of wealth, but may come to families of small means, and frequently does—enduring happiness all through life."

To me that just means:

Be The Best of Whatever You Are

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley—but be

The best little scrub at the side of the rill;

Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,

Some highway to happier make,

If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—

But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,

There's something for all of us here;

There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,

And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,

If you can't be the sun, be a star;

It isn't by size that you win or you fail—

Be the best of whatever you are.

—*Cheer*.

And you'll be *facing life*.

Boy Scouts *in* CAMP

by
Weston N. Nordgren



MORE than ten thousand Boy Scouts are registered in the state of Utah this year, according to Associate Regional Executive Oscar A. Kirkham, whose field of labor covers Utah, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona and California. And more than fifty per cent of Utah's Scouts have attended camp this year, many councils having doubled their camp enrollment.

These two outstanding features—the highest enrollment in the state during Scouting's existence in Utah, and the largest number at camp—contribute much to the making of Utah Scouts into the fine citizens and willing workers they are, first in excellence as American Boy Scouts, and first in accomplishments at home and abroad with regard to civic and religious activities.

FOUR major camps have been held for Scouts of the state this summer: The Timpanogos camp,



Day is done!

*Salt Lake Council Boy Scout
Camp at Lake Ruth*

during July; the Ogden Gateway (or Camp Kiesel) in Ogden Canyon, also in July; the Logan Water Front camp, held at the first of August; and the Granddaddy Lakes camp at Lake Ruth, in August.

Each of these camps had an enrollment of between 700 and 1000 boys and boy leaders, and each ran for a period of one to four weeks. Other council camps of a week's duration were in operation during the summer, and in addition, about half the Scouts who received camp experience obtained it through individual effort, or as a troop activity.

Thus more than 25 per cent of the 10,153 boys registered at the beginning of September, for Utah, had attended supervised council camps; and another 25 per cent had hiked and camped "on their own."

"Nationally, last year, 400,000 Scouts were in camp, and one of the features of the camping program was the initiation of more than 23,000 new Scouts into the mysteries of swimming, handicraft, nature lore and woodcraft," according to Executive Kirkham. "This year the enlarged camping program has brought thousands more into active, healthful outdoor life under the Scouting system.

"The value of the camp program lies in the fact that the Scoutmaster is able to get near to his boys. He is able to put over the points of the Oath and Law, and stress the character formation values of Scouting." He learns to find God in the Great Out Doors.

THAT the real values of Scouting carry over into the lives of its adherents, is illustrated by the following incident related by Executive Kirkham:

"Recently a mining company sent a check for \$250 to the Scout council, stating that up until the organization of a Scout troop in the town, the company had to employ a watchman to keep boys from breaking windows, light globes and otherwise injuring property; but since the establishment of a troop there, depredations had ceased; and therefore, the \$250 a month formerly used to keep the boys out of mischief could now be used to aid them in their Scout program."

Prior to the Granddaddy Lakes camp, officials of the Salt Lake Boy Scout council held a Scouters' training course at Jordan Park, June 26, 27, 29 and 30.

AT this camp-preparation course, 15 sixteen-foot Indian teepees were officially presented to the Salt Lake council in recognition of its drive to beautify Salt Lake's vacant lots during the Junior Chamber of Commerce clean-up, paint-up drive held a short while before. Many of the boys have carried this project further, and have raised gardens of flowers and vegetables in the former vacant lots, thus making them useful as well as beautiful.

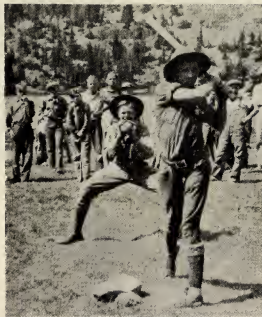
The teepee tent presentation was made by Commissioner Harry L. Finch, and the equipment was accepted by the chief executive of the council, D. E. Hammond. Poles for the tents, made of bird's

eye maple by forest rangers at Woodland, Utah, also were presented. The teepees formed the official tent equipment at Lake Ruth during the August encampment.

BOATS also were given to the Scout council for community activity, and a boating course was introduced at the Jordan Park training course by Blair Richard-



Troop 58 of Salt Lake enjoying a meal at Lake Ruth



Scouts join in a game of baseball

son, who showed the Scouters how to manipulate them on the Surplus Canal. These boats later formed the major part of the Scout flotilla at the Granddaddy Lakes headquarters. Rafts made by the boys and their leaders filled out the "fleet."

One of the visitors to the Lake Ruth camp, which began Aug. 1, was William B. Hawkins, Scout executive of the San Joaquin Boy Scout council at Stockton, Cal. Executive Hawkins formerly was an executive of the Bryce Canyon council, and field executive for the Salt Lake council before his removal to the coast. It was under his direction in the summer of

1929, that the first official Salt Lake council camp was opened in the Granddaddy region.

Scenes at camp were filmed for use in the council during the coming winter, in teaching camp lore to Scouts in the Mutuals and other class rooms.

CAMP life in general through Utah is illustrated by the following letter from D. C. Watkins, Scout Executive of the Eastern Idaho Area council:

"Our council is composed of all Southeastern Idaho, part of Western Wyoming, and a few small villages in northern Utah. Our Scout population is 1650 Scouts, 585 registered Scout leaders, a Scout executive and office secretary.

"The Scout council recently completed a five weeks' camping program at Camp Tendoy. The enclosed photos are typical

of the Scout life at this camp. The first picture is one of the Ranstrom cousins, both Scouts, who imitate the Arizona Wranglers in all of their radio selections. These boys made a hit at camp, and their feature number is "The Strawberry Roan."

"The other picture is a genuine Scout picture, showing a party of Scouts under the leadership of Dr. Ray J. Davis of the University of Idaho, Southern Branch, which was just leaving for an overnight hike out of camp. The picture shows each boy with his four blankets and rolled inside of the blankets are his rations for two meals; his evening meal and his breakfast.

"You will note the absence of cooking utensils. These boys cooked meat, potatoes, eggs, and baked bread. In fact they prepared both meals mentioned, without the aid of any utensils, not even a tin can for drinking water. They made their beds of pine boughs and demonstrated Scout life in the open.

"Dr. Davis, in his report, stated that he had never experienced such genuine pleasure as when directing these boys on this encampment.

"The meat was wrapped in oil paper and then a thick coating of mud was put around the outside. The potatoes were fixed the same way, and with the meat, were put into the open coals. The bread was mixed from flour, etc., held in one hand and stirred with the other, and wrapped on a stick and cooked over the coals.

"For breakfast the eggs were also wrapped in oil paper, rolled in mud and baked in the fire. All of the boys who took these trips remembered this as the outstanding feature of the week.

"To complete a week's encampment the boy, thrilled with God's handiwork, demonstrated his own by indulging in leathercraft, sheet metal work, archery, Indian bead work, or advancing in the Scout program by the passing of tests.

Games, swimming, 'magic camp fires,' a Patrol Night with his own patrol, etc., made him realize that the Scout Oath—"On my honor I will do my duty to God"—was real; is real, instead of being just a statement.

"As the tears rolled down the Scout's cheeks Saturday afternoon when Old Glory was slowly lowered for the last time during his encampment, he also felt that his duty to his country was real rather than just a code of ethics. Camp Tendoy remembers these boys and will welcome them back another year."

AN excerpt from a letter written by Riley G. Clark, Scout executive of the L. D. S. Swiss-German mission, shows the contrasting conditions under which German speaking boys met in camp recently in the Harz mountains:

"In attendance were 42 Scouts, representing more than 500 persons in all parts of Germany. Many came on bicycles



These boys of Troop 22, Salt Lake council, turned last spring's clean-up drive into a beautification plan. Not only did they clean this vacant lot, but planted it to all kinds of vegetables. Four of them (from left to right): Allen Lundgren, George Vigos, James Vigos and Von Young are shown holding on to the ears of the corn. Part of the crops were sold to pay for seeding the empty plot.



Scout training course in building airplanes

from Bremen, Hanover, Berlin, Dresden and Breslau. The entire group was from poor families, but they love Scouting enough to scrimp and save for months, to attend camp. Once there they literally gleaned ideas to carry back to those not fortunate enough to come.

"These Scouts enjoyed sleeping in the open under the great blue heavens, just as we do in Utah. They relished the American campfire food we prepared for them. Scout yells thrilled them. At the camp some of the boys saw their first campfire, and for the first time partook of the spirit that radiates from a group of Scouts in such a sacred place at such a sacred time. They went from our camp with such an intense spirit of enthusiasm for the work that I know it has been a milestone in the history of Scouting in Germany.

"Political conditions have become so bad at times in certain localities that Scouts could not wear their uniforms to meetings or on the streets, for fear of mobs mistaking them for members of some rival

political party, and shooting them or beating them to death.

"It is seldom that we are allowed to build fires to cook on. In some regions it is not allowed. The Scouts have to carry a gas cooker or take cold food.

"But we have boys who are in every sense of the word Scouts. They do everything in their power to put the program over, in spite of all difficulties. We are making progress in Scouting. We wish to send greetings to our fellow Scouts in Utah and surrounding places, and also an invitation to correspond. Write the Scout Department, Swiss-German Mission, Basel, Switzerland, Leimstrasse 49."

CAMP KIESEL, Boy Scout camp of the Ogden Gateway district, was operated under a new plan this season, according to Scout Executive S. Dinsworth Young. In the past the camp has been in charge of a camp director with

Scouts from various troops attending as a single unit.

Under the new plan, although several troops were at the camp at the same time, each troop remained a separate and distinct unit under its own troop leader. Each troop prepared its own food and had its own equipment.

A new flag was presented to the camp by the Ogden State bank, at colorful exercises July 19. Scouts, their parents, bank and Scout officials attended the ceremony. A. P. Bigelow, president of the bank, made the presentation, and W. W. Rawson, president of the Ogden council, responded.

Forty students of the State In-

(Continued on page 30)



Many of the Scouts took individual hikes

Man or Machine MADE?

II.

By

Paul J. Weaver

A FEW years ago most of the smaller hotels employed a dinner orchestra of several players. Today the "Little Brown Boxes" and chain programs flood thousands of smaller hotel dining rooms, lobbies and private rooms with music produced by larger, better playing groups of musicians. And the end is not yet, since the local broadcasting stations, employing local musicians, must compete with the big chains in New York. The broadcasting chain is simply another expression of mass distribution, comparable with the dry goods, grocery, drug store, cigar store and other chains. May this mean, at last, that supermen will once more control humanity by means of newer, if more suitable, "chains?" It is a grave and vital question.

"The Survival of the Fittest" is a universal law and there is no reason to believe that producers or performers of music shall be immune from its consequences. It seems possible to say with certainty that the world will no longer tolerate mediocre performance, either in sports or in the arts. At least it will not pay to see or hear second raters, local amateurs excepted.

THE handwriting is upon the wall: "Thou hast been weighed and found wanting!" The mediocre artist no longer has a public. Concert Bureaus, Lyceums, Chautauquas are vanishing. Only genuine virtuoso-artists of international renown will draw paying audiences today. It would appear that these, like the movie stars, will receive huge salaries, while the small-town actor will disappear from the scene. Indeed, John MacCormack and Lawrence Tibbet, Dennis King and Marilyn Miller, today are the forerunners of this new era in music.

Editors' Note:

Used by special permission of Paul J. Weaver, editor Journal of Proceedings of the Music Supervisors National Conference.

Does this mean that, henceforth, music as a profession or a vocation will be limited to a handful of geniuses because they can bring their art to millions upon millions at one time? There is no longer any room for poor professionals. These will have to be satisfied to remain amateurs.

THIS applies also to untalented, untrained music teachers. They will have to yield, in turn, to the modern, highly trained and gifted specialists—teachers of music who know how to teach music to groups as all other instruction is now administered. Mass instruction is the inevitable answer in this modern age! Most people will no longer pay large fees for private music lessons for children when the radio gives them the world's best music immediately and with no effort, and at a minimum of expense.

Indeed, why should private instruction in music prevail when all other school subjects, some two hundred and fifty, are taught in classes? In my own boyhood, young men were still bound as apprentices to the village blacksmith, carpenter, shoemaker, tailor, or baker. Today, all trades are taught in trade, technical and vocational schools. Then, one studied medicine, privately, in the local doctor's office, law in the lawyer's office, and the barber "practiced" dentistry! Today, professional schools only are permitted to give training in law, medicine, and dentistry and even the barber can practice his

profession only after securing a proper license. Surely, when the mastery of life and death, momentous matters of property rights and justice can no longer hope to remain the exception. All the other arts have long been so taught.

The economic law applies here also. The public is rapidly settling this subject for itself. Now that the universal hunger for music is satisfied by the talking-singing-acting-screen, the phonograph and the radio at less cost in time, money and effort, the public buys movie and radio entertainment instead of pianos and private music lessons. In my own youth we could have music at home only if we made it ourselves, just as we produced most of the other things we consumed. That was home-made music—home-made by necessity. No one would contend that a similar necessity exists today, although I shall try to show that possibly another and perhaps greater, more vital reason should make us encourage home-made music now as never before.

BUT first, let us see if there are still other factors in this musical dilemma. I think we shall find them in our limited family budgets and in our unlimited desires, created by the modern sciences of invention, high-power salesmanship and advertising. It is safe to say that the average American family has less than twenty-four hundred a year to spend. Four out of five families have less than eighteen hundred, since the average annual per capita income in the United States is only six-hundred and twenty-three dollars. Food, clothing and shelter consume the bulk of this income. Nearly every family today has a car—many have two cars. The average annual overhead and maintenance of an auto is over five hundred dollars. The hallmark of social distinction is no longer "the piano in the par-

lor"—it is the "sedan at the side-walk!"

Now, every house-wife wants an electric refrigerator, washer and mangle; fathers tire of stoking furnaces and yearn for automatic oil burners. The average American family spends several times more each week for movies than they ever paid the music teacher. Modern advertising whets the desire for dozens of new devices and luxuries that give immediate satisfaction to comfort and pride.

PARENTS do still take pride in the accomplishments of their offspring; but silent pianos in neighbors' homes testify all too eloquently to the uncertainty of getting enjoyable musical entertainment by the good, old, home-made methods. And so, in four out of five homes, the new car, the refrigerator, the oil burner and the radio get first consideration. The purchase of a piano and investment in music lessons is postponed. Limited incomes necessitate choices and subsequent sacrifices. Consequently, those products and services that guarantee immediate satisfaction of pride, comfort, convenience or entertainment are chosen. Will home-made music soon be going into the gallery of "lost arts?"

If further proof is needed, let me remind you that the consumption of electric power doubled from 1922 to 1927. The registration of motor cars doubled from 1922 to 1927. Motion picture reports for these years are not available, but the business doubled from 1923 to 1925, and that was before the "Talkies." The sale of the piano—the "basic," universal home instrument—declined seventy-five per cent from 1924 to 1929. These are Government reports. What more can be said?

WE come now to the possible solution of the question of the new era of leisure—made possible, yes, inevitable, by the machine. It is obvious, is it not, that, when machines replace man-power, men must seek other vocations or work fewer hours? "Over-production" is the by-word, the key-note, today, of every economist, sociologist and politician. We hear of over-production on the farm, in the mine, in the factory. Three million workers, one in ten, are out of work today. Already the six-day

week, ten-hour day, universal when I was a lad, has diminished to the five-day week and the six-hour day. Economists predict a five-hour day in the near future. It is here now in the building trades.

What is humanity to do with this new-found leisure? What will be the leisure-time reactions of the mechanized automaton who is no longer required to think? All he does is press levers and push buttons! Do you wonder that this world is pleasure-mad, thrill-chasing, excitement-crazed as the normal reaction to the monotony of the machine? How can it tolerate also the monotony of a loafing leisure?

"Satan finds mischief still for idle hands to do" runs the saying. Is it possible that, in the Machine, man has created a Frankenstein monster that will slay his offspring in the end? Is it likely that "The Robot's 'll get you, ef you don't watch out?"

CRIME, today, is said to exact a toll exceeding one-eighth of our total annual income! In Illinois, the prison population has increased eight times faster in the past three years than the outside population! Some statistician might figure out how long, at that rate, it will be before we're all in jail!

Thorndike, of Columbia University, in his latest researches has uncovered a new world of possibilities in the field of adult education. He finds that adults, with but slightly increased effort, can learn many of the skills and sub-

jects once considered attainable only in early youth. Colleges, high school and continuation schools are experimenting along this line. Surely, there is no more crying need, because this new era of leisure presents new responsibilities, new opportunities in education for a fuller, richer life. In this new era, our education need never end! We shall have the time to explore new fields of knowledge, to cultivate our aesthetic instincts, to develop new skills, new appreciations! All we need is the inclination—the divine, cosmic urge—the will to let the spirit soar!

EDUCATIONAL psychologists are exploring new depths in human behavior. They are probing into the secrets of the emotions. They find that it is our emotions, rather than our intellects, that determine our acts. We act according to the way we feel, not, frequently, as reason dictates. Curriculum experts and administrative officials see the vital need, therefore, of training the emotions and the aesthetic instincts.

If music be the language of feeling, the vehicle of the emotions, why not give more thought, more time, more equipment, greater academic recognition and prestige to this, the greatest of arts? Already traditions are crumbling in college circles, due to the exposed fallacy of the faculty—psychology, theory, the triumph of functional-psychology and the new concepts of behaviorism. Pragmatic philosophy is displacing speculative philosophy. Our own William James and John Dewey lead the world in this newer conception. The words of President Eliot that "Music is the greatest mind trainer on the list" have rung through our academic corridors. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine!

THE 1928 Report of the National Bureau of Education shows that high school students enrolled in Latin decreased from 50% in 1905 to 22% in 1928; students enrolled in algebra decreased from 57% in 1910 to 35% in 1928; in science from 82% in 1910 to 61% in 1928. This denotes a diminishing emphasis upon traditional subjects. In art, the enrollment increased from 14% in 1922 to 18% in 1928. In vocal music a slight de-

(Continued on page 51)



Supporting Cast

By
Alberta
Huish
Christensen



At nine o'clock Gloria was impatiently thumbing a magazine.

Illustrated by
PAUL S. CLOWES

THE role of married 'grad,' Nell had often said, lifting her blond brows dramatically, "is one—if ever there was one—which needs bolstering."

If Gloria Brent was of the same opinion, she had never said so. The two girls living amiably in adjoining apartments had never discussed the matter. Both were wives of graduate students and living on—oh, what does it matter—so little that it takes one's breath away just to think of it. And common interests had bound them together with a warm tie of understanding.

Perhaps such an idea did lie dormant somewhere in Gloria's brain, perfectly conscious of its own existence, though undisturbed, unformulated until that night in late May.

GLORIA glanced hurriedly at the alarm clock on the oilcloth covered shelf above the sink.

[Editor's Note: In our short story contest, the prize offered for the best story by an author whose stories have never appeared in print was awarded to Alberta Huish Christensen.]

"Orange juice time, young man," and "Num-num," she added with a grimace as she dumped the brimming spoon of cod-liver oil into the nursery mug.

Jim Junior showed little interest in the performance, but continued to run his chubby forefinger across the tray of his unpainted high chair.

"Num-num," Gloria repeated, bringing the cup nearer to his lips. "Junior Brent, you simply must take it at once. With Saturday and washing I've no time to dally."

Junior gulped the vitamined draught and Gloria dabbed at his oily chin with a corner of his bib. She pecked a hurried kiss upon

his round hairless head, and, adjusting the covers of his crib, pushed it near the bedroom window. "Sleep time, you dear," and the door was closed behind her.

WITH systematic movements, result of much experience, she continued the laundry processes until the last clean, wrung clothes were piled high in the basket. Wiping the beads of perspiration from temples and chin she balanced the basket upon the high railing and stood for a moment on the diminutive porch, large enough to accommodate little more than the garbage can.

What a day it was! Beautifully clear, with no mist diffusing the ragged sky line across the water. She could even see up Market Street quite plainly on such a day. Funny she had never noticed before that Goat Island loomed so darkly against a silver-blue sky.

"Oh Nell," she called descending the long narrow steps.

Nell, blond and colorfully smocked, appeared on the porch at the other end of the apartment house.

"Washing today?"

"Goodness no," from Nell emphatically. "Didn't you see the lines I filled yesterday?"

"Well then I'll use your front one. I've more things than usual."

"Some early bird you are," Nell said as she descended the steps and surveyed the lines of dripping garments.

Gloria's face brightened. "Had to. I had some little extras to do today. In fact it's rather a special day." Then walking nearer, that the occupant of apartment 2 could by no chance overhear, she asked, "can you smell it?"

"Grand. It's acacia blooms, and have you seen the campus lately?"

"Bother, it's not spring air I'm talking about." Gloria's lips widened whimsically, "its chicken, really."

"Extravagant!"

NOW Gloria Brent had never known even the smallest measure of extravagance. Her own home had of necessity been managed upon lines of moderate economy. After her college graduation came marriage, and then the school-game had begun. She won-

dered just when it really was that she began budgeting or remodeling clothes of indefinite age. On matters of such longevity her memory was not too clear. It was rather nice to be called a spendthrift.

"Listen," she admitted presently, as if a frugal conscience could not longer stand such accusation. "Saturday night I added up the groceries and what do you know? We were six dollars ahead of schedule."

"Really!"

"Really," Gloria went on. "I guess it's the canned goods sale. Anyway I decided to celebrate—surprise Jim tonight. Guess how long we've been married."

"Why, it's your wedding day! You look young enough. Gloria, to be only a Soph."

"Applesauce!" It wasn't true. Gloria knew she looked every day of her twenty-six years. But she also knew that her pink cheeks were still smooth and her figure was girlishly slender.

"Three years today. It doesn't seem possible and yet, Nell, it sometimes seems that Jim's been going to college for ages. It seems so long since that night. The moon was awfully big and oh it spark-

led." She unconsciously rubbed the glistening diamond upon her sleeve.

"Yes, three years," Gloria repeated almost languorously. There had been that first year of teaching in a small western town right after graduation, and then two years more of college—two years of graduate work at the university.

"That's right," Nell said, "one more year and you folks can frame the sheepskin, wear it on your backs if you want to. Doesn't that sound grand!"

GLORIA nodded.

"And when we get to that point Nell, with all the molecules, atoms and electrons chucked safely behind us, with only the last flourishes to do, I'll be so thrilled I'll serve chicken every day for weeks. Not chopped meat, or teensy weeny pot roasts, but big, juicy chickens,—honest I will."

"You little spendthrift!"

"Really I will," Gloria answered without the slightest thought as to what she was actually saying. "With scrimping and scheming all behind and thoughts of a real salary ahead, who wouldn't, Nell, who wouldn't?"

"You and Jim are so young, you can soon make up for the lean years," Nell said encouragingly. "And with your teaching—"

"Course that does help a lot, even with paying Ella."

ELLA was the very round and tied-in-the-middle girl who lumped up the front steps each morning at nine and lumped down the front steps each afternoon at five. It was she, who, following detailed instructions, helped the well cooked cereal to disappear, saw that no pins or buttons found their way to Junior Brent's avid lips, and took him for his daily sunning in the backyard.

"I'll send you in a leg just to nibble on," Gloria said, tiptoeing to hang the last shirt upon the line.

"Don't you do anything of the sort," Nell protested, "there won't be enough, honey."

"Sure there will, it's a big one. Positively a beauty."

Gloria scarcely knew where the day went. The hours of her one

(Continued on page 56)



Jim's face was radiant, "Can't imagine how he limbered up to such a salary. Things must be booming back there."

A Daughter of Martha

By

Ivy Williams Stone

Chapter Four



Gloria distinctly heard the heavy, reverberating thunder of a snow slide in Cripple Creek Canyon.

Illustrated by
Paul S. Clowes

EVER since Gloria's marriage, Anna had been a puzzle to her. Some strange malady had retarded her growth. Certain foods disturbed her; Jonas thought it was because she had drunk a can of lye when she was beginning to crawl. Still, even his memory was vague. When a man runs a sawmill and a store and a farm and writes poetry and studies law, there is no leisure to study the whims of a baby. Left to herself, Anna was self-entertaining and mild. But when her plans were disturbed, her frail body shook with unrestrained rage. Everyone had learned that it was better to leave her rabbits and pet chickens alone.

The whole family were accustomed to her wanderings. She would disappear in the morning and seldom return before dark. She ignored their calls; resented their interference. She built little castles along the creek bank, dug small caves in the hill-side. Here she carried and stored her treasures. She knew the call of all the birds; she had cared for a crippled magpie and taught it to speak a few words. She would not learn household tasks; Gloria could not even trust her with the care of the baby. Though the creek was often swollen, Anna could always cross it. She could bridle a fractious colt when the hired man failed. She possessed a direct unswerving gaze which worried many people. She would sit at Aunt Catherine's feet, while Victoria combed her hair, and stare and stare, until that worthy lady lost her complacency.

"I declare, Gloria," Aunt Catherine fidgeted uneasily in her chair, "there's something uncanny about that child. You know, all great people dislike to be stared at. Caesar was that way about Cassius. When King George came to visit my father he said, 'Have no silent men about me. Make them laugh'. Anna never laughs."

Anna remained complacent. She came and went at her own bidding. Francis had been kind to her and she missed him. Now she sought other diversion and wandered farther into the hills. She had often carried food and water to her creek castles, or to a wounded pet. Now day

after day she disappeared immediately after breakfast, with a bucket so heavily weighted with bran mash that her frail body bent to the load. She made a circuitous route, lest someone follow her. She answered their repeated questions with a blank stare, from which there was no appeal. She returned at dark, ate a slight meal, smiled at Gloria who never scolded her, and slept peacefully until morning. The next day she would start off as before. If Peter followed, she sent him home.

* * *

LOTT GASCOM

had no ambitions about a beautiful home or education for Lulu. She was sixteen and should soon marry. He felt certain that even her slattern beauty would soon attract a husband. So long as he could fence in public lands for free pasture he had been content. But he had a fine herd of cattle which he prized highly. A pedigreed Jersey which he had named General Grant was his special pride. Shortly after Francis Conrad went home, General Grant disappeared. Lott immediately felt that the Whitmans had retaliated, and that Grant would return. The

days passed however, and there was no trace of the lost animal. Lott rode the range for miles around; he visited the Whitman corrals at night, stealthily, hoping to find his treasure. Growing bold with worry, he finally came to the ranch with his troubles.

"Meester Wheetman," he began, fawningly, knowing well that he deserved much rebuke, "you have had your leetle joke. It is plenty. I am that cured. I kill my dogs, but still my General Grant is gone. I want heem."

"We haven't seen your Jersey, Lott," Jonas Whitman still felt that the desired land had squared his score with Lott. "I hope you find him, but we have not seen him."

"I love heem like a babe. I look everywhere, but he is not. I love heem like Lulu. Lulu and Grant are my loves."

Here Rodney interrupted. "I tell you we haven't seen your old Jersey. Can't help it if he did cost five hundred. Guess he's strayed off and died."

Lott turned white. "I will give to anybody that finds heem ten dollars. Six hundred I pay for heem."

Rodney looked interested. Ten

dollars would buy several things which he coveted. If he just had to ride, if he did not have to work, like hoeing or milking, it wouldn't be so bad.

THE lost General Grant had been a perfectly colored Jersey. He had no distinguishing marks. The pale tan would be difficult to see against oak brush or hill-side. Still, it was worth trying. When Anna came home, carrying an empty mash bucket, Rodney had a sudden inspiration. He waited until she slept, then he carefully examined her bucket. A little tuft of pale tan hair was clinging to the hinge of the pail. With a knowing smile he felt that the ten dollars would be easily earned.

The next day he asked Anna no questions. He ignored her preparations, kept seemingly busy with work on his homestead machinery. But as soon as she was out of sight he followed her on foot, carefully keeping out of the beaten trail, hiding behind oak brush and sage when she stopped to rest.

By a circuitous route Anna arrived at the top of Cripple Creek Canyon. At the point where Jonas diverted the waters for his ranch,



Bruce's brave front gave away at this point and one of the hired men took up the story.

a spring flood had once washed a considerable hole in a clay hillside. Here Anna stopped, sat and rested. Soon she cupped her hands and emitted a long drawn, "MOO!"

MUCH to the surprise of her brother a sound, similar in accent but mournful and long drawn, answered her. Anna smiled, picked up her bucket and entered the washout. Rodney followed her and stood spellbound as he watched his sister. At the bottom of the wash lay the prostrate General Grant. Anna raised his head and fed him from the bucket of mash. This formidable animal that had inspired a fearsome respect all last summer, that had required a heavy barbed enclosure, was gratefully accepting the ministrations of the little girl. And to render this service, Anna carried a heavy bucket for three miles.

Bruce saw that General Grant had broken his leg in the fall. While Lott had scoured the countryside for miles, the weakened animal had lain less than a quarter mile from his own door.

Lott Gascom's eyes filled with rage when he learned of the whereabouts of his valuable Jersey.

"He like to be dead!" cried Lott, "For what can I use him now! I have to shoot heem—there where he be. The hole is his grave."

THAT night Gloria soaked the laundry in the tubs. Jonas had purchased a washing machine. You pushed a half wheel far over one way and pulled it back. It revolved a wooden dolly in the tub. It was marvelous. With store soap, washing was now a simple task, if you soaked the clothes overnight. Jonas was always kind, when he remembered. While she hurried with the dishes, watching the lamp where the oil was low, Jonas read aloud of a marvelous new invention. Some man back east, named Edison, had tinkered with electricity until he had invented a lamp that needed no coal oil, or matches, or gas. You turned a switch and light came into a little glass vacuum. It was called *carbon incandescent*. Gloria said the two words over and over to herself, as she mixed the bread and sliced the bacon and set the mush to soak. And her

father had written that a diamond, weighing 280 carats had been dug from the blue soil—down in a mine, not in a river bed. They called it "Tiffany Yellow." Surely the world was full of wonders.

JONAS went to bed, leaving her to follow when her tasks were finished. She worked more slowly now, felt too heavy for rapid movements. Little Nancy was two. As she poured the last water over the tubs, there came upon the silence the unmistakable sound of horses' hoofs. A queer, scraping sound accompanied them. Not the creak of a wagon, but a dragging sound. Their private road led to the main road, and sometimes people used it in the daytime. But never before at night. Hastily Gloria put out the light and cupped her hands against the window. A flat sled was being dragged by four straining horses. A large round mass lay on the sled. Gloria recognized the man who walked along by the horses. Lott was easily recognizable by his wild, unhatred hair. Why was he using this private road? Why didn't he take the other road—this one led to the railroad tracks. He had better be careful. The Overland Limited passed in the early morning. That crossing was dangerous.

The next morning Anna set out with her bucket of mash. Rodney, starting out to his farm, soon returned with news.

"Lott's General Grant was killed on the railroad track last night!" he cried. "Cut to pieces! Like to nearly upset the train, too. Nobody knows how he got through the fence. No wire was cut, and no gate was open!"

Jonas looked grave. "That

will cost a pretty penny," he volunteered. "That really was a valuable animal." Further discussion was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Anna, wild with anger. Her frail body trembled, tears blended with dirt and mud. Bran mash was smeared upon her clothing.

"He's gone—" she wailed. "My pretty's gone!"

Her father and Gloria looked at her in amazement, while slow understanding crept over Rodney's face. "Don't you worry, Sis," he began, but Anna again interrupted:

"My pretty was so sick. I fed him every day. He took it from my hand. His foot was hurted. He was Lott's big cow. He's gone. I loved him."

Lott enjoyed a nine day popularity when he showed the check the railroad sent in settlement. There had been no questions. Lott had papers showing the value and pedigree of the Jersey; he was killed on the tracks, just inside the crossing. And Rodney said nothing, but bided his time. He had plans forming in his mind, in which Lott's money played a part.

RODNEY'S reading had not been confined to novels. He had gotten some serious books, among them a copy of the state laws. Also, he read a book on pre-emption and homesteading. He began to watch the calendar. Jonas, worried over what proved to be the failure of his store and Gloria's weakening health, did not pay as much attention to the lapse of the fourteen months of residence as Rodney did. He was secure. He had paid the fees required for short term residence. The land was cultivated, and Rodney faithfully made it his place of residence. The final proof for patent could be attended to at any convenient time.

During his father's absence Rodney took two of the hired men and rode to the land office. He was an American citizen. He was well past twenty-one. He had witnesses to prove he had complied with all requirements. He said nothing of his action to his father. Within a short time Mr. Rodney Whitman received patent from the United States to the quarter section which fulfilled a



long cherished dream of his father's. But to Rodney it was merely land. Land that you had to plow and furrow and rake and sow and irrigate. And Lott Gascom coveted that land, and Lott had money.

CHOOSING an auspicious day when Jonas was again away from home Rodney and Lott traveled to the county seat. It only required one simple signature to make Lott the legal possessor of one hundred sixty acres of land, and from Lott's greasy pockets the General Grant money was transferred to Rodney Whitman. To him it was money; money to carry him far away from detested farms and cows, from woodcutting and plowing.

* * *

Gloria had worked at high tension all day long. Rodney was so elated over something, he did nothing but whisper to Victoria. Aunt Catherine was buried deep in her eleventh reading of *Under Two Flags*.

"Ah, Gloria," she called, whenever the busy Gloria came within earshot, "if Cigaretta had been a princess, she couldn't have acted more regally. And speaking of princesses, did you know that Queen Victoria has had nine children? What a marvelous queen! She buried her husband. Princess Alice died because she kissed her diphtheria-stricken son, and the future king, Prince Arthur, died. Still Queen Victoria carries on, alone. I would love to return to England for her jubilee. It will be grand. Ah, me, my eyes ache. I think I shall play a little on the piano before supper. Do you know how to make a Yorkshire pudding, Gloria?"

GLORIA went down to feed the chickens. Little Peter and Nancy trudged along. Peter was getting to be a fine sturdy boy now, able to keep Nancy from the irrigation ditches, and to carry small armfuls of wood to the house. Perhaps there would be more eggs tonight. The grass was green. Old Spotty had stolen her nest away. If she could find it, there would be more eggs to sell, and a little more money to drop in the crock on the cellar floor.

Gloria climbed to the loft over

the mangers. The cackle of a startled hen led her on—surely Spotty had chosen a secluded spot. Gloria stepped on a loose board, tripped and fell, not through to the mangers, but only half way. The narrow aperture would not let her through, gave her no chance to draw herself upward. There she hung, calling piteously to little Peter to run for help. Peter could hardly understand. But he knew her voice was queer and muffled, and he ran back to the house. Aunt Catherine's voice guided him to the parlor. She was lustily singing and rebuked him for interrupting.

"If you had been properly reared," she admonished, "you would not speak until spoken to. These modern children have no respect for their elders."

"Send her victorious
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us
God save the Queen!"

She took up her solo again, feeling that Peter should be impressed into silence. But he merely screamed, louder than before:

"Mama! Mama!"

"May she defend our laws—"

PETER became desperate. He could see his mother dangling above the mangers, could hear her voice growing fainter. He looked around for something to rouse this lady who did not like to move. His glance fell on the twelve gourds which he had been taught to revere. They were not heavy. He grabbed one and threw it with all his puny strength directly in the face of Aunt Catherine, who had opened her mouth wide for another line of the song.

The effect was all that Peter had desired. The gourd rolled harmlessly to the carpeted floor, but Aunt Catherine sprang up to punish the boy who dared affront her



in that manner. Peter ran from the house toward the barn, with Aunt Catherine following with all the speed she could muster. It was really a pity that there were none to watch her marathon. Down the dusty path to the barn she followed the nimble Peter, into the barn where he pointed to his mother. A look of horrified understanding came over the features of Aunt Catherine. The butter and cream and hot biscuits had produced a broad, plump shoulder. With one supreme effort she extricated the unconscious Gloria.

GLORIA never really knew what happened in the succeeding few hours. The world moved around her in a sickening whirl, with pain laughing mockingly, with the voice of little Nancy calling, as if from deep water. She must stay for Nancy. And Peter. And poor little Anna—and the gourds must be cared for. Jonas' voice sounded far away, muffled like hers. Had he fallen too? Eggs—a carload of eggs, rolling over the road to the station, falling off into the hands of eager children. In the early morning hours, two little babies lay wrapped in blankets on the farther side of the bed.

Aunt Catherine bent over her with more tenderness than she had ever used and whispered, "Girls, my dear. Two of 'em. This is only four. Queen Victoria had nine."

Aunt Catherine lay down to rest on the children's bed. Victoria had taken the children to bed with her. Rodney was supposedly back in his homestead cabin. A great stillness hung over the house. Victoria should be getting up. There were many tasks for all this day. The sun rose brightly. Birds began to twitter, still Victoria did not come. Aunt Catherine rose, sleepily.

"That boy Peter is bright, like all the Whitmans. He took me by the hand and led me to you, Gloria. I'm glad your babies have no hint of your red hair, Gloria. They really look beautiful."

SHE went out, complaining faintly that she needed her breakfast. Victoria should be here

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Boy Scouts In Camp

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dustrial school at Ogden, who are members of Troop 7 at the state institution, participated in an outing at Camp Kiesel during the latter part of July. Scouts from Brigham City also attended the camp after Ogden Scouts had enjoyed its privileges.

ONE of the features of the Salt Lake council camp was the visit of Troop 2, of Ogden, according to L. D. Simmons, scoutmaster of Troop 18, Salt Lake, and one of the council publicity committee; he said:

"From August 9 to 16, this troop 2 from Ogden enjoyed a marvelous trip into that paradise, the Uintah wilderness, the great Granddaddy lakes country. The hike took the 21 members from Mirror lake over Rocky Sea pass, down Rock creek to the East fork, then up to Brown Duck lakes and through Squaw basin. Going up Fish Creek to Granddaddy lakes, then over the mountain to the Hadies' canyon country.

"From there the boys went to Fish lakes, Four Lakes basin and north to Lake Ruth, where the Salt Lake council camp, directed by Lew Roberts, welcomed them heartily; then back to Mirror lake and home. They camped where night overtook them, without fear, and in safety.

"The packs carried weighed from 27 to 40 pounds. This included bedding, personal equipment and food for a week—nine pounds of condensed, dried, ready-to-eat foods, consisting of raisins, prunes, apricots, peaches, figs, rye crisp, whole wheat, parched corn, chocolate, peanuts, salted milk tablets, peanut butter, jam, sugar, salt, limes and carrots.

"It is calculated that each Scout lifted 6000 tons and the troop took 4,200,000 steps during the hike. Scoutmaster Paul S. Bieler and his assistant, John Bragonje, were in charge of the trip."

BROILING juicy beefsteaks over hot coals; rolling eggs in mud and cooking them; making flapjacks in one hand, stirring with the other hand, to eliminate cooking utensils. Sleeping under the stars, sometimes with a tent, sometimes without. Smelling the odor of pine boughs, the camp fire, roasting meat. Communing with Heaven in nature's forests. These things the Scouts of the Salt Lake council, and others, did at their summer outings.

Hundreds of boys took part in the Timpanogos camp under the supervision of Scout Executive A. A. Anderson. Camps were held at Pine Creek, Huntington Canyon, Big Springs, and Camp Timpanogos in Provo Canyon.

In addition, at the Uintah Basin Industrial Convention, held Aug. 5, 6 and 7, at Fort Duchesne, Utah, the boys participated in contests which were watched by a thousand interested spectators. Two outstanding winners were Russell Robinson, who made his cooking fire by the flint and steel method, and mixed and baked a pancake, taking only three minutes and twenty seconds for the whole process; and John Whitmore, of Troop 251, Roosevelt, Utah, winner of the first aid contest.

About 300 Scouts aided at the Convention.

Brigham City's peach day and rodeo celebration was not complete without the Scouts. They distributed more than ten tons of watermelons and 300 bushels of peaches to hungry visitors on Friday, Sept. 11, and more than that amount Saturday to vast throngs.

THE Cache Water Front camp, held for Vanguards, at Ideal Beach on the south end of Bear Lake, Aug. 9 to 16, brought forth many letters of commendation from the Vanguards, 45 of whom attended.

Scouts of the district also attended camp and enjoyed it to the fullest.

A group of Cache Vanguards, under the direction of Executive Preston Pond visited White Pine Lake, via horseback, marking one of the most progressive seasons for Vanguards in Utah. Scouts under the leadership of Executive Pond visited Yellowstone Park and partook of the spirit of romance, adventure and felt the urge of "bear hunting" with camera and pen.

From the Timpanogos area also came to Yellowstone the annual "Eagles' Flight." Eagle Scouts, 20 in number, prepared for the trip, and enjoyed a 1400 mile trek under the direction of A. A. Anderson, council head. The itinerary included Evanston, Fossil, Cokeville and Star Valley, Wyo., and from there through Swan Valley, the Teton Basin, Jackson Hole, and home. The total cost to each Scout was estimated at \$15, including food and transportation.

Many other troops made "individual" trips to the national shrine and "shot" wild animals,

tourists and Scouts with equanimity, using kodaks as rifles.

ONE of the biggest events of the year for Scouts was the "Covered Wagon Days" fete in Salt Lake, July 24, 25 and 26, at which more than 500 Scouts and Scouters assisted with the parade July 24, and the stadium pageant, July 25.

To commemorate this event, boys constructed covered wagons and ox teams for display all through Salt Lake City. One of the best and most unique models built was shown to the Scouts of the Salt Lake stake who attended the training course in merit badge work. The classes are held each Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. in the West High School Seminary building, and are attended by all Scouts who are Second Class or higher in Scouting, and who have the desire to work for merit badges.

This special model "Covered Wagon," accompanied by a model of "The Pony Express," was made entirely of plumbing fixtures by L. E. Arnold of the Waterworks Equipment company, 149 West Second South, Salt Lake. The wagon body was made of redwood pipe, the wheels were regular flanges, the oxen were Trident water meters, and oakum was used for their tails. The pony express model was made entirely of stock plumbing fixtures.

MUCH good has been done at this training course, and the boys are eager to put into practice at camp the things learned there in the classroom. One-stringed violins—that really can be made to produce music—large knot boards with original as well as regular knots, first aid, civics, conservation and many other merit badge and handicraft studies have been taken up this season. It is expected the work will be continued through the year.

Activities for Utah Boy Scouts for the past summer included: *Provo*—The building of a trail to the rock ruins of an old Indian guard fort in Provo Canyon; *Heber*—The awarding of more than \$100 worth of badges to Scouts of the council since the beginning of the year, with some boys winning three or four awards at each

court of honor; *Smithfield*—The purchase of a radio by Troop 54 for Miss Vena Sorenson, who has not walked for more than 20 years; *Richfield*—The thinning of Oliver Barlow's beets by Third Ward Scouts before they left for a camping trip, when Mr. Barlow was confined to his bed with a severe illness; *Salt Lake*—A treasure hunt for old mounds and Indian relics by Troop 33, under Scoutmaster "Bill" Davis; the opening in *The Deseret News* of a weekly Boy Scout page for Utah council news; a successful camping season, closing Sept. 1, and the giving of Scout leaders' winter training courses during the month of September; *Spanish Fork*—The saving of two boys' lives by Scout William Keele, 13, on a fishing trip. Several Scoutmaster's keys

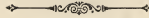
also were presented to those finishing the five-year Scout leaders' course outlined by the National Headquarters.

Good news to Utah Scouts is the message that the next World Jamboree is to be held in Hungary in 1933. Scouts of this vicinity already have "pricked up their ears" and are "sharpening their wits" in preparation for the journey to Europe, and the mastery of enough words in the German or in the Hungarian language to enable them to eat in case they wander from camp near mealtime.

CAMP under the stars, with perhaps a huge bonfire and a program before time for retiring; early rising; eating, hiking, studying nature and Scouting; boating, swim-

ming. Coming back to camp at the close of day—the "end of the trail" for the time being.

These things more than five thousand Boy Scouts and boy leaders have experienced this summer. And as they look back on their hikes, camps and studies, they feel indeed the nearness of the Almighty; that he is represented in the grass and trees, in the water, smiling from the beautiful clouds, and from the tall mountain peaks; that he is ever present, ever loving—a true Father. and as the man and the boy stops to ponder the meaning of life he lifts a reverently bared head to an understanding Deity, whose very name is carved in nature—*God*—interpreted by Scouts as the Author of all, in the Great Out Doors.



A Habit Worth Acquiring

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able to fare forth with his racquet on days when the local paper reports record-breaking 105 to 108 temperatures, to play tennis for two or three hours with men his juniors by decades, and come away with his share of the spoils of victory. In fact in a locality in which the great court sport finds many of its most brilliant players in the entire section J. Will Knight at the age of 56 is able to play with the best and is forced to acknowledge only a half dozen peers. He frequently may be seen with another capable athlete who is known to most of the people only as a doctor of letters, or a member of the English Department of Brigham Young University—Dr. P. A. Christensen who was known fifteen to twenty years ago as an outstanding college and semi-professional baseball pitcher preserves his vigor and freshness of viewpoint by playing volley ball in the winter time and tennis in the summer time. It is most refreshing to know that this master of Chaucer, sympathetic interpreter of the classics, skillful teacher and gifted manipulator of the English language can discover such a splendid outlet for energy and tonic for health on the tennis courts and in the gymnasium.

And so it goes! Professor C. Lavois Jensen leads a group of facultytonians who have become ad-

dicted to barnyard golf. Just recently Mr. Jensen finished second in the Provo City championships losing a brilliant battle of ringers to a man who pitched a perfect horseshoe game to achieve the championship.

DEAN HUGH M. WOODWARD finds his diversion and exercise in hiking and is typical of a large group who like the mountains and canyons. Professor Elmer Miller and Professor Milton Marshall are typical of the Isaac Waltons who abound in great numbers on the Brigham Young University faculty. Between twenty and thirty faculty members find diversion three times each week in a lively volley ball session, which, it must be frankly admitted, occasionally challenges the best debating talents of the participants as well as the physical agility. Even though the horse seems to be passing rapidly from the picture, the bicycle still survives in Provo, and some of the faculty members, it is alleged, push a mean pedal.

The extensive intramural system which provides competitive play in fifteen varieties of sport, for ninety percent of the enrolled men and women, should I am sure, not only give them healthful, recreational activity but should inculcate in them as part of their very beings

the habits of proper physical recreation.

Of course, the process should commence further down the scale—and so it does. The public play ground systems, the elementary and high schools, the Church recreational organizations—all these and other agencies are cooperating in an effort to promote better citizenship and to insure social welfare by utilizing pleasurably and profitably the leisure time of the entire mass in activities which may fix upon the individual's useful habits and desirable appetites.

ANY citizen who has not been converted to the gospel of the hearty handshake, the clear eye and the cheery voice, who has not become addicted to the tingling refreshment of an invigorating shower bath after a wholesome sweat, and who has not surrendered to the love of good championship and wholesome physical exercise, hand in hand, has not come into his full rights of citizenship. Furthermore, society has the right to expect that every individual will do everything in his power to make his life as long and as happy and as serviceable as possible.

Therefore the pertinent question: Are you doing everything in your power to create, to cultivate and to preserve proper recreational habits?



Spinsterhood

By Bee Forsyth

I LOVE three things:
A silver tureen,
A pink tea-rose
And little Eileen.

Little Eileen lives
Across the way.
She comes to visit
Me every day.

She runs up my stair
On the tips of her toes;
She dresses up in my
Debutante clothes.

She unravels knitting;
She helps me bake pies.
She tosses her curls
And laughs with her eyes.

Oh, I have a tea-rose
And a silver tureen.
But shall I have never
A Little Eileen?

Autumn

By Bertha Woodland

THE earth is filled with peace;
The chimes ring not,
But the good will of man
Is manifest by clattering wheels,
Exchange of greetings in adjacent fields;
At each new day's beginning,
Or when the noonday meal is shortly done.

My gaze goes out, across the valley;
To the low, rambling western hills
And fields of ripened grain.

My earthly heritage is great,
Of which these are but a meagre portion.
Although metallic wheels of industry
Reward me not with lifeless coin,
I pause beneath the friendly poplar tree,
And the breeze that plays about the green
Is cooler; refreshing my body, moist from
toil.

The early autumn sun, nomadic, fiery ball,
Sinks in a hazy mist, behind the purple
hills.

I love the soil, the breeze, the grain,
The seed, the plant, the train, the cloud-
less sky;

The sacred peace that permeates an early
autumn day

An heir of nature and of work, sufficient
To fill my soul with peace, as I rest;
Praising Him from whom all blessings
flow.

Two Questions

By Alberta H. Christensen

WERE it better to close tight
The tarnished lute
For want of missing string;
Or to fling
Less perfect melody
Upon the night?
May not some finer ear
At twilight hear
The fragment song;
And, catching overtones,
Find sweet
The soul-born cadences
Though incomplete?

Glad Days of Fall

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

THESE are the glad, glad days of fall,
The days when promise stands ful-
filled;

When garnered fruits are everywhere,
And beauty reigns as God has willed.

These are the glad, glad days of fall;
The leaves go gaily sailing by
On golden wings with russet tips
To cuddle 'mong the grasses nigh.

These are the glad, glad days of fall:
A purple haze is floating high,
The sun has a new, a wine-red shade
And the winds have a new low sigh.

These are the glad, glad days of fall,
Earth gives her wealth to man to keep;
Then shuts her eyes in dreamy peace,
Contentedly she waits for sleep.

November

By Gladys Hendrickson

THE world is wrapped in fragrant folds
Of shadowy chiffon,
And on this golden harvest veil
The dusksness of slender trees,
Encrowded in leafy filigrees,
November nights have drawn.

The leaves are heaped in golden mounds—
In sculptured loveliness they lie;
While from their depths the cobalt smoke
Curls incense to a silver sky.

I Have Seen God

By Christie Lund

I HAVE seen God! I have seen him
on the breast of hills,
At twilight when the sunlight steals away
Slowly as a mother from a sleeping child
At the close of day.

I have seen him in the grace of lacy trees,
Patiently swaying 'gainst a silver sky;
And in the first bright gleam of evening
star
Which speaks of peace and lifts our hopes
up high.

I have seen him in a child's dream-washed
and gleaming eyes;
And I have found him in a cool, dark
wood.
But mostly I have seen him in the face of
those sweet souls
Who have trod his ways and found them
good.



Indian Summer

By Helen Kimball Orgill

EARTH'S at her loveliest,
Fold upon fold
Distances gleaming
Purple and gold.

Asters are paling,
Fields rapture know;
Smoke wreaths are drifting,
Maples aglow.

Ah, would I linger
By purpling vine,
There in the meadow
Blue berries shine.

Hillsides are changing,
Weaving bright dreams;
Vision ethereal
Shimmering gleams.

Dear is the knowing
All things though wild,
Join one glad chorus
By you beguiled.

Joyous fulfilment
Crowns all the days
Indian Summer
Parting of ways!

Phases

By Linda S. Fletcher

I SHOULD like to spend the moon,
If I might!

It's a coin of silver rare
Through the mist of morning air—
Price of joys beyond compare:

Fancy's flight!
From the moon I'd like to quaff—
Golden bow!

Life's elixir it must hold!
Ecstasy and joys untold
Would before my eyes unfold—
Feed my soul.

I should like to wear the moon—
Cap of lace!
For its mist upon my hair
Would bring dreams beyond compare:
You would come to meet me there—
Face to face!

In the moon I'd like to sail—
Shallop bright!
Silken drapes to veil my dreams,
While around soft splendor gleams.
To you drifting, so it seems,
Through the night.

Still I'm glad you stay so high,
Sphere of light!
There, you upward draw my eyes,
Bid my thoughts from dust arise,
Lure me on through endless skies
To delight!

Candles

By Grace Ingles Frost

WHAT is more alluring in the dusk
of night
Than a waxen taper palpitant with light?
Like the pulsing semaphores God has set
above,

Candles are for dreaming—dreaming and
for love;

That is why a candle's glow a heart throbs
holds for me,
When through a cottage window its wel-
coming I see.

Glancing Through

Brief Summary of Magazine Articles*

By

ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

Catholic or Protestant Which will win the New Social Order?

By JAY FRANKLIN

(The Forum for Sept., 1931)

EVER since the end of the war, it has been obvious that both Catholic and Protestant churches stand in need of rejuvenation, if they are to avoid the fate of all human wall-flowers. In philosophical mood, quite different from its former political and theological hysterics, the church has set about to have its "face lifted," according to the prevailing fashion for aged ladies who feel that they can be made to appear younger and more modern, renewed and revitalized by means of deft surgery. While the modern spirit has not as yet got into the actual spiritual mission of these churches, it is easy to detect a sort of flapperish attitude on the part of both, in the hope that ecclesiastical cosmetics will popularize them.

The war all but wrecked organized Christianity, for four years of hatred and malice, greed, and violence practically knocked the props out from under the church. Every sect was in the fray, eliminating each other and others of themselves with high explosives, for the best Christians proved to be the best patriots and the best fighters. Pulpits rang with denunciations of the foe, and the clergy did a land office business. When the war ended, there was an inevitable slump.

The Church of Rome was especially hard hit, for the Pope had preserved the neutrality of the Vatican and had issued a strong appeal for peace in 1917, all to little avail; and the Catholic Church was plunged into a political struggle for survival. At the same time, the Protestant churches were making themselves conspicuous over dogmatic interpretations—fundamentalists vs. modernists; people who believed miracles to be unnecessary pitted against those who would believe that Jonah swallowed the whale if they were asked to. And shortly after the fray over science and religion, Communism struck a body blow at the church when Russia, solving many of the social problems which the church had felt should belong to her, ridiculed religion into obscurity and dis-

repute, and insisted that it be quite unrelated to the program of daily living.

Left to find other issues on which to base their claims, the churches have hit upon two phases of modern life which are always arresting—family relationships and money. The Catholics, denouncing divorce and birth control with all former vehemence and some new besides, have caused the Protestants to yield to the modern current and approve both, with full and sufficient reasons explained, the chief one being, according to the Presbyterians, that economic standards have changed and make it wrong to rear a family unless proper conditions of living and education can be maintained.

The Pope's Encyclicals dealt with all the traditional social orders, and reaffirmed the position of the Church of Rome, and, in addition, dwelt in no uncertain terms upon such matters as the public school system, coeducation, sex education and gymnastics for girls, all of which were roundly disapproved. The Encyclical on marriage—the greatest dogmatic treatise of its kind ever compiled by a bachelor—enjoined the ready subjection of a wife and her willing obedience to her husband and it condemned romantic fiction, novels, movies and radio broadcasts as being productive of frivolous thoughts and feelings. He added that the emancipation of woman is the debasing of womanly character, and fin-

ished with the decree that eugenics must be entirely disapproved. After this positive statement in regard to social and religious matters, the Pope turned his attention to economics, alluding to "universal financial and economic uneasiness" in his Christmas greetings to cardinals in 1930, and following in February, 1931, with his notable radio broadcast in which financial matters held a prominent place. In May of the same year he issued his attack on the capitalistic economic system, vilifying alike the system and those responsible for it.

Catholicism uses every avenue for reaching the public eye and imagination—news reels, radio greetings to the whole world, and even the inauguration of a series of monthly motor services, in which blessings were pronounced upon parked cars, holy water sprinkled on them, and the passengers in them sealed up against accident. The fact that the coach of the Notre Dame football team was a Catholic was never forgotten, and the death of Rockne was a distinct loss to the Catholic propaganda being used in America.

Post-war religion may jazz itself up to meet all needs and counteract all ills, but there will still be those who believe that the sole purpose of organized religion is to teach men how to live decently and to die gracefully. It requires something far more vital and fundamental than external beauty measures to restore eternal youth.

They're All Related

(High Intelligence, Long Life, Physical Fitness)

By CALVIN T. RYAN

(Hygeia Magazine for Sept., 1931)

JOHN WESLEY, one of the earliest advocates of cleanliness for health wrote "Studious people should frequently bathe and frequently wash their feet," and for insuring long life he offered these suggestions: Take tar and water night and morning, or decoction of nettles; or be electrified daily or chew cinnamon.

Queer as his rules appear to us now, it must be remembered that they were strictly in harmony with the best medical advice of his time; and it must be noticed that there is a definite suggestion of relationship between mind and body; good health and studiousness.

Failure to understand physical handi-



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caps and the attendant listlessness and indifference toward study have caused many a teacher to misjudge a student. The advertisers are calling attention constantly to the fact that body odor and unpleasant breath bar one from social contacts, as one who possesses these cannot possibly possess also charm or social effectiveness. But they say nothing about the danger of the physical conditions which cause these troubles. The close relationship of the physical, mental and emotional is just beginning to be realized by parents and teachers, although there are many of both who have not yet grasped the idea: and who as a natural consequence are failing to reach the child effectively. Dr. Ira S. Wile of the Mount Sinai Hospital told a group of teachers that due thought must be given the physical, intellectual, emotional and social life of children, in order to appreciate unity in health and regard it as the fusion of several phases of child nature.

In other words a child is composed of many parts, but each part acts up on the rest, and no one power or activity should be stressed at the expense of another. "We have not to build up a body nor a soul, but a human being, and we cannot divide him," Montaigne said, but it has taken a long time for us, generally, to appreciate this. Now, however, one of the chief topics of interest among men and women in fields of medicine, hygiene and physical education is "oneness" of mind and body. When the Greeks strove for a sound mind and a strong body, they sought for more than they understood.

During the World War the adjutant general of the U. S. Army set forth some of the reasons why young men failed to pass at the officers' training camps. Slouchiness, or carelessness in processes of acting and thinking, he considered the most glaring cause of failure, and he laid the blame largely to faulty school training. The bearing of an officer and a gentleman, in the opinion of the adjutant general, apparently was the bearing of one who gets things done, quickly and well; who knows where he is going and how to get there.

Biologists and eugeniasts agree in their conclusions that intelligent people live longer and contribute more to civilization than do stupid, ignorant people, and their findings are borne out by the insurance companies who claim that college graduates have a lower mortality rate than that of the average male in the U. S., and that the mortality rate among honor men is even lower than that of the ordinary graduate. Athletes among the graduates live longer than the average man of the country, proving to a certain degree that health goes with intellectual power; physical fitness with leadership. By educators, a number of studies have been made among students to show the relationship between good



health, physical fitness and intellectual ability, and between mental fitness and morality. Among 61 senior officers, their medical health record was as follows:

A	40
B	13
C	3
Others	5

In other words, the well, strong student is the one likely to hold office.

Another thing which is being done in schools now is to discourage one having poor health from discussing it, "for superintendents do not like to employ teachers with poor health, and more and more they ask to see an applicant's personality sheet rather than her grades." If a girl is incurably handicapped physically, she is advised to give up teaching as a profession, as she will always work under a double disadvantage.

It is impossible to gauge accurately the relationship between health and academic success, but records of some schools show that the leading students enjoy the best health.

"Every man is a rascal when he is sick," Dr. Samuel Johnson said, and he might have added, truthfully, "and every sick man is handicapped intellectually, morally, and socially," for a morbid body easily gives rise to a morbid mind, and the relationship works both ways. Interdependence of all parts of the human organism is well established, for the same blood stream sweeps through body and brain. A person is a unit—an integration of brain, body and emotional responses. Teaching must be given to a child as a whole, not to one part at a time. A child cannot be made a mere cog in the machinery of a machine age. In addition to teaching him to make a living, he must be taught to live while he is making it!

The Englishman Himself

By MARY BORDEN
(Harper's Magazine for Sept., 1931)

HE makes a bad impression on strangers because he doesn't care what impression he makes; he is difficult to know because he doesn't want to be known. His wants are few—and one of them is to be left alone; and yet he has learned to live comfortably in a densely crowded space. With 35,000,000 people he lives on a bit of the map scarcely larger than

New York, and while this seems scarcely breathing room, he has managed to achieve a greater measure of individual liberty than any other man in Europe. He has studied the art of human relationship, and his genius lies in the conduct of human affairs, rather than in philosophy, art or science. He respects that queer animal—man—and belongs to the most politically and socially advanced people in the world. In other words, the Englishman is a highly civilized man. He has learned, among other things, the value of quiet and courtesy, and how to give way to others, which are the insignia of a civilized man, as are tact, and a readiness to listen to another man's opinions. And so, in England, there seems to be room for everybody to live his own life and indulge his fancies and voice his opinions; and the country, while crowded, does not seem so, because of the parks, open spaces and play grounds.

Whatever you do in England, the courtesy of the crowd is extended to you—soldiers, nursemaids, costermongers, bank clerks, tradesmen, police constables and society people all tolerate each other politely, and extend to one another and to strangers the courtesy of London. From a state of rude unfriendliness which I attributed to him when first visiting England, the Englishman has proven the exact opposite, for I have come to know him better. I know the friendliness of his relations with others, particularly when others are women. He is the man who treats women as friends. He likes them better than does a Frenchman who is a love-maker, or than an American, who slaves for women and avoids their company as much as possible.

He is lazy, and a master in the art of elimination, as he has to be, with so many things and people crowded in together. Together with tact, patience, tolerance and good humor, the Englishman must develop a talent for ignoring what he does not want to notice.

He does not like surprises of any kind, quite contrary to the man of France to whom new people, new dishes, new forms of entertainment are very attractive. After a disastrous attempt to bring new people together in England, I gave it up, and asked them to meet only their old friends at my house. They are difficult men, and hard to please, but I like my house to be full of them, even if they do object to the introduction of anything new. The truth is that they have so much of everything that they find it impossible to make room for anything new. There is no man on earth so surfeited with good things as the Englishman of the leisure class; there is no social system so elaborate in all the world. And why should a man who has so many good things

(Continued on page 64)

Laying the Foundation for Good Manners

By
Adah R. Naylor



way mirrors in miniature many of the problems of the big world outside. In recent years our complicated manner of living has brought about many changes within the home,—many of them have not been changes for the better. When scientific discoveries and inventions put the whole world on a neighborly footing, everything about us grew so suddenly interesting and get-at-able that we all attained a look of wide-eyed expectancy, and an air of "what shall we do next." Father, mother, brother, sister have been so busy going places that many homes have been reduced to a few small rooms in an apartment house where the family eats occasionally and sleeps at night.

Isn't it possible that out of this so-called depression will come a saner outlook and that people in general will go back to a quiet mode of living? The home then will once again become a place where we shall work and rest and play and find comfort and companionship and joy.

Who Owns the Home?

MOST of us will agree that the home belongs equally to all the people who live in it, but this isn't as simple as it may sound. When you stop to consider that life within the home must be arranged to permit the living together of individuals of all ages, the old and the young, the mature and the adolescent, and that each must have his share according to his needs, you realize that your home problem in a small way mirrors the problem of the world.

The Child in the Home

WHEN a child is born into a home, that home belongs to him, in a community sense. Because we love and cherish that which belongs to us, the

child who is trained in the thought of ownership is less likely to injure or damage the home and its furnishings and as he grows older he will give more freely of himself and his belongings to beautify and improve it. Since he is to spend at least one-third of the life span—and the most important period of his whole existence, in his childhood home, it is most necessary that he has the feeling of "belonging"—of conjoint ownership. The parent who takes the attitude of "you are under my roof" is storing up a lot of grief for himself and the growing child.

How We Build Our Homes

MOST homes are managed and conducted for adults. All houses are built for adults—rooms, windows, doors, furniture—of course we do concede a high chair and a small bed, but all else is huge beside the child, and at the age of 12 or 13 months when his appetite for knowledge sends him exploring he is forced to reach, pull and climb in order to see, touch and smell or taste. Too often his training is convenient for the grown-ups rather than for the good of the child.

Children are naturally destructive, but it must be remembered that destructive and constructive impulses are close kin. A child's eagerness to see, to feel, to examine and take a part is an impulse which should be trained and not thwarted. The little boy who insisted that his name was "No, no Johnny" reflected a dumb mother.

Training the Child

THE modern child is born into an intensively social world. He is immediately surrounded by family, friends and neighbors and if he is to be happy he must be trained to adapt himself to his surroundings. Some children have the faculty of adapting themselves readily to their environment, they early show a natural consideration for others and acquire a

II.

Who Owns the Earth?

EVERYONE will agree that the earth belongs to *all* the people that live upon it,—but no one seems to know just how this earth with its possessions is to be properly distributed among the inhabitants thereof. At the moment our present civilization appears to have become demodded and everywhere there are lamentations and bewildering suggestions along lines of "economic balance."

But let us turn our attention to that smaller world—the home—which in a

good manner easily. Others are less fortunate, often because of illness, or wrong feeding they become irritable and are unfriendly toward people, and training them in the graces of living is a difficult task.

There never can be a universal formula given for training children, since no two children come into the world under exactly the same conditions, and each child is born different from every other child, but training both in morals and manners must begin at birth as the emotional life is then simple and spontaneous and the trend of expression is easily directed.

Obedience

ONE of the first needs of the child is to be trained in regularity—later he must learn to obey. The question of obedience is a very serious one and too far-reaching to be discussed here. It must suffice to say that in a young child absolute obedience must be required. Since he is not able to assume the responsibility of his own acts, his health and well-being depend upon his following the instructions of the parent. As the child grows older he must be allowed to develop his own judgment and act on it, and less and less obedience should be required.

Children and Play

THE adult world and the child world have little in common. The whole routine of home life holds little that is of interest to the child, and he is forced to create a world of his own; this he does through play. To be interesting, play must have continuity and an interruption in play is to the child a serious thing. I have a small niece who, when compelled to stop playing always pauses before she begins again and says, "Let me see, where was I at?"

The hurried mother will often command the child to leave his play and go at once on an errand, and, irritated by her tone of voice and disturbed by the break in his play, he gives an impolite answer and trouble ensues. The mother who is considerate enough to say, "When you have finished what you are doing will you please go for me?" or "Can you go for me at once?" will receive a polite answer. How can we teach "good manners" unless we ourselves have them? Children are imitative little animals and in their behavior is mirrored the behavior of the people around them.

Are Children Persons?

WE seldom treat them as such. At the dinner table if an adult guest upsets a glass of water, flooding the

surrounding area, confusion and apologies follow. "It doesn't matter," says mother, "the cloth isn't injured, accidents happen to everybody," etc. And everthing is said and done, that can be said and done to put the guest at ease. A few days later when the family are dining alone, small Mary upsets her glass of water, and is roundly scolded. Says mother: "You're a bad, careless girl to have ruined the lovely fresh cloth and caused mother so much trouble," and yet we know that children are particularly sensitive to praise or blame. Are children persons? Let us treat them as such.

Our Table Manners

IT is said that animals feed—uncivilized people eat—persons of refinement and culture dine. Be that as it may, all of us consume food daily, and the manner in which we do it, adds to, or detracts from the physical pleasure to be derived from eating. Much of our social life centers around the "festive board" and a knowledge of correct table manners gives us an ease and a poise that adds much to our pleasure. Then, too, our table etiquette is usually regarded by strangers as an index of our breeding, so I should say that knowing how to eat nicely is of great importance.

Training the Child to Eat Correctly

LEARNING to eat is a difficult task, and the mother must give thought, time and patience to the small child who is struggling to feed himself. Good manners are not things that can be put on with our party clothes—they must be inbred in us—so the time to learn correct table manners is when we first learn to eat.

The first lessons should be given

Note: A more extensive discussion of this subject may be found in "The Right Thing at All Times," published by Gen. Boards of M. I. A.

away from the family table so that the mother can devote all her time to the task. At first the child is given a short-handled baby spoon which he can clutch tightly. In the beginning the spoon will go into his mouth end first, but later when he is better able to guide his hand he can eat from the side. He must be trained to take a small amount in the spoon, dipping outward, not towards him. No one can convey a brimming spoonful of liquid food to the mouth without spilling it and a heaping spoonful of semi-solids, besides looking greedy, is too much to be taken into the mouth at once.

When he begins eating solid foods he may be given a "pusher" which he holds in his left hand and which aids him in getting his food into the bowl of the spoon.

When he drinks he holds the mug or glass with both hands until the right hand is strong enough to manage it alone. Bread and butter is given him in small bits. He must be trained to chew slowly, keeping the mouth closed, and not to spill or smear. One of the most pernicious habits known is that of giving the small child a large piece of bread spread with jam and allowing him to bite into it, smearing himself from ear to ear.

As the training progresses the baby spoon and pusher are discarded for the fork, spoon and knife. The bib is removed, a napkin is given him and he takes his place at the table where he must sit quietly and eat neatly. He holds the fork in his right hand, much the same way that he holds a pencil, and the food is taken up to the mouth on the upturned prongs. The spoon is held in the right hand, and when not in use is placed on the plate or saucer beside the cup.

The knife is used very little, only for cutting those things that cannot be broken with the edge of the fork. When he has cut the food the best method to follow is that of laying the knife on the plate, and transferring the fork to the right hand to bring the food to the mouth. This American manner of eating is frowned on by Europeans and called "zigzag" eating. The foreigner after cutting the food as we do with knife in right hand and fork in left carries the food to his mouth with the fork still held in his left hand. This is easier and more graceful for the grown-up, but two implements are difficult for a child to manage at one time, and he will get on better with the one-handed method.

There are many things to be learned, aside from the mere mechanics of eating.

A child should stand at his place at the table until his mother and the

(Continued on page 64)



Beauty In The Home

II

PROPORTION

By
LUTIE H. FRYER
Professor of Home Economics
University of Utah

A BEAUTIFUL home, whether modestly or elaborately furnished, is never created through hit or miss buying of rugs, wall paper, furniture, draperies and accessories, but is the result of careful buying, good taste being the chief requisite. Good taste need not imply a full pocket-book, but rather the application of the fundamental principles of art of which proportion plays a very important role in the selection of everything that goes into the home.

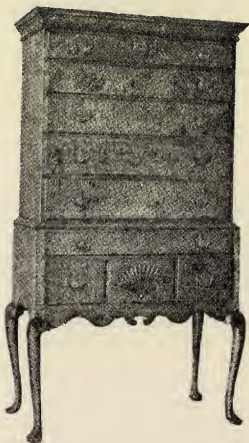
An appreciation of proportion enables one to distinguish the excellent from the mediocre, and to select unhesitatingly from a dozen chairs the one which will possess the attributes of beauty no matter how old it may become.

How shall we define proportion? There are many definitions which are correct. One of the simplest is—



No matter how battered its surface may become, this chest will have dignity, for it is built with a fine understanding of proportion.

"Proportion is the Law of Relationship."



This old colonial chest will always lay claim to beauty.

Every time two or more things are put together, proportions are established which are either interesting or uninteresting. Some people almost instinctively make combinations of things which please the eye, but the majority of people have to acquire this ability. The simplest and safest method of acquiring an appreciation for good proportions is to adopt some standard that we can use as a measuring stick when we wish to judge from an aesthetic standpoint.

Ideal Proportions

THE ancient Greeks, after years of study, exhibited good spacing in everything they made. The basis for their space division was that of an oblong. It is sometimes called "The

Golden Oblong," and it is recognized even today as a standard for fine space relationship. The measurements of the Greek oblong were approximately two units on the short side and three on the long side. It is more beautiful than a square because the equal measurements of a square are too obvious to be interesting.

While it is impossible for us to say that only certain proportions are good, we do recognize that we are better



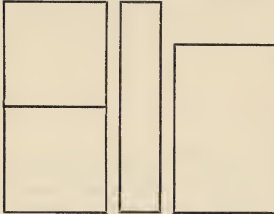
Uninteresting proportion accounts for the lack of beauty in this piece of furniture.

pleased with proportions which approach those which the Greeks loved to use than with those which are too far away from them.

Look at the three rectangles in the diagram. In the first rectangle the height is exactly twice the

width, a proportion which is apparent at a glance and hence not interesting. The second rectangle is so narrow in proportion to its height that we feel that there is no relation between the two dimensions. In the third rectangle, the relation is sufficiently close for us to be able to compare them, and sufficiently different so that we do not see at a glance what this relationship is.

THE marvelous artist-scientist Leonardo Da Vinci, after making a care-



These diagrams show three rectangular spaces; the first is uninteresting; the second has no relation between its dimensions; the third is pleasing because the proportions are not obvious.

ful study of the Greek proportions formulated this ideal relationship thus: "Two areas or lines are more interesting and comparable when one of them is between one-half and two-thirds the area or length of the other."

We do not have to look far to find concrete examples of beauty in proportion or lack of it in the average home. A bath room or kitchen that has the



This kitchen chair has uninteresting, monotonous space divisions. It is commonplace.

lower part of the wall finished in oil-cloth or tile is far more beautiful if good proportions are used. Instead of covering the lower third or half of the wall with oil-cloth or tile, it should extend somewhere between the lower third and half the height of the wall, or extend up somewhere between the half way line and two-thirds the height of the wall.

Proportion in furniture is an important element. One piece of furniture may be uninteresting and ugly because the manufacturer had no knowledge of proportions while another piece will lay claim to dignity and beauty for it was built with a fine understanding of proportion.

Scale

IN addition to learning how to create beautiful space relationship, there is a sub-division of the subject of proportion which we must consider as well. This is known as *scale*, and is very important for every home maker. Scale refers to the relative sizes of objects. It is not hard to find many violations of good taste in scale. Too often a room twelve feet by sixteen or even smaller contains a large three-piece over-stuffed set which should have been used in a room twice that size. If large pieces of furniture must be used in a small room, there should be the fewest possible number of them, upholstered in an inconspicuous color and pattern. Some people have the mistaken idea that furniture, to be comfortable, must be large. This false idea has led people who live in average-sized rooms to crowd them with large bulky pieces. If they knew that comfort is more a matter of construction of furniture than of its size, and that equal comfort can be obtained with smaller pieces, our small homes and apartment houses would show much better scale, and hence would be far more attractive.

Sometimes we see a lamp used in a living room which would look well in the lobby of a hotel. The design in the wall paper, the rug, the draperies and the upholstery are often far too large for the room. Good scale requires that the patterns used in the room, the furniture and accessories should be in good proportion, or suitable to the size of the room.

Correcting Faulty Proportions

OFTEN the problem confronting the home maker is not one of buying new articles which represent good proportion but of correcting the poor proportions of what she already has. It may be the room itself. It may be square and box-like, or long

and narrow, either of which, we have learned, is not very interesting. A good proportion for a room is found in the relation of 3:5. The ceiling may be too low. A knowledge of the



This kitchen chair is made interesting by means of varied space relations.

laws of proportion may help to correct these faults.

A room apparently may be shortened by placing rugs horizontally across the room and through the plac-



This is a distinctive kitchen chair.

ing of important groups of furniture against the wall at the central axis. Spots of bright color at the farther ends of the room will decrease its apparent length because bright colors are advancing colors and tend to bring nearer that portion of the room where they are used. Too much pattern tends to decrease the apparent size of a room, for large patterns need space to be effective. Light colors will increase the apparent size while dark colors seem to decrease the size of a room. We must not overlook the trick of using mirrors and the endless vistas they open to us. Their ability to give a sense of spaciousness simply cannot be slighted, and while one mirror at least is a necessity to every small room, many times two may be used with a double effectiveness without over-doing it. The use of carpet instead of a rug accentuates the long unbroken lines and spaces of the floor as well as the wall and hence appears to increase the size of the room. The carpet, like the wall paper, should be plain or have an almost inconspicuous pattern.

The room which is too low may have panels or a suggestion of stripes in the paper, while a room with a ceiling color brought part way down on the wall will appear lower than the one where the wall paper goes to the ceiling. Windows which are too short should have long, narrow draperies of vertical stripes with no valance; a deep valance reduces the apparent height of a window; the chair which is too low and squat may have a narrow vertically striped cover as wide stripes have the tendency to carry the eye across rather than up and down. Heavy fabrics with a pile weave such

as velours and heavy velvets when used for upholstery and draperies have a tendency to make a room appear smaller, while plain or brocaded silks with small patterns cause a room to appear larger.

Many additional applications of the principle of proportion could be enumerated but all that is necessary for the solution of such problems is the knowledge that:

1. Proportion deals with the relation of the parts of an object to each other, the relation of objects to each other, and to the whole.

2. A good standard which can be used as a measuring stick to judge good proportion is the law of Leonardo Da Vinci: Two areas or lines are interesting and comparable when one of them is between one-half and two-thirds the area or length of the other.

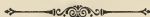
3. Scale refers to the relative size of objects; furniture, lamps and other decorations should be in scale with the room.

4. It is possible to correct poor proportions of a room by various optical illusions, such as the use of vertical lines in a low room, horizontal lines in the high room, extending the ceiling on to the walls, the use of light colors and mirrors, etc.

The simplest as well as the more elaborate home will gain interest through the use of good proportions.

Objective Test

THIS test is given in the form of true and false statements. If you think the statement is true draw a circle around the T, if you think it is false draw a circle around the F.



1. T. F. A scarf twenty-four inches wide and forty-eight inches long would present interesting proportion.

2. T. F. A bureau with three drawers equally spaced is more attractive than one with the drawers in graduated proportions.

3. T. F. A large over-stuffed sofa is out of scale in a small living room.

4. T. F. A wide valance will increase the apparent height of a window.

5. T. F. Light colors make a room appear smaller.

6. T. F. Vertical lines in window draperies and furniture will help to create an impression of height.

7. T. F. If one is unfortunate enough to have too large furniture for the size of the room, it should be upholstered in a large pattern of bright colors.

8. T. F. A tiny polka dot in wall paper in a large room is an example of poor scale.

9. T. F. Space relationships which are not understood at a glance are apt to be more pleasing than those which are too easily perceived.

10. T. F. A room 15 feet wide and 25 feet long is a well proportioned room.

Answers to October Test:

- | | |
|--------|---------|
| 1. Yes | 9. Yes |
| 2. No | 10. Yes |
| 3. Yes | 11. Yes |
| 4. No | 12. Yes |
| 5. Yes | 13. Yes |
| 6. Yes | 14. No |
| 7. No | 15. Yes |
| 8. No | |

President Anthony W. Ivins

Continued from
page 8

ilization and these were the impressionable years of his life. As a rancher and frontiersman he knows the meaning of hard service and plain fare. For long periods he has slept on his blankets under the quiet stars, drunk the brackish water of stagnant pools, ground in his teeth the bitter alkali from the dust of the trail and the desert, and through it all has developed the fine instincts of a gentleman and a scholar.

There are no evidences of his rough surroundings in his appearance or personality—he has gathered from those experiences the manly and heroic virtues which underlie sound character and which are so admirably built into the structure of his own life.

This many-sided man, educated

on the plains and in the wilderness, is at ease presiding over the Board of Trustees of a college, speaking before a great conference in the Tabernacle, deliberating with the most astute financiers and business men in banking and mercantile directorates, debating national issues with jurists and statesmen, or sitting in the highest councils of his Church passing upon deep questions of doctrine and policy and we think he could still shoe a horse without much trouble and make a good job of it. This is the miracle of his life; but when you know the man there is nothing miraculous about it.

THE path which has led to the summit of his achievements is not only a long and devious one

but in many places a rugged one. Few men indeed have pursued a harder one and fewer still have emerged from such surroundings with so much that is really fine and admirable. One explanation of it all is the fact that always and everywhere he has steadfastly maintained the standards and cherished the ideals of the great Church to which he belongs, and has prudently and industriously cultivated the great powers of his heart and his mind.

To modernize the tense of Mark Antony's words over the mortal remains of Brutus:

"His life is gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might
stand up
And say to all the world, 'This is a
man.'"

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Some Suggestions in Learning Polyphonic Music

ALL music may be classified under two general divisions—in fact, everything that has been composed is of one type or the other. Musicians call music either monophonic or polyphonic. The terms will be easily understood if they are taken apart and the roots from which they are composed defined. "Phonic" has to do with sound, and in these words means "voice," or relates to a melody that would be sung by one part, or voice. Monophonic (or commonly called homophonic) music is made up of one melody, accompanied by chords, or unaccompanied, as the case may be. Polyphonic music means, as will be seen by the division of the words into its constituent parts, "many-voiced" music, or composition which is made up of more than one melody progressing at the same time. This does not mean a song, for instance, that may consist of several parts, each one of which is a *new* melody. It is rather a composition made up of one principal melody and one or more secondary melodies, which must *all* be sung by each voice employed in the composition. They are woven together so skillfully that the whole thing is most pleasing to the ear.

The principal melody is called in technical term "cantus firmus," meaning "fixed melody," because it is against this melody for the most part that the secondary melodies are written. In the evolution of music terminology we find that our technical terms, coming mostly from Latin and Greek, are self-explanatory. In the early days a note was called a point (original, punctus), and the practice of writing one melody against another, or literally, note against note, came to be termed counterpoint (counter-against: point-note), from the original Latin "punctus contra punctum." Later the secondary melodies became known as "counterpoints," "first counterpoint," "second counterpoint," etc.

The student must not expect the melodies in polyphony to be as complete and lengthy as the melodies in monophony. Because of the complex laws of writing in polyphony the melodies are made quite short and pungent, so that they are easily recognized and manipulated in the process of composition. Nevertheless they are to be considered as melodies and it is out of these melodies, both as a whole

and from fragments of them, that polyphonic compositions are made. A modern theorist has defined counterpoint as the art of combining melodies, and this definition offers the key to the proper appreciation of polyphonic music. Also, the student must not imagine that a counter melody such as an alto part to a soprano melody is polyphonic. In this case the alto can be accounted for by harmony, and is not comparable to the use of another melody sung against the cantus firmus of a polyphonic composition.

Any folk song is a good example of monophony, for instance, "Annie Laurie." Here there is only one melody and it is accompanied not by other melodies, but by chords. This fact will be clear if the student will try singing the other parts—the accompaniment. Even if it be arranged for four parts it will be seen that all parts except the melody are quite monotonous and have none of the individual characteristics that are found in a well-defined melody. It is not the purpose here to attempt any lengthy description of the construction of a polyphonic composition, because it is a complex, comprehensive science—in fact this type of music is the highest kind of intellectual accomplishment, because it would be futile to attempt more than to explain such general things about polyphony as will make the suggestions given later clear and helpful to the chorister. The best approach to a composition in polyphony, without being truly such a composition, is the ordinary "round" which all have sung in community singing. If the student will go over this song in his mind he will have somewhat of an idea of how the whole is produced by all parts contributing melody.

As material through which to make the suggestions about learning poly-

phonic music we shall take a composition that is known and studied everywhere, the "Hallelujah" chorus from Handel's "Messiah," which the student is asked to turn to as he reads from this point on. The first twenty-one measures offer no difficulty that is not encountered in any piece of similar music built out of chords. But at measure seventeen on the words "for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth" begins a musical phrase which is used in all parts. It should be learned by every part so that it is recognized whenever it appears. Likewise the short phrases on the word "hallelujah" occur in every part repeatedly, and should be learned in all parts at once. The recurrence of these melodies does not occur in the same key all the time—this should be noted and drawn to the singers' attention. Illustrate what it means to transpose a melody by having the group sing any well-known tune in several different keys in succession. They will soon see that a melody or phrase can be sung in any key.

Beginning at measure twenty-two and continuing to measure thirty-two the entire music is made up of these two melodies that have been mentioned. The next eight measures are like a hymn, so they offer no difficulty. Beginning now at measure forty-one we have the most powerful melody in the composition. It should be learned right at first by all parts, singing it in various keys so as to accommodate the range of the different voices. It will be noted that every time a voice sings the words "and He shall reign for ever and ever" they are given to this melody. If the singers will remember this it will greatly simplify the learning of this kind of music. This melody in this particular part is solid and substantial, and around this the other voices sing shorter and less important phrases. Let the singers be drilled now on the phrases that say "forever" and "hallelujah" and the singers will soon see that by learning the *melodies*, greater and lesser in importance, they have mastered the *melodic* content of the whole composition and now all that remains is to put the whole together. Certainly this is more simple than to try to read each individual note irrespective of its relationship to another. It will also be seen how really simple the component elements of a really great piece of music are.

Evening Star

A FAINT glimmer in the western sky;
A fainter sound, of fading melody.
A sweet voice whispers within
Tender memories,
A silver-tipped cloud
Now hides that little lamp—
The Evening Star—
And memory fades.

—H. Edwin Bridge.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve;
and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

Chain Influence

ONCE there was a Chinese. His name was Confucius. He lived a long time ago, centuries before Christ.

He was not a great reader, for there were not many written records in his day. But he thought and meditated a great deal, and set down his thoughts in a book, which we may read today.

The result of his thinking was a philosophy of life. Now, a philosophy of life is something everyone has; only he does not always know it. The rules by which you play the game of life, as some people say,—that is your philosophy of life.

Well, Confucius had a philosophy of life. He did not call it by that name, but that is what it was nevertheless. One of the things, for instance, in this philosophy was that what you don't want others to do to you, you should not do to them. In essence it is the same as the Golden Rule, as announced by Jesus, but put backwards, so to speak.

Naturally the Chinese sage felt as if he ought to let other people know the things that had made him so happy. That is the way of the human mind, it seems, in every age. But he went about the matter of making his ideas known in a very strange manner.

Choosing one of his closest friends, he told him his ideas on life. His friend believed.

"Now," said Confucius, "since you believe my doctrine, let us both go out and convert two more, one each."

And this was agreed to.

When two others believed, there were now four persons who were converts to the new faith. These four, like the two, went out and got four more to believe. Then there were eight.

This thing was kept up, we are told, till millions of people accepted the philosophy of life promulgated by the great Chinese.

Are You a Leader or a Follower?

ALL told, there are in the Church about seventy-five thousand deacons, teachers, and priests. You are a member of this large army, if you are a member of one of these quorums.

These boys and young men are the leaders of the future. The burden of the work of the Church will rest on their shoulders. At home and abroad they will teach, preach and baptize.

In nine cases out of ten the man who leads was once a boy who led. As men look up to him for leadership today, so boys looked up to him for leadership years ago. No man ever developed leadership all of a sudden. The opportunity may come in a mo-

ment, but leadership was ready to take advantage of the opportunity. All the time the leader was practicing leadership.

Now, a leader, whether boy or man, always has the same qualities.

First of all, he must know. No one with any sense ever follows an ignoramus. Then, he must see clearly. Lincoln never did anything of great moment without seeing his way through to the end. Next, he must have courage. Fear never gets any one anywhere—unless it is the "fear" of God. Knowledge, vision, courage—these are the key to leadership. Of course, these imply, in the long run,

the element of moral character. Moral worth is the greatest replenisher of strength.

Suppose, now, a deacon, a teacher, and a priest in every ward or, at least, in every stake should do like Confucius—first, make up his mind on something he believes ought to be thought or done among those of his own group, whether or not they belong to the Priesthood, and then endeavor to convince one of them after another that his idea of service among boys and young men is right.

There would be a power that would move the earth.

The Ordained Teacher

IN the Thirty-third ward, in Salt Lake City, the ordained teacher takes his place in the great organization of the Church by actually going out block-teaching. No doubt, he does so in other wards, too, but in this particular ward, he is meeting with unusual success.

Once a month he goes out on his block. Sometimes he goes with an older man, often called a "teacher" merely, without the adjective "ordained" before it. But often he goes out with another ordained teacher as his companion.

But before he goes he prepares on the subject that has been chosen for the month; for the Liberty stake, in which this ward is, selects a theme for each month, to serve as a subject

of conversation—a thing that is rather common nowadays.

Often the teacher is a high school student, and, as such, is able to make a pretty good study of the subject. He looks up references, if any, and consults the wisdom of older men. Hence, when he enters a home in his capacity of teacher, he can teach.

At first, there was no small amount of timidity on the part of the ordained teacher in this undertaking. But the kindly reception he got from almost

everybody soon enabled him to gather courage. And now there is little else than pleasure for him in the work.

As a matter of fact, the young man who goes on his block as a teacher often has a new approach to his subject. At least, he looks at it from a different point of view sometimes from that which is entertained by older people. And naturally, too, he appeals to those of his own age and experience in the home.

This is probably the key to his favorable reception.

Find the answers to these:

(1) Who is the presiding bishop of the Church? Who are his counselors?

(2) Find out something interesting about each one of these brethren.

The Lord Says—

"Tobacco is not good for man, but for bruises and sick cattle."

Field Notes

OGDEN STAKE—EIGHTH WARD
—PRIESTHOOD CONTEST: From Chairman W. W. Rawson of the Stake Priesthood Committee we learn that the Aaronic Priesthood of that ward challenged the Melchizedek Priesthood to a contest for attendance at ward Priesthood meetings, Sunday School, Sacrament meetings and for ward teaching for a period of six months. At the end of the six months the Aaronic Priesthood had an average attendance of 31% at the three meetings and the Melchizedek Priesthood 29%, and the young men had completed their ward teaching first every month. Hence they won the contest.

The losers were to furnish strawberries and cream for the winners and their mothers and Boston baked beans for themselves. A very interesting banquet resulted where the boys with their mothers ate strawberries and cream and the fathers and the Melchizedek Priesthood sat on the other side of the table and ate baked beans. We believe that the result of this activity will be to stimulate greater interest and enthusiasm among the young men.

PLEASANT VIEW WARD OUT-
ING (Ogden Stake): The following description of a visit to the grave of Martin Harris is given herewith:

Under the direction of David J. Johns, Supervisor of the Aaronic Priesthood, Reuben G. Rhee, second counselor in the ward bishopric, John Mathews, and Mac M. Wade, of the Aaronic Priesthood Committee, a group of Aaronic Priesthood boys left the Pleasant View ward meeting house, Ogden Stake, July 10, 1931, at 7:30 a. m. to pay tribute to one of the three special witnesses of the Book of Mormon. It was just a joyous band of young men on the threshold of life, going to the graveside of Martin Harris.

Soon we were off for Clarkston, Utah, about twenty-nine miles northwest of Logan. As we rode along in a large school bus we were reminded of the time when the pioneers trudged that part of the country to settle Cache Valley. We wondered what some of those gallant souls would say if they had the privilege of riding with us now.

The weather was splendid, there was not a cloud in the

sky. To Logan was a pleasant ride and outside of one "blowout" we got along fine. From Logan we went to Smithfield where we met Brother William Pilkington, a man who spent his boyhood days and the earlier part of his life in the home of Martin Harris. He had, through special arrangement of our Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor, consented to go with us.

After traveling a little longer we finally reached Clarkston. Here we met as our special guests Brother Wilford W. Rawson, Chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood Committee of the Ogden stake, Brother Frederick Barker, Brother Albert Foulger, Associate Committeeman, also the wives of Brothers Barker and Foulger, and Brother Thomas Godfrey, son of John Godfrey, one of the men that was in the room on July 9, 1875, and heard the testimony that Brother Harris bore on that date, the day previous to his death.

After eating lunch in the Clarkston Church Yard, we went to the Cemetery. Here stands a tall monument designating the final resting place of Martin Harris. We gathered around the grave and sang "We Thank Thee O God For A Prophet," after which Brother Barker opened the services with prayer. Can you imagine the profound feeling of reverence which entered our souls as Brother Johns said, "Boys we are standing for the first time in our lives, as a group, by the graveside of a man who saw an angel, who had been sent from our Heavenly Father; a man that saw the golden plates that held the story of the Book of Mormon."

William Bates, a deacon, gave a talk on the life of Martin Harris. The next speaker, George Tucker, a priest, told of the presentation of some of the characters copied by the Prophet from the plates, with the accompanying translation to Professor Anthon of Columbia University; and of fi-

nancial aid given the Prophet Joseph by Martin Harris. Lewis Cragun, a priest, narrated the circumstances connected with the choosing of the Three Witnesses, and the receiving of their testimonies. LeGrand Johns, a priest, repeated the testimony of the Three Witnesses and discussed its significance. Perry Barker, a priest, told of Martin Harris' subsequent life and testimonies. Riley Shaw, a deacon, recited a poem entitled "The Book of Mormon." After this part of the program given by the boys, Mac M. Wade placed a floral tribute on the grave and called for one minute of silence in reverence to this honored man, during which time we were permitted to review in our minds the incidents that had been called to our attention in the foregoing program. Brother Reuben G. Rhee representing the ward bishopric, next spoke, impressing upon the boys the sacredness of the occasion, insuring all present the sympathy and co-operation of the ward bishopric in this and all other progressive movements which would tend to increase faith and devotion in the lives of our young men.

Brother William Pilkington then told of his boyhood days in the Harris home, and of the many, many times that the aged witness had told him, with tearful eyes, of the events that happened at the time the Book of Mormon was translated; of his testimony and how he wished it were possible for him to tell the entire world. Brother Thomas Godfrey told of his living near the Harris home, and how he had asked Martin Harris if he believed the Book of Mormon to be true, and he said that the witness replied, "No, I do not believe it, knowledge supersedes belief. I know it is true. The angel showed me the plates and I heard the voice of God declare they were translated correctly."

There was certainly not a young man, nor any member present who went away from that silent tomb but who had a desire in his heart to live a cleaner and better life. Thus we returned home with a goal in view and a determination to reach our goal.

The trip was financed by the presentation of three one-act plays by members of the Aaronic Priesthood, with all participating. The plays were presented during the past winter.



Aaronic Priesthood, Pleasant View Ward, at Martin Harris Grave



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

General Superintendency
Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

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

General Presidency
Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Co-operation in Carrying Responsibility

IN the new M. I. A. Hand Book, page 20, is a diagram showing division of responsibility to executives and indicating the same assignments of responsibility to the leaders of the various departments.

Executives and Class Discussion Leaders

COLUMN two refers to those members of the presidency who have charge of membership, attendance, the weekly study program, the department projects, and the reading course books. It will be recognized at once that the duties here listed are of the utmost importance and require weekly attention.

Membership and attendance constitute the background of all of our work. Under the direction of two members of the executives and the secretaries each department should be constantly endeavoring to increase the membership by providing rich, interesting material for each evening's discussions and also by personal contact with those not already enrolled. Committees may be formed of department members who will devise means of reaching all who should be enrolled in their several groups. Publicity directors also will be glad to assist in this important work. The attendance should be watched, such questions as these being asked each week: Are those whose names appear upon the roll in attendance? Are half of them present? Are two-thirds of them present? Three-fourths? Where are the others?

The weekly study program covers more than half of the time allotted to our regular meetings and is of vital importance. Counselors in charge of this work have an opportunity to build up the teaching power of the class leaders to the highest point of efficiency. It is advisable, as suggested in the Hand Book, page 27, that class discussion leaders meetings be held occasionally

during the half hour activity period to consider methods for carrying forward this work.

The projects and the reading course books also come under the direction of this group of leaders. They should also be familiar with the plan of the achievement report which provides that all departments shall work to reach certain goals at given periods during the year.

Are You Secretary?

IF you are, you are a valued officer in the M. I. A. You have been selected for this position because of your fine character and your business-like qualification. It was felt that you could be depended upon to attend all meetings and to make accurate record of all transactions, and that you would be willing to spend whatever time might be necessary for the performing of secretarial duties.

If you are to be successful and truly enjoy your work you will be keenly interested in the entire program of the organization and will inform yourself thoroughly concerning it. You will realize that you are the history-keeper of the organization and that the manner in which you record its accomplishments is most important. Your record must be clear and true, so that those who read in future years may have an accurate account of all that has been done. You will be careful about details so that your record will be as easily understood years hence as it is now. For example, you will not write in your minutes that "Sister Brown" took charge of the meeting on a certain date, for while everyone today might know of whom you are speaking, ten years from now perhaps Sister Brown will be dead or will have moved away; there will be new officers and perhaps no one will know to whom the record refers.

You have a splendid opportunity to assist in carrying forward our program. If your organization is to attain success you must always be planning and

looking ahead. The monthly report will help you to do this very thing. It gives a prospectus of the M. I. A. program for the entire year. Secretaries, here is your opportunity month by month to check on the general conduct of the program and to call attention from time to time to the various items to be given special attention. For instance: Is your ward carrying on the half-hour activity program? Are you making plans now to collect your annual fund in November? Are you planning now for your Thanksgiving Ball, your Christmas Ball? The January report asks whether or not you have held the Gold and Green Ball—February, the Valentine Ball. The departments are expected to begin working at once on their projects. Remind your officers that a report is called for on the projects in March. In April you are to report the reading course books read in your ward. What arrangements have been made in your ward for circulating these books? Have you asked the departments to keep accurate record of how many are read, so that your report may be complete? In April you will also report the success of your Ward Honor day. In order to make an intelligent report on this phase of Mutual work you must necessarily begin now to keep a record of all individuals who have reached "A" Standard.

Do you always prepare your reports on time, so that your stake may be properly represented in the general records. "Do it now," is an old but fine axiom to follow. We have commenced another splendid season in M. I. A. Great things are to be accomplished this year under united effort, and no one will contribute more to the general success than the faithful, efficient secretary.

M. I. A. in the Northwest

THE Mutual Improvement Association is advancing steadily in the Northwestern States Mission. We

have twenty-two Mutuals at present and are contemplating the organization of a few more. Two new ones were organized recently in Helena and Missoula, Montana. Everyone seems enthusiastic over the splendid Mutual program for this year and are anxious to be a part of it. The completeness of the recreational program gives our people something that has been lacking in their lives. During a recent tour of the Mutuals in Montana the recreational program was introduced by the Mission Superintendent of Y. M. M. I. A. and President of the Y. L. M. I. A. Practical demonstrations were given in each of the nine Mutuals. The Contest Dance, *Senorita Mia*, was demonstrated and taught to a few couples in each branch. It is very popular already and the young people seem to be able to pick it up very rapidly.

An M. I. A. Convention was held in Great Falls for all the Mutuals of northern Montana. Two sessions were held, the one in the afternoon was devoted to details of M. I. A. and departmental discussions. The various phases of the program, being treated by officers of the attending Mutuals who had been assigned in advance, were very well prepared. *Era*, Publicity and Finance were discussed very ably as was the work in the departments.

In the evening a splendid program was given, the features of which were musical selections, short talks, double mixed quartette, and a quartette. The new M. I. A. song, *The Challenge*, was rendered as a duet and the entire affair was regarded as a great success.

Outline of Program for Sunday Evening Conjoint Meeting in December

General Themes:

The Doctrine of Immortality or Life After Death.

Opening Exercises:

1. Singing: M. I. A. Song "Carry On"—suited to the theme.
2. Invocation.
3. Music. If vocal solo, "I Know That My Redeemer Lives."
4. Presentation of Slogan.
5. Ten minute talk on "Life Hereafter" from a Literary and Philosophical Point of View. Y. L. M. I. A.
6. Twenty Minute Discourse on "Immortality from a Scriptural Point of View." Y. M. M. I. A. Preferably by a returned missionary.
7. Three Minute Testimony or experience concerning immortality. Y. L. M. I. A.
8. Three Minute Testimony or experience concerning immortality. Y. M. M. I. A.
9. Singing—last two verses of hymn, "O, My Father."
10. Benediction.

Some Helpful Material

Immortality or Life After Death

This doctrine has engaged the mind of man from the beginning. Its field of interest includes all mankind, engaging the mind of the savage and the civilian alike. It has been the theme of poets and the problem of philosophers. Painters have made it an objective of their art and prophets have echoed the inspiration of the Almighty in proclaiming it.

The nature of mankind calls for immortality:

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!"

—Grey.

There is a universal yearning for the continuance of life and a *Nature* that would create the yearning without providing for its fulfilment would by reason stand convicted of cruelty and sentenced to the distrust of intelligent beings.

The Greek philosopher, Plato, whose name still heads the list of mortal thinkers, believed in the life after death and was an ardent advocate of the doctrine of immortality.

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality,
Or whence this secret dread
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?"

"Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out a hereafter
And intimates eternity to man."

—Addison.

The equity of the universe demands immortality. Earth life is not long enough for justice to complete her work. Time is too short for mercy to finish her task. They each and

both demand eternity to right the wrongs and level up the obstructive inequalities of existence here.

Immortality is an Apex idea. It is not only foundational in the philosophy of life, it is the dome-spire of the thought structure.

"'Tis true; 'tis certain; man, though dead, retains
Part of himself; the immortal mind remains."

—Homer.

"They eat, they drink and in communion sweet—
Quaff immortality and Joys."

—Milton.

"I still live" said the departing Daniel Webster.

"It is but crossing with a bated breath
A white surface of a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"When I leave this frail existence
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, May I meet you
In your royal courts on high.
Then at length when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you."

—Eliza R. Snow.

The Developing Power of Belief in Immortality

The Latter-day Saint idea of immortality includes a belief in the resurrection or the re-uniting of the spirit and the body. We are to take up our bodies as we lay them down. The duty-brought scars will be badges of honor, the sin-brought defects will be sources of shame. Care of the physical self is strikingly stimulated through a belief in this doctrine.

Our doctrine of life beyond the grave provides for a carry-over into eternity of the knowledge acquired here. What could be a greater incentive for study, and study, *with faith* is the highest form of intellectual or mental development.

Our doctrine of the everlasting continuance of life carries with it the idea of rewards and penalties for earth-life conduct. By our works *here* we shall be known *there*. As we have measured to others so will it be measured unto us.

The great carry-over will be character. Our desires, our likes, our devotions, our permanent individuality and our ever changing personality will pass on. We shall meet enjoyment and endurance in proportion to the good and the evil of our make up when we get beyond the grave.

This belief that we must meet our record, written not only in the book that our guardian angel keeps, but



duplicated in our character is a marvelous incentive to right thinking and righteous living; a living that includes gratitude to God and good will to man, and these two are the great unfolding forces of the spiritual in man.

A state of mind that faces the assurance of not only eternal existence but eternal liberty and eternal pursuit of happiness, with their accompanying responsibilities is a desirable one.

Joint Statement on M. I. A. and Genealogical Work

STAKE and ward genealogical committees are responsible, under the stake presidency and bishoprics of wards for choosing the time for the meeting of the genealogical class which will enable the greatest number to benefit by participation.

"In deciding upon the best time to meet, where the M. I. A. is concerned, the ward genealogical committee and the M. I. A. officers should together consult with their bishopric and be guided by their decision.

"Those genealogical groups electing to meet in connection with the adult department of the M. I. A. may do so under the same arrangements made for previous years by the general officers of those organizations.

To MAINTAIN TWO GROUPS

"The main outlines of this arrangement with the M. I. A. are here reviewed. In all cases two study groups are to be maintained, one for the study of the M. I. A. course, and one for the study of the genealogical lessons. It should be understood, however, that on the first Tuesday of each month, both groups will meet in joint session to study the M. I. A. project for the month.

"Each individual member of the adult department should be given the opportunity to make his own choice and study the subject he prefers.

"There should be no spirit of rivalry between members of the two groups nor any thought that the success of one group is a corresponding detriment to the other. The efforts of each should reinforce and supplement those of the other. Surely we can cooperate in attaining the same grand objective, the saving of souls.

(Signed) Pres. A. W. Ivins
George Albert Smith
Ruth May Fox

"In behalf of the Genealogical Society of Utah, and the M. I. A. of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

The above statement was read in a joint M. I. A. Officers' meeting held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City,

Sunday morning, October 4, 1931, by Elder Melvin J. Ballard.

Elder Ballard emphasized the fact that there is to be maintained an M. I. A. group in each ward studying the course outlined for the Adult Department. It is also desirable that a genealogical group be maintained but where this cannot be held without conflict, the Genealogical workers are at liberty to seek another time for their work.

Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, vice-president of the Genealogical Society of Utah, stated that the Genealogical association had entered the Mutuals upon the latter's invitation, and that the plan was a night; also light and heat of ward chapels. He wants the genealogical class to attend Mutual and take part, he stated, but said there was no reason for conflict; each class—the adult Mutual, the genealogical—could choose their own course and attend it. "There should be no rivalry, no petty jealousy," he declared. "It is the same Church, the same Gospel, and all work towards the same end."

Treasures of Truth, My Story, The Book of Remembrance

THE above titles indicate projects along genealogical lines now in operation for the young people of the Church. They are all similar in nature and are all designed to promote faith in the Gospel and a more intimate knowledge of and interest in family history. They are so arranged that they may be kept separate and distinct. The first two are for the Gleaner and Junior departments of the Y. L. M. I. A. and the last named is for the boys and young men of the Lesser Priesthood.

All Gleaner girls, therefore, should compile their "Treasures of Truth" and all Junior girls, their books, "My Story." Full instructions are given in the manuals for these departments and the supervision is in the hands of the M. I. A. officers in stakes and wards.

The "Book of Remembrance" project is under the direction of Bishops and supervisors of Lesser Priesthood work.



Oscar A. Kirkham, Clarissa A. Beesley, Chairmen; W. O. Robinson, Elsie T. Brandley, Vice-Chairmen; Heber C. Iverson, John H. Taylor, Don Wood, Jas. F. Smith, J. Spencer Cornwall, Charlotte Stewart, Grace C. Neslen, Katie C. Jensen, Marie C. Thomas, Evangeline T. Beesley, Ethel S. Anderson

Executives and Activity Leaders

TWO members of the executives and the activity leaders from each department (except Scout and Bee-Hive) form the Community Activity Committee.

It will be noted that to this group is given supervision of all recreational activities both general and departmental. The general program, that is the half hour activity program and events outside of the regular M. I. A. meeting, call for the major attention of this group but there are also some activities within the departments that the respective activity leaders may supervise. For example, the Adult recreational program; the joint M Men-Gleaner session which should become an activity rather than a "lesson" each month; M Men-Gleaner parties, Junior travelogues, story telling periods, etc.; and incidental recreational activities which may arise in any department.

In all of this work it is understood that there should be close cooperation. While the division of responsibility is indicated, leaders should work together and be able to assume one another's positions if necessary. Team work is greatly to be desired in the M. I. A.

Activity Leaders in Union Meetings

IF the instructions in the M. I. A. Hand Book on page 28 concerning the conduct at Union Meetings are followed it is believed there will be no serious conflict.

Opening Social, 1931

(Ioka M. I. A.)

THE opening social of the Ioka M.

I. A. was held as a Lawn party at the home of the Young Men's president. The social began with community singing, after which the opening prayer was offered. Contest games were played in which every one took part and a very pleasant evening was spent. At 10:30 a fire was built and all enjoyed a "weiner roast." Melons were also served.

At 11:30 the party was dismissed by prayer and all departed for their homes feeling they had had a good time.

A prize was given the Gleaner Girls, for playing the largest percent of their fund. The Adult Class won the prize for the best stunt.



ADULT DEPARTMENT Committee

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley and Ann M. Cannon, Chairmen; Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Lewis T. Cannon, Dr. Lyman L. Daines, Rose W. Bennett, Emily H. Higgs, Emily C. Adams, Charlotte Stewart

Class Periods in the Adult Department

RECENTLY a ward superintendent reported to the General Office that his adult department did not care to begin classwork on the book *How To Live*. On questioning him it was learned that neither the superintendent, his teachers, nor the members of the Adult Department had even seen the book or the *Outlines* written by the General Board to accompany the use of the book, much less read either. This superintendent reported that his class wanted to study some gospel subject. He was surprised to learn that the subject of class discussion this year is on the Word of Wisdom—certainly a Gospel theme—and that the text *How To Live* was a very complete exposition of the principles taught in the Word of Wisdom. His people had just concluded, without any examination whatsoever and with knowing little or nothing about the subject matter of the book, that they did not care to use it. Our Church people have many times complained that they were condemned by people who knew nothing about them. Does it not seem strange, then, that our people would object to a course of study, strongly recommended to them, without an investigation of this course of study? Certainly the objectors were not aware that this course of study carries the special recommendation of the General Superintendency and the General Presidency of M. I. A. (see fly-leaf of the Supplement to *How To Live*.)

Certainly every normal person is vitally interested in his health. Without it he can give but little service to the Church and can get but little enjoyment out of life. The Word of Wisdom was given to the Church as a guide to the maintenance of health. The keeping of the Word of Wisdom is enjoined upon every member of the Church.

In order to be "sold" on the course of study offered this year for the adult department it is only necessary for an individual or a committee to give a careful reading to the book *How To Live*. The M. I. A. believes that it is offering to the adult classes in the Church this year not only the best, but the most interesting course of study that has ever been offered.

Each class should own from three to six copies of the book. One way to get these copies is for the class mem-

bers to contribute a few cents each and buy the books for the class. They can then be loaned out week by week to the class members who are asked to make preparation on assigned topics for discussion in the class. The book is written in the simplest language and can be read understandingly by any seventh grade student. The class can be handled successfully by any teacher who knows how to teach adults, even though this teacher has no special knowledge of the subject matter of the book. The *Outlines* published by the Board to accompany the book give full directions on how any good teacher can handle the class with great success.

Projects

(Extracts from an address given by Dr. Arthur L. Beeley before the Adult Department, June Conference, 1931.)

LAST year, you will remember, we suggested that the citizenship projects parallel the discussion of community health and hygiene and that the first Tuesday of each month be devoted to a consideration of how to execute certain projects with regard to community living and in respect to health. You will remember, too, I am sure, that the last chapter in this book was a series of community health projects. Six projects are outlined in great detail; and are merely suggestive of others which we hoped you might select. Some stakes and wards made ventures which gave us a real vision of the possibilities.

The slogan this year is that we stand for physical, mental and spiritual health through observance of the Word of Wisdom. It is explicitly stated that the Word of Wisdom is for the temporal welfare of the Saints, which is very, very important, for many rea-

sons. First, because we live in a Church which realizes the importance of a temporal life, and that is the thing which marks the Latter-day Saints off from other religious groups, which devote themselves only to the life hereafter.

This health movement is a means to an end, and the end is the abundant life for the greatest possible number of people. And if that is our principle, then whatever promotes the abundant life in a temporal way for the Saints is, according to my idea, included in the Word of Wisdom. It seems to me that we have the task of getting these fundamental ideas translated into community life; literally woven into the fabric of our social organization.

The Adult Committee has agreed on the question of continuing its program of health projects. We have reprinted Chapter XXV of last year's manual in this little "Study Outline" in order that you might have all of the work for this year in compact form.

We might select one project and center our attention in that field as a worthy base of applied religion. We talked last year about the bacteriologist, who is interested in these things called germs. The necessity of its being clean and free from disease, and the dispensing of milk is no longer an individual matter in a community where we live so close to each other. Another suggestion was that we make a local health survey to find out exactly whether our loved ones are dying unnecessarily or prematurely. You can't have abundant life if the little babies die before they are a year old. We must use our common sense then. We even talked about the possibility of creating a health unit in some communities, that is, a little unit of service, public health service. The public health officers are social workers, and these people have the duties and the problems with regard to health and sanitation. That is the tendency in America, and the tendency in the best places. We even undertook to improve the modern sewerage systems because there are many contagious diseases which still prevail in various parts of the community where diseases spread because of faulty sewerage systems. There are communities even in our own places. (I hope there are no reporters present), where the outdoor privy is still in use. Those things should be changed. I think no one will ever forget the things the people in the Pioneer stake have done in cleaning up an area in this city of ours which many people thought was hopeless from the standpoint of cleanliness. (See Adult Dept. of Feb., 1931 Era.)

We feel that the Adult Department of the Mutual Improvement Association can be the greatest force in the community where we are in majority in this matter of health. We have



here an agency by which we can make our love felt. We have heard some stories this year of how the Mutual Improvement Association went to a public health physician and said, "Here, we think this thing is important enough to be changed." It seems to me suggestions of this nature are effective and usually get results. How much more effective it is in business to have an organization represented by a committee speak and express itself rather than to have John Doe call up the doctor and say "You're all wet." That doesn't get anywhere. But if an organization, after due consideration of the facts, speaks respectfully to the appropriate public official we are likely to get action, once we start on this road of Adult Citizenship. We have a lot of things yet to do, and applied Christianity is the only kind of Christianity that is worth its salt.

The best way to love a little child is to keep it free from disease, and the best way to love your neighbor is to see that he has a long, rich life; and that is a matter of health, individual, and community. That is the thing that is underlying these citizenship projects. We feel that it is not only important to continue this another year, but that we might find ourselves on the threshold of a new day in Christianity in our own life, so to speak. I don't believe that it is the business of the Church to keep out of public life. Probably it is our business to keep out of party politics, but it is our business to get into community life, and I can't see for the life and soul of me how we can apply the Word of Wisdom without getting into these community questions. I can't for the life and soul of me see why it should not be the temporal welfare of the Saints that we are concerned with now. We have the finest opportunity to translate these facts, these truths into action, and so to arrange the general life of our community that our people have a chance for abundant life, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Simple and Sound

(From *Survey* for May, 1931)

COMMUNITY HEALTH AND HYGIENE: A Study Course for the Adult Department of the M. I. A. Prepared by Lyman Luther Daines and Arthur Lawton Beely. Published by the General Boards of the Y. M. M. I. A., Salt Lake City, Utah. 250 pp. Price \$3.50 a copy or \$4.50 a dozen postpaid by *The Survey*.

"This 250-page syllabus presents in concentrated form and from trustworthy sources the essentials of personal and community health with a degree of simplicity and directness not found as conveniently in any other publication intended for men and

(Continued on page 50)



GLEANER GIRLS DEPARTMENT Committee

Margaret N. Wells, Chairman, Rachel G. Taylor, Martha G. Smith, Lucy W. Smith, Katie C. Jensen

The Project

They have been printed very useful pedigree and picture pedigree charts which we hope all Gleaners will obtain and fill in with names and pictures of their kin. These charts can be obtained at the General Board Office, at the price of 5c for both. If you do not have a local photographer, the work will be done in a satisfactory manner by Acme Photo Company, 457 East 4th South St., Salt Lake City, and by the Utah Photo Materials Company, 27 West South Temple Street, Salt Lake City. Kodak pictures or pictures mounted on good quality of paper, taken from old magazines, will be suitable for many pages of your "Treasures of Truth."

Where the Priesthood-M. I. A. meetings are held in connection with the M. I. A., thus preventing M Men from being present during the entire period at the joint M Men-Gleaner session, Gleaners should carry forward the etiquette lessons as scheduled for the first Tuesday in each month.

For the month of November the Project calls for "Testimonies which have strengthened you." (See page 17 of Gleaner Manual.) We give herein the testimony of President Heber J. Grant, feeling sure that every girl would like to have among her "Treasures of Truth" this beautiful and convincing testimony. In the book entitled "Testimonies of the Divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," by Samuel O. Bennion and Joseph E. Cardon, the testimonies of the founders and leaders of the Church are available. Obtain, if possible, the personal testimonies of your parents, which in years to come will be invaluable to you. Tell how the testimonies you have gathered have strengthened you. Your written and signed testimony of why you know, or why you believe, this great Latter-day work is the work of the Lord, should be included in your book. Testimonies that add to our strength are those of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the Three and Eight Witnesses to the Book of Mormon. Gleaner leaders must prepare their own "Treasures of Truth" books if they hope to inspire their girls to their best efforts.

Testimony of President Heber J. Grant

I REALIZE the beauties of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I rejoice exceedingly in a knowledge of the divinity of the work in which we are engaged. I rejoice in knowing that all the gifts and graces and every power, privilege and blessing which has ever been enjoyed by the Saints of God in any dispensation of the Gospel upon the earth, are enjoyed today by the Latter-day Saints. I rejoice in knowing that the things which should be enjoyed, the blessings, the healing power of Almighty God, the inspiration of his Spirit whereby men and women have manifestations from him, the inspiration of the Spirit of God, whereby people speak with new tongues, and have the interpretation thereof, and each and every grace and gift, are enjoyed today by the Latter-day Saints.

"I know that God lives, I know that Jesus is the Christ, I know that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God, I know that the Gospel tree is alive, that it is growing, that the fruits of the Gospel growing upon the tree are good. I have reached out my hand; I have plucked the fruits of the Gospel; I have eaten of them and they are sweet, yea, above all that is sweet. That is the inspiration that comes to every Latter-day Saint who realizes the force of this Gospel that we have espoused. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the plan of life and salvation. God lives; Jesus is the Christ, and he is the chief corner stone of this great work—he is directing it, and he will continue to direct it." He chose his prophet, and he gave him instructions and authority to establish this work; and the power and the influence of Joseph Smith are now being felt as the Angel promised. His name is known for good or for evil all over the world; but it is not known for evil except by those who malign him. Those who know him, those who know of his teachings, know that his life was pure and that his teachings were, in very deed, God's law.

"We have the plan of life and salvation; we have the ordinances of the Gospel not only for the living but for the dead. We have all that is necessary, not only for our own salvation, but that we may be in very deed "Saviors upon Mount Zion," and enter into the temples of our God and save our ancestors who have died without a knowledge of the Gospel.

"There is no other people who love the Lord their God so do the Latter-day Saints—who give such absolute evidence of their love of God by their acts, by the sacrifices they make, by the labors they perform, by the diligence with which they strive to serve God and keep his commandments. There is no other people to be found where there is as much of brotherly love, of real harmony and good will, and a desire to bless their fellows, as can be found among the Latter-day Saints. There are, over two thousand men, in nearly all parts of the world, proclaim-



ing this Gospel of Jesus Christ; they are neglecting their business, they are separated from their families, from their friends, from their loved ones, from all that is near and dear to the natural heart of man, and the labor which they are performing is a labor of love, without hope of reward whatever in this life.

"I want to bear witness that no man or woman ever lived, who kept the commandments of God and lived according to the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, whose example was not worthy of the imitation of all men and all women, in any land, and in any clime. This Gospel of Jesus Christ, which I have embraced, is in very deed the plan of life and salvation. It is in very deed the Gospel revealed again to the earth. It is the same Gospel that was proclaimed by our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ; and he gave his life in testimony of the same. And the lives of our Prophet and Patriarch were given as a witness to the divinity of the work in which we are engaged. For a hundred years this Gospel has been proclaimed to the world without money, without price. Freely we have received, and freely we have given to the world." (From *Testimonies of the Divinity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, pages 61, 62.)

Course of Study

THE Gleaner course of study, "History of the Church," affords wonderful opportunity for the class leader to use her ingenuity in presenting these lessons to the Gleaners in a most interesting and worth-while manner, keeping before them the objective of this course, i. e., to implant in their hearts faith and testimonies in this great Latter-day work and its founders and leaders. For supplementary reading we suggest the following books:

"Life of Joseph Smith," by George Q. Cannon.

"Life of Joseph Smith," by his mother, Lucy Smith.

"Essentials in Church History," by Joseph Fielding Smith.

"The Heart of Mormonism," by John Henry Evans.

"One Hundred Years of Mormonism," by John Henry Evans.

"Our Church and People," by John Henry Evans.

For the month of November, Discussions Five and Six, including Chapters 11 to 17 inclusive, will be given. A parallel history, but more in detail, covering these chapters, can be found in "Life of Joseph Smith," by Geo. Q. Cannon, pages 106-222 and in "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," by John Henry Evans, pages 135-220. In the "Heart of Mormonism," which is one of the text books for Church seminary work, in chapters 25 to 30 inclusive, will be found some real helps on the lives of our early leaders and their powerful testimonies. Refer to Doctrine and Covenants' footnotes for source of revelations given and make clear all points of doctrine.



JUNIOR GIRLS DEPARTMENT Committee

Laura P. Nicholson, Chairman; Agnes S. Knowlton, Julia S. Baxter, Emma Goddard, Katie C. Jensen



Junior Girls of Cannon Ward.

A Certain Way to Health and Beauty

Positive Teachings

1. Eat meat very sparingly.
2. Eat fresh fruit liberally.
3. Eat fresh and cooked vegetables regularly.
4. Eat grains (ground whole) in bread or porridge daily.
5. Drink water, fruit juices, grain extracts or milk in abundance.
6. Sleep regularly, from early evening to early morning.
7. Labor regularly and steadily with body and mind.
8. Secure a correct mental attitude—have faith, hope and charity.
9. Seek and practice the truth of religion.

Negative Teachings

1. Drink no alcoholic beverages.
2. Use no tobacco.
3. Drink no tea or coffee.
4. Avoid refined foods.

Rewards of the Word of Wisdom

1. Beauty and attractiveness.
2. Health of Body.
3. Mental Efficiency.
4. Immunity from Disease.
5. Spiritual joy and understanding.

History of the Word of Wisdom

1. Promulgated in 1833 by the Prophet Joseph Smith as a revelation from God.
2. Practiced since then, by the Latter-day Saints, as a religious principle.

OF "A certain way to health and beauty," Dr. John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve, said,

"If we are obedient to the things that we will learn here, we will have a safe guide through the tunnels and caves that lead to good health in our journey."

The girls shown in the accompanying picture are from Cannon Ward, Pioneer stake, and together, of their own accord, they made the following pledge: "We, the Junior Girls of Pioneer stake, pledge ourselves that we shall touch neither tea, coffee, tobacco nor liquor unless we are all together and all agree to it."

Can each individual girl in the Church be encouraged to resolve within herself to keep some part of the Word of Wisdom which she finds is particularly difficult? Iced tea, coca cola and coffee may be very attractive to her, and those things are the ones from which she should abstain. The things we dislike offer little temptation; it is against alluring things we must fight.

Course of Study

THE subject for discussion this season in the Junior Class is "Building a Life," and each lesson prepared should be a part of the great whole, not a subject in itself. To discuss exercise, beauty, or any other topic without trying it up to the thought of building it into life's structure is to lessen the importance of the topic itself, and detract from the splendid idealism of the course. In preparing your presentation for Tuesday night, Leaders, keep in mind the big, overshadowing thought of building a life and in the realization that you can

help these girls to make theirs more full and beautiful you will find inspiration which will strengthen you to do your best.

The Project

LANDS MY PARENTS CAME FROM

IN order that the greatest interest in this lesson may be had, very careful fore-thought and assignment must be made.

I hear you say, "My parents were born in this very town or city, there isn't anything interesting to tell about it." There are many pictures of interesting landmarks and buildings of the past of almost any town or city, whereby if we are looking backward they lend interest and denote historic facts. The pictures that have been appearing in the Desert News, picturing Salt Lake, the city of the past, are very interesting.

Do your people have some such pictures?

Wouldn't this be an opportunity to invite some of our mothers and fathers to come and tell you conditions as they existed when they were girls or boys. By inquiry beforehand there may be found material for some splendid discussions concerning the reasons why your parents left their native land, if they did so.

These lessons having been assigned a week ahead, it may stimulate interest to have the book "My Story" passed in class so that all may see these interesting pictures, and compare their work with their companions. It would create a great deal of fun for the girls to come to class in their mother's dress which she wore when a girl. Above all let the girls do most of the telling in this lesson.

Reading Course

AS a Committee we deeply appreciate the manner in which our Reading Course Book "Larry" is being received. Very many girls after reading it have sent it to a dear boy friend in the mission field. We feel sure that every boy and girl who reads and studies the book carefully and prayerfully will have his or her ideals enhanced and have desires to live more like "Larry." We rejoice that he was a real flesh and blood character and was so dearly loved and honored by the good people of Arizona with whom he was privileged to live for a few short weeks. We have met some of them recently and they all testify that the character given of him in the book is not the least bit exaggerated.

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BEEHIVE GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Committee

Sarah R. Cannon, Chairman, Catherine Folsom, Vida F. Clawson, Glenn J. Beeley,
Marie C. Thomas

Placing Bee Hive Girls Entering M. I. A.

GIRLS entering M. I. A. at 12 years of age are expected to take the work prepared for Nymphs; those entering at 13 or 14 years of age should work as Builders in the Hive. Girls who enter at 14 years may be encouraged to remain in the Bee-Hive Department another year to finish the two ranks; otherwise it would be commendable on the part of the Bee-Keepers if they would assist these girls to complete the two ranks in one year, or earn the rank of Gatherer during the summer months.

Jan. 9th, 1931.

To the Officers of the Y. L. M. I. A.
and Primary Association.

Dear Sisters:

In response to our many inquiries regarding the 12-13 year-old girl, will state that we have received the following letter from the First Presidency of the Church:

"After thoroughly considering the problem presented in letters of December 4th, 1929, and March 13th, 1930, by

Calendar

NOVEMBER 3

Nymphs—Guide 8: Cell-making and Home-building.

Builders—Guide 8: Planned by Bee-keeper and Girls.

Gatherers—Guide 8: Planned by Bee-keeper and Girls.

NOVEMBER 10

Nymphs—Guide 9: Cell-making and Home-building.

Builders—Guide 9: The Word of Wisdom.

Gatherers—Guide 9: Life of the Bee.

NOVEMBER 17

Nymphs—Guide 10: Cell-making and Home-building.

Builders—Guide 10: Safeguard Health.

Gatherers—Guide 10: Diet.

NOVEMBER 24

Nymphs—Guide 11: Christmas Program.

Builders—Guide 11: Safeguard Health (Continued.)

Gatherers—Guide 11: Family Meals.

the General Presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A., we feel that it would be inadvisable to make an arbitrary ruling to the effect that all girls of twelve and thirteen years of age should attend the Primary Association, or to the effect that they should all be enrolled in the Mutuels.

"It is our judgment that the parents of the twelve and thirteen year old girls should in each individual case assume the responsibility of deciding which of these two organizations their daughters should attend."

In view of the above, we advise that ward officers of the Y. L. M. I. A. and Primary, under the direction of the stake officers, shall together ascertain at once how many girls there are in each ward who are not now attending either organization and that where such girls are found, their parents be consulted as to which organization they desire them to attend. Frequently surveys of this nature should be made jointly by Y. L. and Primary officers. This proviso is made, however, that no girl who has not passed her 12th birthday by Sept. 30th of each year shall be admitted into the Y. L. M. I. A., but shall be held until the following season.

We further advise that Primary Association officers make every effort to keep the girls in the Primary Association until they are 14. Y. L. M. I. A. officers should not solicit the attendance of girls already enrolled in the Primary. But it is understood that wherever girls are eager to join the Mutual and the parents are willing, they be allowed to do so.

Work for girls of these ages will be provided in both the Primary Association and in the Y. L. M. I. A.

We further recommend that where the girls of 12 and 13 are admitted under the above provisions into the M. I. A. that they be properly chaperoned by their own parents or some other responsible person, and that they be discouraged from attending evening parties.

Sincerely your sisters,

Ruth May Fox,

Lucy C. Cannon,

Clarissa A. Beesley,

General Presidency,

Y. L. M. I. A.

May Anderson,

Isabelle S. Ross,

Edna H. Thomas,

General Superintendency,

Primary Association.

Awards

BEE-HIVE emblems and awards belong to Bee-Hive activities. These should never be given to any girl except those who earn them according to the requirements as stated in the Bee-Hive Handbook.

The Life of the Bee

A REVIEW of Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee* has been prepared by the General Board, and is on sale at the General Offices, at 15c per copy. Guide IX (Foundation Cell No. 7 for Gatherers) to be considered December 1st, calls for a reading of the book or the review. Encourage the girls to do this reading before the date named, so that they can help to make the lesson period more interesting.

Nymphs

PROGRAM for *The Nymphs*. A Supplement to the Bee-Hive Girls Handbook is ready and for sale at the general office at 25c per copy. Each Keeper of the Nymphs will need one of these splendid little books. It will not be necessary for the girls to have any.

Awards for *The Nymphs* are seals with a bee-hive emblem, one to be given a month to each girl who attends at least three meetings during the month and takes an interested part in the activities of the group. Cards have been prepared and will be furnished by the General Board, to which these seals may be affixed and become a part of the girl's record of awards earned.

Bee Hive Handcraft

QUESTION. Could you tell me about the first use of baskets?

ANSWER. The first use made of the basket was probably as a cover for water-gourds, to protect them from being so easily broken when the early tribes moved from one place to another.

In time the basket became not only the commonest domestic utensil, but its use was extended to all social and religious functions.

QUESTION. What tools are needed to start one out with bead work? Would you give me directions for a simple problem in bead work?

ANSWER. The tools needed are simple and easily obtained. For the first problems some strong linen thread and No. 12 bead-needles are sufficient. Beads of any size and price may be purchased at any kindergarten supply store, or department store where art material is sold.

A good problem for beginning is stringing beads for a chain. A very effective chain may be made in the

following way: Take two No. 12 bead-needles filled with thread, and fasten the ends of both securely to a single bead. On each thread string five beads, or more if the beads are small, and then carry both threads through a single bead. Again take the same number of beads on each thread and carry the threads through a single bead, and so on, repeating the process until a chain of the desired length is completed.

QUESTION. Could you give us some ideas for the staging of our play? The scenery we have is all worn out and we must keep the cost at a minimum.

ANSWER. The M. I. A. Community Activity Manual, page 200-204, gives some excellent suggestions.

Victor E. Daines gives the following:

"The method I suggest is the use of the portable sets of screens, ingeniously designed and decorated so that by various arrangements they can be

made to represent a street scene, or a banquet hall. This is made possible by the way in which the screens are painted and the angle at which they are set.

Properties are added to complete the design. For example, the screens might be arranged to show the enclosing walls of a dining room. The properties would be the dining table, chairs, tableware, etc.

These screens are hinged together in sets folding two ways. They are made of long wood strips covered with canvas on both sides and painted and decorated so that both sides are used. Sets of screens are lashed together. Lashing is much like the lacing of a shoe. Doors and windows are made in separate forms which fit in casings or openings in the set.

The use of screens has a great advantage over the constructed and more complex set, but the use of the cyclorama, as explained in the Manual, has proven to be entirely satisfactory.

Adult Department

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women of American communities. The authors have combined the presentation of medical and social information from the best authorities used for university teaching and professional practice the length and breadth of this country. The General Boards of Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Latter-day Saints are to be heartily congratulated upon so courageous and effective an educational pamphlet. If one adult in each home in the United States really understood and acted upon the precious knowledge of health here

presented a revolution in personal and communal conduct would occur without the penalties of arms or propaganda. There is one omission that might well be remedied in another edition, namely the lack of any consideration of the effect upon health of the use of habit-forming drugs, including alcohol and the narcotics of the morphine and cocaine series.

"Haven Emerson, M. D."

(Dr. Emerson is recognized as one of the outstanding authorities in the field of public health.)

Junior Girls Department

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Read the following opinion of Larry by one Mutual girl who has read and studied good books ever since her early childhood:

"I was asked to give my opinion of the book 'Larry.' There is only one word in my vocabulary that describes it and that is 'perfect.' It carries such human interest, such real philosophy of every day living that one is overwhelmed at the amount of common sense Larry, the boy, possessed. It not only appeals to the young folks but mothers and fathers delight in reading it and living again the pathos of youth.

"Boyhood and manhood are made splendid by him. Girlhood and womanhood are honored by his reverence. Girls, what could be a sweeter task than the one Larry leaves for us—to become ideals, incentives and inspirations to the other hundreds of living Larrys—to make their lives more perfect by our influence."

Thoughts for Junior Leaders

WE need to practice the art of creating interest in the thing we want

the girls to do. Problems and obstacles are incentives to help the girls in their learning. Who has not heard a girl answer, "Well, I will, I'll show you," when told that such and such a thing was too hard for her or that she couldn't do it. Direct that combativeness for our cause not against it. Mr. Kilpatrick says that to amuse and interest is one way to spoil a person. To amuse, excite without growth is worthless, indeed it is worse than that because it fixes the habit of selfishness. Witness the habitual card-player, theatre-goer. It develops a critical attitude toward life without developing the needed desire to work and do something about it. So we need to work toward growth in sincerity and dependability through our lessons rather than just for amusement or to pass the time away.

Man or Machine Made

Continued from
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crease is shown, from 21% in 1922 to 20% in 1928. In instrumental music the enrollment increased from 3% in 1922 to 4.5% in 1928, a gain of fifty percent, due, no doubt, to the increase in the number of school bands and orchestras.

The new survey on "Entrance Credits and College Courses in Music" conducted by our own Research Council and published by the National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, should be in the hands of every supervisor, high school principal, school superintendent and college president. While it is encouraging to note the increasingly liberal recognition of music in colleges, it is disheartening to find that, even in the most liberal of these, fewer than 3% of the college students make any contact whatsoever with the School of Music.

YOU will find the cause in the apathy that still exists in many high schools toward music. I found, a few weeks ago, in a city of 200,000 population, no organized musical instruction whatever in any one of the six junior high schools and only the most perfunctory sort in the senior high school. Again, where credit is allowed, either on entrance or toward the college degree, all too often it is limited to theoretical subjects, history and appreciation, with no credit whatever for practical or applied music. This means credit for knowing all about Beethoven but none for playing his music, which is like getting credit for knowing all about Shakespeare but none for reading his works!

We have but little time here to indulge in arguments as to what constitutes true appreciation. Some authorities, including Bobbitt, the curriculum expert of Chicago University, contend that, since mechanical music is now available to all without the necessity of acquiring skill in performance, the vast majority will become utilizers rather than producers of music.

"If home-made music no longer functions," they say, "we can no longer afford to teach these skills to all." They conclude, therefore, that it is a waste of time, money and effort to teach any but the few

gifted ones the arts of sight-singing or of instrumental performance. "Instead," they say, "teach rote singing and appreciation through much listening to good music."

NOW, what do they mean by this term, "appreciation?" Surely, there are levels of appreciation just as there are degrees of skill. No one would deny that the men observing a baseball or football game derive greater pleasure, get more thrills from a fine play than the women. Why? Because they have played the games themselves! Who are the spectators at golf and tennis or at bowling and billiard tournaments? The amateurs!

When my son attended a concert of the Chicago Orchestra last week, he was more interested in the horn section than he was in Heifetz, the soloist. You have guessed the answer—he plays the French Horn! The amateur and professional violinists of that audience, no doubt, were more attentive to Heifetz. The layman was on a lower level of appreciation, the composer and the critic on a higher, if more intellectual level. James says that "A connoisseur is apt to judge a work of art dryly and intellectually, and with no bodily thrill." This is no proof, however, that intellectual appreciation should not be taught, because even illiterates respond emotionally to aesthetic stimuli.

ON this disputed question, we could not find a better authority than Dr. Judd, of Chicago University. He says:

"The emotional reactions of an individual who enjoys music are not identical with the reactions of the individual who is producing music. Acts of skill are different from emotional responses of enjoyment; how then, can skill contribute to emotional responses? By the fact that reactions contribute to discrimination. The person who is skillful in producing tones is aided in discriminating tones by his skill! Training in production thus raises the emotional reactions to a higher level of appropriateness to the situation. The person who hears music but has no ability in its production has emotions but applies them with less discrimination than does the trained musician."

Since there are levels of appreciation and levels of skill, it seems

obvious that we must provide opportunities for those that live on these various levels. Democracy must assure equality of opportunity for all. It cannot guarantee equality of achievement.

WHILE some interpret the old truism, "We learn by doing" as meaning that "We develop taste by tasting" they also seem to trust optimistically that the finer appreciations will just grow—like Topsy—"that the taste for better art grows by seeing good art—that the appreciation of better music grows by hearing good music." This is probably true, but who doubts that the process can be accelerated by training? Else, why have classics in English literature when the mechanics of reading are mastered in the elementary grades?

This raises another question introduced by the champions of "training for utilization." It would be quite possible to teach the appreciation of literature by rote memorization. Indeed, why learn to read at all when we can hear the finest readers, orators and dramatic actors over the radio? Why study mathematics beyond the elementary processes, when accountants and bankers use mechanical calculators? Why teach foreign languages to so large a percentage of high school boys and girls when so few learn to speak or read them, when these foreign tongues rarely function in their real lives, during or after school days?

THE real question is whether or not self-expression is vital to complete living. It does seem vital to all living organisms. The sunflower still turns toward the sun, but the plant in the cellar decays. The fish in subterranean streams have lost their eyes because they could not use them in the dark. The mole has no use for ears. We marvel at the sense of smell possessed by some wild animals and said once to have been possessed by man. What we fail to use, we lose! Will the push-button age render our hands useless? A friend of mine foresees a human race with but one finger—a protuberance, rather—fit only for pushing buttons. I think I can best express

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my feelings on this subject by the following poem:

MUSIC

O, what would the world be like, my dears,
If Music had never been,
If all of the sounds that smote our ears,
Were nothing but noise and din?
If ev'ry singing bird were mute—
No melody sweetened air
Of violin, or harp, or flute
Would life be quite as fair?
And what would the world be like, my friends,
If never a soul could hear?
If harmonies of richest blends
Touched only the dullard's ear?
What waste of symphony sublime,
If nobody understood,
Nor felt aglow with tune or time
Would life be quite as good?
And what would the world be like, at last,

If voices had all grown dumb?
No Music heard—save from the past—
Since living hands all were numb!
Nay! far more sweet the music played—
Tho' faltering oft, at best—
By an eager lad or a beaming maid,
To make life rich and blest!

SHALL we, then, be downhearted? While we are told that "The Machine always wins," no one here would willingly go back to the "good old days." The machine is here to stay. It is our privilege and our duty to learn how best to use it. Machine-made music is flooding our homes; millions are receiving musical impressions today as compared with thousands a few years ago. Even now, fewer than one per cent in America attend public concerts. But they are listening to music. Let us push the other button—reverse the current—complete the cycle—convert these impressions into expressions!

Shall I shock you when I say that the traditional musical instruments we use today may be obsolete in the next generation, possibly in our own life-time? The violinist's bow may one day rest in the museum with the bow of the archer—the oboe beside the shofar—the trumpet with the hunting horn. How clumsy the bass tuba that wraps itself around its victim like an octopus! How ludicrous the prestigitating antics of the slide trombonist and the bass viol player scratching the back of his bull-fiddle!

The piano is still the king of instruments. It is the only practical home instrument upon which a single player can express himself simultaneously in rhythm, melody and harmony, the basic elements of

music. It is complete from lowest bass to highest treble. Pitch and tone quality are built into this instrument—in all others these depend upon the ideal conception and skill of the performer. The piano opens the door to all music—instrumental and vocal. It is the perfect accompaniment to the human voice—a fitting mate to the glorious "Queen of Song." These unique attributes make it the ideal medium of the amateur and the "Instrument of the Immortals!"

But, already the scientist is developing a super-instrument that is destined to re-produce the qualities of all these instruments synthetically. For musical tone is vibration. So is electricity. It requires no prophet to foresee the perfection of the Theraminvox, now still as crude as the first Marconi set compared with a modern radio. By extending the principle of electrically induced vibration, a thousand times more responsive than mechanical vibration, we shall achieve new ranges of pitch, shades of color and degrees of intensity undreamed of heretofore!

I HAVE been very close to a celebrated radio engineer and inventor who has been working for ten years on the invention of a synthetic organ that shall command these new tones, colors and intensities. A universal keyboard, commanding every quality of strings, wood-wind or brass, will produce this new synthetic music. A new world of tone shall be opened unto our ears! What a challenge to our creative imaginations!

And here, in our schools, waiting for our sympathetic guidance, is that vast army of nearly thirty million children! This youth of today is "hand-hungry"—eager for something stimulating, exhilarating, thrilling to do! Compared with my own childhood, with its innumerable chores, the youngsters of today have few responsibilities. True, there are more "places to go" and faster ways of getting there, but many of these are roads to ruin.



The happy home life of yesterday is said to be in danger of breaking down. Parents must be made to see these dangers and urged to make sacrifices, if necessary, to encourage their children to cultivate the expressive arts.

It is your responsibility to convert your school officials who are indifferent to music only when they know it not. They are eager for suggestions. They are receptive as never before.

Let us demand more time, more equipment, more academic recognition, more prestige for music! Let us insist on higher standards of teaching, materials and methods. In too many public schools the teaching of music today is a disgrace to the profession and a prostitution of the art.

EVERY child loves to do those things that give him pleasure and hates to do those that prove irksome or painful. It seems obvious, then, that our first duty to children should be to see that their "learning shall be accompanied by pleasure;" that they shall have more opportunity to express themselves musically by playing the melodies all children love.

Vocational music, as a means of livelihood, has reached that economic stage known as "diminishing returns." If music, then, is to continue as a means of self-expression, and recreation, our children must be guided along paths that lead to this goal. We must teach these young music makers how to play for their own pleasure and self-culture rather than hope to become money makers in music. We must stress music as an avocation. Let the children aim to become real amateurs and connoisseurs in the true sense of these words—lovers and knowers of music—for these are also the discriminating auditors. Would you increase the demand for man-made music? Then, multiply the amateurs because the amateur makes the market—in art, as well as in sport!

YOU should encourage your children to form small ensemble groups—duets, trios, quartets—vocal and instrumental. Such music will function in their home life and will nullify the criticism of the curriculum expert.

The answer to the question is in the public schools. The fate of

man-made music lies in your hands! There is no doubt whatever in my mind that, out of four million high school students, if given a choice between taking music, thus taught, and certain traditionally required subjects, more than half would choose music if it were equally accredited. This would increase the number now studying music tenfold! If every girl could realize the value of her voice as a personality asset, less time and money would be spent on cosmetics and more on singing.

BUT Bobbitt, Snedden and the rest are right when they urge that music, also, be made elective—that every student should receive training at public expense on the level he can reach easily—and no higher. "Equal opportunity for All"—this is the watchword of a democratized educational system.

As modern invention symbolized by the machine has lightened the burden of physical existence, as modern science has added to the span of life, so these twin-sisters will collaborate in the future to make life more worth living, more beautiful, more enjoyable.

We do not fear the Robots. The machine shall not enslave us. The man must learn to master the machine. Shall we have the wisdom to use it well? The answer to my question is with you! To paraphrase the immortal lines of Henley:

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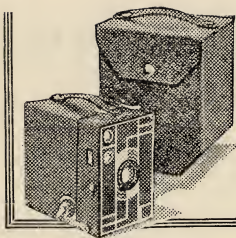
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Adolf Hitler

Continued from
page 13

myself of the limited opportunity of studying the man at close range and tried, funny as it may sound, to get an insight into his character.

HITLER is a very handsome man. Of medium height and slender physique he does not make an imposing figure, but his confident carriage, and the manner in which he holds his head up in the air discount whatever physical faults he might have. He has straight black hair, a clear, browned skin, and dark eyes that seem to betray his every emotion. His thin-lipped mouth is bordered by a bristling Charlie Chaplin moustache, and his jaw, which seems out of proportion to the rest of his features, is alone evidence of the power, determination and resolution of the man. Had I not known to whom I was being introduced, I would have thought the man before me to be a mild-mannered, intelligent member of the upper middle classes, or perhaps a fairly successful business man. But instead of that, I had met "Handsome Adolf," the super-romantic hero of Germany's innumerable romantic women, the recipient of countless "mash" notes and gifts from ladies of noble birth, all of whom, meaning women in general, he is said to detest. And while he is a delightful figure of romance to the opposite sex, the men find in him the consummate genius of leadership, hail him as their champion, boast of his great courage, and hold his methods of discipline in great respect. It is certainly an interesting paradox that the man who awakens the romantic hero love in women, as exemplified in the movie-star worship of the members of the fair sex, should at the same time arouse men from the bitterness of despair and hopelessness and cause them to recognize him as a dominant leader for whom they would gladly go to war. Hitler, being a subtle artist, fully understands the strings which he must pull to bring about the desired movements of his marionettes. His greatest instrument and almost never failing friend is his remarkable gift of oratory, and in discussions of a political nature he is almost invincible. A well-known German military official has said of him: "If you are hostile to him you

feel physically exhausted after resisting his talk. He takes control of the conversation from the instant it begins and never lets up." We have considered the man more or less from a human angle, now let us regard the facts of his life which led up to his prominence.

ADOLF HITLER was born in 1889, in the small border town of Braunau in upper Austria of humble parents, and spent the early part of his life there following the trades of sign painting and carpentry, until, as a young man, he moved to Munich, a distance of one hundred miles from his home, where he began the study of architecture. At the advent of the world war, in 1914, he enlisted as a private, and served with distinction during the following four years, being once gassed and once wounded. At the conclusion of the struggle he made his headquarters in Munich once more, and in 1922 his political career began. Capitalizing upon his oratorical powers, he made impromptu speeches in the beer-halls of Munich, denouncing the post-war political regime and painting a picture of a futuristic Utopia. He also told his beer garden clientele that American banks are controlled 99% by Jews (Attention Messrs. Morgan!), flayed the Monarchists, derided the Catholics, and treated the Socialists and Republicans with equally eloquent contempt. It was not long before the name of Hitler was well known throughout Bavaria, and it was a year later, that Hitler, with the backing of the beloved General Ludendorff, walked into a huge beer hall where a mass meeting was being held by several town officials, fired a couple of shots into the ceiling to gain silence, and proclaimed the National Revolution. He guaranteed safety for von Kahr, the presiding official, if he would accompany them from the hall, and within a few minutes talked him into joining the movement of the revolutionists. Hitler's forces filled the streets, but the next day von Kahr was visited by two decidedly anti-Hitler men in the persons of the Archbishop of Munich and Prince Rapprecht of Bavaria, who succeeded in bringing him back to his senses. As a result, the city police were called out to clear the streets.

and a sharp machine gun skirmish ensued between them and a detachment of Hitler's forces commanded by Ludendorff himself. The Hitlerites were routed, and Hitler and Ludendorff forced to flee from Munich. They were both apprehended however, and brought back for trial. Hitler made a speech to the jury, and for the first time his oratory was futile. He was sentenced to five years in prison by a weeping judge, and Ludendorff, because of his great war record was acquitted. Upon hearing the verdict, Ludendorff, arrayed in a colorful uniform, and bearing all his decorations, arose to his feet and said: "I consider that verdict an insult to the uniform I wear and a disgrace to the decorations of valor which the Fatherland has given me." The verdict remained as given, and Hitler went to prison while Ludendorff was freed. It is said that the prison officials wanted to give Hitler deaf prison guards for fear he would make a speech to them and gain his freedom.

THE second and greatest stage of Hitler's political career began immediately after his release from prison, his sentence having been commuted after one year's servitude. Beginning in Thuringia,—the only province in which he was still allowed to make a public address,—and aided by the conditions of the times, he began to sow his political seed once more. After his conviction in Munich the world had laughed and proceeded to forget the pretentious "fanatic," who had caused such a stir, but in 1930, when, aided by one of the most serious depressions of all time, Hitler again came before the public eye, worldly opinion stopped to ponder and consider his case.

In 1928 Hitler's party won 12 seats in the Reichstag, or less than 3% of the seats in that body. In the September elections of 1930 the same party won 107 seats, or 20% of the total number, and became the second strongest party in the land. Hitler, who because of his service in the German army had lost his Austrian citizenship, and who had been refused German citizenship, was unable to have a seat in the Reichstag, but he controlled the movements of his party nevertheless. The speaking ban having been lifted, he, being unable to take part in the sessions of the

Reichstag, now spends his time going from one city to the other framing his political ideas in gilded words, and arousing the admiring shout of the poor, unemployed and desperate German citizen. He still preaches his pet sermon, but his powers of speech aid him in altering the form but not the structure of his theories.

AND so today, this "man without a country" goes eternally "stumping," expounding his doctrines of anti-everything except the Dictatorship of Adolf Hitler. He has 5,000,000 followers in Germany, who, when they are not occupied in having street brawls with Communists, are aiding in the furtherance of the Hitler program. Hitler says: "Disenfranchise the Jews; execute the profiteers; expel the dirty alien; repudiate Versailles and reparations; abolish department stores and force trade back to the small merchants; wipe away parasitical unearned incomes; BE GERMANS!"—and these thoughts are echoed throughout all of Germany by the five million adherents of the Hitler faith. Hunger and depression stimulate them, and the silver tongue of a political fanatic acts as a drug upon their confused minds and bodies.

IN testifying at the trial of three Reichswehr officers in Leipzig, Hitler took the opportunity boldly to outline his plans for the future. He stated that there would be a revolution, the Republic overthrown, treaties repudiated, Dictatorship set up, and that when a tribunal of the people was formed to judge those who were responsible for the formation of the Republic in 1918, "Germany would see heads rolling in the sand!"

Thus is the house of Hitler constructed. But it is a house founded on depression and hard times, a house that the first wind of prosperity will topple over, for even now it's foundation trembles under the load above it. And its master? He too will fall where he has dominated, but he will leave his impression on the entire world as a leader, as an organizer, as a fighter. The greatest thing that could be said about him, however, might well be inscribed on his tombstone—

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A Supporting Cast

weekday at home were always too brief, too brimming with tasks requiring her own supervision and attention. Ella was dependable with children, that was something, and so Gloria did not object to the Saturday catch-up on duties left undone during the week. She could feel each day that Junior at least was not being neglected.

Dusk came—crimson and yellow in the cloud-ribbed west, and faded into the mellow mauve of nacreous clouds. In apartment 3 Junior played, was fed, was asleep. It was dark. Gloria Brent was waiting. Still waiting. She had been waiting since—when was it that she opened the oven door and exclaimed with utter satisfaction that the chicken was a huge success?

SHE pricked the smooth brown surface and sampled the dressing. Jim loved chicken cooked just that way. He'd say she was some cook, this Frau of his, and would wish that every day was an anniversary to get such treats.

Gloria closed the oven promptly to prevent even the slightest bit of savory aroma from making escape. She scanned the breakfast nook. Everything was perfect: tender vegetables steaming hot, colorful salad and the jello well set. There was a puff of cream and a sprinkle of nuts—anniversaries did not come every day. She looked caressingly at the gleaming silver, and then listened. There was a step upon the front porch.

But all this happened hours before. There had been innumerable steps upon the front porch since then. At eight o'clock she had closed the kitchen door with a sigh of disappointment.

Maybe Jim had called at the library. Maybe—maybe he had gone to purchase something, some little remembrance. Of course not jade, but perhaps some fine sheer hose with a dull finish. Gloria stretched out a well shaped leg in anticipation. Nonsense, the shops would be closed. Perhaps it would be candied fruits. He *might* be buying something. Last year he did.

Gloria caught her breath quickly. Could she ever forget that day a year ago, with lunch at Pex and

then the walk through the campus, the big green campus with its magnolia trees and flower edged paths? Then they had climbed to the very top of the hill behind the stadium and sitting upon a grassy knoll, they had watched the day slip out.

THE bay had been all magic in the quiet dusk, with a faint mist hovering low. There were boats, too, like painted dream ships far out on the water. Just as the twinkle of lights began to illumine the long new pier, Jim had gathered her in his arms and pressed her cheek against his own. He had held it there ever so long, saying, "Frau, Frau, what ever would I do without you!" Jim had called her that ever since he "passed-off" his languages. She loved his mellow intonation of the word.

And then he had taken from his pocket a neat little box. "It's only a trifle, hon," he said, "just to tell you what a good sport I think you are."

There had been a happy tear or two in her eyes, thrust back, while deft fingers anxiously removed the tissue.

"Wonderful, Jim — just gorgeous," and she had put the frail chain at once around her soft, quivering throat.

But that had been a year ago; before experimentation began in earnest, when atomic weights and quantum theories had been to them merely a part of a complex, unexplored world.

AT nine o'clock Gloria sat upon the cretonne covered couch impatiently thumbing a magazine. Why couldn't she seem to settle down to things? She would read. She loathed neurotic, impatient women. Yes, she would read. She scanned the pages and her glance hung for an instant upon this title or that. Bother—what did she care about the status of Russia or the futility of farm relief? No, she would not read. She would turn on the radio.

She walked across the room and opened a door. Quite mysteriously a flood of sound burst from the disc speaker upon the mantel. Jim had assembled the radio himself, concealing the "internal anatomy" within an adjacent closet for want

of a cabinet. So clever Jim was!

A favorite symphony but much too loud. "That's better," she said having adjusted the volume to the satisfaction of a finical mood. "Music makes things so much cozier." Other nights might be lifeless but this one, this one must be warm and living. She could not let it sink to the dull level of mediocrity. Surely Jim would come soon.

AT ten o'clock Nell rapped softly on the door. "I just thought I'd slip in and extend congrat—" she began, but the sight of Gloria Brent sitting dejectedly among the cushions checked her words. She knew intuitively that Jim was still at the university, and that the chicken, yes the surprise chicken, stood stiff and cold. She knew that being the wife of a potential Ph. D. did not appeal to Gloria Brent, at present, as being a particularly rosy state.

"What you reading?" Nell sought a more tactful approach.

"Oh, nothing," Gloria adjusted the cushions to make more room upon the couch. "But if I were ever to wax literary," she continued with definite emphasis upon the personal pronoun, "it would be to voice a protest."

"What?"

"Protest, and vigorous enough to start a rebellion."

Nell gurgled a little. "How ferocious! Any maneaters enlisted yet?"

Gloria laughed too. "Not yet, but I know of *one* who would."

"Come on now, honey, what's the matter?"

"Nothing—but—" the tone of her words invited further inquiry.

"Sure there is."

"Well, Jim hasn't come home yet and tonight was our—"

"Silly goose, is that all?" I thought at first he had flunked his 'prelims' or the landlord had raised the rent."

Gloria conceded a wry smile.

"Gloria," Nell went on, "I saw the Old Lemon Squeezer today with a new hat, so naturally I assumed he had raised somebody's rent."

AND then they both laughed, a laugh which began heartily but faded away into a sort of lifeless ripple.

"Have you ever wanted," Nell began seriously, "something right badly, even when you knew it was perfectly hopeless? Something quite trivial, and yet wanted it!"

"Have I!" Gloria offered with positive accent, as if any inflection of voice could possibly express how well she knew.

"The chemistry grads are giving a party tonight. Alicia's been coaxing me to go. I'd want to go too. I guess, if I had a decent thing to wear. You see it's a new frock I'm wanting."

"I suppose Alicia has a new one—something smart and gorgeous." Gloria's voice savored of envy.

"Has she! a darling thing. Long and shimmery. You'd look grand in one like it, Gloria, with your dark hair and fair skin."

Gloria's brown eyes fairly snapped. "For goodness' sake, Nell, don't dare mention new plumage to me on a night like this. I could eat up the whole university—test tubes and all."

"Bravo," Nell laughed. "Well, under the circumstances, I don't think I'll go, though Alicia says we're both dubs to stick at home. To her, this school-game is merely a lark."

"She would. It's pretty soft for her all right. Not every dad can afford to keep two, year in and year out." Gloria was recalling Jim's persistent struggle against financial odds.

"Yes, they get a fat check from home each month. And Alicia says you and I are hopelessly naïve and old-fashioned, having babies. If we were the least bit modern and sophisticate, she says, we wouldn't need to be scrimping along. There's too many mouths in this world to be properly fed now, she says."

"Old-fashioned," Gloria repeated, thinking the while of a certain little crib under the window in the next room. There was something lurking about the word, even though she knew it had come from Alicia's lips spiked with irony.

"Maybe I am old-fashioned," she snapped, "and I guess her mother was old-fashioned having *her*. That's what I guess. Anyway, I wouldn't trade for a million, and her husband won't ever make a chemist. Not in a thousand years, for all his fat checks. He doesn't know what work even looks like. He couldn't pour water



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through a funnel. Isn't that catty, Nell! Now I'll be good."

WHEN Nell had gone, Gloria shed a few tears. Not that she meant to. Somehow they just came, uninvited, and refused discipline. And as they fell, she voiced in sobbing tones things about love and college, laboratories that killed romance, experiments that made men ignore anniversaries. Jim didn't love her, she guessed. She'd just tell him so!

At twelve-thirty there was a soft step upon the porch. Someone was rustling keys. Gloria started, wiped her eyes carefully and flipped a powder puff over her nose.

Jim—tall and broad shouldered—entered, leaning his brief case against the wall near the door. His face was without animation, without color. He neared the couch and stooping, kissed Gloria casually upon the forehead.

"I hope you enjoyed the evening," Gloria said quite savagely.

Jim looked at her a bit startled. Before he had time to speak Gloria was continuing in tones that were far from suave. "And pray, Mr. Scientist, how's work at the lab?" "Rotten," he said with decision, sitting heavily into the low rocker and running the palm of his hand across his forehead.

GLORIA had almost dared to hope that his had been a crucial point—a night of important discovery. He had a good head, she knew it. The department fellows had all said that in math Jim Brent was simply a bear.

"Worked like old Harry," Jim went on, "all evening to finish up a particular piece of work, and then right at the last the whole thing blew up. A month's work on apparatus gone to the deuce."

"Honest, Jim? Then tonight wasn't—"

"Wasn't anything but a beginning point."

"I'm sorry," she said. What she wanted to say was, "Let's quit the whole blamed business, Jim, and be content with a job somewhere." But the soft light from the shabby little floor lamp was shining upon his face, and Gloria saw that it was tired. His eyes, too, wide blue ones, were a little bloodshot.

WITH a sudden thought Jim jumped to his feet. "By the way, Frau, how would you like to go back to Benton?" Gloria stared in astonishment. "What do you mean, Jim?"

"I simply mean that you can. Found a letter in my pigeon-hole tonight and it's from George. An offer to head his sales department. A real one, too." Jim was burrowing among the papers in the brief case.

"Honest, Jim!" "Honest, Abe," Jim's face was radiant. "Can't imagine how he limbered up to such a salary. Things must be booming back there."

Gloria seized the letter. She read it breathlessly. She re-read every word of it—"dynamic personality, dependability"—her heart beat increasing its tempo as the salary figures loomed in bold, black type before her eyes. "A real salary," she sighed. "Mr. James Richard Brent, what do you intend to do about it?"

"Well, Mrs. James Richard Brent, I just think I'll sign my name on the dotted line. Fancy, my dear," he went on, "a real house, yes, a house with porches and lawns and perhaps a garden, instead of this cooped-up, two-by-four apartment. Clothes, Gloria—swell ones—and maybe a car. No more scrimping and squeezing, and no more school teaching. Imagine it, Frau."

GLORIA was imagining; visualizing beyond reality the rapture of it all. A home, with sunlight and flowers, hours of companionship with Junior. Clothes—lovely feminine things—not let-downs with added tulle, desperate attempts to meet the demands of a later mode. Yes, some really new clothes.

"Oh, Jim, it's just too—" But Gloria did not finish the sentence. She sank down on the couch and eyed him with quiet, level eyes for a moment. Something within her told her that Jim's enthusiasm was more apparent than real. Told her that it was being forced—propped. Told her that with acceptance of this offer, a life's dream would be shattered. A seed sown so long before, nourished at such cost through the years, would never reach fruition.

"That's a neat figure," Jim was saying mechanically. "More than I could expect for some time even with my degree."

Gloria knew it to be so. Knew that there might be lean years even after the finals were over. Professors were not always well paid. Scientists seldom were. But she knew, too, that the balances were set—that the offer would demand sacrifice of a hope that had gilded Jim's sky since boyhood. Ever since she could remember Jim, he had talked of becoming a scientist. His big, useful hands had thrilled to the touch of a slide rule.

Why, why had the letter come tonight? Tonight, when her very heart was crying a hungry cry for all that such an offer could bring! Why had it come! It was as if, out of the utter blackness of storm, stars had begun to gleam. As if hope, gasping in that dim interim between life and death, had suddenly been caught to life by miracle. And yet before her the path was marked. Gloria knew she must not let Jim accept this offer.

"Why Gloria, dear, aren't you thrilled—aren't you?"

Gloria shook her head, scarcely daring to trust her voice. "No, Jim," she said slowly, "I don't think I'd accept that offer if I were you."

JIM'S eyes widened with surprise. "Course I shall, Gloria." There was firmness in his tone. "I've been a cad to ask you to go skipping along, living on nothing, denying yourself things I know you've wanted. I see it now. I ought to have left you free till I'd finished. Besides, that's a tempting offer."

Gloria managed a light bit of laughter. "You old dear," she said, "why it's a real lark." Somehow the words stung. Alicia had said that—Alicia who knew so little about it all.

Jim sprang to his feet, his whole face beaming. "You mean you don't want to give this school game up—don't you, Frau?"

"Not for worlds, Jim. It's such fun planning." It was out. She had said it. After all she supposed she meant it. There had been moments of ecstasy, glad hours of dreams, months and months of sharing. And something in that sharing had bound them infinitely close.

"Remember, Gloria," Jim's voice was reminiscent, "the night I asked you if you were willing to take the chance. Remember?"

A wave of color surged into Gloria's cheeks. Could she ever forget! "Course I do, Jim. It was the night you gave me this ring, the night of the senior play. You carried the lead—made a hit, too."

Jim flushed a little. "Bunk, course I didn't."

THERE was silence for a moment. A silence teeming with inarticulate memory. "Well, you know, Gloria," Jim broke it by saying, "I knew where you were sitting down in the dark. Sounds queer but somehow you seemed to be of the cast, a sort of composite of all the characters. I had a feeling that it was you, and not their cues that kept me going. Sustained me at high tide right to the end. You were, I'd say, the supporting cast. Still are, Frau—still are."

He held her face in his hands. "Why, Frau, you've been crying."

"Course I haven't, silly, are my eyes red? Just reading and dozing, you know me, Jim." She twisted the button on his coat sleeve. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Famished, honey, positively famished. I could eat a whole chicken, feathers and all."

Gloria was in the kitchen instantly.

"I say, Frau," Jim called, hanging his coat over the back of a chair, "we have an anniversary coming up this month, don't we?"

Oneida Stake Bee-Hive Girls

FROM Oneida stake has come a report of the trip which the Bee-Hive girls made to the Temple at Logan, in August. Arriving there in the morning, a meeting was held, in which President Shepherd explained to the girls the sacredness and importance of the work of baptizing for the dead, and the holiness of Temple work. The girls enjoyed the day very much, and returned home greatly enlightened and uplifted by what they had experienced. It is hoped that this event will continue to be held annually, as it has been for three years past.

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SEGO
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A Daughter of Martha

Continued from
page 29

to comb her hair. Her feet padded softly down the hall. In a minute she returned with heavy tread. "Victoria is gone!" she cried, forgetting that she might alarm the sick Gloria. "Where is Jonas? Where is everybody? The three children are asleep in her bed. She left a note!"

Jonas and Aunt Catherine held a council in the parlor, as far away as possible from the sick room. The note was all too self-explanatory:

I have gone away with Rodney. He does not want to own a farm. I do not like to comb your hair. He sold his farm to Mr. Gascom. We will be married in the city.

Victoria Elizabeth Peesley.

GREEK faced Greek over the big piano, the cold Franklin stove, and the brittle, ever-lasting daisies. Jonas picked up the gourd which Peter had thrown at his Aunt, and replaced it with the others.

"He couldn't sell his farm—it's mine!" Jonas struck the piano in his anger, unconscious of his jumbled pronouns.

"She can't get married—who would comb my hair?" wailed Aunt Catherine. "I won't let her marry. She shall stay with me, always."

"She was over eighteen," Jonas looked at his sister coldly. What difference did it matter that Catherine had lost a daughter?

"Rodney was over twenty-one, too," countered Catherine. "I remember now, they were talking together all yesterday afternoon. He showed her money—a whole roll of it."

"Rodney has sold my quarter section to Lott Gascom." Jonas mulled the sentence over and over.

"Your daughter has stolen the affections of my son!" he glared at Catherine.

"And your son has stolen the affections of my daughter!" retaliated Catherine, in a tone fully as angry. Then they remembered the sick woman upstairs and the two little premature babies. Gloria must be cared for. Time moved on irrevocably. Youth had asserted itself. Rodney and Victoria had taken the right to live their own lives. They were married by now. Rodney would never be a

farmer. Victoria would never be a hair dresser. Lott Gascom had recorded his deed, of course. It was all proper. The title was legally in Rodney's name. You could lead a horse to water, but you couldn't make him drink. The treadmill of life—inexorable—exacting.

AUNT CATHERINE dressed little Nancy, and persuaded Anna to help Peter. Then she fed all the family the bacon and the mush and the milk that was their daily breakfast. She prepared a little breakfast for Gloria. Upon her own dish of mush she added two spoonfuls of clotted cream.

Jonas felt the pressure of financial worries. Yet he was really worried over Gloria. She had been too sick this time. He bought her a gift—a queer box, with a funnel-like horn attached. There were round cylinders covered with tinfoil which you put on a frame work. Then you turned a handle, and presto! music came out of the horn. Songs, voices just like a human being talking. *Darling Nellie Gray*; *Little Annie Rooney*. They called it a *phonograph*. The same man who had made that carbon light had invented this also. Gloria decided she was living in a wonderful age. She had time now to finish the *Prince and the Pauper*, to learn all about little Edward the VI and Tom Canty; to understand the period of superstition and witchcraft in which people then lived. She also had time to knit. Socks for Peter, Anna and Nancy. Even Aunt Catherine said she would try a pair to see how they felt.

With Rodney gone, it became necessary for Jonas to have help around the place. A young boy, Bruce Knight, an orphan nephew of Jonas' was sent for. He was an unpleasant lad, and seemed to delight in doing unpleasant things, so that his presence added little comfort to Gloria, but in an incredibly short time he seemed to ingratiate himself into the heart of Jonas, who treated him like a son. It was one more for Gloria to take care of, but he helped Jonas, so she did not complain. But there was no sympathy be-

tween Bruce and Gloria or Gloria's children.

THE following winter when the snow lay heavy in the hills and the February thaw had set in, Jonas went to town about his store. During December and January when the snow was frozen and tightly packed, Bruce had been driving up Cripple Creek Canyon to bring down parts of the abandoned sawmill. Jonas had a chance to sell it to advantage. His store worried him. The raucous laughter of Lott Gascom galled him to distraction. He wondered how he would face the next spring, watching Lott's cows grazing on the fields where he had planted wheat. It was to be a new experiment—frost proof, winter wheat, they called it. You sowed it in the fall, and it matured early the next summer. Bruce, ever anxious to please his employer, and really stirred to some consideration by the sight of Gloria's white face, voluntarily offered to continue hauling the mill parts, during Jonas' absence.

"No, Bruce," Jonas' parting instructions were emphatic. "I know weather conditions in Cripple Creek Canyon. We have hauled all we dare. The thaw is on—slides may come anytime. You would not have a very pleasant time waiting while we dug you out." He spoke lightly, but Bruce knew orders when he heard them.

THUS the days dragged slowly by, without interest for Bruce, a high-spirited boy who was gradually making himself a part of the Whitman family. To be confined with an old lady who wept and wrung her hands over her lost daughter, who hinted that she would even let a boy comb her hair, palled on him. He longed for action. He wanted to be doing something! Suppose he did get caught in a slide. Suppose he got caught on the other side of a slide that blocked the road, and food had to be lowered from the cliff beyond. Supposing, many and weird ideas and situations fertilized in his brain until Lott Gascom coming down added the last temptation.

"Bruce, I saw a bear out lookin' at his shadder. 'Twas the second of February too. He won't go

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back, 'cause he couldn't see his shadder. Maybe you could get heem, with that fancy gun."

Anna, who had grown quite attached to Bruce, stood listening.

Early the next morning Bruce set off. He chose a strong young team, put the wagon bed on the bobs, and went to the pantry for provisions. He gave no note of explanation to anyone and was just getting away when Anna suddenly appeared. She was fully dressed, ready to join him.

"I know—I know," she half whispered, half giggled. "I go with you. You can't kill poor bear. Nice bear!"

Bruce rushed off and jumped in to the sled and was off. As he glanced back Anna still stood looking after him.

As the day wore on Gloria became distinctly worried over Bruce's non-appearance. She knew he had eaten—knew he had taken provisions, but when he failed to appear for dinner, she felt a queer, unnameable foreboding. The other hired men only knew that a team and the bobs were gone. Anna was silent, refusing to talk. The short afternoon was drawing to a close. Drip-drip-drip, fell the thawing snow from the roof. The slush ran over your rubbers when you stepped out doors. In the silence of the winter afternoon, when she stood in the opened door, Gloria distinctly heard the heavy, reverberating thunder of a snow slide in Cripple Creek Canyon. She wondered if Lott Gascom's home was safe. She had always wondered how he managed to escape, year in and year out, from the many slides in the canyon beyond him. Still Bruce did not come. Where had he gone with those two fast horses? Had he defied Jonas and gone to the mill site? Perhaps he had gone to see Lulu—he had been before. If only Jonas were home! An hour later Lulu Gascom rode wildly into the Whitman yard. She had no bridle or saddle, but clung to the horse by the mane, and froth flecked his mouth and nostrils.

"Oh-oh-oh!" she cried. "My daddy—Bruce—they are caught. They trailed a bear!"

Gloria took command. She summoned the two hired men—

sent one for volunteers to the village, gathered their equipment. There were lanterns to be filled; food to be packed; straw and quilts for the sleds. Shovels and picks; extra coats for the men. Hot drinks to be packed in crocks and jars. A telegram to Jonas.

THE necessity for work kept her cool. In a short interval they were off, five sleds of willing, eager men, anxious to help, confidently assuring the shivering women that all would end well.

Gloria and Aunt Catherine went back into the house. It was silent with the hush of death. Peter and Nancy sat subdued and round-eyed. The two tiny babies slept peacefully, unconscious of tragedy. Lulu sat in a corner, her thin shoulders shaking with sobs. But something else seemed wrong. There was no Anna.

"Anna!" called Gloria, knowing even as she spoke the futility of calling. Wherever she was, she would not reply. "Anna," she called again. "Anna, come to supper!"

They searched all the premises. Under the beds, out in the stables, even into the chicken coop. But no little girl with searching, penetrating eyes sat before Aunt Catherine that night.

AFTER the babies were in bed the two women and Lulu watched and waited all through the night. From her corner Lulu finally spoke in a frightened whisper:

"I told Anna about the bear. She said it was wrong to shoot the poor bear. She said she would nurse the bear, after they shot it. She said she tended General Grant that way, but I don't know what she meant."

Memory of the months in which Bruce had been with them flashed over Gloria's mind as she waited news of his fate. The wood he had cut; the water he had carried. He was only a boy, and had not had the best judgment always, nor a very keen sense of responsibility, but he had lived in their home, and Gloria was worried. Poor Jonas—if anything happened to this boy. He took things so hard. Why did Anna add to their troubles by staying

out all night? Drip-drip-drip. The monotonous repetition of the melting snow became almost maddening to the waiting women.

Toward morning another rumbling thunder broke the silence.

WITH the dawn the rescuers returned. They were all there. Bruce had left his team at Gascom's. Together Lott and Bruce had gone trailing the bear. The tracks led into an old mine shaft and out again. It was a queer old shaft, not down into the earth, but circling a mountain-side, with another opening which few people knew about. Bruce wanted to find that bear, and to use his gun. They sighted him and Bruce shot at him, wounding him. Then they heard a rumbling noise and knew they were caught. They ran back into the mine—"

Bruce's brave front gave away at this point and one of the hired men took up the story.

"When he got there, we was surprised to find Anna under the quilts. She said she knowed all about that canyon, and I reckon she did. The slide was so big there wasn't no use digging against it. It would be like trying to dip up the ocean with a bucket. Anna, she said she knowed where that other end to the mine was. She led us around the hill, and there sure 'nough was another hole. There was her old doll and some little dishes and a rag or two, that she's toted up there last fall. She took us in and we hollered and hollered, and finally we heard an answer. They was safe and sound and we got 'em out—but—" here his voice failed also, and another man took up the tale.

"Well, Bruce got to telling how he'd shot that bear, and he bet he was over a certain ridge and maybe they could get him when it was light. You know we was all standing round with the lanterns, and it was awful hard to see good. Well Anna come up to Bruce and calls out to him:

"Did you shoot that poor bear? That purty bear? I'm going to find him—I'm going to take bran mash to him, like I did to the purty cow!" And 'fore we knowed it, Mam, she rushed off into the dark, over toward that little hill. And you know there was another slide. I guess you heard it. We can't do no good

now, Mam, 'cept to go back and dig!"

Drip-drip-drip. The water fell from the eaves. The horses pawed restlessly in the slush. A fine wet rain clung to the men's hats and coats, while Bruce, unashamed, let his tears mingle with the moisture on his coat.

THE Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord." The words of the Bishop sounded remote and muffled as they gathered in the little church-school house. Aunt Catherine remained at home, peace-

fully rocking in the big chair, a baby on each knee. Jonas looked white—half beaten. Rodney's look of near success was chastened with pity for his father. Bruce was all contrition.

"Lord, into Thy hands do we commend her spirit." The dedicatory prayer blended with the dripping snow from the pine that sheltered the grave. Peter's feet were wet. Gloria could hear the water ooze as he walked. Princess Alice had kissed a dying child. To the rich, to the poor, death came alike. Jonas had spoken no word of censure to Bruce. In death,

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as in life, Anna was an unsolved mystery to her father.

Victoria prepared the supper. She seemed changed, self-reliant and happy. Gloria stuffed Peter's shoes with paper, and put them to dry slowly, so they would not shrink. Already they were none too big for the growing boy. Aunt Catherine got a brush and comb and seated herself in the old rocker, but Victoria did not offer to comb her hair. Rodney had brought some fresh lettuce, hard-centered and sweet. It seemed queer to have green food in the winter. He had gotten it from a train. There were cars on the trains now, where meals were served as you traveled.

THE next day Stephen Kirkman arrived, bearing a death letter from Africa. Gloria's father had been killed, two months before, in a cave-in of a road that had been undermined by the diamond mines. Gloria went into the parlor alone, and sat gazing at

the twelve gourds. She thought of the Kafir rebellions, of the sudden floods, of the predatory animals, of the hostile Dutch and the chirping monkeys. Greed sent men to early graves. Only last week Jonas had said, "I will never rest until I re-possess that quarter section!"

Her father had sought diamonds. Jonas sought land—land and more land. He seemed unconscious of the family's needs. He

had only one vision—a complete section of land, strongly fenced, well cultivated, well watered, where pedigreed cattle should roam in rank pasture, and full-headed grain ripen in the mountain sun. But in her heart Gloria knew that Jonas' passion for acquiring land was not mere greed. Something else was there, too. Someday she would talk it over with him and understand.

(To be continued)

⌘ Laying the Foundation for Good Manners

Continued from
page 36

older members of the family are seated.

He must sit with his hands in his lap when not eating. Playing with silver, crumbing bread or fingering the china should never be allowed.

He should sit up straight in his chair—the child who is so tired he must lean on the table or prop himself with his arms should be in bed.

A beautiful custom connected with family meals is the saying of grace. Isn't it Robert Louis Stevenson who says, "Nothing quiets a man like saying a prayer"? The quiet pause, the

feeling of thankfulness, puts all in a mood to enjoy and digest the food.

Children are oft times shy and awkward and appear to be ill-mannered because they do not know what is expected of them. They love ceremony and readily follow a form when it is explained, and if time and attention is given in the home to the graces of living they will grow up without the humiliations and embarrassments which ignorance of correct behavior is bound to bring.

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⌘ Glancing Through

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want anything more? Unless it be solitude and quiet, which he values above all else, but does not possess. He is enmeshed in so many obligations that he cannot shut himself up in peace for long at a time, for he takes his position in the world seriously. Englishmen have the habit of public service, and as a result forms a practically incorruptible body of public servants.

It is a strange anomaly that the average Englishman is much more particular about his public life than his private one. He may be, at home, lazy, dissipated, selfish, and yet at the head of a government department he will be indefatigably industrious, incorruptibly honest and capable of complete selflessness. I have known many, and known them well, and have found that every one of them is involved in keeping England going, and giving his service freely. He is concerned with the schools, drains, hospitals and lunatics of the country. The older ones think that England would go to the dogs if they let loose of these and other matters. He loves his England, and is perfectly content with it, and all he asks is to be left in peace to enjoy it.

But he is not left in peace. His lands, country house and wealth are surely being taken from him. And what will become of him when he is stripped of all his possessions? He will do nothing except to dig himself deeper into the little bit of England you leave to him, and be content with a pipe and a book, and a shabby arm chair by the fire. He'll grumble, of course, and fight any government that attacks his wealth or privileges, but he'll give way inch by inch, as much from a sense of duty as anything else. And when it is all over, and everything is taken from him, he'll take a stick and a dog and a pair of glasses slung over his shoulder, and start out for a long, solitary ramble. And the worry for England will soon leave him, and he will be again a happy man—an unconscious, inarticulate poet. And he will stop and listen in rapture to a small feathered songster, but there will be no rapture on his face. There will be nothing about him to indicate to the passer-by the kind of man he once was, still is, and ever will be.

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