

# Improvement

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# Era

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



PUBLISHED MONTHLY  
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## AFTER THE STORMS

Lo, in the East once more the risen sun  
Bathes the wide landscape in a golden light;  
In calm and richness is this day begun,  
And ends the storm and tumult of the night.  
The lightnings cleft the dark in lurid streams,  
And thunders echoed from the wind-swept cloud,  
The troubled night was like a night of dreams  
When life with death is wrapped within a shroud.  
Yes, dread that storm which swept the darkened skies,  
That filled the night with sounds of driven rain,  
And still remembrance in my being lies,  
To voice a heart-storm—lost love's stress and pain:  
Now lifts the sun, the night's wild tumults cease;  
Unto my soul there comes this hour of peace.

*ALFRED LAMBOURNE*



## The Meeting of the Waters

Shoshone River from Big Butte, Idaho

*Photo by Joseph Shanks*

After the meeting of the waters, those from the Henry Lake, in the Yellowstone National Park, those from the Tetons, the Snake River,—the Shoshone—moves westward through deep gorges in the lava plains and makes its terrific plunge at the Twin and the Shoshone Falls, to later mingle with the Columbia and pass at Tillamook Rock Light, into the Pacific—the western main.

In our picture the Tetons are seen above the foothills, thrusting their sharp summits into the skies, and white with the first autumnal snow. The Tetons—so they were named by the French trappers. A Greek would most likely have called them the Titans, a Scandinavian or German, the Yotuns or the Giants. Whatever we may call them, the Tetons are the most savage mountains of the Interior Western Land.

A. L.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Vol. XXV

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## The "Mormons" and the United States Flag

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

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If respect and honor for the flag of one's country tends to establish loyalty to that country, then the "Mormons" have a strong claim to loyalty, by the evidence of such respect and honor for the flag. Even in the last months of their stay in the city of Nauvoo, and with every certainty that in the spring of 1846 they would be driven from their homes and expatriated from their country, the flag of the United States continued to wave from the tower of the Nauvoo temple. This flag belonged personally to President Brigham Young, and was brought by him to Utah. It is likely also that this was the flag under which the Mormon Battalion was mustered into service, at Council Bluffs, in July, 1846. Colonel Kane, who was present during the mustering in of the Battalion, says, "An American flag was brought out from the store-house of things rescued [*i. e.* from the debacle at Nauvoo] and hoisted to a tree mast—and in three days the force was reported, mustered, organized and ready to march." It may also have been this flag which, before the close of the year 1847, was raised within the fort erected on the present site of Salt Lake City, which event the late "Mormon" poetess, Eliza R. Snow, celebrated in her "Ode to the Flag." She arrived in Salt Lake City with one of the first companies following the Pioneers, and entered Salt Lake Valley in September or October. "Soon after our arrival in the valley," she writes, "a tall liberty pole was erected, (planted in Mexican soil) and from its summit the Stars and Stripes seemed to float with even more significance, if possible, than they were wont to do on eastern breezes." Then in her *Biography* follows the

“Ode to the Flag,” though doubtless the Ode was not written until some years later, probably 1865:

“I love that flag! When in my childish glee—  
A prattling girl, upon my grandsire’s knee—  
I heard him tell strange tales, with valor rife,  
How that same flag was bought with blood and life.

“And his tall form seemed taller when he said,  
‘Child, for that flag thy grandsire fought and bled!  
My young heart felt that every scar he wore,  
Caused him to prize that banner more and more.

“I caught the fire, and as in years I grew,  
I loved the flag; I loved my country, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

“There came a time that I remember well—  
Beneath the Stars and Stripes we could not dwell!  
We had to flee; but in our hasty flight  
We grasped the flag with more than mortal might;

“And vowed, although our foes should us bereave  
Of all things else, the flag we would not leave.  
We took the flag; and journeying to the West,  
We wore its motto graven on each breast.”

“Well do I know the spot,” said William H. Hooper, Utah’s delegate to Congress, “where the first liberty pole was raised, and from the top of which floated the Stars and Stripes, while yet the country was known as Mexican territory.” (Speech against the Ashley Bill to dismember the territory of Utah, House of Representatives, *Congressional Globe*, February 25, 1869.)

On the occasion of the first celebration of the anniversary of the entrance of the Pioneers into Salt Lake Valley, held July 24, 1849, we get another glimpse of President Young’s flag and the authority for identifying it with the flag that waved from the tower of the Nauvoo temple, and probably the one under which the Mormon Battalion was mustered into the United States service. Under date of July 23, 1849, the *Journal History of President Young* (Ms.) tells of the preparation being made for the celebration of the entrance of the Pioneers into Salt Lake valley, in the course of which he says: “Captain Tyler and the artillery were busy in the office making cartridges for the cannon. *In the evening my flag that used to fly from the Nauvoo temple was hoisted at the east side of the bowery.*” From which circumstances we know that the United States flag was brought with the Pioneers from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City. In his *History Journal* for the next day, July 24, the President also says: “At half past seven (a. m.) a large national flag measuring sixty-five feet in length was unfurled at the top of the liberty pole, which is one hundred feet high, and was saluted with the firing

of six guns, the ringing of the Nauvoo bell and spirit-stirring airs from the band. (*History of President Young*, Ms., dates July 23 and 24, 1849.) These circumstances connected with the departure of the Latter-day Saints from Nauvoo to Salt Lake valley, clearly establish their respect and loyalty to the flag of their country. For, from these early days until now, that flag has been honored in Utah.

There has been one error promulgated in respect to the United States flag and "Mormon" history that I think, for the sake of accuracy in our history, ought to be corrected. This is the quite generally accepted idea or "understanding" that on the 26th day of July, when what is now called "Ensign Peak" was first visited by President Young and a group of Pioneers, they there and then raised a United States flag and named the mount "Ensign Peak." There is no evidence that they raised any flag on that mount at that time, or that they at all referred to the flag of the United States, when speaking of an "Ensign" in relation to that "hill" in the side of the mountain. They were merely out exploring the Salt Lake valley northward, and extended their short journey as far as the Hot Springs, during which they climbed the hill we now call "Ensign Peak." Had such an event as raising the United States flag taken place at that time, it certainly would have been recorded in the journal of some of the men present. Brigham Young gave the mountain its name, and makes an entry of that fact in his journal, but says nothing of any flag incident. Neither does Wilford Woodruff, who was given to recording details in his journal, and who relates the incident of naming "Ensign Peak" at length. The following is the complete entry upon the subject in Elder Woodruff's journal:

"Monday, July 26, 1847. We went north of the camp about five miles, and we all went on to the top of a high peak in the edge of the mountain, which we considered a good place to raise an ensign. So we named it 'Ensign Peak,' or 'Hill.' I was the first person that ascended this hill, which we had thus named. Brother Young was very weary in climbing to the peak, he being feeble [had not yet recovered from effects of mountain fever.] We then descended to the flat, and started north to visit some hot sulphur springs."

The "Ensign" that these Latter-day Saint Pioneers had in mind, and of which they had frequently spoken enroute, was something larger and greater than any national flag whatsoever; and what it was meant to represent was greater than any earthly kingdom's interest, and I speak not slightly of earthly kingdoms either; but this "Ensign," in the minds of the "Mormon" Pioneers concerned not one nation, but all nations; not one epoch or age, but all epochs and all ages; not nationality, but humanity. It was to be the sign and ensign of the Empire of Christ, it was

a prophecy of the time to come when "the kingdoms of this world would become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and when he shall reign forever and forever." (Revelations 11: 15.)

On the occasion of calling the pioneers' camp together for reproof and instruction while yet on the Platte river, on the 29th day of May, President Young referred to this "Standard of Zion." Wilford Woodruff, after relating how the President addressed himself to the few non-members of the Church present in the camp, and how they would be protected in their rights—but they must not introduce wickedness into the camp, "for it would not be suffered"—said:

"He then spoke of the 'Standard' or 'Ensign' that would be reared in Zion to govern the kingdom of God, and the nations of the earth, for every nation would bow the knee and every tongue confess that Jesus was the Christ; and this will be the Standard—"The Kingdom of God and his Law.' \* \* \* And on the Standard would be a flag of every nation under heaven, so there would be an invitation to all nations under heaven to come unto Zion."

This was the significance of naming Ensign Peak, on that 26th day of July, 1847. It was the gathering of Israel out of all nations to the Standard of Zion that the Pioneers were thinking of, as is evidenced by many subsequent sermons in which the texts were: Revelation 11:15; also Daniel 2 and 7.

"And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

"And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set his hand the second time to recover the remnant of his people. \* \* \* And he shall set up an Ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.

"All ye inhabitants of the world, and dwellers on the earth, see ye, when he lifteth up an Ensign on the mountains; and when he bloweth a trumpet, hear ye."

These and other texts from Isaiah were woven into a discourse by Orson Pratt the Sunday following, *viz.*, August 1, 1847. (*Woodruff's Journal*, entry August 1.)

Later this "Zion Ensign" idea inspired Parley P. Pratt's muse in the following verses:

#### ZION'S STANDARD

Lo! the Gentile chain is broken;	See, on yonder distant mountain,
Freedom's banner waves on high;	Zion's standard wide unfurled,
List, ye nations! by this token	Far above Missouri's fountain,
Know that your redemption's nigh.	Lo! it waves for all the world.



Freedom, peace and full salvation Are the blessings guaranteed— Liberty to every nation, Every tongue, and every creed.	Come, ye sons of doubt and wonder, Indian, Moslem, Greek or Jew; All your shackles burst asunder; Freedom's banner waves for you.
Come, ye Christian sects, and pagan, Pope, and Protestant, and priest, Worshippers of God or Dagon, Come ye to fair freedom's feast.	Cease to butcher one another, Join the covenant of peace; Be to all a friend, a brother; This will bring the world release.

Lo! the King! the great Messiah,  
Prince of Peace, shall come to  
reign;  
Sound again, ye heavenly choir,  
Peace on earth, good will to men.

This hymn to the Ensign or Standard of Zion was composed before July 24, 1849, for it was sung with great unction at the celebration of the second anniversary of the entrance of the Pioneers into Salt Lake valley. (See *History of Brigham Young*, Ms. entry for July 24, 1849.)

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## The Psychology of Repentance

By Professor Enoch Jorgensen

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Repentance is the discontinuance of any conduct under the firm impression that it is displeasing in the sight of God. It embodies the following psychological steps:

1. The person recognizes wrong, feels his own inadequacy, begins to see what might have been.
2. He regrets his shortcomings and longs for the better life.
3. He resolves to eschew evil and reaches out for the good.
4. His resolution has its fulfilment in reformation, in discontinuance of former conduct.
5. The changed life makes him desirous to make restitution so far as possible, to even up, for he begins to recognize the law of compensation. He repents. Truly he finds renewed life, salvation.

*Sandy, Utah*

# The Conquest of the Land of War

By *J. M. Sjodahl*

The following little bit of American history is, it seems to me, appropriate reading on the eve of the convening of the international congress in Washington, called in the interest of the limitation of armaments and peaceful intercourse of nations. It shows that the gospel of peace, when put to the practical test, is more powerful than the sword, in the battle of life.

The central figure in the story is Las Casas, a Dominican friar, a Spaniard of noble extraction by birth, and one of the most interesting characters among the pioneer discoverers and explorers of the New World. He came to the island of Hispaniola with Ovando in 1502, and spent many years there and on the continent then just beginning to emerge out of obscurity. He labored incessantly against slavery and the oppression of the Indians, and succeeded in obtaining laws for their protection. His literary productions are considered the very foundation of American history, and he was in every respect a remarkable man.

The Spanish conquerors, as is well known, believed in force as the means of "converting" the natives. They held, in fact, that the Americans, as "pagans" had no rights which the "Christians" were under obligation to respect. Many of the Spanish pioneers came from a class of men that thought very little of the value of a human life. To get plunder they murdered without compunction, and the cruelties perpetrated in Hispaniola, Mexico, Peru, etc., earned for the perpetrators an evil reputation that spread far and wide. But, aside from this, the spirit of the age was one of violence and cruelty. It was the age of the Inquisition and the mistaken belief that pagans and heretics ought to be tortured and slain for the glory of God, unless they would join the church. Had not the great Augustine said, "Compel them to come"? That was the spirit of the age. There was no regard for the free agency of man. Liberty of conscience was a principle not known, or at least meaningless.

In the year 1511, suddenly, a voice, strange but powerful was heard in the wilderness. Father Montesino, in his church at San Domingo, told the Spaniards that they were living in mortal sin because of their greed and cruelty, and that they were no nearer heaven than Moors and Turks. An awful heresy at

that time! But he had seen a light and he followed it. He continued to tell his hearers, in words that pierced them like daggers, that eternal torment was awaiting them and that the sacraments would be refused to any man who should engage in the slave trade or maltreat the Indians. Glory to the memory of Montesino!

Las Casas was converted.

At first he saw the light but dimly, but he grew rapidly in knowledge and comprehension, and in due time he recognized the brotherhood of man, regardless of color. He then maintained that to make war upon infidels and pagans merely because of their religion is a sin, and that the only right and lawful way of bringing men to Christ is by reason and persuasion. Las Casas, in advocating this doctrine at that time took his life in his hands, and that he escaped the Inquisition is a marvel. Scoffers were numerous. Let this impractical idealist, they said, try to convert a tribe of Indians and make them keep peace, and he will soon find that something more practical is needed than words of love.

Las Casas took them at their word.

Just to the north of Guatemala and bordering upon Yucatan there is a mountainous, almost inaccessible territory to which had been given the name of "The Land of War." The inhabitants were fierce fighters, savage and inhospitable. Three times the Spaniards had tried to take that country, but each time they had been defeated and driven back. Las Casas decided to demonstrate the truth of his doctrine of the power of love in that unpromising field.

Having obtained the necessary guarantees of non-interference by the Spanish authorities, Las Casas and his co-laborers began to put their doctrine into verse in the Quiche language. The story of the fall, redemption, the life of Christ, judgment, etc., was told in simple, yet elegant composition, and the verses were set to native music, to be chanted to the accompaniment of Indian primitive instruments.

Next, four Indian traders were found. The affection of these young men was gained, and they were taught to recite and sing the poems. When the traders had been thoroughly instructed, they were sent to the principal pueblo, or city, in the Land of War, the Indian name of which was Tuzulutlan. They carried with them ample supplies of mirrors, bells, knives, and such things as they could use for barter.

Arrived at their destination, the four Indians traded with the people as usual. In the evenings they gathered them together and, to the accompaniment of drums and timbrels, chanted their sacred couplets. Day after day these entertain-

ments were given. The people became interested. The traders were beset with questions. And they explained that they had learned their stories of holy men, who, though white, were different from the Spaniards. They drew pictures of the monks. The result was that the chief sent a friend to Guatemala to investigate, and to invite the holy men to visit Tuzulutlan if the investigations ended satisfactorily. In due time the friars were invited to come. Father Luis de Barbastro, who spoke the language most fluently, was the first to go. In six months the cacique and several chiefs had been converted. A little church had been built, and by vote of the common tribal council human sacrifices had been made unlawful.

Then Las Casas arrived. It was a time of excitement among the people. Their priests were furious. They clamored for the death of the strangers. The church was burned down by incendiaries. But the master mind of Las Casas asserted itself, and through his gentle influence, the people voluntarily destroyed their idols, and the cacique acknowledged the sovereignty of the king of Spain. And thus one of the great victories of history was won without the sword.

John Fiske in *Discovery of America*, Vol. II., p. 472, well says: "So when the stern conqueror and lord of Guatemala, coming forth to greet Las Casas and the Indian king, took off his plumed and jeweled cap, and bent his head in reverence, it seems to me one of the beautiful moments of history, one of the moments that comfort us with the thought of what yet may be done with frail humanity when the Spirit of Christ shall have come to be better understood."

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## The Fair Day

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God gives to me this glorious day  
 Of snow-clad peaks and blue-bent skies  
 Wherein to love and dearly prize  
 The warmth of His celestial ray.

Sweet joy hath come again to reign!  
 (What of the tempest in my heart!)  
 God smiles and all my fears depart;  
 Fresh hopes, like flowers, upspring again.

Ah, list! I hear yon blue bird sing,  
 Begone old grief, begone dull care,  
 'Mid warmth and sunshine, everywhere  
 Eternal Love! Eternal Spring!

# The Principle of Vision

By Professor Perry G. Holden\*

I am not a "Mormon," but I am a good friend of the "Mormons." Perhaps only one other man in these United States has said more things outside of Utah, in behalf of the "Mormons," and the great work which they have accomplished, than I, and that is Doctor A. E. Winship, whom many of you know.

## WHAT TO SAY

I am reminded at this time of a little incident. Some years ago it was my pleasure to be at a great Sunday School convention at Waterloo. They had had a great meeting and had listened to some marvelous addresses, and as the boys thought they were about through they ran for their hats, but the presiding officer said: "I have a friend here, boys, and I want him to say a few words to you." And they settled back with some discomfiture, and he stepped before them and he said: "Boys, I don't know just what to say to you this afternoon." And a boy way back in the back part of the room didn't want to take any chances. He stood up and flung his hand a little and said: "Say, Mr., I can tell you what to say. Say, 'Amen,' and sit down."

Now, good people, for the few moments that it is my privilege and supreme pleasure to be before you, I hope that you will have the Spirit of God in your souls, and that you will listen to what I say in the same spirit that I present the few things that I may be able to present at this time; and I am sure you will, because I have met you people everywhere throughout this and other states, and it is a pleasure and a privilege that I cannot describe to you at this time to have this opportunity of talking for a few moments with you.

I want to say Amen, from the bottom of my soul, to the addresses which I have heard today, and this last address† is such a wonderful thing that I wish that in some way it could be heard throughout the length and breadth of this land, as something that helps to dedicate and consecrate us to the great things which we can accomplish, if we but will.

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\*Professor Holden, of Chicago, is a man of national and international reputation as an extension worker. At the annual conference of the Church, in April, 1921, he was a speaker, and was introduced by President Heber J. Grant. Professor Holden's remarks are full of strong points and wise counsel, and worthy of careful consideration by the boys and girls of the Church.—*Editors.*

†By Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve. See *Conference Report*, pp. 142-46, April, 1921.

## THE CALF PATH OF OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN

I want to refer to a little poem to illustrate a great principle upon which all progress depends. Samuel Walter Foss wrote many beautiful things. You know he wrote the wonderful little poem entitled: "Let me live in my house by the side of the road, where the race of men go by, men who are good and men who are bad, as good and bad as I." And then he wrote another wonderful little poem with a very common name, entitled: "The Calf Path." He tells the story of this calf that went out to pasture one morning from Boston, when it was a little shack of a town. At night the calf came home as all good calves do, but it made a very crooked trail, all bent askew, winding in and out and round about through the brush. The next day the old bell wether sheep took up this same trail and all the other good sheep followed, and a path was made through those primeval woods. Then the people followed this little path, winding in and out and round about through the brush over to a neighboring settlement, and then they built little homes by the side of this path, and they cleared off the land and it became a road, and then they built houses and stores and it became a street. Then they built great manufacturing plants by the side of it, and it became the avenue over which the commerce of a continent has passed. Samuel Walter Foss then falters, and says: "But you know that was three centuries ago, and I infer that the calf is now dead." The good people of Boston cannot straighten that calf path today. You people are building, have been building and are building a great empire. The religion, the calf paths of home-making, and the calf paths of humanity-making—those calf paths that you have been making and will make for the next twenty or thirty years will be the calf paths that our children's children's children must tread for the thousands and the tens of thousands of years to come. Building so, putting the very best that we have into our lives at this time, that we may help to make those calf paths straight, that it may be said a thousand and ten thousand years from today: O, they builded better than they knew. I wonder if we begin to realize the tremendous responsibilities that rest upon us at this hour and this day. People, I am wondering if you will lose your great birth-right; and what a birth-right you have! Men and women like these who came here, came over this great continent, years ago and suffered as they suffered, lost their dear ones, as they did, and endured that they might come here and build up an empire that should represent their principles! They sacrificed much.

## THE "MORMON" CHURCH AND THE PRINCIPLE OF VISION

And now, you know, people, I am wondering if you and I are willing to cross a continent today, as they crossed a continent in those days that have gone by. If we are not willing to suffer as they

suffered, if we are not willing to go through what they went through, then we are losing our birth-right. I fear there are many of us younger people that would not endure, would not think of going through all that they have gone through; and don't you think for a moment that there isn't just as much need of suffering today for principles, for rights, for our boys and girls, for our homes, and for America as there was in those days. The question is whether we are consecrated, whether we are dedicated, whether we have a vision! *In my estimation your Church illustrates better than anything I have ever known in all America, the great principle of vision.* Where there is no vision the people perish, and today you are blessed, because the people before you had a vision, and not only had a vision, but were willing to live and die for it if necessary. That is what made you great. I admire your great buildings, I admire your temple, I admire your fine buildings and schools that I find everywhere, all over this land of yours; but, people, more than all, do you know what I admire most? It is your people whom you have reared under this religion of yours. When I said to you I was a friend of the "Mormons," I meant all that could be said in those words. It was not to please you. It was because I believe in it. A religion that will do what your religion has done, not only for the temporal things, but for human beings, for God, is certainly a great religion, and you ought to be proud of it. I want to say to you that the time is coming when your religion is going to be understood as it should be understood, in this world, and I want to say that through some of the things that you have been doing, you have come into more favorable attention over the United States, within the last two or three years, than in all the time put together before.

You have thought of your boys, of your girls, of your homes, and it is the outgrowth of religion that made it possible to put through your legislatures that wonderful bill that prevents the use of cigarettes in this state, and I say it should go out to all of the states of this Union. It is wonderful what your religion has done. Let me say to you, that I fear sometimes that the people who enjoy it, who live here and have not been out, as some of us have, over all this great world, do not appreciate the greatness of what you have. I wish that, some way, I could say it to you.

#### THE "MORMONS" LIKE OTHER PEOPLE—WITH A DIFFERENCE

I wonder if you will pardon me for saying one or two little things? They may seem entirely out of place, but I couldn't help but think of it as those words were uttered here by the former speaker. Last year, as I was in your state, I went out over it with the hope of holding a large meeting with the one motto in mind that a state is made of men and women, and not of houses and factories and wealth. So, I went out. I was telling them of your schools

and your education, and as I was leaving Provo for a trip through to Ogden, where I was to speak, some of the people from the east with me on that commission, said: "Mr. Holden, these people look very much like other people." And I said: "Why, yes," but I said that there is a good deal of difference in some respects, and I want to tell you of one or two of the things I have noticed, as I have been out here working among these people. I will demonstrate it to you—and I said, do you know anywhere through Colorado or Illinois or Iowa, or everywhere you stop at a depot, that there you find young men about the depot, leaning up against the wall or railing, smoking and chewing and passing remarks about the people that get on and off the train? Now, I have gone up and down this state, and it has been peculiar to me that I haven't observed that anywhere. And they said nothing, and we got through to Ogden, and one of them turned to the other, and then they turned to me, and said: "Mr. Holden, we thought we would take you up on that statement," and they said, "We have made a good many stops"—I don't know how many, twenty or thirty stops—"and we have yet to see the first young man standing by the side of the depot smoking, on our trip through." Now, I was glad that it didn't happen that there were any boys smoking while they were in my company.

#### OUR PRINCIPLES RIGHT, BUT ARE WE DRIFTING?

The other night, at Rexburg, at that wonderful little city—and I want to say to you that you have a little city up there that is setting an example to the rest of the world—throughout the year, every year, all the program which you are putting over there, and which you have been putting over there, is wonderful. It is helpful. It must go through all the United States, and you people are setting the example to us. As Mr. Ryan came down the street he was telling this little incident: By the front of the town hall, there were a bunch of young people gathered, and he went away first, then came back and walked back and forth two or three times, that he might observe. During the time that he was there not a cigarette was in evidence, not a cigar; neither was there any profane language, or any language that wouldn't be proper before the father and the mother, and he told that incident there; and that has been my observation. Now people, your principles are right, but are we realizing, are we living up to them fully, or are we drifting away just a little bit?

Now, I want to say, as I said to some people over at Payson the other day. "There are two kinds of audiences I like to speak to. One is a penitentiary audience and another is a 'Mormon' audience; for," I said, "you know that no matter what happens or how late it is you know they will all be there until you get through." And you know, good people, that one of the things that impressed so much



those eastern people, as they came here last year, was that when you open your meetings you open with a prayer, and ask that the people might have open hearts and willing souls to gather from what the speaker may say something to take home; and then they closed with prayer that we shall take home some of these things and put them into our lives and into our practices. I hope you will never give up those little customs, because they are wonderful. Another thing that you are different in, the little courtesies, which you always have, that of your seeking to put respect and dignity into all things. I must compliment you upon those things because they belong to you. And there are a good many things that stand for education; and you stand for the boys and the girls, as was said in these words by the President, that if you will take care of the young men of the Church today, and the young women, the young men and the young women will take care of the Church tomorrow.

#### DUTY IN THE HOME—AN EXPERIENCE

Now we must do our duty in our homes. If the spirit of the Lord is in your souls to such an extent, I may tell you of an experience and not be misunderstood, for it is not egotism. It is just my wish to help to put into your souls and hearts those things that you can take back with you to make better homes, better education and a better Church, and so I want to tell of this little thing. When growing up in our own home we had to work. It was so new, we were one hundred and fifty miles from the end of the railroad, and we grubbed the stumps and worked; and they had a ball game, and we wanted to go to the ball game on Saturday afternoon. Father didn't seem to think that was worth while, and we got a notion into our heads that we were going to the ball game, and we would run away from home. We were passing from the barbarian stage, I think, at that time. But that was, nevertheless, the situation. So, we decided we were going down to the house and tell father we wouldn't work like this all the while, unless we had a chance to play a little bit. So, finally, it was decided to do it, and then the question came as to who should go; and that was different! But finally, my brother gave a suggestion, that may be, if all went down he wouldn't lick all of us. So we all started and went pretty fast for a ways. Finally, we got to going a little slower, as the importance of the case dawned upon us; and, by the time we got pretty near to our house, we saw father go out towards the barn. We let him go, and went to the house and told mother instead of father. Father was one of those stern, New England people who always said: "Boys, I guess you had better do so and so, now,"—he never guessed but once, and so you see how it was we told mother about it! I will never forget as we came into the house, and my brother began to tell how we wasn't going to work like this, she turned and looked at us and then she rubbed out the piece of dough in her hand, looked down the side

once or twice, and when she was through she turned around and with a smile, she lined us up by the crack in the floor of the old log cabin—and then she stood back and looked us over and she said: "Boys, you're not working too hard," that is not what is ailing you, it is work that will make you. If you don't work you will be tramps, you will be beggars and will be in the penitentiary somewhere." She said: "No, I know what is the matter with you, you want to go down to that ball game on Saturday." She had just touched the spot. Now, I don't know how we got away from that place. I can't remember a thing about it. I think we just evaporated, but anyway on this next Monday morning the thing happened in our home that transformed it and transformed our lives. I think father and mother had had a consultation over our difficulties, over Sunday, and as Monday morning came and breakfast was over, father stood around a little and by and by—he didn't know what else to do—he went out and cut an armful of wood.

While he was out, mother spoke up and said: "Boys, why don't you sit down and talk with your father a little while? May be you can arrange to go to that ball game Saturday." Father came in. He threw the wood in the box, and then he stood around again for a little while, and we all stood around. By and by mother saw the situation, and I sometimes think that mothers have a little longer vision than fathers, and she said: "Father, it's raining this morning a little, why don't you sit down and visit with the boys? I guess they would like to talk to you." He sat out the chairs and mother started about the work, but he said: "No, mother, we want you to sit down with us for a few minutes." When we were seated he raised up his hand like this, two or three times, and he said: "Boys, your mother and I have been trying to get a little together so that you wouldn't have quite as hard a time getting started in the world as we had, but it is all for you. We can't take it with us. Now," he said, "I want you to help plan the work for this farm for next year."

I want to say to you, fathers and mothers, that that was the richest, and I think the best, thing ever said in our home. "I want you to help me plan the work for this farm for next year!" The sun was brighter, the grove was greener. My, I got through early that day, and came around the corner to get the mail, but really to tell the boys all about what we were going to do on the farm next year. On next Monday morning, when breakfast was over, father said: "Boys don't you think it would be a good thing for us to sit down for a few minutes and plan the work for the week?" So from that day until my father's death, we sat down for a few moments, about fifteen to thirty minutes every Monday morning, and there we planned and talked over together the things we were to do.

The idea of us boys helping father plan the work! I remember this Monday morning, when we were through, father said: "Well,

boys, I have no criticism only this, you planned too much." He said, "it might rain, or perhaps you would like to go to the ball game Saturday afternoon." And now I want to say another little thing. He said: "Boys, remember that when we agree to do certain things we must do them, if it takes all night." And I have been glad a thousand times over what he said, and through all the years after, father never carried out anything else that wasn't agreed on, unless we had a meeting and settled it.

#### GREAT MEN AND WOMEN MADE IN THE HOME

And I want to say, folks, if we are to have great men and women, with richness in their souls, truth in their lives, and reliability and dependability, we must make them in the home primarily. It must not be turned over to the school alone, because it is a task that they can not handle alone, as much as they can do. And I have been thankful that through all these years, no matter how trivial a thing was promised, that thing was granted.

One of your good citizens, you would know his name if I mentioned it, at Logan the other day came to me and said: "Mr. Holden, I am sorry that I cannot hear you in the tabernacle today, because I promised my pupils that I would go up the canyon and eat dinner with them, and I mustn't disappoint them." You know how proud I was of that citizen who was keeping faith with these dear boys and girls! That is one of the grandest things that could possibly be done.

#### THE INFLUENCE OF GREAT TEACHERS

Now people, just one other thought, and I must close. I want to refer to a little thing that has had a great influence on me throughout my life, and that was a great teacher. I was a good deal of trouble to all of the teachers that came to me, and they troubled me a good deal. They seemed to think that, some way, they had to lick me in order to settle everything for the whole school, and I guess that was all right, as I think about it, though I didn't at that time; but the time came when we had a great teacher come into our midst, and that teacher wasn't looking for the bad that was in us. He was looking for the good that was in us. I want to say to you people if we go through this world looking for the bad, we find it everywhere, but if we go through this world looking for the good that is in it, we find it everywhere; and this teacher was looking for the good in it. One time as I leaped out of the door of the school house, at recess, I landed in his hands. I went out with a whoop and yell. You could hear me half a block away, and he got me, and I thought my time had come, but instead of that I felt him pulling away at my chin, and he was smiling, and that was an event in my life, because no teacher ever smiled on me before. And as he pulled, tugged away on it, he made a little remark. The great railroad had been built

into Traverse city, and we had been down to see the great iron horse that pulled the train—he said: “My boy, you have lots of energy, haven’t you?” and I agreed to that all right. He said: “Do you know, my boy, it is the same steam in an engine that makes it go ahead that makes it go backward. It all depends on which way you pull the lever.” Further he said: “Do you know, my boy, it is the same energy in you that will make you go ahead and do something worth while in this world or perhaps send you back into the penitentiary? It all depends on which way you pull the lever.” And you know, good people, up at Rexburg, as we went over to that industrial school, that little saying of that great teacher came into my mind, and at other times, that they had pulled the wrong lever. Your Mutual Improvement association, nobody, or any thing, no father or great teacher had taken a hold of the very life of that very boy or girl at the right time, so they pulled in the wrong direction. You know over in Chicago that seventy-three per cent of the crimes and murders are committed by our young men, from the ages of 17 to 23 years—just the time when we lose so many of them, just the time when they are full of the ambition to do something in this world, and they simply pull that lever in the wrong direction. Well, this teacher didn’t stop there. He said: “My boy, I would like if you will do a little thing for me for thirty days and then if you like it, follow it all of your life.” And do you know what it was? It was a very simple little thing, but it has just made a wonderful difference in my life. He said: “When you get up in the morning, and look out in this great, great world again, instead of getting up dreamy like, with your hands in your pockets, with a frown on ready for trouble, just swing those good arms of yours a little and look out and see what a great day it is, the best day of all creation, because you have back of you all that humanity has accomplished, you are heir to it all.” And he said: “It is the greatest day of all creation, because you have ahead of you all of the things yet to be accomplished,” and then he continued, “Stop just long enough to hold up your right hand and say: This day I will beat my own record. I will put the best I have in this day’s work.”

#### THE SPIRIT OF COOPERATION

Why, Mr. President, there is power enough in this organization gathered here, to go back of certain fundamental things that you are to put over for this year’s work and accomplish it, no matter what the obstacles are; and when you put it over, it means that it will go throughout the length and breadth of this land, and among the nations of the world. It is wonderful what you can accomplish when all have the spirit of co-operation, have the spirit of working together.

I want to give just one little illustration, and that is this, to show what it means to co-operate and to aid at the same thing and at the

same time. *You have that opportunity in greater degree here than in any other organization that I know of in these United States.* One morning as I went down to my office, in Chicago, a great plate glass window had been broken in, and the furs stolen out, and I looked a little farther and there I saw a gunny sack filled with about two pecks of sand. The burglar had gone across Michigan avenue and scooped up a little sand, and then come over and slung it through the window to break it. I couldn't help but think had he had a train full of sand, taking up a handful of sand at one time, he could have been throwing sand yet and he could not have broken the window; and yet, when he organized a peck of it, it went through easily. People, are we too much divided, a little there and here, and over yonder, throwing sand, little handful of sand? Oh, if we can unite, then set out to work at it, like you have with the anti-cigarette law; after you accomplished what you did with your cigarette law, there is nothing that cannot be accomplished that is good.

PUT THE BEST YOU HAVE IN YOUR DAY'S WORK

Now, people, it has been a pleasure to me to talk to you. I wish there was something I could say that would stimulate you, that would make you want every morning to put the best you have into the day's work, and into the years of your work. Let us remember that no matter what the troubles are that come to us, if we solve them they are for our own benefit, and remember that there is a worst place in every road, and we have struck it perhaps now, but that is no reason why we should lay down and give up. We must go through those worst places, we must measure up to it, and I have noticed them through all my work, throughout my life, that the people who have done things for this world are the people who have carried a burden, are the people who have crossed a continent for their principles and their religion. I thank you.

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## My Little Son

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Ah, little boy of love, my own boy blue!  
 Fresh from the heaven above, pure as the dew.  
 Cuddle close to my breast, sweetest, wee son,  
 Lie in my arms at rest, for day is done.  
 Night with its dreams of bliss, cometh at last.  
 On your dear eyes a kiss, go hold them fast.  
 Ah, how my bosom swells, filled full with joy!  
 Of life your breathing tells, sweet little boy.  
 I thank our Father kind, that you are mine.  
 And in my eyes you'll find lovelight ashine!

Hobart, Tasmania

A. C. A. Dean Hewer

# Women and the Priesthood

*By President Rudger Clawson, of the Council of the Twelve*

*My dear brethren and sisters:* We had a glorious meeting this morning, and now are gathered again in this building, a great assembly of Latter-day Saints, members of the Church of Jesus Christ, the only Church under the heavens that bears the name of the Savior. It is true that he is not here with us in person, but he is here by the power of his Spirit and his authority. His authority, is called the Priesthood, the holy Priesthood after the order of the Son of God, and this authority is held by the prophet, seer and revelator and the president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Not only does it rest upon him, but it is widely distributed throughout the Church, and rests in some degree upon every worthy man in the Church.

## WOMEN AND THE PRIESTHOOD.

The Priesthood is not received, or held, or exercised in any degree, by the women of the Church; but, nevertheless, the women of the Church enjoy the blessings of the Priesthood through their husbands. This emphasizes very strongly the importance of marriage. Every woman in the Church, of mature age, and worthiness, who is ambitious to attain to exaltation and glory hereafter should be married, should be sealed to a man for time and all eternity; and we trust that the young women of the Church as well as the young men of the Church realize the responsibility of this important ordinance.

## THE POWER AND AUTHORITY OF THE HOLY PRIESTHOOD.

The Priesthood, my brethren and sisters, is complete in itself. Nevertheless, we know that there are two great divisions in it, namely the Melchizedek, or higher Priesthood, and the Aaronic, or lesser Priesthood, which lesser Priesthood is an appendage to the higher Priesthood. The Melchizedek Priesthood administers the gospel and holds the keys of the mysteries of the kingdom, even the key of the knowledge of God. Therefore, in its ordinances the power of God and of godliness is manifest, and without the ordinances and the holy Priesthood the power of godliness is not manifest among men. Therefore, wherever the holy Priesthood of God is not found in a Church, such a church cannot be the Church of Christ.

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\*Delivered at the annual conference of the Church, April 3, 1921.

Moses very well understood this great principle. He held the higher Priesthood. He was a great prophet of God and he sought diligently to sanctify the children of Israel, that they might behold the face of God. But it is said in the revelation that they hardened their hearts and could not endure his presence and therefore the Lord in his wrath—for his anger was kindled against them—swore that they should not enter into his rest while in the wilderness, which rest is a fulness of the glory of God. In consequence of this, the holy Melchizedek Priesthood was taken from their midst. But the lesser Priesthood—the Priesthood that holds the keys of the administering of angels and the preparatory gospel—was continued in Israel down to the time of the Savior. We learn a great lesson from this incident, for we perceive that because of the hardness of their hearts and their unbelief and rebellion, at times, Moses and the holy Priesthood were taken away from the children of Israel. But it is not so with the Latter-day Saints, because you will find the authority of the holy Priesthood, the high Priesthood as well as the lesser Priesthood, throughout all the stakes of Zion and in every ward. In this is shown the mercy and the loving kindness and generosity of our Father in heaven, because it is seen that God is no respecter of persons, and that the right to the Priesthood belongs to every faithful man in the Church—I think I may say it is his by right divine. So it is.

Now, brethren and sisters, we say to all Israel, beware of hardness of heart, and the spirit of rebellion, and the sin of idolatry, for these sins are great evils in the sight of the Lord. He requires humility of heart and diligence and faithfulness and submission to his authority. I think that there is nothing in the scriptures or in the revelations of God that emphasizes the greatness of the power of the holy Priesthood as the words which occur in Doctrine and Covenants, section 84, a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Latter-day Saints, give ear to these words and ponder them in your hearts, for the Lord said:

“For whoso is faithful unto the obtaining these two Priesthoods of which I have spoken, and the magnifying their calling, are sanctified by the Spirit unto the renewing of their bodies;

“They become the sons of Moses and of Aaron and the seed of Abraham, and the church and kingdom, and the elect of God;

“And also all they who receive this Priesthood receiveth me, saith the Lord;

“For he that receiveth my servants receiveth me;

“And he that receiveth me receiveth my Father;

“And he that receiveth my Father, receiveth my Father’s kingdom; therefore all that my Father hath shall be given unto him;

“And this is according to the oath and covenant which belongeth to the Priesthood.

“Therefore, all those who receive the Priesthood, receive this oath and covenant of my Father, which he cannot break, neither can it be moved.”

But now, mark you, there is a proviso, and it is significant. It is highly important:

“But whoso breaketh this covenant, after he hath received it, and altogether turneth therefrom, shall not have forgiveness of sins in this world nor in the world to come.”

This is the reservation, that is the proviso. Now if we shall attain to these great blessings we must be humble, faithful, consistent Latter-day Saints.

#### SOME PERTINENT QUESTIONS TO THOSE WHO HOLD THE PRIESTHOOD.

Now, brethren and sisters—and I say sisters because, as I have said, the sisters participate in the blessings of the Priesthood through their husbands—do we appreciate the Priesthood of God, this divine authority? Do we honor it in our lives? Do we honor it in our file leaders? Do we teach our boys at home the importance and value of the Priesthood? Are they receiving this instruction in the various organizations? Because, I take it that the Priesthood of God is about the greatest gift unto man, for it represents divine authority. Let us give heed to this matter. Oh, I pray that the responsibility of it may rest down mightily upon the authorities in the stakes of Zion, and that they will see to it that proper and full instruction is given in respect to this matter.

Now may the Lord bless you, the Lord bless our President, who has spoken so beautifully and so powerfully to us today, and Presidents Penrose and Ivins. We have had rich instructions already. Oh, if we could only fully receive it into our hearts, and carry it out in our lives, how blest we would be! May the spirit of the Lord continue to be upon this people and in the congregations of the Saints, and may it rest upon the authorities of the Church, and all the speakers at this Conference, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

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## Our Sunset Hills

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In the west the sun descending,  
 Clouds with light his colors lending,  
 From copper pink to those of gold,  
 Like fairyland in days of old.  
 The giant steps of eastern hills,  
 In rainbow hues with glory fills,  
 There is displayed by art divine,  
 In playful mood—the gift is Thine,  
 Our sunset hills.

*Carrie Tanner*



# The Thanksgiving of Annie Adams

*By Elizabeth Cannon Porter*

As the jury filed into the room, Mrs. Adams knew with the instinct of a woman that the verdict was against her son. She knew from the sinking of her heart that she had hoped, in spite of everything, for mercy.

“Guilty of manslaughter.”

The Judge briefly pronounced sentence: “Five years in the State’s prison.”

She was glad, even in the midst of her sickness of heart, that he took it like a man, with squared shoulders and chin thrust out. Only once as Bert glanced in her direction did she think his lip trembled. Then they led him out and she fumbled for her gloves. Her son’s attorney, the one she had engaged for him, came over and gravely shook hands with her. Because he was a gentleman as well as a lawyer, and she was a good client, and he felt sorry for her, he said: “Mrs. Adams, my car is downstairs, and I’m not going to use it, so I’ll have my man drive you home.”

She accepted gratefully. She felt that she could not bear to have strange people gaze at her in the street car.

Outside a bleak storm was beating down. In the late, dark afternoon, the shops were already lighting up. The green-grocer’s display, the trussed fowls, Jonathan apples, crisp celery, golden pumpkins, reminded her that it was Thanksgiving time. She thought gruesomely of her boy’s Thanksgiving and shivered.

She crept into the auto and crouched down among the cushions. She had not experienced such abject misery since her husband had left her over twenty years before. Somehow this second great calamity brought back the first. She had failed as a wife; now she had failed as a mother. Dully, she rehearsed her life. Her one love affair, her romance with Tom Adams—not a bad man, but a weakling and a wanderer. He had tarried rather longer at Westmore because he had met and married Annie. In her desire for a home, something permanent, at which Tom laughed, Annie worked outside. Splendidly capable, she hustled home to meet her husband with a shining kitchen and hot supper. Tom basked in the comfort like a cat before the fire.

Then the baby came. Annie lay on a sick bed for weeks that drifted into months. Her illness ate up all that she had saved. A sick wife, a crying baby, a hen-hussying woman who did the work, disagreeable surroundings, unpaid bills. It was too much for Tom. One night he brought home his wages, deposited the money on the table, took his hat, and walked out of the room and of Annie's life forever. Even in her bitterest recriminations, Annie always remembered that he left her all he had and went away empty handed. Though she realized that she couldn't have worked much harder, she felt that the fact that her husband had left her reflected on her as a wife. She had failed to keep his affections. Love is like the tide, it ebbs and flows, and Tom had drifted off to sea. The woman did not understand that love must be measured by the person who does the loving, not the beloved. That is why an utterly unworthy person will sometimes inspire a deep and lasting affection in a true and loyal nature. A woman with thrice her charm would not have held shallow Tom.

Annie crept back to life with a young baby, debt, desertion, and a weakened body. But her indomitable will had conquered everything. She named the baby, Albert Le Roi,—Albert the Royal,—after the Prince of Wales. Then she went grimly to work to make the home for him that she had dreamed of with his father. The boy inherited his father's changeableness along with his mother's courage. He drifted from one school to another. It was the same with his work. He did not stick at one job very long. A man grown, he secured a place in the machine shop of the railroad. Then came the strike, the months of idleness, the inflamed talk among the men about the abuses of the workingman, bad companions. Then had come the robbery. Bert and three others had robbed a freight car. They had fixed the nightwatchman, but a helper happened along and gave the alarm. Their automobile, loaded with boxes, had stuck on the tracks. They were surrounded and in the melee a policeman was shot. It mattered not that the autopsy proved that it wasn't one of young Adam's bullets that had killed the officer. Bert was taken red handed with a smoking revolver in his hand, and he was held equally guilty though he had not shed the actual blood. Sentiment was stirred up against them.

Mrs. Adams went to the best lawyer she knew of, Judge Park, a man of integrity and standing in the community. She engaged him to defend Albert. She would mortgage her home if necessary. Mr. Park told her frankly there was little that he could do. It was a clear case of robbery. An officer of the law had been killed, public opinion was stirred up. Their

only hope of clemency lay in the prisoner's youth and the fact that it was his first offense.

After all the years of struggle, her boy was being taken to the penitentiary. She had come home alone. Things went black.

The car had stopped before her house. She went up the path and stumbled through the door.

Her cousin, Christine, had made a fire in the sitting-room grate, and its warmth greeted her like a welcome.

"Well?" asked Christine, as she helped her off with her things.

"It was what we expected," she replied briefly.

Christine brought her a glass of hot milk and some toast. Somehow the little act of kindness did what all the terrors of the day had failed to do. It loosed the floodgates and she crumpled all up in a heap on the floor.

Christine lugged her to the lounge and phoned for the old doctor, who was also a friend. When he entered the room the light fell on his patient. She seemed suddenly old, as if the life were sapped from her. He felt her pulse, then patted the gnarled hand. She had cleaned his office for fifteen years.

"Well, well, Annie, I thought that you had more grit than this."

"Must one show grit when one's son goes to the penitentiary? I must have failed in my training, or it wouldn't have happened. Yet, how I have worked!"

"If you made a mistake, you did too much for the boy."

"He had no father. I wanted to make it up to him."

Dr. Spencer had ushered many souls into the world, as well as eased the departing spirit. He understood human nature as only an old doctor can. He had been close to the naked truth of things and he ministered to sick minds as well as sick bodies.

"We are only the parents of our children's bodies. We are not the parents of their souls. Their spirits existed long before they came to this world. They will go on after they leave. If we bring them into the world, provide for their bodily wants, when they are small, and prepare them as best we can for their struggle in this life, that is all we can do. We can bring influences to bear on them, but in the final analysis, they, themselves, are responsible for their own acts. I heard a very great man say the other day—a man who has made a success of everything except raising his own son—that the Lord must have had a good deal of confidence in him to trust him with the care of such a rebellious spirit."

"You have heard of the 'Sieve of fulfilment,'—how we fill

up an ambition, only to find that its joy has all leaked away. A man amasses a large fortune for his son. The heir dies. A woman dreams all her life of a beautiful home. When she gets it she is too old to enjoy it. On the other hand, seeming calamities often are blessings in disguise. A woman toils for a large family. She not only gives a lot of useful men and women to the world, but she emerges pure gold, such has been her daily training in tact, patience and efficiency. A young man struggles with poverty. He acquires thrift, industry and clean living, which stand him in good stead when success finally comes his way."

"It may seem a strange thing to say, but even this terrible thing that has come to your son may be the very thing he needs. You used to tell me that Albert was bright and that he would make his mark if he would stick at anything, which he wouldn't do. The warden is a broad-minded man and will probably put him in the machine shops, which he likes. He will keep regular hours, stay in one place, do the work until he learns it thoroughly, because he will have to. It is the very training he needs, and perhaps he had to go to jail to get it."

"What is that? Yes, you may have a powder for tonight, Christine, bring her a glass of water."

Whereat, the old doctor put on his overcoat and departed into the storm. After seeing him out, Christine brought Mrs. Adam's nightgown and slippers and warmed them at the hearth.

"The doctor actually tried to make me believe that I ought to be Thanksgiving that Albert's in the penitentiary," she wailed.

"Well," said Christine, and her plain face looked squarer than ever. "You have some things to be thankful for. You had a beau and you had a husband, even if he did run off, you bore a son and you fed and clothed him and raised him to manhood, even if he is in jail. You have a home to protect you from the storms. You've had love, and sorrow, and life, while I—" She turned and faced her in the doorway.

"I have never had anything. I am only an old maid."

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## Bits of Philosophy

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Not war, nor famine, nor disease, but vice's insidious smile, is the most deadly thing in the world.

Big business is the business of increasing the bank account of the heart, adding to the treasures of the mind, and developing nobility of character.—*Nephi Jensen*.

# Relation of Scientific Irrigation to Permanency of Civilization\*

*By George Dewey Clyde*

In the minds of those living in the great centers of the humid areas of our country, there is much speculation concerning the future welfare of a commonwealth based upon irrigation. Even among our national leaders there are some who fear that our western civilization, based as it is on irrigation, cannot long endure. To illustrate, in 1913 Dr. Beverly T. Galloway, then chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, was requested to appear before the Congressional Committee on Appropriations to give his opinion concerning the proposed appropriations for development of western irrigation. Dr. Galloway made the following assertion: "As far as I know, there never has been any long continued successful irrigation agriculture in any climate anywhere in the world." Do you realize what he meant when he made that statement? Dr. Galloway meant that the green fields, fertile farms, beautiful towns and cities that surround us are only temporary. He meant that the wonderful achievements brought about by the artificial application of water are doomed to revert to the barren wastes from whence they came. In other words, he maintains, as do many of our national leaders, that a civilization based upon irrigation cannot be permanent. Let us see if history bears out this contention.

Irrigation is one of the oldest arts used by man. It has been practiced for countless centuries by the Egyptians, Arabians, Assyrians, and Chinese, and from time immemorial has formed a basis of agriculture of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. The Valley of the Nile has ever been famous for its irrigation practice. The plains of Assyria and Babylonia were once covered with an immense system of irrigation canals, some of them hundreds of miles in length. The Romans constructed extensive irrigation works, many of which are still in use. These countries were the centers of early civilization, and due to the single fact that they were based upon irrigation agriculture, their civilization has endured in the

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past, and there is absolutely no reason to doubt the permanency of their civilization in the future.

There are instances in ancient history, however, and no doubt Dr. Galloway was thinking of these when he made the above assertion, where highly civilized countries based on irrigation have decayed and are now barren wastes, but it is only when the reservoirs which store the water and the canals which distribute it are destroyed by revolutions or neglect, or the land ruined by excessive irrigation that the once fertile fields revert to deserts and swamps.

One of the earliest examples of irrigation works of which we have record is interesting because it illustrates not only the prosperity which accompanies a well-managed irrigation system, but also the ruin and desolation which, in a country dependent on irrigation, inevitably follows neglect of the proper maintenance of its irrigation works. Babylonia, which is the part of Mesopotamia occupied by the ancient Babylonians, is described by Herodotus as densely populated and thickly studded with great cities and prosperous towns founded upon irrigation agriculture.

In the course of centuries, the canal systems of Babylonia suffered many vicissitudes. Time and again the canals were ruined by floods and neglect of works, water was applied to the soil in large quantities without regard to the requirement of crops. With the destruction of the canals, and water-logging of lands by excessive application of water, food production became impossible and Babylonia rapidly sank into the state of barren desolation which it now presents.

In reality, it was lack of scientific knowledge of irrigation and not irrigation in itself, as is believed by many men, that caused the failure of the ancient Babylonian civilization.

Why did the primitive man apply water to the dry soil? No doubt he had observed that where the land was hard and dry, no vegetation grew, and that where vegetation was most abundant, the soil was moist and warm. Today we know there are three prime factors of crop production: moisture, soil fertility, and temperature; of these, moisture is by far the most essential. If man could control these fundamental factors, the basic problems of food production for a civilized people would be solved.

In an arid section, as a rule, the soils are deep and inherently fertile; the sunshine is abundant. The temperature cannot be controlled, but irrigation supplies moisture which is more vital than either heat or soil fertility, and may be controlled by man. Irrigation not only supplies a deficiency of moisture but supplies it when it is most needed. There are

but few parts of the earth's surface where annual rainfall is economically distributed throughout the year, so that man can depend upon natural moisture to mature his crops. In the arid sections where scientific irrigation is practiced, man no longer depends upon natural conditions for sustaining life, because he controls the life-giving moisture and applies it to his crops at the proper time.

In the ancient world, the most populous sections are found in regions originally desert. In such regions soil fertility can be utilized only by irrigation, and wherever irrigation is resorted to, the density of population, the existence of great wealth and of empires are always found.

The Valley of Po, in Northern Italy, furnished a living example of this fact. Here there are eight million people. The climate of this valley, is not especially favorable, for the temperature often goes down to 10 degrees, yet this little valley provides for eight million people because one of the most important factors of food production, moisture, is under the control of man.

In modern history, the recent rapid growth of Southern California with her beautiful cities, orchards, and farms is the most remarkable instance of rapidity of growth associated with maturity of civilized conditions to be found anywhere. This exceptional instance of community life of Southern California, and the exaltation of civilization there is due to the single fact that the entire superstructure of that commonwealth stands upon the science of irrigation. Take from the advanced civilization of Southern California all that portion due to irrigation, and its splendid cities would relapse into the romance of adobe hamlets and the tropical luxuriance of its orchards and its avenues and farms would revert to their original condition of arid solitude. Lizards and cacti would again reign supreme.

The "Mormon" people were the first Anglo-Saxon to practice the artificial application of water in America, and Utah stands today the greatest monument to irrigation in the world. When our fathers and grandfathers, the pioneers, came to Utah, in July, 1847, they found here an arid desert; they converted it into a fertile garden and founded upon irrigation agriculture this great commonwealth in which we now live.

Our civilization can fail only when our agriculture is destroyed. Irrigation agriculture is largely controlled by man; therefore, our civilization, based as it is upon the scientific application of water to the soil, will endure as long as our public intelligence and vigor lasts.

But you may say as did Galloway and others that we have no assurance of the permanence of the water supply or of the

soil fertility now making the beauty of Utah, Idaho, California, and other irrigated sections possible. The rapidly increasing intelligence and scientific knowledge of our western civilization, however, assures the permanence of both the water supply and soil fertility. The massive storage dams, great headgates, steel flumes, syphons, and concrete tunnels built by the engineering profession during the last few decades assure the control of our water supply. Likewise, the application of the science of irrigation, of which the Babylonians knew nothing; to the prevention of seepage losses of water from canals; to the smoothing and leveling of land in order to reduce the runoff losses; to a study of the capacity of soils to absorb and retain water; thus preventing excessive losses by deep percolation through the soil and subsequent water-logging; and to the economical use of water, supplemented by drainage where necessary—to all of these problems the application of science doubly assures the permanence of the fertility of our irrigated soils, thus making scientific irrigation the basis of a permanent civilization.

In the early days of irrigation, the easily accessible streams were diverted first. The first canals were taken out near the bottom of the valleys to avoid expensive construction. As time went on and more land was brought under cultivation, canals were built higher up, until the available water supply was entirely appropriated.

Up to this point in our irrigation development, there was plenty of water for all during the spring floods, but later in the season only those with prior rights to the water had sufficient to mature their crops, and the rest were burned out. By means of storage reservoirs, the rainfall over the entire drainage basin is collected and held till the crops require it. Thus storage reservoirs not only increase the available supply of water but they stabilize irrigation agriculture. On practically all of the projects built by the United States Reclamation Service, large storage reservoirs have been built to store the spring floods so that the water can be distributed over the land when most needed. Our huge storage reservoirs and diversion works, our headgates and concrete-lined canals, insure permanent supply of moisture, stabilize our agriculture, and thus tend to make our civilization everlasting.

The water supply of arid regions is the real limiting factor in our agricultural development, and in consequence, measures must be adopted to regulate and control its use. The important problem is to determine the actual water requirements of crops under field conditions and to make use of this information as a basis for arriving at an economical use of water. The



problem is a complex one because so many variable factors enter, water requirement of crops, climate, fertility, texture, chemical composition, and depth of the soil enter in all their complexities, making the determination of an economical use of water extremely difficult if not impossible of a fixed solution.

According to the 1910 census, the average amount of water used per acre of irrigated land was enough to cover each acre to a depth of 4.75 feet. Dr. Samuel Fortier states that at that rate, there is sufficient water available in the seventeen western states to irrigate 50,000,000 acres of land. The arable area in the same states is approximately 350,000,000 acres. Therefore it appears that the future development of the western states depends in no small degree on the care exercised in allotting and using our limited water supply.

Out of every four gallons of water diverted from the river or stored in a reservoir only one gallon is now utilized for production of crops. What becomes of the other three gallons? It is not only lost to beneficial use, but it fills up the underground reservoirs and drowns the lowlands.

The seepage losses from canals alone frequently amount to two gallons out of every four diverted from the river. Another one-half gallon is lost through surface run-off due to poor preparation of the land. Also one-half gallon is lost through deep percolation, thus making a total loss of three gallons out of every four, due to loose, careless irrigation practice.

By applying the scientific knowledge of irrigation that has been developed in the past few decades, first to the construction and maintenance of our canal systems; second, to the preparation of land so as to permit the uniform distribution of water, and finally, to a study of the soil conditions and water requirement of crops, it has been demonstrated that we may economically utilize 75 per cent of our total water supply; whereas, we are now utilizing only 25 per cent. Moreover, by a more economical use of water on our lands, the problem of water-logging, which was the real cause of Babylonia's ruin, will be largely solved. Under the best irrigation management yet shown to be feasible, there is still one gallon of water out of every four diverted that is lost, and this one-fourth will continue to aid in the water-logging of our lowlands. However, scientific irrigation which assures the permanency of our civilization, provides a remedy which will take care of this 25 per cent of our water supply will also reclaim the areas that have become water-logged through careless, unscientific methods of applying water to our soils. Consistent drainage is the remedy.

It is true that some of our lands have become water-logged

through a wasteful use of water; but that properly installed drainage systems will reclaim such lands has been fully demonstrated. Water-logged lands, due to excessive irrigation, are not as Mr. Galloway infers, a permanent injury, but a temporary one that can be and is being removed on our water-logged lands.

From a consideration of the above questions, we can properly make the following conclusions:

The civilization of Babylonia did not fall because it was founded on irrigation agriculture, but because the Babylonians failed to recognize the fundamentals upon which irrigation depends. They knew but little about soil fertility or about deep percolation, or runoff water losses, and there are no evidences that the art of drainage was ever known to them.

Today our engineers are building huge storage and diversion works; and our scientists are studying the soil, the water requirement of crops, the losses of water in conveyance, the runoff and deep percolation losses, the methods of drainage, and removal of alkali.

As a result of the great work of our scientists and engineers, we can now apply the principles of scientific irrigation to our irrigation practice. Of these principles, it appears that the Babylonians knew nothing. Supplemented with drainage, where necessary, the application of these basic scientific principles assures the permanence of our water supply, and the permanence of our soil fertility; and thus, the permanence of a civilization based upon scientific irrigation.

The words of Mr. A. F. Doremus, former State Engineer of Utah, express a true tribute to irrigation: "Born of obscurity and despised as menial, irrigation has grown to be king of the rapidly developing west, and by virtue of its power to bless and benefit mankind, it has compelled the respect and admiration of all. Its promise is potent, its progress sure."

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### "Up Against It"

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Obstruction is often a ladder; if we  
 Look up and rejoice we have sensed it;  
 Then, if we're not blind,  
 We surely can find  
 The rungs and be lifted by each a degree  
 Toward hoped for success; up where we can see  
 It was blessed to be "*Up against it.*"

# The Surprise Genuine

By *Rulon P. Bennion*

## I

In his newly built cabin of pine logs, Pete Purdy sat before a comfortable fire and listened to the low sighing of the wind in the trees outside. The cabin stood in a small clearing, near the creek which flowed along the bottom of the wooded canyon valley. Every evening, as now, the wind would come stealing down from the high mountains to the south and pass quietly out onto the great warm floor of Beson Valley, there to swirl and contradict itself and rise into the cloudless heavens. And every evening, Pete Purdy would sit and listen to it, as he gazed into the fire and planned for the winter that was ahead. He had come in the late summer and, finding the place to his liking, had hurried back to the county seat to claim it, returning immediately with a wagon-load of supplies, and his small herd of twenty cattle. Since that time he had been occupied with building the cabin and such corrals and sheds as he needed.

The location could not have pleased him better. He had wished for a spot where he could pursue his rather devious ways undisturbed. He wanted to be alone, away from the criticism, advice, and sordid troubles of neighbors. He wanted a small, certain income—an occupation which would insure moderate returns, yet occasion no worry. And the narrow, lonely, canyon valley seemed to suit his needs exactly. There was an abundant supply of water everlastingly bubbling by in sheer willingness to wet the throat of cow or man. There was a goodly acreage of fertile soil, if he would trouble himself to clear it. There was pasture in the foothills that would keep his cattle in splendid condition both summer and winter—for it snows but little in the desert foothills. Above all, there was the seclusion he desired. He went at his work slowly, contentedly, taking a silent pleasure in building his own house, sheds, fences.

He had discovered something, recently, concerning Beson Valley which he never dreamed of at the time he entered it—something which, no doubt, would have caused him to wander many a mile further in search of a home, had he known it then. Yet, since the information came so late, and since he had not settled in Beson Valley itself, but in a cedar-filled canyon entrance adjoining it, he decided not to be troubled about the

matter, until it troubled him. Beson Valley has proved itself a veritable winter-paradise for the sheep-owners of the surrounding counties. Its hard, white impervious soil, covered with nothing but scraggly greasewoods and shadscales, furnishes enough vegetation for the satisfactory wintering of sheep. It covers an immense territory, and in the fall of each year the sheep trail in from the various counties until hundreds of thousands of them can be seen crawling over its gray floor, or lined up at the creek where all must drink. And woe to the stockman or rancher who, at such time, treads its inviolate two-inch soil. It is his season of reckoning. The sheepmen argue priority of occupancy, and they argue that the soil is worthless for farming and the pastures too poor for cattle, and if their arguments prove ineffectual they are quite apt to weight them with lead.

To this day not a building or a fence breaks the continuity of the great expanse, with the exception of the queer, rambling conglomeration of corrals and cabins the sheepmen themselves have erected on Beson Creek for their convenience in mid-winter. Here they keep their supplies—hay and grain for teams, food, extra clothing, everything their foresight tells them they may require. Here the carrier leaves their mail on his way west to other settlements on the desert, and here they have always, heretofore, gathered to drink and amuse themselves through the long winter evenings. An old man by the odd name of Charlie Edith has for many years been hired to stay and look after the place and run a sort of store and postoffice during the busy season.

In the late fall, a white camp appears on every knoll, standing solitary and deserted at mid-day, like a wrecked schooner thrown up by the waves. Only the orderly array of harness on the tongue, and possibly a faint trace of wood-smoke rising in the thin, clear air above, disclaim complete desertion. Threading the shallow valleys, or roaming over the low, barren rises, tended by solitary men on horseback, are the sheep—many thousands of them. The drowsy tinkle of their bells, the warm Indian summer sun, the intermittent sound of the camp-tender's guitar, produce an effect of peaceful somnolence that every herder knows and loves. The still air, however invisible, gives a soft, mellow tone to the landscape. It gleams with tiny, spidery filaments. Through it the lazy tink, tink, of the bells, and the staccato barking of the sheep-dogs, carry for seemingly impossible distances. Small wonder that the sheepmen regard invasion with savage glints in their eyes, and small wonder, too, that they have kept to this day their sacred preserve, untouched by outsiders.

It was into this scene that Pete Purdy unwittingly intruded

himself. He still felt secure in that his homestead occupied merely a wooded corner among the foothills, an area so negligible that the sheepmen would not consider it worth while to interfere. Still the circumstances were somewhat disquieting, and he knew they would remain so, until he had either been taken for granted or ousted.

So it was with a mingling of apprehensive uneasiness and comfortable weariness that he sat before the fire on the late October night. He knew that if fair means were taken to induce him to leave, he would be only too willing to go. Probably he would drift further into the desert, counting on finding as good a prospect somewhere there. But if foul means were resorted to—it was this thought that caused him to debate seriously—if the sheepmen strove to drive him out by unlawful means, what would he do? He leaned back meditatively! Did he have wits enough to cope with them? What sort of means would they employ if they decided to be forcibly rid of him?

Suddenly there was a loud three-double rap at the door. His feet came to the floor with a bang, and then he stood irresolute, wondering if it could have been merely the wind. As he stood, there was a sharp crack outside, and the glass of one window rattled on the floor. A bullet imbedded itself with a thud in the wall above the bed. He was turning quickly toward the door, intending to bolt it, when he saw a large envelope on the floor just inside.

He bolted the door and carried the envelope to the fire, gazing at it some time before he tore it open. Inside was a piece of white, blue-lined note-paper bearing the following message:

Warning—We hereby take pleasure in notifying you, Mr. Settler, that Beson Valley and all its adjuncts are pre-empted. We wish to inform you that you are not wanted, and we give you ten days to get out. If you are still here November 7 you will be sorry you ever sighted this layout.

X.

Pete Purdy sat down by the stove. He had settled on Beson Creek as innocent of the sin he was committing as a horse eating out of another's stall. He had singled it out as a suitable haven from troublesome neighbors. He had come away into the desert for the sole purpose of fleeing petty annoyances. Frying pan into the fire—most obvious case! The idea of disputing ownership with anybody over anything was obnoxious. And yet,—quiet, unassertive man that he was—Pete Purdy was nettled—stung to the quick.

He crumpled the note savagely and flung it into the fire.

"Phew!" he said, "wouldn't that cook you? And a pistol

shot by way of signature. Those gents mean business. Well, let 'em. This is once I balk."

He rummaged a piece of cardboard from the pile of boxes in the corner, and shut the draft out of the broken window. This effected, he flung the bedclothes back, undressed, and went to bed.

## II

Ten days later Pete Purdy sat on a log in front of his doorstep when two irate horsemen rode into the clearing. He was whittling an axe helve, which he laid aside, rising to greet them good-naturedly. But they broke him off short.

"Look here, you upstart, perhaps you ain't acquainted with the ways of this here country. You needn't expect no allowances for that. When we give a man notice to get out, he *gets* out—without giving a chance for words that ain't civil. Now if you got any idee—"

"Why, yes, but what's the 'dif.' I refuse to get out."

Both men grinned. "Oh you refuse, do you? Well, right here's where the fun starts. Con, get that log-chain." The older man covered Purdy with a revolver.

The other leaped from his horse and went to get the heavy log-chain, which lay over a stump nearby.

"We got a little procedure all figured out, Mr. Slocum. Figured it out on the road up, after seeing your smoke this morning. Nothing much to it, simple as Yankee Doodle, but effective. It won't hurt you, though. Just a little gentle persuasion such as you'll relish. Do you good. We'll be up every other day to see how you're progressing, and when you're good and tired and ready to say, 'pretty, please,' why, we'll bid you good luck. Here, Con—"

He pulled from his coat and handed his partner a heavy pair of handcuffs.

"Will you kindly inform me," said Purdy, "What you intend to do?"

"Oh, most certainly," said the man addressed as Con. "Just hold out your mitts a jiffy and let me clap these handcuffs on. Have you got a pocketknife?"

"Yes."

"Well, we're going to stake you to that big cedar down by the creek." He pointed to a great half-dead cedar at the further side of the clearing. "Get his bedding, Jim. I reckon he'll need it. Come on, Slocum, forward march."

The eighteen foot drag-chain just circled the tree below its heavy, spreading branches. Its two ends they locked se-

curely in one end of the handcuffs. The other cuff went around Purdy's left wrist.

"Now, young sweetie, you begin to savvy, eh? The idea is to cut the tree off with your jack-knife. If you manage it, why, you can have your old homestead, and welcome. But in case you get tired, or hungry, for instance, you better let us know. We'll give you a free escort outside Beson Valley, and enough grub to last you home. In the meantime—well, you can entertain yourself with your jack-knife. Quite an idea, don't you think, old sour-plum? Here comes your bedding."

Purdy had indeed begun to look a trifle sour. If he had ever felt that he could cope with the situation he very much doubted it now. He began to play for a possible advantage.

"If you don't mind, Jim," he said when they had made his fastenings complete, "I'd like to have you bring my stove down, and a couple of sacks of coal you'll find back under the bed."

The two men debated his request silently, and finally Jim said, "Get it, Con. He'd best be comfortable, and he can burn the tree down as quick with a match as a cook-stove. Only with that twenty inch leash of his I imagine he'd find it a bit too hot for comfort. I sort of think, partner, you'd best be a little shy with fire, now. Get them dry twigs lighted, and you'll roast a nice, juicy brown—no mistake."

"Hey, Jim," called Con from the house. "You fetch the stove. I'm bringing the coal."

"All right. By the way, what about the pony?"

"There's no feed for the pony," remarked Purdy, "but if you'll turn her out of the stable so's she can pasture—"

"Not on your slick hide we don't," cut in Jim, "This here's a decidedly private affair. We don't want no whole raft of Slo-cumses shelling out right in the midst of the picnic. That wouldn't do at all. No, we'll take care of your pony. Old man Charlie'll take care of her while we're debating this matter."

"As you say, Jim, it's not unlikely she might take a notion to trail off home if we let her loose. Never thought of that. Don't turn her in with any of the other horses, though."

"She'll be put right in the upper west corral by the creek. All the feed and water she wants and all her company on the other side of the fence. Promise you that."

Con had by this time brought both the stove and the coal, so, with a parting taunt for the prisoner, the two men swung into their saddles and rode away.

Purdy watched them with a complacent grin, for a minute or two, and then kicked one of the sacks of coal.

"Too gosh-blinked much of a hurry for their own good," he said after them. "Ain't that too rich for a cake? Figure to

starve me out, eh? And wind up by making me a present of a hundred-pound sack of potatoes. Take sometime I reckon. And in the meanwhile—we'll entertain ourself speculating on a way out of this."

His first act was to work the chain about the tree down to within thirty inches of the ground, as that seemed to offer the greatest freedom. His bedding, he placed between the tree and the water, which ran past, three feet to the west. The stove he placed on a level mound, south of the tree, where its smoke would blow away around the other side. The coal and potatoes he leaned up against the north side. Convenient disposition thus made, he kindled a fire and put a potato in the oven to bake. The sun had set.

His supper was perforce a slight one and a saltless one, but he enjoyed it none the less. It evidenced superior strategy. It replaced despair with a modicum of hope and gave him stomach for the enterprise. When it was over, he lay a long time looking up through the black branches and finally dozed off to sleep.

### III

The next day was cold and windy enough to take the zest quite out of him. The smoke of the fire wheeled about him in fitful gusts, making him cough and sputter and curse the sheepmen for neglecting to bring him the stovepipe. He felt miserable and discouraged and at times half inclined to give up. He examined the heavy chain and handcuffs closely and sensed that resistance was really futile. The outcome seemed unavoidable, however far off. Yet every added discomfort caused the insolence of the two men to sting more deeply, till he vowed he would resist to the bitter finish.

On the second day, Jim and Con, and a weazened, evil-looking man named Tupper, visited him toward late afternoon. They found him wrapped in his blanket, coughing, his face all blowzy with the wind and smoke, his hands chapped and bleeding, his bed and clothing dusty and bedraggled. But his determination was still unshaken, so that all they could do was to swear and stamp around and finally ride away again, imparting the information that they would not be back for four days. Con was still inclined to twit him goodnaturedly, but the older men were plain-spoken and sullen. He recognized them now as partners of a bad reputation. The more scrupulous sheepmen had evidently chosen them for this task. Tupper was not a sheepman at all, but a roustabout and gambler whom the sheepmen tolerated because of his lucky faculty for locating illicit liquor. He stayed at old Charlie's, as the establishment on Beson Creek



was called, and played dry-farmer on the west bank by way of blind.

It was while Purdy was unraveling these facts that an idea struck him—an idea so timely and so novel in character that he jumped clear of his blankets and acted for several minutes like a man bewitched. The disreputable Tupper had plowed several small plots on the west bank of Beson Creek and pretended to plant for dry-farm crops. No crops had ever materialized, but the shallow cultivation had encouraged a goodly growth of weeds, which the southwest wind had tossed hither and yon upon the desert and piled up in a great windrow against the west corral fences of the Charlie place, forming a great, ungainly bridge over the creek, for many yards. It was in the adjoining corral where Pete's little pony, Dot, would be confined.

And so his mind, once started in the right direction, leaped to an amazing conclusion. In the next minute he was busy calculating the number of dry branches he could reach and break out of the aged tree. He glanced grudgingly at the fire, which was at that moment devouring several heavy, straight sticks.

"Nope, it's no go," he said, at last, and sat down by the fire with a crestfallen air. He made a movement to reclaim the burning sticks, but ended by shoving them completely into the fire and closing the door.

"Let's see, I've simply got to get more wood." He fell into a long reverie from which he would occasionally rouse himself with a deep-drawn sigh, straightway to fall musing again.

"I'll beat those fellows yet," he would exclaim suddenly. "I've got to. By George, if I can only get more wood, I'll surprise those rascals so bad their beards'll fall out. It looks like I've just got to wait for fairer weather though. Torture, but it's going to be hard to wait now!"

For Purdy, that night was an aeon. The next day dragged through after it. From time to time, he would peel a hot, now also frozen, potato and munch it between swallows of water. The wood he used freely so as to have an excuse to ask for more when the sheepmen paid him their next visit. It seemed impossible to do anything but wait and count on tricking them into helping him effect his escape.

At last, on the fourth day, Con came. Prudy felt a secret thrill of gratification when he saw him riding down the gentle slope, alone. If he had asked for anything, it would have been exactly that.

"Hello, Con," he said, cheerily. "Still alive and able to wag my toes. Blamed near famished though."

"Great Scott, man," and this time Con Redd was in earnest. "I fully expected to find you dead. Six days without a snack.

I honestly feel sorry for you, but you'll have to come to times, that's all. You'd better come back with me. Looks mighty unpleasant around here. What about it?"

"Not on your oilskin jacket! I'm good for a corking amount yet."

"Well," said Con with a peculiar intonation, "It isn't our custom to argue. I warn you, though, that your next visit is going to be a confounded unpleasant one. Bad Jim and Tupper were all roiled up last night. I don't know what they contemplate, but you can count on them to make it devilish unpleasant. They whaled a poor Dutchman, last spring, till he didn't have another breath coming."

"They'll never whale me." Pete Purdy's jaws clamped together decisively. "Trust me for that, they'll never whale me. You bring me some more firewood. I'm nearly out. There's a half dozen or so dry saplings, by the creek yonder. If those fellows had half the manners you've got, I'd walk out without a whimper."

Con first examined the chain to make sure a large enough pry to break it couldn't be inserted. But such an idea seemed so ridiculous at sight of the short, massive links, pulled tightly about the tree, that he laughed at himself and went to fetch the saplings. He brought nearer a dozen.

"Have you got any notion when those fellows intend coming up?" Purdy asked Con as he was preparing to leave.

"Not exactly. But I do know Jim and the boss—that's Buck Leason—and Tupper, were discussing you last night at Old Charlie's, and they worked themselves into a regular fit. They're black. I shouldn't be surprised if they came up here tomorrow morning, hell-bent and chuck full of deviltry."

"And you right in with them. Where are they now? Down at Old Charlie's?"

"I left them there not an hour ago. It's a fact. And whether I am in with them or not, I sympathize with you sincerely if you stay here after tonight."

"I really believe you are ashamed of your gang. You ought to be. But listen. I'm going to give those fellows down there a genuine surprise. When you get back down, you tell them I'm going to visit them. Tell them I'll be along tomorrow morning about 2 a. m. and give them such a visit as they won't forget in a week of Christmasses. Of course, if they think it's too early, they can stay in bed. I'll want my horse, tell them, and then I'm off to West Benton and the sheriff and my brother, Sam. After that I'm coming back to stay."

Con looked puzzled and incredulous, but the best he could do was to promise and ride away. It looked like a bluff, but if

it was, it was certainly a queer one. He could see no advantage to be gained by bluffing. He indulged in several unfinished laughs, on the way back to Old Charlie's—half-way laughs that held amusement in them and yet vexation. The fact of the matter was that he hardly knew what to think.

## IV

That night Pete Purdy's little Dot slept in her corner of the west fence as usual. Con Redd and Bad Jim Crugget, the dissolute Tupper and Old Charlie, and several other sheepmen, were at the house. They stayed awake late, drinking and making the walls ring with imprecations. But not a thing could they make of Pete Purdy's enigmatic message, so they finally blew the light out and went to bed.

At two o'clock all was dark and still as death. A "horning" moon had just slipped behind the serrated desert hills to the west. Only the shrivelled, dehydrated man of the desert, Old Charlie, if he had chanced to lay awake in his bunk, would have heard the low, strained "yap, yap" of the coyotes and known that mischief was afoot. And looking forth from his little window, he would have seen a sight fit to make his eyes pop. But Old Charlie Edith snored evenly and slumbered, his toothless mouth working in and out as he drew and exhaled breath, and the outlandish object swerved and spun and meandered nearer on the current of Beson Creek unobserved.

Whatever it was, it could easily have passed for the devil on a raft. Its dark body and malevolent, glaring eye seemed certainly a demon on fearful business bent. Awakened by its ghastly halo, the horses bunched at the far sides of the corrals, and stared at it in terrified fascination.

Nearer and nearer it approached, until the reflection of its light could be seen in the water, and its grotesque, makeshift construction became laughably evident. A raft of dry saplings bound together with ragged strips of blanket was surmounted by a glowing camp-stove, its whole top part red with the fierce heat of smoldering coal.

Even as it passed the south corner of the corrals, Pete Purdy's little Dot slept in the shadow of the west fence. But when a sudden crescendo of crackling sounded in the windrow of weeds just outside, she came to her feet with a bounce. Light showed in the fence cracks. Flames licked above the boards. Long tongues of fire went reaching up into the dark. Then all was wild disorder—the roaring of burning weeds and fences, the crashing of horses through wires and poles, the crazy shouts of men!

When little Dot's mind came out of its bewilderment, she

was clear of the yards and going at a clapping gallop towards the eastern hills, the picture of her old home at West Benton uppermost in her brain. And before noon that day she was panting outside Sam Purdy's gate.

Sam scented trouble directly. He knew his methodical brother Pete too well to suppose she had gotten away from him. Inside of half an hour he had saddled a good horse and was racing away toward Beson Valley.

The fire was soon checked among the rambling corrals, but the fury of the sheepmen was not checked. Lucky that the raft was burnt and the stove buried among black piles of cinders in the stream. In their bafflement and rage, if they had found Purdy, it is hard to tell what they might have done. But so patent was it that he had made good his threat and escaped, they never once thought of riding up the canyon to look for him.

And so Pete Purdy, bereft of blankets, firewood, stove and coal, jumped up and down all day to keep warm. Just as the evening shadows were beginning to creep along the wooded canyon valley, his brother, Sam, arrived. Then a powerfully driven cold-chisel ate through a link of the heavy handcuffs, and he was free. He kept his homestead!

*Vernon, Utah*

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## The Gleaners

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Ye emblems of Earth's happy, younger days,  
 When kings held sway o'er all the earth, then known,  
 Why do you glean, nor cease, nor yet delay  
 That endless task which claims you for its own?

And yet, you bear a message in your song,  
 And we but read between each silent line:  
 "Glean on. The Master's summons comes ere long;  
 So, gather in your sheaves while yet there's time."

Take heed, weak flesh, lest, when the threshing's done,  
 You do not cry: "Lord let thy mercy fall  
 O'er my scant work; consider yet, I pray,  
 How short that day of gleaning was for all."

How short! and yet no burdensome complaint  
 Is echoed from the lips of workers here.  
 My soul, why shrink ye back with light so faint?  
 Glean on. Life's setting sun is drawing near.

*Erma Pace*

# A Suspicion Allayed

*A Thanksgiving Story Showing the Deception of Circumstantial Evidence.*

By *Wendell Hammond*

Ezra Pond dipped his hand again into the bucket, and bringing forth another handful of grain, tossed it to the young turkey cock which was feeding close to his feet.

"A fine young bird, that, Cyrus," he remarked to his old friend, Cyrus Bassett, who had come from the far end of River-view to spend the Fourth of July with him. "A fine bid he is. Come here, Dan'el," he coaxed, stooping down to let the shimmering bronze colored turkey pick the wheat from his open hand.

"I call him Dan'el Webster, because you know that Dan'el Webster was a giant among men, as the books say it; and this young fellow is purty near the biggest turkey, for his age, I ever see," he explained to his companion, who was now critically appraising the fowl.

"Yes, he is tol'able big, tol'able," admitted Cyrus, stroking his grizzled beard. "But I've got one over to my place that could just about step over yours, and he was only hatched out last May-day."

"Maybe he just seems bigger, 'cause he ain't up agin Dan'el," replied Ezra in mitigation of the divergent opinions.

"No, sir, he is bigger—a lot bigger," boasted Mr. Bassett, "and what's more, by Thanksgiving he's going to be the biggest young turkey in the state, bar none—not even Dan'el Webster, there."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Cyrus. I'll run a race with you to see who has the biggest turkey by the day before Thanksgiving, and the one who loses has to give his turkey—or the equal value in money to the winner," stipulated the confident Mr. Pond.

"I hate to take such a mean advantage of you, Ezra, but if you want to put your head in such a sack, don't blame me. Sure I'll do it."

"You hear that, do you Dan'el?" he addressed his huge intelligent eyed pet which was now emitting quick little 'kouck, kouck's in the hopes of more grain. "So, if you want two pieces of bread instead of just one, ask for it, won't you Dan'el?"

That evening after the visitor had departed for home, and Ezra had watched Daniel Webster with his smaller brothers and sisters fly up to the ridge of the buggy shed and settle down for the night, he confidently viewed the greater bulk of his chosen bird, and mused: "I hope it don't make him peeved when we win, for Cyrus is a bit 'techy' sometimes."

As the summer drew on and each week saw Mr. Pond's turkey increase it's lead in size over its brood mates, Ezra's assurance grew accordingly—so much so that he often wondered what he had best do with his friend's turkey when it should be his.

But if Ezra was reasonably certain that the prize would come to him, Mr. Bassett, with a more confident turn of mind, never let the slightest suspicion enter his head that his bird might prove to be the smaller one. "Whyn't he call it Stephen A. Douglas, instead of Dan'el Webster. If he is a giant he's a little one all right enough, just like Douglas was. If his turkey was stood up along side of mine it 'ud look just like that picture of Douglas standing up by Abe Lincoln."

When October's early frosts had made the grasshopper and other insects of field and orchard a thing of the past, which had been Daniel's main fare in his wide wanderings over the countryside, his owner greatly increased his grain rations. This soon gave plumpness to his huge frame, so that by mid-October even a stranger would estimate his weight to be quite close to twenty pounds, which for a young turkey everyone admitted to be remarkable.

One late October day Ezra was placing the huge golden pumpkins in piles among the rows of shocked corn in his lower field when his little granddaughter, Marcia, breathlessly ran up to him stammering out: "Your—your—your—Daniel's in the well!"

"Dan'el, who's in what well?"

"Dan'el Turkey the—I mean Daniel Webster, the turkey's in the well, the old well what we don't use any more, in the orchard!"

"Come on quick, Marcia," rasped Mr. Pond. "How did it happen?"

"Well, you see he was sitting on the side of the well, and I guess he wanted to fly across it, so he gave a big flap, and he didn't make it, and he flopped right down the well, splosh!"

When the two arrived at the place of the tragedy, Ezra peered down into the thirty feet of obscurity, but could neither see nor hear his rashly adventurous bird.

"Is he drowned, Mr. Pond?" asked little Thomas Orr, a neighbor boy, who had been attracted by the excitement.

"I suppose there ain't much water—now I can see him, with the light just right. He's got his head and wings above water, so it can't be very deep."

"Tommy, how would you like to earn a quarter?" questioned Ezra, with a plan of rescue already formulated. Thomas Orr's eyes gave the reply better than words could have done, so Mr. Pond continued: "This old well has been almost dry for years, that's why we dug the other one; and I'm sure the water isn't over a foot and a half deep, so I'll get the rope and buckets from the new well, and rig them up here. Then I'll lower you down so's you can tie another little rope around Dan'el; and then I'll h'ist you up, and then the turkey. Do you think you can do it, Thomas?"

"Sure, I can do lots harder things than that," asserted the boy.

The ropes and buckets were quickly assembled and installed in the old well. With one foot in a bucket, and hands tightly grasping the big rope, the boy was lowered down to the turkey, which was struggling about and splashing the water in vain attempts to fly out of the deep hole.

"Say, le' me up! I'm right on top of him, and he's drownin' me," came echoing up from the cavernous depths.

"Did I let you down too far? How's that now? He won't pick you; go right after him, Thomas."

No answer came up for some time, so Ezra judged that the boy was having difficulty in securely tying around the turkey the small clothes line rope which had been pressed into service.

"Tie it around his breast and under each wing," Ezra boomed down to the rescuer.

"All right, I got 'im good now; pull away," came up the well, in tones full of relief.

Mr. Pond pulled away as was directed, and in a moment the dripping wet but smiling boy emerged from the well, grasping in one hand the small rope which was to be used in pulling up the almost submerged bird.

Cautiously the old man elevated the mud-bedraggled fowl which, when placed upon dry land again, was a sorry sight to behold. It wheezed, and sputtered, and coughed, and shook it's sodden plumage; and could scarcely drag its miserable body away from the scene of its near destruction.

"You aren't going to forget the quarter, are you, Mr. Pond?" queried the rescuer, when he saw Ezra start after the doleful bird to render it any help he could.

"I suppose I was, Tom; but here it is." He flipped the well earned coin to the boy, and shooed the dripping bird into a coop to give it a chance to recover.

When Mr. Bassett was told some ten days later about the turkey falling into the well, and that it hadn't eaten anything for several days after, and wasn't yet as spry as it should be, he drew his brows together and drawled: "I suppose Ezra will be right glad of some excuse like that, so he can tell what would have happened if Dan'el hadn't fallen down the old hole."

It was true that even the optimistic and hopeful Mr. Pond freely admitted Daniel had not been the same bird after the accident as before. "But," he argued, consoling himself at least, "there's almost a whole month yet, and Dan'el's got powerful recuperatin' faculties, so I'm still glad I put him in the race; besides," he hinted, "I believe Bassett's turkey is terrible shy on bone and frame—though I suppose he is purty fat."

Four days before Thanksgiving it was patently evident that the enormous Daniel not only had recovered from his unwelcome fall, but was now spry as any cricket, and putting on flesh heavily and rapidly. His few days of semi-fast had been a blessing in disguise for him, by giving his gastronomic organs a well needed rest. That he was now in wonderfully fine condition was proved from his bright irridescent colorings. The gorgeous coppery bronze sheen of his thick feathers was admired by all who viewed him.

On the morning, just three days before Thanksgiving, Mr. Bassett went out to the barnyard to do his morning chores, and among other things to scatter some grain to his turkeys. He had been very careful in feeding his birds, especially the monstrous one with which he was so sure of winning. He had given them just as much as he believed they could eat without becoming sick, for he knew wherein a turkey is different from a chicken: a chicken may cram and gorge its craw tight full of corn or other grain, without the slightest ill effect, but for a turkey, in its still half-wild state, to over-eat in this way means weeks of sickness, usually ending in death.

So when Mr. Bassett found the granary door open and a half dozen turkeys within, his heart stopped a few beats. Upon entering, his worst fears were found to be indisputably correct: the birds had been gorging for a long time upon the shelled corn, and were now totally satisfied, with craws extended, showing the enormous amount that each had gobbled up.



Mr. Bassett quickly caught his ponderous bird, and scaring the others outside, took the fat fellow to a coop so that he could eat no more that day.

By the time evening came, it was clearly evident that the turkey would not have eaten the most tempting morsel its owner might have offered it—it was listlessly, mopingly sick. The next day it was the same only visibly worse, yet it managed to pick up a few grains of wheat which was thrown to it by the disgusted Cyrus. “The bottom’s dropped out now, for sure!” he tersely summed up the whole situation.

“But,” he pondered, “how in thearnation could that granary door have got opened? I remember just as well as anything of putting that wooden peg in the door hasp, and it couldn’t get out itself. But it was out, and on the ground this morning.”

“I wonder—” he reflected, “I don’t think Ezra—no, of course, he wouldn’t; but he does want to win mighty bad, and he knows what too much corn ’ll do to a turkey.”

Several times that day he caught himself wondering who could have opened the door. As his wife was the only other person at home, and he knew she had not been into any of the outbuildings for months, he was forced to conclude that it had been deliberately done by someone. “There wasn’t anything taken, and who would just want to open the door—but I ought to know he wouldn’t do it, still—”

He would soon have disciplined his accusing thoughts about his friend had not Chester Glover met him that afternoon at the postoffice, and among stray bits of conversation said: “I suppose Ezrie Pond dropped in to see you last night when he was by here. I was out a little after dark and see him drive by.”

“No, he didn’t; I didn’t know he was over this way,” was the rejoinder of a man who had arrived at an unshakable, displeasing conclusion.

On the day before Thanksgiving Ezra drove over to Mr. Bassett’s with Daniel Webster, accompanied by Leslie Reece, who was to see that both birds were fairly weighed. They were met at the front gate by Cyrus, who, after indifferently greeting them remarked: “My turkey’s a leetle sick, but we’ll weigh him just the same.”

“Sick? He surely is,” assented the mutual friend when they had been taken to the fowl’s temporary hospital. “Look at that puffy, dark head. He’s got blackhead; that’s what he’s got. And you know what that means. Why, you can’t eat that bird if he should win, Mr. Bassett!”

"Yes, maybe you're right; but if he weighs the most I win anyway, even though he is sick and has lost two or three pounds in the last few days."

"There, I said so," breathed the too confident Cyrus; "Ezra, you can't come up to that with your Stephen A. Douglas, even if someone did almost do for my turkey," he added with hidden meaning, as his bird was weighed.

Daniel's huge bulk was soon made ready for the test, and as he rapidly lowered the needle down the numbering scale Ezra shouted: "Whoop! She's past it! She's past it! Dan'el's won, sure enough!"

The scale registered just twenty-seven pounds.

"That's right, all right, boys," was the referee's official utterance.

"Well, Ezra, I suppose I know you'll choose to take the money instead of this wreck," glumly choked out Mr. Bassett, holding up his moribund fowl.

"Yes, I'll have to do that; besides, I know exactly who I've got to give it to. Little Thomas Orr said he just ruined his pants down the old, muddy well; and he'll have to have another pair. He said he wouldn't go down another well if General Pershing himself was stuck down there, for any quarter, so that's where the money goes to."

"Anyway, Cyrus, you come over with your wife to our place tomorrow and see how much better mother can cook a turkey than I can raise one. We'll be pleased to have you."

"Thanks, Ezra, but I think we'll stay right—"

"Look at that colt," interrupted the referee, pointing to one of Mr. Bassett's two-year-old fillies that were permitted the run of the yard. "She's trying to open your granary door—there, she's got the peg out!"

Cyrus Bassett turned and saw the animal just as it nuzzled the door open with its sensitive lips, and then stood half undecided to enter or not.

"Ezra, then it wasn't—sure, Ezra, we'll be right glad to come over to your place tomorrow for the whole day, only don't you dast to kill Dan'el Webster for Thanksgiving, for he's the whoppinest turkey I ever did see. He sure is!"

*Wcod's Cross, Utah*

### They Appreciate the "Era"

"I take great delight in the *Improvement Era*, each month. It is a great source of information to any who will read, and especially to me, a missionary."—*M. Grant Prisbrey, Halifax, England.*

"We are receiving the *Improvement Era* regularly, and wish to voice our appreciation for this splendid magazine.—*R. Glen Call, E. Odell Peterson, Missionaries, Tucson, Arizona.*

# Sources of Joy and Factors of Happiness

A Study for the Advanced Senior Classes of M. I. A., 1921-22

By Dr. George H. Brimhall

## Lesson VII.—Ideality

Ideality, in this discussion, shall mean the power of creating ideals and the process of working towards them.

Out of an almost infinite number of aspects of a great subject a few have been selected for presentation in this lesson. No attempt has been made in any instance to exhaust a topic.

Ideality is the head light of human existence: it is created, projected, and followed by the individual and the group. It is the child of progress leading its parent. If necessity is the mother of invention, ideality is the father of progress.

Ideality is the measure of intelligence; the higher the ideality the higher the intelligence, and the lower the ideality the lower the intelligence. The higher the intelligence the greater the capacity for joy, and the higher the things to be enjoyed.

*Ideality and Instinct.*—Animals reach their completeness in instinct entirely through inheritance, and they arrive at their perfection in action through instinct or inherited ability.

The completeness of man's existence is subject to the modification of ideality, and progressive perfection of his ability depends for

the more part, if not entirely, upon his ideality. The bee has neither contemplation nor ambition in the direction of cell building or honey gathering; he simply follows his instinct or impulse leading to a wise end, to perfection, without the power either to contemplate or enjoy that perfection. Through instinct birds master the air and navigate the water. Man also does many things through instinct; he walks by instinct, he speaks instinctively, but, this walking and speaking is added to through ideality.

Ideality enters into walking when we add to it poise and dignity of attitude and grace of movement. There are people, however, who are so lacking in ideality of attitude and action that they never learn how to stand properly or sit down gracefully.

We instinctively eat, but the processes of feeding one's self in order to rise above the gratification of the animal reaches into the realm of higher happiness. Ideality supplements our feeding processes with table manners, which lift the individual and the group into a field of aesthetic enjoyment.

Through ideality man has mastery over the elements, an ever progressing mastery. Ideality is

the day-dream land of perfection, ideality substitutes choice for chance. Ideality never waits for things to happen, it plans for them to happen.

*Ethics and Ideality.*—The quality of the individual coming down the road to meet us depends upon our ideality, that person in time becomes a mental fact. It is the "I" of today that shall become the "Me" of tomorrow. "I" must meet this "Me." The "Me" I meet will never be better than the "I" which I send forward. In making the "I" one must do more than work to a pattern.

The ambition to become just like someone else is at best not superior ideality. This ideality is only second grade. High grade character ideality has behind it an acquaintance with one's better self, and a determination to carry over into habit the saying of that illustrious educator, Doctor Maeser, "Be yourself, your better self."

The simple attempt to characterize one's better self, which can be done only through our ideality, is a source of satisfaction. It is a joy for one to make an inventory of his good desires.

*Ideality and Marriage.*—The mating instinct is responsible for more marriages than any other factor that leads to marriage; yet the stream of joy coming from love unions may be deepened and enlarged by the introduction of ideality into courtship and marriage. On the one hand, the contemplation of what an ideal lover should be, such as he would like for a prospective brother-in-law, and on the other hand the contemplation

of an ideal sweetheart, such as she would desire for a prospective sister-in-law, would bring courtship to an altitude where the dust of iniquity never reaches.

This field of ideality will lead over into the field of consistency where the contemplation of unequal yoking is conspicuous for its absence. The college woman, whose choice of a husband proved something of a surprise to her associates, met their amazement with the remark, "I am choosing for my children as well as for myself." She gave evidence of a consistency in ideality that carried over as a source of joy unknown except through the parentage of high-grade offspring. If it be true that great men have superior mothers, then the placing of high ideality into the choosing of a wife or a husband needs no argument.

It has frequently been said that great women have great fathers and great men great mothers. Whatever operates towards the improvement of the race, either through heredity, environment, or education, contributes in the highest sense, both as a source of joy and a factor of happiness, and it seems that ideality in mating does its full share.

*Ideality and Religion.*—"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." This does not mean a standstill perfection according to "Mormon" doctrine. All perfection is progressive. When we sing, "Thus on to eternal perfection, the honest and faithful will go," we mean thus on to progressive perfection. The religion, the doctrines of which

make room for the exercise of the highest ideality, is, at least, psychologically the best. As that which is most in harmony with the nature of man, and most productive of conditions of happiness for man is most desirable by the better self of man, it would follow that the religion which provides for man's becoming like God is the best for the man.

The idealizing of ideality in our every day religious life is a process of heaven-making. It is a process of spiritual habit-making. One's religious character is measured by one's religious ideality and one's spiritual activity crystallized into habit.

One may contribute to one's spiritual strength, which is always a source of joy, by listing the habits which constitute his individual spirituality, and the group habits which constitute the family spirituality. These should be measured by the desired spiritual condition which his ideality has created.

#### *Problems.*

1. What will the streets of Salt Lake City and those of Boston say concerning the ideality of the first settlers?

#### *Lesson VIII.—Work.*

It must be understood that "work" in this lesson shall mean aimful activity, physical, intellectual, ethical, or spiritual.

*Theological Aspect.*—And unto Adam he said, "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it, cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy

2. Describe an ideal attitude at the table.

3. How is the following scriptural admonition related to the development of ideality: "Let your apparel be the workmanship of your own hands"?

4. From a large number of answers to the question: "What is ideal vocational success?" the following was selected, as the best: "Doing so well what one likes to do, that he has no need to do anything else to make a living."

5. Wherein is ideality essentially indispensable to such a success?

6. Wherein does ideality provide for progressive perfection?

7. What is the distinction between completion and perfection? To which one of them is ideality a stranger and to which one is it a constant companion?

8. What reason had the great artist to weep when he had finished a painting so perfect that neither he nor any of his fellow artists could see how it might be improved?

9. How will good table manners add to the joy of the individual and society.

10. Wherein is your better self not completely characterized in the following: "My better self is sincere, kind, courteous, prompt, patient, industrious, temperate, generous, optimistic, clean, courageous."

11. Discuss the prospective happiness resulting from the mating of persons with high ideals. What are the probable results of the marriage union?

12. Name the spiritual habits which would measure up to your religious ideality, (a) for the individual, (b) for the family.

life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

The rebound of the Fall lifted Adam from the position of a caretaker to that of a garden-maker; it was a promotion. In the ready-made heaven of Eden he played upon a self-tuned harp of life. It was enjoyment without advance-

ment. The jar, a divinely planned circumstance, unstrung that harp and threw Adam from the position of a mere performer to that of a composer: the Fall was upward. Adam was not cursed but blessed with work. It was the earth that was cursed that he might have work. Work that was something more than employment, work divine, the work of bringing order out of chaos in all the kingdoms of earth life, vegetable, animal and man.

A weed is but a plant out of place. Wheat becomes weeds when it interferes with the growth of beets. Man was to have work. Work into which optimistic idealism could enter, work sustained by intention as well as by impulse, work in which initiative doubles the joy of achievement, work that makes of man more than a servant of divinity, more than a friend of God, a partner with God for the salvation of the one and the glory of the other, the eternal, progressive joy of both.

The ignorance of the understanding of God's purposes, misinterpretation of his word, led to and has perpetuated the two errors of the ages: first, thinking and speaking of work as a curse, and, second, working to get out of work.

*Social Aspect.*—Work is a good thing to have finished, but a better thing to be doing. The happiness of future salvation and the joys of exaltation are to be measured by standards of work, but there is a happiness here and now, happiness constantly coming through work-

ing towards the expected reward in the hereafter; and just to the extent that the "now" is a part of eternity, this stream of present joy is a part of eternal happiness. It may be truly said of ideal working conditions, "Once a source of joy, always a source of joy."

Work is thrice blessed; it blesses in the planning, it blesses in the process, and it blesses the product.

There is not standing room in the Church of Christ for the indolent; the Kingdom of God is a kingdom of industry.

*Community Aspect.* — Unemployment is an open grave of community progress, group indolence is the camp fire of congregating crime. Everybody busy spells universal prosperity. Out of work, from a community point of view, means in danger. Public sentiment that tolerates making a living by hook or crook furnishes a culture bed for future criminals.

The gabbling cobbler who led men about the streets to wear out their shoes and get himself into more work showed a method in his madness by which a street-corner loafer might profit.

*Contributions to the Individual.* —The great apostle of work, Thomas Carlyle, says:

"There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. Blessed is he who has found his work. . . . All true work is sacred. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart which includes all Kepler's calculations,

Newton's meditations, all science, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdoms—up to that 'agony of bloody sweat' which all men have called divine, O brother, if this is not 'worship' then I say the more pity for worship for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky."

Work is the greatest refuge for those driven by despair; it is a field of forgetfulness of those things we would not remember; it is the prime minister of reformation, working changes with its magic touch which never can be wrought by the harsh hand of pains and penalties.

Work is the tryst-tree of ideality and action, where mind and matter meet in a fulness of joy. Work demands sincerity, it develops the duty-doing power, it furnishes the conditions for fortitude. Loyalty to labor bespeaks fidelity to friends.

Love for one's labor and pride in its products, these two things mark nature's noblemen. To do little means to grow little, to complete one's task and then more is a process of self-promotion. Voluntary, over-time service is a prophecy of special recognition; it is a characteristic of superintendency. The manager of a large business, on being asked why he promoted a certain young person over many of senior service, said, "She promoted herself!"

Work will win and winning is both a large source of joy and a strong factor of happiness. Work blesses the worker and the worked for.

#### References

*Improvement Era*, Vol. 9, p. 694; 11: p. 502, and especially Vol. 18, "A Song of

Triumph," p. 565; also Markham's, "The Man With the Hoe."

#### Problems.

1. What did God do with the earth in order to bless Adam with the opportunity for progressive occupation?
2. Out of which comes the most constant stream of joy: achieving or achievement?
3. Of what phase of work as a source of joy is the following an illustration: A person on her death bed said, "I am so glad that I have done what Temple work I have."
4. What is the word "work" to mean in this lesson?
5. Distinguish between service and servitude.
6. Discuss this problem: To unduly shorten the work-day means to lessen the stream of human happiness.
7. Wherein is an attitude against work anti-Christian?
8. What international condition exists today illustrative of the Shakespearian saying "Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry?"
9. What are the dangers of unemployment in communities?
10. What is the cost in the loss of productiveness per day for the maintenance for four million unemployed workmen?
11. How is the happiness of a nation affected by this condition in other ways than the financial loss?
12. In what other ways than want does unemployment interfere with the happiness of the community?
13. In what way do street-corner loafers adversely advertise the community?
14. On the ground of providing for community happiness, justify the penalizing of vagrancy.
- 15.—Wherein is it impossible to cheat an employer without cheating one's self?
16. Discuss work becoming drudgery (a) through an aversion in attitude, (b) through excessiveness of task.
17. Which idea contributes most to the happiness of the race: There is enough for everybody to have, or there is enough for everybody to do?

*Lesson IX.—Leisure.*

*Introduction.*—Leisure is a time at one's disposal to do what he pleases. Leisure activities are those engaged in when we have nothing to do. Leisure is pass time or time to be passed in following our inclinations. Labor has charge of our vocations, but leisure guides our avocations. Leisure time is not measured by the kitchen clock, not by the business man's chronometer; it is registered by the sun dial of recreation.

Leisure is the excursion element of the journey of life. Ball playing to Babe Ruth is work; duty calls him to the bat. To the unpaid player a ball game is leisure. To the dancing master the ball room is a field of labor, to the public it is a place of recreation, he *must* be there, they *may* be there; he has joy in his work, and happiness comes from his efforts in the form of satisfaction of achievement and in his financial compensation. They enjoy the acting; the motive of results is not at all associated with their performances; his is the operation of putting in time, theirs of passing time, yet he and they may dance together.

*The Necessity of Leisure.*—Without leisure service may become servitude and duty degenerate into drudgery.

"Alas, for maiden, alas for judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge."

Leisure oftentimes affords the only opportunity for culture. In his chapter on choosing a vocation, the author of the *Man of Tomorrow*, points out the importance of considering whether the vocation will

afford the necessary leisure or not. The work hours, however full of enjoyment they may be, rarely, if ever, afford time for the contemplation that is too frequently absent from the lives of the masses.

The courtesy demanded at the counter has not that heart throbbing quality which is made in the social circle during leisure hours. Leisure makes possible the avocation which often supersedes the vocation; and exceeds it in the development of efficiency, and in giving joy to the worker. It so frequently happens that one's aptitude is found in leisure hours. It was leisure that delivered Franklin from the printer's devil and permitted him to play with the giant Electricity much to the joy of the world.

Without leisure for the youth William Cullen Bryant, no Thanatopsis would have come to us. Had the Boy of Nazareth been kept at the carpenter's bench without respite, except to eat and sleep, his scriptural knowledge would not have astounded the theologians at the temple.

Leisure provides for physical relaxation. It has been well and truly said that change is rest, and one of the most recuperative forms of change is that from work to play, "My bow strung up too long will not shoot strong," said the Indian hunter, when asked why he unstrung his bow whenever he sat down to rest while hunting. He may have been a savage but less of a simpleton than many an overworked, over self-tasked civilian.

It is a matter of common knowl-



edge that exhaustion deflates or flattens the cells of the body. Leisure given to rest inflates by recuperation the entire physical make up. Permitting even duty to drive unheeding past the danger signals of weariness, is like auto speeding with flat tires, rapid ruin is the result. Leisure given to dissipation becomes a drug either over exciting or stupefying. A survey reaching over several years of close observation indicated the profitableness of paying miners seven days' wages for six days' work; provided, they would rest physically and avoid all forms of dissipation on the seventh day.

Employers, by sad experience, are forced to the conclusion that a *night out* by the average employe is *money out* to the business, even though the worker may be "Johnnie on the spot," as to the hours put in the next day.

Leisure taken from duty is like the stolen fox hidden under the cloak of the Spartan youth, devouring the vitals of the thief. No one can enjoy an outing for an hour with the consciousness of having prematurely left his post of duty. His pleasure—fruit picked before its time is bitter.

Leisure at the round table stimulates the student, improves the citizen, and shapes the statesman. See Doc. and Cov. 88: 78-79.

Leisure at the card table is a time-killer. Even the idler, for whom there is no place in Zion, permits the moments to die peacefully, while the card player kills them outright. Brigham Young, the pioneer leader and prophet of the Lord, declared when card playing was introduced as a camp-fire

pastime, that he "would not lead a card-playing people."

Leisure in the library lifts the lid of the treasure box of centuries, and gives us access to the thought-jewels of the ages. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes addressed the librarians as, "Sexton's of those alcoved tombs where men in leathern cements lie."

Leisure in the gossip circle is the whetstone to sharpen the scissors of slander with which reputations are riddled.

"There's so much bad in the best of us,  
And so much good in the worst of us,  
That it doesn't behoove any of us,  
To talk about the rest of us."

Leisure devoted to charity performs miracles at which mercy smiles, and justice nods approval. All who know him love the man who, when a youth, devoted holiday hours to writing comfort cards for the old folks of his community. The joy that came to him through his leisure-time efforts is still a joy; it is a part of his life's glory.

Leisure as a sacrifice to labor in distress is a pathfinder for promotion. When necessity calls for overtime, and leisure is generously given, to lend a hand, labor finds a friend whom it lifts toward the top. An ounce of voluntary aid has more weight on the scales of merit than has a pound of demanded help, and leisure then makes generosity of time possible, and generosity is one of joy's purest fountains.

Leisure given to loafing, advertises the sluggard, hurts his relatives, and hinders his community. There are few things, if any, that are more detrimental to a town

than groups of men gathered on the street corners to pass the time away. To such, home is a place to go when they can't go anywhere else. While one can not spend leisure in the library, at the round table, or a ball room where propriety prevails, without being made brighter and better, he can no more expect to come out of an unselect movie or a jazz ball-room without being mentally smeared, than he may hope to take a bath in a sewer and come out physically clean.

Leisure is to life what dessert is to eating, over indulgence in either terminates with loss of the power to enjoy. The pleasure hunter is always on a rainbow chase. Whoever makes leisure the object of life has turned his back on labor and taken up the trail of the "human being with nothing to do," at the end of which waits the dragon disappointment.

Leisure with the camping kit, leads us into "God's first temples," puts mountain tops under our feet, holds over us the starry canopy that Abraham studied, gives us the laughter of rills, lets us hear the whisper of fragrance-laden breezes, and awakens within us the echo of the song of the soul, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Mountain hiking means in more than one sense living the higher life. Years ago the organizer of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, Junius F. Wells, inspiringly uttered these words, "Every young man should stand on some mountain peak once a year."

When we look back through history we see that nations have gone wrong through making leisure a

great objective; they have maintained systems of slavery that some class might surfeit itself in pastime. The gladiatorial combats of Rome and the bull fights of Mexico are illustrative of the extent to which communities may go with degenerate pastimes. It needs no argument to show the necessity of a constant struggle of the best in society, for temperance in leisure and decency in its employment.

The "sane" fourth of July movement is a sample of what may be done towards lifting the leisure of a nation above danger. The taboo of evil is not to be derided as a reformatory force. The "not-do" is indispensable to progress, but stronger still is the potency of supplying the good. Substitution is the most effective means of eliminating evil. Keep the good coming with a speed that shall consume the leisure moments as they come, and our pastime will become in the highest sense good times.

*Leisure and the Abuse of Industries.*—The mad rush for pastime is turning our industries away from the native born into the hands of the emigrant. Young America may say, "I won't work," the foreigner is answering him, "I will work," and an inescapable destiny is putting our farms, stores, restaurants, and many other enterprises into the hands of the foreigner who will soon be in a position to say to the native prodigal, "You would not work for yourself, now you must work for me."

*Leisure and the Sabbath Day.*—Sunday is the Lord's day. When

we recite, "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work," let special emphasis be placed on the word, "thy," and then perhaps we may get the import of the sentence: "The seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God," When we remember how that on the first day of the week the promise of a resurrection became a reality, we may understand why it is with great propriety called the "Lord's day," a day for which he has made a program of procedure, the carrying out of which, by the individual and the community, will protect both from degeneracy, and cause both to make progress with a maximum of speed and a minimum of discomfort. Sunday is not a day to do as I please, but to do as God pleases. And as to his pleasure, the Doctrine and Covenants, 59: 9 and 68:28 and *Gospel Doctrine*, pages 304, 305, are cited.

### Questions and Problems.

1. Define leisure.
2. Illustrate the distinction between leisure activities and labor.
3. Show the relation between avocation and leisure.
4. What comes to us through leisure that we can not get any other way?
5. Name some of the abuses of leisure.
6. Why is it important that employers should know the favorite pastimes of their employes?
7. What has the prevailing pastime occupation of a community to do with the price of real estate and house rent?
8. What in your opinion are proper Sabbath day activities?
9. What activities are improper?
10. Show how leisure is spoiled by taking for it time that belongs to other things.
11. What would happen to the world if everybody let the love of leisure lead them?
12. Under what conditions is leisure a source of joy and a factor of happiness?
13. Discuss the responsibility assumed by deferring or refusing to rear a family, because the care of children interferes with the leisure of parents.

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## Achievement

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In the humdrum and stress of existence,  
 Have you clung to the dreams of your youth:  
 When a star in the distance you sighted,  
 Shining forth with the glory of truth?

You've decided your hopes are all futile,  
 Your ambitions you placed far too high,  
 That the good things of life are not for you;  
 In the dust do your dreams now all lie?

God ne'er mocked mortal man with desires,  
 Which were more than his pow'r to gain;  
 Ah, beware lest you're lashed with the knowledge,  
 'Twas small faith that prevented your gain.

Ah yes, this is a world of achievement,  
 There's no time to let slip idly by,  
 And still trust in yourself and your Maker,  
 Who'll guard o'er you with unfailing eye.

Raymond, Canada

Helen Kimball Orgill

# Conversion and Testimony of the Late President C. N. Lund\*

*Selected from his Journal by his Son, C. N. Lund, Jr*

While the members of our family were quietly pursuing their humble course in life, satisfied with their lot, and never daring to hope or dream of anything better, either for themselves or for their children after them, and satisfying, as best they could, the cravings of their spiritual natures by reading the Lutheran prayer book at home, and once in a while attending church, a little circumstance transpired which was destined to change the future course of our lives and scatter our family over two continents and affect our posterity yet unborn.

It was on a pleasant day in the month of April, 1857, at the home where I was born. My father was working out, my mother was alone at home with three little boys, the youngest four years, and the eldest, myself, 11 years. A man knocked at the door. My mother bade him come in, and he introduced himself as a "Mormon" missionary. His name we never learned. He called but once. He told us the wonderful story of how God had again revealed himself from heaven and had raised up a prophet in America by the name of Joseph Smith. This sounded very, very strange to my mother. She said she could not understand how that could be true when the Bible, as she understood it, stated that if anyone should pretend to have received new revelation we should by no means pay any attention to him, or place any confidence in it. He read from the Bible and conversed with us for some time, explaining the principles of the gospel, and the restoration of the Church of Jesus Christ upon earth. When he left, I remember my mother was so impressed that she remarked, "I believe what that man said is true." There the seed was sown which has since borne so much fruit.

But there was a struggle at hand. "Mormonism" was never heard of before in that part of Denmark. The people

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\*C. N. Lund, for many years president of the North Sanpete stake of Zion, and one time President of the Scandinavian Mission, and well known among the people of the West as a sterling character, died May 7, 1921.—*Editors.*

went nearly wild with excitement. Opposition arose from within and from without. Awful tales were told about the "Mormons," and about Utah. Courage was necessary to break the ice and be the pioneers in so unpopular a cause. Father hesitated, brothers held back, mother investigated and reasoned with other elders. The next elder to come in was Mads Anderson, of Mt. Pleasant. He conversed with the family all one night, but it seemed he could not overcome the darkness, until with vigor and loud voice he commanded the devil to leave the home. Immediately after, my mother said she was ready to be baptized. So at the breaking of day on June 21, 1857, she went into the waters of baptism and was confirmed a member of the Church.

At this time I was between eleven and twelve years of age and was working out and had not been home much when the elders had been at our home. I was not surrounded by the best influences where I worked, and from what I had been told I was very unfavorably impressed about "Mormonism." I felt indignant at what my mother had done, and believed that she had brought disgrace upon our family. A month or so had passed since she had joined the unpopular sect, and my father and older brother had followed her example. So I determined I would go home for a visit and give them to understand that I thought they had acted very foolishly and brought trouble and disgrace upon their children as well as themselves. I went home thus determined, but I shall never forget that meeting with my sainted mother. After fifty years the picture of that occasion is still vivid on my memory as when a boy of twelve. Clad in her simple apparel, I remember yet the patches on her dress, she appeared to me a changed woman. There seemed to be a peaceful, gentle and holy influence, or expression beaming from her countenance, and when she spoke her words were filled with love and kindness. This completely overcame me. I could not account for it. I marveled. But, of course, I soon knew, and know far better now, that it was the result of obedience to the gospel and the influence of the Holy Spirit which had been imparted to her. I forgot to give vent to my former feelings of regret for what she had done. My father was also there and was happy for what he had received. But, though changed, I was not yet converted.

On the last of November, 1857, as I was again going home from the place where I worked, I met on the road two of my brothers, one older, one younger, who both believed the gospel. We had a conversation about it there on the road, and even though I had finally determined that I would have

nothing to do with this unpopular sect, it was while standing there on the highway, conversing and arguing, that I felt plainly the Spirit of God coming over me, and an impression or testimony came to me that the gospel was true and that I ought to obey it. I felt like the disciples say they did when Jesus spoke to them by the way, "our hearts burned within us." I went home, and to the great joy of my mother, I told her that I now felt that what she had done was right, and that I would soon follow her example. So, on a cold and stormy evening, March 20, 1858, Elder Hans P. Iversen led me into the waters of baptism in the same spot where my mother had been baptized. I knew but little of the gospel at that time, but I felt that I had done right, and it was an easy matter for me to leave off the little habits I had formed in my associations with rough men where I had worked, and be a better boy.

A short time after my baptism, I dreamed one night I was standing at the place where I was baptized and I saw the Savior coming in the clouds of heaven, and as I looked at him I saw him wave his hand, and then the heavens rolled together like a scroll. This dream impressed me that what I had done was approved of the Lord.

I did not then know all that the gospel is and what it will do for people, but in fifty years I have learned much. From the hour of receiving it, I have never doubted nor wavered, and bear testimony today to its wonderful truth and saving power.

*Mt. Pleasant, Utah.*

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## Wilt Thou Me Guide?

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Wilt Thou me guide?

The evening shadows deeper grow;  
Though death with us abide,  
Let us Thy gracious mercy know.

Wilt Thou me guide?

Though sorrows tear my aching heart;  
Whatever fate may us betide,  
Let not Thy peace from us depart.

Wilt Thou me guide?

Though angry billows surge and roar;  
From Thee we cannot hide,  
Be Thou with us forevermore.

*Carrie Tanner*

# Lest We Forget

I.—John Brown

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*By Seymour B. Young, President of the First Council of Seventy.*

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There are other virtues than cheerfulness and a smiling countenance; one of these is stamina; another, greater still, is loyalty.

Early in the ministry of the Prophet Joseph Smith he predicted the Civil War. The following is a revelation from the Lord, recorded in section 87 of the Doctrine and Covenants:

Verily, thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls.

The days will come that war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place;

For behold the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves against other nations; and then war shall be poured out upon all nations.

And it shall come to pass, after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshalled and disciplined for war.

Some of the above predictions were literally fulfilled during the late Civil War. Abraham Lincoln was chosen the standard-bearer to save the Union, and during the great struggle of the Civil War, on the 12th day of August, 1862, he issued his proclamation of freedom for the slaves. Their emancipation dated from January 1, 1863. This prepared a way for the fulfilment of that portion of the prophecy by the Prophet Joseph Smith, stating that slaves should be marshalled and disciplined for war, contending against their former masters. Several years subsequent to this prophecy, however, Joseph Smith advised, with a view of preventing the war, that the Government purchase the slaves of the South, paying the owners from moneys obtained by the sale of the public lands, thus giving freedom to the slaves, and remuneration to the slave holder for his property. He hoped by this means to maintain peace between the North and the South.

Emerson, a few years later, made a similar proposition,

looking to the settlement of the slave question, but neither were heeded by the ruling power of the nation. Hence, no preparation was made for the permanent freedom of the slaves, until the Civil War incidentally brought about their emancipation. The fact was that bleeding Kansas and the Missouri Compromise, discussed in the daily press and newspapers, during the decade between 1850 and 1860, had become constant sources of irritation between the slave owners of the South and the non-slave holders of the North. Notwithstanding the wise suggestions of prudent men, looking to the prevention of trouble over the slave question, the flame of discord and hatred continued to be fanned until it burst into the fierce and fiery struggle between the North and the South, the latter aiming at the destruction of the Union, while the former determined to preserve it at any cost. We need only refer to the late world war for the fulfilment of the prophet's words, "and thus war shall be poured out upon all nations."

Early in the year 1859, John Brown, a declared apostle of Abolitionism, gathered around him a company of sixteen devoted followers, and marched to Harper's Ferry, in old Virginia, and captured the United States Armory, located at that place, and sent out invitations to the black slaves of the South to come and join his standard, at the Armory, there to be supplied with arms and ammunition, and thus be made ready to fight for their freedom.

The attack upon the Armory and its capture was sudden and unexpected, but as soon as Governor Wise learned of conditions, he ordered out the state militia, and a company sufficiently large was marched to Harper's Ferry, and John Brown and his small party of followers were made prisoners without the firing of a gun, or the shedding of blood. Their trial and conviction resulted in the sentencing and execution of John Brown, three of his sons and two of his sons-in-law, while the other members of his company, eleven in all, after proper examination were set at liberty, on the plea that they followed John Brown for the purpose of having an outing, to have a lark and a camp out in the wilds, not dreaming that he was going to lead them in an attack upon the state for any purpose whatever.

At the time of this event, people began to question one another. Isn't this the beginning of the war between the North and the South? But the excitement of the John Brown episode soon passed, and to show how little weight had been made on the public mind by his capture and execution, and



that of his sons, some one wrote the following jingle, which became quite a popular neighborhood song:

In Harper's Ferry section, they've had an insurrection,  
 John Brown thought the nigger would sustain him,  
 But old Governor Wise put his specs upon his eyes;  
 And sent him to the happy land of Caanan.

But John Brown, like Banquo's ghost, would not down, and people began to ask themselves, "Was John Brown's effort to free the slaves all in vain, did he give his life for nothing?" And the answer seemed to be impressed upon the minds of these inquirers that coming events had cast their shadows before. The efforts of John Brown, his capture and execution, were indeed a foreshadowing of the coming war, and then public sentiment had seemingly undergone a decided change, and the following lines were composed and sung round the camp fires of the Union soldiers:

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,  
 Weep, ye sons of bondage whom he ventured all to save,  
 Now, while the grass grows green above his grave,  
 His soul goes marching on, glory, glory hallelujah,  
 Glory, glory hallelujah.  
 Glory, glory hallelujah, his soul goes marching on.

In the autumn of 1860, at the November election for President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln was elected president for the coming four years, gaining a decided victory over the Democratic nominee of the North, Stephen A. Douglas, also defeating Breckenridge who was a nominee of the people of the Southern States. It was believed by the people who elected Lincoln that the right man had been chosen and one who would meet with firmness and bravery every requisition and maintain the safety of the Union, for already the black clouds of the Civil War were ominously looming in the south.

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## Pride Goeth Before a Fall

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Desiring to interview a certain learned B. S. and Ph. D., a very pompous, stylishly gowned female entered the lobby of a building which she supposed to be the college where the gentleman might be found.

"Is Professor L in?" she enquired patronizingly of the person in attendance. "He is not here," the one addressed replied.

"Not here!" irritably reiterated the other. "Well, he should be."

"I beg pardon," the employee answered. "Do you know where you are? This is not a college. This building is a hospital for the insane."—G. I. F.

## Loyalty to our President

*By Joseph S. Peery*

Big minds are loyal to constituted authority. All the universe is governed by law. To be in harmony with law, we must be loyal. In God's perfected Kingdom every officer works in perfect loyalty. Disloyalty would mean rebellion, dissolution—destruction.

God chooses his representative here on earth. He makes no mistake. Whoever he chooses is the right person in the right place to fill a mission that no one else can perform.

In paragraph 7, section 132, Doctrine and Covenants, God plainly states that the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints holds the eternal sealing and binding power and is the anointed of God. "Whom I have appointed on the earth to hold this power, and there is never but one on the earth at a time on whom this power and the keys of this Priesthood are conferred."

Therefore, as a member of this Church I am bound by all sacred ties to uphold and sustain God's chosen and anointed, and I am very pleased to do so. Should I hear our President criticized at any time and not defend him I would acquiesce in the disloyal utterance and would be equally guilty. Why should not I uphold our presidents? Every one of them fill their missions well, trained from infancy by the Almighty to discharge their high and holy calling. All of them are noble, choice, splendid men.

There is safety in sustaining our President. I have been shown that a shakeup will come. Twelve years ago in a realistic dream I saw a terrible convulsion of nature. One building after another fell down. I was standing at the foot of a hill, and, on the hill top, I saw a round tower tumble to the ground. Looking around I noticed the President of the Church. I went over to him, and together we walked up the hill. About half way on the hillside we went into a building. Then I awoke. My interpretation is that when the shakeup comes my place is to go with the President of the Church, whoever he may be, and with God's help I propose to do so.

In calm or in storm, it is the duty of all members of this Church to uphold and sustain at all times God's anointed—our President.

# It is up to You

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By Dr. Thomas L. Martin, Professor of Agronomy,  
Brigham Young University

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There is a tendency on the part of some to make their schooling a matter of convenience, and, inasmuch as the attendance at college will necessitate a little effort, a little grit, a little determination, they are content to relax in their desires and wait until they are a little better prepared financially.

The world loves a man with a purpose, especially when that man has enough red blood in his veins to carry out that purpose in the face of difficulty. "It stands aside for the man who knows where he is going." It admires the man who proves that to secure an education finances are but thirty-three and one-third per cent; determination, sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. We were placed upon this earth to subdue it, but when we see young men and oftentimes young women living lives that indicate that the earth has subdued them, it is indeed a sorry spectacle. A man, when he knows where he stands and what he plans to do in this world and launches out into the unknown to accomplish these ends, is always happily surprised to find that nature, with her forces, has enlisted in his cause and is working for his success. Beautifully does Ralph Parlette tell about the Mississippi river in his book entitled, *Go on South*.

The Mississippi river, the Father of Waters, begins as a little, trickling creek. It wabbles through the woods of Minnesota. It does not know where it is going, but it is on its way. Folks criticise it and say it has not water enough to get out of the county. It only says, "I'm going ahead." It has water enough to start out, and that is all it cares. As it continues south it picks up a little more water here and there, and it suddenly finds itself developing into a big stream. "Do you know why the Mississippi goes South?" is asked. To continue to be the Mississippi. If it should stop and stagnate, it would not be the Mississippi river, it would become a stagnant, poisonous pond. What a wonderful illustration for the struggling youth! As the river goes south it finds obstacles in the way. Concrete dams are placed clear across its path. It still is determined to keep going south, so it rises higher than the obstacle and sweeps over it on its selected path. The power it develops, due to overcoming the obstacle, brings light and power to a thousand cities. It meets further opposition from drainage canals, the muddy

streams of its tributaries, all conspire to make things unpleasant for the Mississippi, but it still goes south, neutralizing the poison of the polluted streams and becoming bigger and stronger for the experience. As it approaches the Gulf of Mexico the river becomes so large that science has not yet been able to put a bridge across it. It bears upon its bosom the commerce of many nations, and gives to the struggling youth one of its greatest lessons:—with small beginnings and a great determination, the biggest things in life are accomplished. If the little creek on Lake Itasca, in Minnesota, should have thought that its waters were too small to start on South, it would have degenerated into a poisonous swamp and deprived the world of one of the greatest wonders of the age.

The life story of the Mississippi river is the life story of every man who has become a leader of men.

Young man, what is your decision? Do not shrivel in the face of a small financial difficulty. Make the start, and you will be surprised at your own powers. Your family, society, your religious ideals, your future associates, demand that you make the start. Surely you have the stuff within you. Read *Up* by George Matthew Adams, *Go* by George Harrison Phelps, *University of Hard Knocks* by Ralph Parlette, then prove to the world you have the stuff within you. It is your ethical and religious duty to secure your educational training. Get it.

*Provo, Utah*

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## The Reward Though Unseen is Sure

*By George Henry Norman*

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“Good afternoon, Sister Garratt, I am pleased to see you at Sunday school. Have you been ill?”

“No,” said Sister Garratt, “only staying away from the meetings.”

Elder Norton, who had been a keen student of human nature all his life, perceived by her disinterested answer that there was some other reason for her absence.

A further question elicited the fact that she had become somewhat discouraged. Said Sister Garratt: “I have put a lot into the Church, and have got so little out of it; I have come here Sunday after Sunday; wet or fine, winter and summer, I have been in my place as a teacher; yet, I do not seem to have made any progress whatever,—in fact the children seem to get more unruly in the class.

Elder Norton: "You say you have put a lot into the Church and got so little out of it? Well, it is on this point that you have made a great mistake, like many others who have been placed in the same position as yourself. To work for reward is a good principle in this life; it is an incentive to do those things that in ordinary circumstances would be burdensome. But the reward which we receive at the hands of men is only superficial; only lasts for a certain time. In this life, men receive their good things, and 'they preach for hire, divine for money, and judge for reward,' and they stand at the street-corners to be seen of men. Verily, they have their reward. The path of duty is the path of safety, but sometimes the path is very hard and irksome. We are surrounded by a 'cloud of witnesses' who take not of our labor of love."

"Yes," said Sister Garratt; "I quite agree with what you have said, but I seem not to have got much out of my efforts, and sometimes, going through the same routine every Sunday appears to me a mockery."

Elder Norton: "You say you seem to have got nothing out of your efforts? Most probably this may be true regarding yourself, but have you considered your students? Have they received nothing by your efforts? Is it not possible that your presence is an inspiration to them to do right? They are baptized members of the Church, and children of our heavenly Father, and it is possible that there may be a future leader of the Church in your class. Also your regularity in attending to your duties as a teacher has given them confidence in your teachings, and as they grow older that confidence will become stronger until it grows and develops into a strong testimony of the Gospel of Christ and to those principles which they were taught in the Sabbath School class.

"The rewards of men are seen, but the reward that comes from God is sometimes unseen to us, here in the flesh. We have to run the race with patience. The race is not to the swift but to those who endure to the end. Here is the patience of the Saints made manifest. We should not get impatient if we do not see the immediate fruits of our efforts, for Paul may plant, Appollos may water, but it is God that gives the increase. And now, Sister Garratt, take my advice; keep to your Sabbath School class, and teach the children the plain truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in future years they will rise up and call you blessed. And if you are faithful, your reward will be given you at the great assize: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant \* \* \* enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

*Hull, England*

# Latter-day Saints Church in Minnesota

*By Andrew Jensen, Assistant Church Historian*

On my recent tour through the different missions in the United States, in the interest of Church history, I visited among other places St. Paul, Minnesota where the Saints hold regular Sunday school and meetings and have a pretty little frame church, or chapel, situated at No. 247 North Grotto St. The chapel needed cleaning and repairs, and above all a new coat of paint. The brethren made several inquiries as to what the work could be done for, and the price asked, based on the



*The L. D. S. Church in St. Paul, Minn., No. 247 N. Grotto Street, taken in May, 1921 after being painted and re-roofed by the elders.*

prevailing high wages, was almost prohibitive. So the missionaries held a little council meeting and discovered that one of their number was a carpenter, another an experienced painter, and all accustomed to manual labor at home. Hence, laying aside their ministerial Prince Alberts, they donned overalls and jumpers, and did the work themselves, and so well was the work done that it drew forth praise and admiration, not only from the Saints and their friends, but from the fraternity of mechanics also. One of the pictures shown represents five elders at work painting and re-shingling the Church in May, 1921. Their names are Leander Theodore Thompson (President of the

Minnesota conference), Leonard Rueckert, Darien Kartchner, John Wallace Bond and Harmon M. Groesbeck. The other picture shows the chapel in its renovated condition.



*Elders Leander Theodore Thompson, Leonard Rueckert, Darien Kartchner, John Wallace Bond, and Harmon M. Groesbeck at work painting and reshingling the L. D. S. chapel in St. Paul, Minn., May, 1921.*

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## Cigarettes and Opium

An English tobacco agent who has returned from China, tells with pride that the Chinese are giving up opium for cigarettes, saying: "Cigarettes are rapidly becoming moral uplifters in China!" The inference intended is that cigarette smoking is less harmful than opium smoking. Dr. Charles B. Towns, the drug specialist, who spent much time in China treating opium addicts, says: "The man who smokes opium moderately suffers no more physical deterioration than the man who inhales tobacco moderately. The excessive smoker of cigarettes experiences the same mental and physical disturbance, when deprived of them, that the opium smoker experiences when deprived of opium. The medical treatment necessary to bring about a physiological change in order to destroy the craving is the same."

The fight against the cigarette is a fight for civilization. No agency is more destructive of soul, mind and body, or more submersive of good morals, than the cigarette.

# Disarmament and Peace

*By James H. Anderson, Member of the General Board Y. M. M. I. A.*

The so-called Disarmament Conference called at Washington for November 11, 1921, is a disarmament conference only to the extent of limiting national armaments within a scope that may be decided upon by international agreement.

A simple inquiry as to the popular idea of the aim of the conference would be: Does national disarmament or limitation of armament mean world peace, or even an approach thereto? A frequent and seemingly logical response is that men fought as fiercely with clubs and spears as they do with machine guns and gas bombs, that peace is more a question of man's disposition than of his weapons. With the United States, limitation of armament is largely a matter of industry and finance. If there are less battleships, munitions of war, fighting planes, and stupefying gases, there is less employment in such manufacture, and proportionately smaller burden upon the taxpayer who pays the bill.

Compared with most other nations, the United States is so situated geographically, politically, and numerically as to population and its character, that it has less need of a great military and naval establishment than has any other of the great nations. It is plain, therefore, that the United States is in a position better than any other of the great nations to urge limitation of armament to the fullest extent that is judicious—and that, too, from the self-interest of its people, whose defense from outward aggression is second to the prosperity within.

But there is France—ever suspicious of Germany, however the latter may be humiliated—ever fearful of a Russo-German entente and its compelling force—ever dubious of Italy, whose interests frequently are antagonistic to those of the French nation. France will not, can not, reduce land-armament; that is too definite for discussion.

Not less so is the case of Great Britain respecting naval armament. Britain's navy is the bulwark of her national life, her only weapon of defense from external aggression—this greatest of colonizing nations, with her every frontier on the sea, excepting only her American and Chinese borders, where peaceable peoples dwell. Britain must and will maintain a powerful navy.



Japan knows the situation with France and Great Britain to be as here stated. There is no sentiment about it—just steel-cold fact. With her 78,000,000 population, in a smaller area than that of several of the states in the American Union, Japan must expand or starve. The mainland of Asia is her only hope of expansion, and her implements for that development are land, sea and air, war machinery, idle or active. The Jap does not see where he can disarm and live.

The international situation therefore resolves itself to this: Limitation of the newer and more expensive methods of warfare, *viz.*: the air service and the use of irritating gases and powerful explosives. This possible restriction is upon the most costly, dangerous and terrifying agencies yet produced—airplanes, gases and high explosives, yet these cover the most attractive field now known for experiment, investigation and invention. This class of armament may be checked by international agreement, just as the use of dumdum bullets was made taboo; and the method of limitation is open to the conference. In this there is hope for a modification of warlike conditions which now prevail and which threaten the future, especially as to the United States; although the period of fruition for that hope may not yet be told. This disarmament conference may fix a limit on new and costly armament, and declare some fundamental principles which may be worked out in detail in further conferences. This work involves the stupendous task of revising, and in many respects changing, the whole code of international law. Such a labor will occupy months, or even years. It will require diplomatic skill, legal knowledge, patience, care and judgment of a superior order, and a sincere desire for human harmony. Nothing less will suffice.

As for Utah, this state is listed for an important part in the Washington conference. Secretary of State Hughes has selected J. Reuben Clark, of Utah, to assist the American State Department in the preparation of matters on the limitation of armaments and Far East problems from an international aspect, for the conference; this deals with both fundamentals and details.\*

\* \* \* The selection of a Utah man for the responsible position gives to this state a special interest in the conference and its outcome; \* \* \* and Utah's people are devoted to real, genuine peace among men.

In this whole great problem, however, there is one dominant and almost controlling element. That is the human equation. The desire to quarrel seems more pointed and persistent

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\*Some years ago an extended sketch of Mr. Clark appeared in the *Era*. He is about 50 years of age. His parents reside in Grantsville and his own family in Salt Lake City.—*Editors*.

among certain classes of the people in every nation now than it was immediately prior to the opening of the great war, in 1914. The major portion of Europe is quarreling—eastern Europe and western Asia are in actual warfare. India, China and northern Africa are not exempt. Then the religious question comes in, and now is almost rending the foremost European power—a nation whose language and literature is the same as our own, and from which we are not entirely disconnected.

It is unwise to close our eyes to certain interesting facts. Three and a half years ago—February 22, 1918—at a great meeting in Philadelphia, Cardinal Gibbons, chief representative of the Romish church in America, introduced and advocated in a powerful speech a resolution adopted there, demanding independence for Ireland. Of that occasion a present member of the British cabinet declared, "It is the first gun openly fired by the Roman Catholic church in a campaign for the dismemberment of Protestant Great Britain." The thought does not stop there. In an announcement recently made by one of the most distinguished representatives of the Protestant Episcopal church, and published in the English-speaking press throughout the world on October 1, 1921, Dr. R. J. Campbell, vicar of Christ Church, Westminster, London, made this public statement on a burning question: "Even the fullest concession of Sinn Fein demands by the British government never will make Ireland a friend of England. The Roman Catholic influence is too strong, and that influence aims at destroying the influence of England as the greatest Protestant power in the world." This, in the circumstances, was almost an official utterance. It expresses the continued and abiding conviction of the major portion of the great Anglican church membership in Great Britain and throughout the world—a deep and intense religious conviction for which men and peoples will fight and die. The issue thus presented, in connection with disturbed conditions hereinbefore named, is no harbinger of world peace, or even European harmony.

Yet we must not despair of achieving the good, if only step by step. Leading minds in every land are aiming for the desirable outcome. The world's noblest elements are working for the time when

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
 Disturb those peaceful years;  
 To plowshares men shall beat their swords—  
 To pruning hooks their spears;  
 No longer host encountering host  
 Shall crowds of slain deplore;  
 They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,  
 And study war no more."

Thoughtful men and women everywhere are hoping and looking for world peace. At present they seem to be trying

every method of attaining that end, except the only means that ever has made certain promise of success—conformity with the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, revealed on both of the world's great hemispheres, and now only superficially sought for, save by comparatively few. But the longing, reaching, for the better day, must in each effort bear results in carrying us nearer to the goal, and though it may be through years of anxious effort and fiery trials, draw men to the sheltering wing of the Divine Providence which has declared,

The rays that shine from Zion's hill  
 Shall lighten every land;  
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers  
 Shall all the world command.

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### If I Can

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The gift of birth hath set me free!

If I can now employ at length  
 The faculties God gave to me,  
 The time, the talent, light and strength,  
 I shall not fail my ministry.

If I can turn the wheel of fortune fair  
 For nobler purpose than to gratify  
 The narrow self—hoard not to hold, but share—  
 I shall not live in vain nor fear to die.

Success is sure if I can but keep free  
 From selfish fetters that enslave mankind,  
 From bands that curb the soul and will in me,  
 And dwarf the power of hand and heart and mind.

If I can make some other person smile,  
 Or breathe some hope unto his stricken soul,  
 Life's hour of acting then is worth the while,  
 I'd ask to play no nobler, higher role.

If I can only gain and cultivate  
 That simple grace which Paul called charity,  
 The grace which knows no bounds however great,  
 That is the noblest, rarest quality.

I shall not then judge nor disdain another;  
 The world shall be then one vast home to me,  
 Each soul a sister or a well loved brother,  
 Endear'd by grace of human sympathy.

# The Utah Anti-Tobacco Law of 1920

By *Fred L. W. Bennett*

Habitual users of tobacco seem to think that smoking is natural to mankind like breathing, talking, eating, and that those persons who do not smoke are peculiar or abnormal; and so when the latter voice their objections to the use of tobacco in their presence, they are denounced as fanatics and killjoys and accused of interfering with the rights of others. This was brought out very forcibly during one of the public discussions on the anti-tobacco measure passed by the last legislature. The author of the bill was criticised by a local business man because he had asked that smoking in barber shops be made unlawful. I do not have a report of the discussion before me at the moment, but this is, in effect, what was said:

Business man: "Why should I not be allowed to enjoy a smoke whilst waiting for a shave?"

Author of the Bill: "Whilst you are enjoying that smoke it might be very offensive to me."

Business man, with an air of one who has won a great victory: "Then shave yourself at home!"

That is the attitude of most smokers; they seem quite incapable of understanding that tobacco was not known to civilized man until comparatively recent times, and that it is those who use it who are peculiar and "different." I wish this could be flashed in the face of every smoker when he lights his tobacco in the presence of a non-smoker; he might hesitate before he did it again. It is not only that smoking is a modern fad, as history goes; but it is one that was copied from a degraded, dirty, backward people who were not at all "smart" as their imitators imagine themselves to be!

The use of tobacco has become a positive menace. There are few who will not agree that it is responsible for hundreds and thousands of disastrous fires throughout the nation, in which human life, as well as property, is often lost, but there are a great many who do not realize its danger to health. We are often told that a man has a right to hurt himself by using tobacco, if he likes, but I am not concerned here with the smoker's health—or I would have something to say on this question, I am thinking of the non-smoker who is often compelled to inhale tobacco fumes, hour after hour, and day after day, with no chance of escape. Take the girls—and boys, too—who are running the elevators in our office buildings; they have to breathe tobacco smoke from the time they get into their cars until it is time to go home. Many smokers will carry burning

tobacco in their hands when they enter an elevator and refrain from putting it between their lips until they step out, but others will puff as hard as they would on a desert! I believe the practice of smoking in elevators is more prevalent than it was a year ago, for one rarely steps into a crowded car now without seeing tobacco. The law passed by the last legislature forbids even the carrying of a lighted cigar, cigarette or pipe in a public elevator.

Another section of the law in question seeks to prohibit the sale of cigarettes or cigarette papers in the state, and to many people this is the most important function of the recent act, because if it were obeyed, smoking among young people would be reduced to a minimum. Many opponents of the law have contended that it is inconsistent to select one form of tobacco for prohibition and permit the other forms to be used. Others have held that there is no logic in passing a law against the sale of a thing unless its use is to be prohibited, too. I will grant that both of these objections are reasonable. It does seem strange that a man should not be allowed to use tobacco in that form which suits him best, if he is to be permitted to use it at all, and it seems even more strange that tobacco in a certain form cannot be sold in the very place where it may be used without let or hindrance. Mr. Smoker, Mr. Tobacco-Trade: we realize the situation and can see humor in it as well as you. But what is the alternative? Do you wish us to be perfectly logical and insist that, in the first case, tobacco be stamped out, root and branch; and in the second, that the use of cigarettes in Utah be forbidden as well as their sale?

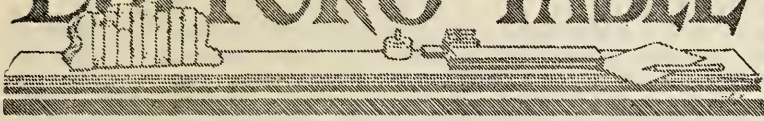
If tobacco is to be kept from the growing boy and girl without abolishing its use altogether, the only way it can be accomplished is by attacking the cigarette, and in any way that seems expedient, for the cigarette is the door through which the tobacco habit is entered. I have heard people who profess to be enemies of tobacco attack the cigarette law on the ground of inconsistency, but I cannot think such persons are really friends of the no-tobacco movement; they are too ready to play into the hands of its opponents. One of the greatest objections offered by the opponents of the anti-cigarette law when it was before the legislature was that it could not be enforced. But why should it not be possible to enforce such a law? I am aware that the present act, except insofar as it relates to the advertising of cigarettes, is more or less a dead letter, but that is because the majority of those in whose hands the enforcement of law lies are opposed to or indifferent to this particular measure and wink at its violation. Let our police officers give this anti-tobacco law the same careful consideration and attention that they give other laws, and no one will be able to sneer at it on the ground

of lack of enforcement. But if they are determined to treat it with contempt, men should be put in their places who will uphold the law. This will not be difficult of accomplishment if our citizens who believe in the enforcement of such a law,—and they are in the large majority, or the recent act would never have been passed in the face of such strenuous opposition from the tobacco interests—would put their shoulder to the wheel. Some have said that the Salt Lake City Commission has not passed a city ordinance conforming with the anti-cigarette act, because certain of its members desire to be re-elected and they are afraid to be thought on the side of this particular law! If our anti-tobacco friends in the city and state will stand by their convictions during the coming elections and vote for only those candidates who are prepared to enforce the law regardless of their own personal prejudices, this state of affairs will quickly come to an end. It is up to the people, for we are living under a democratic form of government, where the majority rule, and not under Caesars, Kaisers and Czars.

There is no excuse for the attitude of our city commissioners and those county authorities who have made no effort to enforce this measure of tobacco reform. They have sworn to uphold the law, and if the enforcement of the one in question goes against their conscience (!) they should resign. The whole trouble seems to be, as was said at the beginning of this article, that the users of tobacco are convinced that all who do not smoke are “cranks,” and they are going to ignore any regulation for curtailing their “liberties” unless that regulation is pressed by the greatest determination on the part of the non-smokers. But so long as the people of Utah, who are opposed to the indiscriminate use of tobacco, allow petty politics and inertia to stand in the way of their duty to the youth of this state and their own rights as citizens and neglect to see that the right men are chosen to enforce the laws, the disgusting, nauseating habit of smoking in public elevators, dining rooms, and other enclosed places and the increasing use of cigarettes among the youth will not be checked. If the law is to be ignored, if those who would be known as enemies of the tobacco habit cannot be aroused to action, let me appeal to the smokers to refrain from using tobacco in the public elevators of our city, at least. Let them not do it out of respect for law, but out of consideration for the girls and boys who are forced to earn a living and who are compelled to stay in a stuffy little elevator car hour after hour from which the smoke cannot escape, whilst they themselves can go out into the fresh air at pleasure. If they are aggrieved at the efforts of the no-tobaccoists and the action of the last legislature, let them do it IN SPITE of the Law!

*Salt Lake City, Utah*

# EDITORS TABLE



## The October Conference

The Semi-annual Conference of the Church, held on the 6th, 7th and 9th of October, was perhaps the best attended conference in the history of the Church. Notwithstanding the scarcity of money and the general tie-up of business which had prevailed, the people from all parts of the Church were in attendance, and the Tabernacle was practically filled, on Thursday and Friday, at all the meetings. Saturday was given up to the missionary and other organizations for meetings, and that visitors might attend the State Fair, or transact such other business as they desired during their stay in the city. On Sunday not only the Tabernacle was filled to its full capacity, every seat and every available space of standing room being occupied, but there were, besides, two overflow meetings, in the Assembly Hall and at the Bureau of Information. Many hundreds were unable to find room in either place, and therefore remained on the grounds surrounding. A feeling of satisfaction and peace pervaded the large assemblies, and the Spirit of the Lord was richly manifest in the sermons of the First Presidency and the leading authorities, presidents of stakes, mission presidents, and others who spoke. The opening sermon by President Heber J. Grant abounded in excellent advice concerning financial, spiritual, and practical matters for the people, including faith-promoting incidents. His remarks in full will be presented to our readers, in the December number of the *Era*. Other speeches made during the conference will appear from time to time as opportunity offers.

A resolution was passed expressing the sentiments of the Church relating to peace and the limitation of armaments which will be considered in the convention of the nations this month opening at Washington on Armistice Day. It reads as follows:

"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, brought forth and established by the power of God and dedicated to the mission of preparing the way for the glorious coming of the Son of God to reign in the earth, in truth and righteousness and peace, beholds with deep interest every authoritative movement taken by the nations in the interest of world peace.

"It is believed that the conference called in Washington to consider the limitation of armaments and questions concerning the Pacific, and nations

of the far East may, under the favor of heaven, promote this great objective.

"To the end that it may do so, the Latter-day Saints, in general conference now assembled, approve the appointment of a Sabbath day before the 11th of November, 1921, on which in all the wards and stakes of Zion, and in all branches of the Church in the United States and in the missions throughout the world, the members of the Church, shall be called together, in their usual places of worship, to engage in special, and solemn prayer for Divine guidance of the international conference on the limitation of armaments, that the cause of peace may be thereby enhanced and an amelioration of the burdens of mankind secured."

Sunday, November 6, was adopted as the day on which special prayer shall be observed in the stakes and wards of the Church.

From the statistics presented, it appears that there were 1,798 missionaries in the field, and that the missionary work throughout the world is progressing rapidly. It was reported that 65 per cent more baptisms had been made than during the previous year. The growth of the Church in the stakes of Zion had been remarkable, and altogether the condition of the Church is favorable in every respect. Some difficulty had been experienced in matters financial owing to the economic readjustments following the war, and very earnest remarks were given by President Grant and others counseling the people to be thrifty and economical, to get out of debt and to support home industry. Very strong emphasis was placed upon this counsel, and generally there was a feeling among the leading authorities present, general and local, that the Saints will follow this excellent advice. The conference on the whole was successful from every standpoint. Unity of feeling in the Presidency of the Church was clearly demonstrated in the remarks and sermons of Presidents Heber J. Grant, Charles W. Penrose, and Anthony W. Ivins, and was reflected in the earnest sermons given by the nine members of the Council of the Twelve who were present, and the First seven Presidents of Seventy, as well as in the remarks of all the others who spoke. Of the Council of the Twelve, Elder Orson F. Whitney was absent, presiding over the European mission; Elder David O. McKay, making a world tour of the missions, and Elder Reed Smoot was in Washington. The Lord certainly made manifest his Holy Spirit at the ninety-second Semi-annual Conference, which marked an important milestone of progress in the "marvelous work and a wonder" which the Lord has established in the latter days, for the welfare and advantage of the people.

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## The 113th Anniversary of President John Taylor

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During the life time of President John Taylor his family for many years were called together every year on the first day



of November to celebrate his birthday. He was born November 1, 1808. Since his death the family have continued the happy custom, and are celebrating this year as usual. The following stirring sentiments from his writings have been selected to be presented before the family, on lantern slides, during the evening of the celebration. These sentiments, on friendship, freedom, prayer, purity, honor, honesty and economy, are of such a character that they are valuable Church-wide, and beneficial to every man, woman and child who may read them:

His motto was—"Money is of little importance where truth is concerned."

"If a thing is done well, no one will ask how long it took to do it, but, who did it?"

"I would rather have God for my friend than all other influences and powers outside."

"Never do an act that you would be ashamed of man knowing, for God sees us always, both day and night, and if we expect to live and reign with him in eternity, we ought to do nothing that will disgrace us in time."

It is the crowns, the principalities, the powers, the thrones, the dominions, and the associations with the Gods that we are after, and we are here to prepare ourselves for these things—this is the main object of existence."

"I can get along very nicely with my old coat this winter," he wrote: "It is a little faded, but then I prefer a faded coat to a faded reputation; and I do not propose to ask for accommodations that I am not prepared to meet."

"I would rather trust in the living God than in any other power on earth. I learned (while on missions) that I could go to God and he always relieved me. He always supplied my wants. I always had plenty to eat, drink, and wear, and could ride on steam-boats or railroads, or anywhere I thought proper: God always opened my way, and so he will that of every man who will put his trust in him."

"We should be strictly honest, one with another, and with all men; let our word always be as good as our bond; avoid all ostentation of pride and vanity; and be meek, lowly, and humble; be full of integrity and honor; and deal justly and righteously with all men; and have the fear and love of God continually before us, and seek for the comforting influence of the Holy Ghost to dwell with us."

During his stay in Paris, he visited the Palace Vendome, and with a number of friends ascended Napoleon's Column of Victory. His companions scratched their names on the column, as thousands had done before them. Seeing that Elder Taylor had not written his name, they asked him to write it with theirs. "No," he replied, "I will not write my name there; but I will yet write it in living, imperishable characters!"

"I pray God the Eternal Father that when we have all finished our probation here, we may be presented to the Lord without spot or blemish, as pure and honorable representatives of the Church and kingdom of God on the earth, and then inherit a celestial glory in the kingdom of our God, and enjoy everlasting felicity with the pure and just in the realms of eternal day, through the merits and atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, our Savior and Redeemer, in worlds without end. Amen."

"The Prophet Joseph gave a special charge to me while living, as near as I can remember as follows: 'Brother Taylor, never arise in the morning or retire at night, without dedicating yourself unto God and asking his blessings upon you through the day or night, as the case may be, and the

Lord God will bear and answer your prayers; and don't let any circumstances prevent it.' I had been in the habit of doing so, for years before this; but since that time I have not omitted, to my knowledge, the observance of this duty, morning or evening."

"I was not born a slave! I cannot, will not be a slave. I would not be slave to God! I'd be his servant, friend, his son. I'd go at his behest; but would not be his slave. I'd rather be extinct than be a slave. His friend I feel I am, and he is mine:—a slave! The manacles would pierce my very bones—the clanking chains would grate upon my soul—a poor, lost servile, crawling wretch to lick the dust and fawn and smile upon the thing who gave the lash! Myself—perchance, my wives, my children, to dig the mud, to mould the brick, and furnish our own straw! \* \* \* But stop! I'm God's free man: I will not, cannot be a slave! Living, I'll be free here, or free in life above—free with the Gods, for they are free; and if I'm in the way on earth, I'll ask my God to take me to my friends above!"

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### "The Palestine Weekly"

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A striking evidence of the onward march of the Holy Land, in the last few years, has just reached the Church Historian's office, in the form of a sample copy of a weekly newspaper, printed in the city of Jerusalem in the English language. To anyone who visited that country before the advent of railroads, and noticed on every hand unmistakable signs of misgovernment, ignorance, fanaticism, poverty, and ruin, this representative of the press is indeed a welcome harbinger of a better day.

The name of the paper is *The Palestine Weekly*, and the copy received bears the date of September 9, 1921. Immediately under the name the announcement is made that the publication is devoted to "News, Commerce, Literature, Sport and Archaeology." It has sixteen pages, printed in double columns. The name of the editor does not appear.

Looking at the contents, "Notes of the Week" occupy the first place. Under this heading we are told that a committee has been formed at Jaffa for sending relief to Russia, and that another committee will be appointed at Haifa; that the crop outlook in Palestine is below the average and that prices on cereals are going up; also that a notable outlaw has been captured by the police of Samaria, and that a Water Supply Committee has reported that the spring water supply of Jerusalem can be trebled at no great cost. It need not be said that that is an item of tremendous importance to the people of this new Jerusalem.

Under the caption, "The Two Congresses," the paper has an account of the proceedings of the pan-Arab congress at Geneva and the Zionist congress at Carlsbad, which is the first of the kind since the beginning of the war, and the twelfth in the

history of modern Zionism. This article is followed by local news from Transjordan, Saffed, Tiberias, Haifa, Jaffa, Rechovoth, and Jerusalem. There are, further, an article on "Wine growing in Palestine," a "Letter to the Editor" from a gentleman who signs himself "Habbakuk," and who urges measures for the sanitation and beautification of Jerusalem; and a report on the "Economic Situation of Palestine at the Close of the Financial Year," submitted to H. E. the High Commissioner, by Mr. R. A. Harari, Director of the Department of Commerce and Industry.

The paper is well patronized by advertising, which tells its own story about the industrial and financial forward stride of the country.

The paper was accompanied by the following letter:

"Jerusalem, September 11th, 1921,  
 "Historian's Office,  
 "Church Building,  
 "Salt Lake City, Utah.

"Sir:—In response to a request from Mrs. Susa Young Gates we have great pleasure in sending you a specimen copy of *The Palestine Weekly*. *The Palestine Weekly* is the only English journal published in Palestine, and not only covers the news and opinion of this and neighboring countries but also reports the most important foreign news. We are sure you will find our paper both useful and interesting, and trust to receive your support.

"Yours truly,  
 "*The Palestine Weekly*."

The copy at hand is No. 34 of the second volume. The yearly subscription price abroad is £1-5-8. This information will answer many inquiries that have reached the *Improvement Era*.

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## Praying so that You may be Heard

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A brother in one of the stakes of Zion writes the *Era* asking us to call attention to the frequent inability of the listener to hear people who are called upon to pray or to speak in our meetinghouses and assembly halls, ward and stake.

He says: "Two years ago we were in Salt Lake City and were sitting in the third row from the front seat in the Tabernacle, and although we heard a pin drop from the far end of the building before the meeting, we were unable to hear the brother who was called upon to pray."

There is some virtue in the complaint that this correspondent makes concerning elders who are called upon to pray, administer the Sacrament, or speak in the religious assemblies of the Saints. Those who open and close meetings by prayer should do so in a voice audible enough for all to hear. It is very essential that this should be done; but, on the other hand,

there are people who are unable to make their voices carry over large congregations in big meetinghouses. Particularly is this the case in the great Tabernacle, in Salt Lake City. People who are called upon there to pray are frequently from outlying districts, particularly during Conference time, and are not accustomed to the big building, and really do not know how much effort it takes to speak so that they may be heard. In smaller houses throughout the Church there is not quite so much occasion for not being heard, but even there we have noticed that some speakers cannot carry their voices far enough to be heard over the hall. It is a matter of training, and the reason why they cannot make themselves heard is that they have not been trained to speak clearly and distinctly. It would be a good idea for the authorities in such places to call attention to the need of speaking up, so that all the congregation may hear what is being said, and so be able to join in the prayer or in the sermon at its close with a hearty "Amen."

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### An Error Corrected

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Students and teachers of the *Junior Manual* will notice in Lesson 8 on "Courage," in the 5th paragraph from the top, an unfortunate omission of certain lines in the printing. The 5th paragraph should read: "Nathan C. Tenney had established a ranch at Short Creek where he built a house, but in common with others had abandoned it and moved to Toquerville, about twenty-five miles distant."

The next paragraph should begin: "In December, 1866, three horsemen rode out from Toquerville, their destination being the Short Creek ranch. They were fairly well mounted," etc.

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## Messages from the Missions

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### Wonderful Progress in the Swiss-German Mission

Perhaps a message from the mission in the land of the League of Nations would be of interest to your readers. Since the great War began, in the year 1914, very little has been heard directly from the missionary work in Switzerland and Germany, but we take pleasure in saying that the work of the Lord, even during the war, and especially since, has made great progress. At home, in Utah, we have very little idea of what students of the gospel, and how faithful the members of the Church, are in this great mission field on the Continent of Europe. Our branches cover a territory stretching from Russia to France, we have a conference with several thriving branches in Austria, seven conferences with 65 branches in Germany, three conferences in Switzerland with 16 branches, and a

conference with three branches in the French speaking part of Switzerland. We have 115 missionaries, only 15 of whom are Americans the rest being called from these lands themselves to fill two and three years missions. This force is augmented by branch presidents, conference presidents, and other officers until we have now, for the first time since all the missionaries were called out at the beginning of the war, a fully organized mission with conferences and branches. I am enclosing herewith a picture of the missionaries who attended the Berlin conference on 28th and 29th August, 1921, which will give some idea of the class of men in this work and the mag-



nitude of the same. In the first row, with President S. F. Ballif and President Whitney, sit the conference presidents as follows: Alfons Finck, Hamburg, Ernest Hornickel, Chemnitz, Hermann Gozinski, Berlin, Egon Glaus, Konigsberg, Willy Wegener, Hannover, Alfred Niederhauser, Vienna, Josef Duran, Dresden, and Reinhold Stoff, Frankfurt A. M. The other four rows consist of the following:

Bruno Drohmer, Ludwig Hierbock, Julius Sachs, Max Stange, Herman Rodorff, Friedrich Korschning, Fritz Scharffs, Arthur Tuchel, Benno Siebach, Albert Wiechert, Friedrich Fischer, Bruno Dinse, Andreas Roszkopf, Otto Wiechert, Arthur Hiller, H. Steffian, Jr., Karl Hofmann, Kurt Otto Mathes, Erich Waldhaus, Martin Huber, Karl Weiss, Will Doring, Heinrich Sinsel, Fr. Kuffner, Alma J. Schindler, Wilhelm Pobanz, Wilhelm Linde, August Zastrow, Phillip Schmidt, George Marquard, Richard Schutze, Gottlieb Rugner, Fritz Farber, Erich Holstein, Max Horold, William Ludwig, Friedrich Szibalski, Kirt Hahle, Joseph Litke, Kurt Bottner, Phillip Tron, Friedrich Nickel, Emil Geist, Otto Hunger, Johannes Carstens, Hans Smyczek, Karl Klug, Alfred Dzierson, Jacob Uibel, Otto Drews, Erich Reich, Hermann Ruf, Max Nabrotski, Richard Barth, Gustav Wittorf, Friedrich Baumgart, B. Maier, R. Eisenreich, F. Romeike, Ernst Will, J. Hilgendorff, J. Stook, K. Schleich, F. Wernick, E. Georgi, K. Tschaggony, E. Leuk, Fritz Huber. The following are Americans: William Korth, Fred. Korth, Hartwig Ruckert, W. U. Fuhrman J. H. Zenger, Conrad Dietz, Howard Stoddard, Ludwig Gleich, David Hirschi, F. V. Niederhausern.

With this force of missionaries a splendid work is being accomplished but in this field there is room for almost ten times as many more. Much of the credit for the success of the work in the mission rests with the mem-

bers themselves, who fully sense the responsibility of explaining the gospel to their neighbors and thereby help forward the work of the Lord.

The Mission has done a great deal in the way of dispensing funds and food and clothing to famine and war sufferers and at the present time we have a dozen or more undernourished children in Switzerland from Germany and Austria to recuperate. It can be affirmed that the distress is still very acute in these countries, and will become more so during the coming winter and all help from the United States will be greatly appreciated both by the missionaries and the people in general. In fact one of our main occupations in the mission office is to disburse funds for the sufferers. As an example of the faith of these stricken little members of the Church the following will give some idea:

During this summer we had a case of a little boy from Bremen, Germany, who came to Switzerland to get well. He remained here a few weeks, but his case was so hopeless that it was decided to send him back to his parents, as tuberculosis had already taken a fatal hold on his frail undernourished body. This little boy (of "Mormon" parents) three days before he died, when he was passing through the Mission office insisted on paying his tithing from money that the members of the Church had given him to help him on his way home. This is an example of the faithfulness of our members here, notwithstanding the suffering they must endure.

It would surprise some of the people in Utah perhaps to know that in this Mission we have 87 branches, and in many of the larger centers, like Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, Breslau, and Chemnitz the attendance was so good that it was found necessary to divide the branches into two and three, and in Berlin four. We have three system of money to handle, Swiss, French, German Marks, and Austrian Kronen. We have branches in French speaking parts, branches in Switzerland proper, in Germany and Austria, and scattered Saints in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, France, etc. In fact, we find this mission a likeness of the League of Nations, which a party of us had an opportunity to visit recently. When President Ballif makes a trip over even a part of the mission, we bid him goodby for a month or two, and he can go from one city to another and hold conferences and meetings every night.

Recently on the trip of President Orson F. Whitney and party they started in at Lausanne, Switzerland, and held meetings all through this land and in the larger cities of Germany, and from there to Rotterdam. In Zurich, Switzerland, there were approximately 500 present twice daily, in Hamburg 450 and in Berlin 1,100.

Conditions are still in somewhat of a turmoil on the Continent of Europe with the possibility of small wars breaking out almost at any time. One of our missionaries just writes that he was compelled to vacate his room in an armory, as it was needed to house soldiers being mobilized by Austria against Hungary. So it goes, the wars will probably continue indefinitely, but on the other hand, there is undoubtedly a religious awakening, and the way seems to be prepared by the wars for the reception of the gospel.—O. K. *Winters*, Mission Secretary, Basel, Schweiz, September 20, 1921.

### Twenty-three Baptisms in Newcastle Conference

The missionary work is progressing very favorably in the Newcastle conference. We have already had twenty-three baptisms this year, and have several more who are getting ready for the near future. This is mostly due to the increase in help, as when I came to this conference a year ago I found President David E. Randall working alone and we now

have ten elders. They are: James T. Palmer, Morgan, John Black, Montpelier, Robert E. Finch, Goshen, Charles W. Speierman, Logan, Ralph S. Gray, Salt Lake City, Thomas V. Phillips Springville, William E. White, Beaver, Russell B. Hodgson, Salt Lake City, Ezra T. Benson, Whitney, Idaho, and myself, Provo. We are taking up systematic tracting, going over the territory two and three times, as this is the best form of missionary work we can do, and we feel that it is a successful means of preaching the gospel for a witness of the Savior by telling them of the restoration of the gospel. We now have eight progressive branches in this conference whose Saints have been tested during the war, when they suffered much persecution and many discouragements, but they have had a strong testimony and their spirits have answered true to their conscience thus enabling them to stand.

We all enjoy reading the *Era* and look forward with pleasant anticipation to each number to get the news from home, the spiritual treats, and a lesson in the practical problems of life. We also make good use of it by passing it on to our investigators, and are recommending it as being a magazine of extra value.—*Donald C. Crowther*, Conference President.

### Sunday School in Nottingham—Death of Mary E. Hayes

James L. Graham reports a successful Sunday School in the Nottingham conference, England, in the Eastwood branch. This school held an annual party on Pioneer Day, 1921. Eastwood is a small mining town about eleven miles from the city of Nottingham. The Church branch has outgrown the room they occupy—its seating capacity being about forty, whereas they often have to accommodate from seventy to eighty people. All the officers and teachers are very earnest, faithful and progressive workers. Something like half of the members of the school are children of investigators. The branch president is William H. Mullinger; Sunday School superintendent, George William Hart; with Joseph Allen and George William Thompson as second and first counselors to the Presidency.

Elder Graham also calls attention to the death of Mary Elizabeth Hayes, on July 12, 1921, the beloved wife of First Counselor Harry Hayes, of the Hucknall branch. She was a faithful member of the Church for thirty-four years, and was First Counselor in the Relief Society where she performed valuable work. She lived a consistent life, was a loyal wife, an exemplary mother, and a true friend to all in need. At the funeral there was a large attendance of sympathizing relatives, Saints and friends present. President Samuel Pears and Annie E. Noble, gave talks, and Elder E. Brough delivered an impressive address at the grave, which was dedicated by Elder Abraham Noble.

### Died in the Mission Field

The First Presidency received word from the Southern States Mission, Atlanta, Georgia, on the 11th of October, of the death of J. Ralph Watt of Tremonton, Utah, a missionary of the Southern states, who left for his mission January 14, 1920. He died on the night of the 10th at Lamison, Alabama, the cause of his death being pneumonia. His body was embalmed and sent home in the care of a companion. Elder Watt is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Watt, and was born August 24, 1899 at Layton, Utah. President C. A. Callis of the Southern States Mission, was in Salt Lake City when the word was received, and stated that the missionary was in excellent health when President Callis left for Conference, in Salt Lake City. Elder Silver accompanied the body home. Elder Watt was buried, at Layton, Oct. 18.

# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

## Priesthood Course of Study for 1922

At a recent meeting of the Priesthood Committee the following books were adopted as a study course for 1922:

*For the Melchizedek Priesthood and priests of the Church: Essentials in Church History*, a book of some six or seven hundred pages by Joseph Fielding Smith, containing a history and doctrines of the Church. The price of the book will be as near as can now be stated, \$1.50.

*For the teachers: The Life of Christ*, a pamphlet which, as near as can now be stated, will cost 25c.

*For the deacons: Duty Stories from the Book of Mormon*, a text that will cost, as near as can now be stated, 25c per copy.

These books are all slated to be ready by the first of January so that they can be used at the beginning of the priesthood year. Orders for the Melchizedek Priesthood text books should be sent to the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah; and for the teachers and deacons, to the *Improvement Era*.

## Standard of Action for the Lesser Priesthood

### II

A noted speaker recently discoursed on the great power of love. He was speaking upon the auxiliary organization slogan for the present year, "We stand for loyal citizenship," and called attention to the fact that if we only love, loyalty will follow of itself. In speaking of love, he stated that all that he had loved in life he had loved because he could not help it. This latter part expresses much truth, because love, like faith, is a gift of God; but nevertheless, we can help ourselves to love through a sincere cultivation of those elements of which it consists, and so make our own lives and the lives of our friends happier.

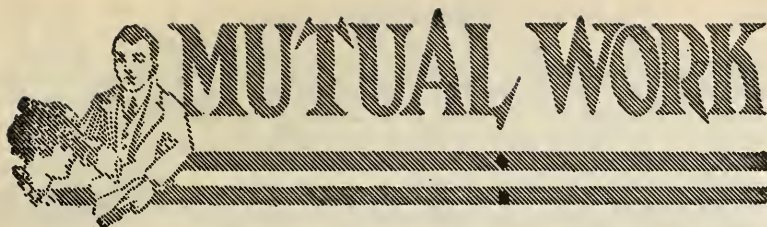
Calling attention again to the splendid analysis of love by Paul the Apostle, in First Corinthians 13, let us here consider two out of the nine of its elements as there presented. It is possible to cultivate these so that we may learn to love any worthy object, especially God and our fellow men. It is a fact that by becoming familiar with men, we learn to love them, particularly if we apply the elements of love in our association with them, and try to "Think and act a loving thought each day."

Two of these elements are patience and kindness.

Patience is shown in a person who is considerate of playmates, friends, parents, brothers, sisters, who is calm, uncomplaining, ready to serve, and in every action is cheerful, good-natured quiet, lenient, forbearing, and watchful. This element of love enables one to control oneself, to suffer long; it makes one willing and powerful to quietly wait for what is expected, and to endure with fortitude wrongs or misfortunes; in short, it beareth, hopeth and believeth all things; for it understands and therefore waits.

Kindness is active love. The Master spent much of his time while upon this earth in doing acts of kindness, making people happy; and doing good turns wherever he went. The Lord has likewise put into our power the ability to make people about us happy, through being kind to family, friends, neighbors, communities, states, and nations. Try to adopt patience and kindness in all your dealings with people, and see how abundantly love will develop in your own soul. It is not difficult to do; the act is rewarded immediately, and the world needs love, O so much!—A.





## Committee Work for November

*Finance and Publications:*—Three leading points for the committee:

(1) *The improvement fund.* This should be raised during November—25c for each enrolled member for last year; ten life memberships in the stake at \$5 each.

(2) *Improvement Era.* Finish the canvass for the *Era*, giving every family in the ward an opportunity to subscribe. Make an earnest business of the canvass.

(3) *The Hand Book.* Place a copy of the *Hand Book* in the hands of every president of an association.

*Secretaries:*—See that the stake and ward efficiency reports are properly made up, sent to the stake secretary from the wards, and from the stake secretary to the general secretary at headquarters—the latter no later than the 10th of November. See that the first report is complete. If nothing has been done in any ward, let it be so stated.

*Membership and Organization:*—Let the chairman see that all class leaders are provided with members to the limit, and that, having been enlisted they are entertained and instructed in the classes. The chairman should be as much interested in one class as in another, but particularly in the Senior. Get the boys.

*Junior Department:*—There should be a Scout troop in good working order, every member taking part also in class work during the allotted time. The scout master should be class teacher also. The Manual lessons must be given.

*Special Activities:*—Are arrangements made for the monthly doings for November? It is a fitting and rousing entertainment for our fathers and mothers.

*Advanced Senior Department:*—Have you a large joint class of interested members? If not, why?

## The Senior Class Visits a Noted Scientist and Astronomer

Elder Jack Coburn, President of the Mutual Improvement Association of the Auckland conference, Australia, writes under date of August 13: "We are taking the regular prescribed course, namely, *Joseph Smith as Scientist*, and we are always on the lookout for things along scientific lines. Through the courtesy of Elder F. W. Schwendeman, the mission secretary and our class leader, an arrangement was made on the 10th inst., for the Senior Mutual class to visit Mr. Clement Wragge, F. R. G. S., etc., who is a well-known scientist and astronomer his headquarters being the Clement Wragge Observatory and Institute at Birkenhead. It may be mentioned to show that we received our lecture from a thoroughly competent man that Dr. Wragge has held some very responsible positions. He is a gold medalist of the Ben Levis Observatory, Scotland; director of the late government central weather bureau, Brisbane Australia; honorary member of the North Staffordshire Naturalists' Field Club; founder of the Wragge Museum, Stafford, England; and honorary correspondent of the Institute Solar International, of Monte Video, etc. Nineteen of us assembled at the Ferry

building, in the evening, and embarked on the Ferry steamer for an up-harbor trip of six miles to Birkenhead, on the beautiful and sparkling waters of the harbor. On arrival we were met by Mr. Wragge, who conducted us to the Observatory where his powerful telescope was situated. After the telescope was focused we observed the moon; and, on viewing the northern portion, we could clearly see two large craters which were named Aristotle and Udoxus, and a large sea bed named the Sea of Serenity. It was explained that a sea had once existed on the moon but had evaporated ages ago. On the southern portion were several craters, the principal one being Clavius; next we saw Alpha Centauri, the next nearest sun to the earth. This sun is at least six times as large in diameter as our sun. The whole planetary system was explained. We then adjourned to the Institute and heard a scientific lecture by Mr. Wragge, who said that true science and true religion are one; both inculcate, on scientific principles, the doctrine of loyalty, duty, and love to all mankind. Mr. Wragge, it may be stated knew President Brigham Young, as he had been entertained by him in Salt Lake City. He had also been presented with a copy of *Joseph Smith as Scientist* and was surprised at the scientific truths it contained, and the fact that they had been put forward so long ago. Ether, God's control of the universe, how the heavenly bodies are controlled, and other items pertaining to the Manual were discussed. Most of the scientific thoughts that he advanced were entirely in accordance with the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith and were a testimony to us all. Elders present from Zion were: F. W. Schwendeman, H. D. Hall, W. L. Castleton, A. M. McFarland, G. C. Young, R. Layne, F. S. Merrill, and Sister Miriam Taylor.

"Upon returning from our little experience we felt a greater desire to enter into our duties with more energy, knowing that we indeed had the truth in our Church. The Mutual in our Conference is growing and prospering, and all join in praying that the blessings of the Lord will be upon all the like organizations in Zion, and upon the *Era* which we all look forward to receiving through the mission office."

### A Live Ward in Bingham Stake

We learn from Stake Secretary Sylvan Olsen, Idaho Falls, that the Dehlin ward, of the Bingham stake, has made a splendid record, due largely to the wonderful spirit shown by N. T. Winthers President of the ward Y. M. M. I. A. The Stake Secretary forwarded \$9.25 to cover the fund of Dehlin for 1921-22, the first ward in the stake to pay the fund for this season. Dehlin is a little farming district, back in the hills east of Idaho Falls, and has a population of 131 persons. Last year it had an enrollment in the Y. M. M. I. A. of 28 per cent of its ward membership, and 98 per cent of the young men of mutual age. It had the highest percentage of *Era* subscriptions of any of the wards in Bingham stake (10 per cent). It also had an average attendance of 94 at their mutual meetings last season. We congratulate the ward officers upon their achievement, and the stake officers upon having such a live organization.

### Important for Junior (Scout) Class Leaders

It is a requirement of the General Board that, while a Scout organization is required in each ward in the Junior department, it is also demanded that the scout leader shall be a good Latter-day Saint and capable of teaching the Junior manual, as well as the scout work. The lessons in the manual must not be neglected, and the spirit of the Church should underlie every teaching given, both in the lessons and in the scout work. Ethics are good, but religion is better.

# PASSING EVENTS

*Ninety-two certificates* were issued to Utah teachers by the state board of education, October 5.

*Major General Wood* retired from the army service, October 5, to become governor of the Philippines.

*Invitations to attend the armament limitation conference* in Washington, Nov. 11, have been extended to Belgium, Holland and Portugal.

*Last of the pioneers* of July 24, 1847, Lorenzo Sobieski Young, now of Shelley, Idaho, visited Salt Lake during the October conference.

*Free transit for American coastwise vessels* through the Panama canal is provided for in the Borah bill passed by the U. S. Senate, October 10.

*The peace treaty with Germany* was ratified by the German reichstag, September 30 without debate. It was endorsed by the reichsrath October 7.

*A new lighting system* on State street, Salt Lake City, was inaugurated October 5. It is estimated that 30,000 persons were on the streets when Mayor Neslen turned on the lights.

*President Obregon, of Mexico*, returned to the Latter-day Saints Church members the land that was confiscated during the revolutions, according to a dispatch from El Paso, Texas, October 8.

*Former king of Wuerttemberg*, William II., died at Stuttgart, October 2. He was born February 25, 1848; ascended the throne October 6, 1891; abdicated in 1918, as a result of the world war.

*The forty-third annual state fair of Utah* opened October 3, at the fair grounds, Salt Lake City. Utah's manifold resources were well displayed. The weather was ideal, and the attendance was very large.

*Mexico's independence was celebrated* September 16, in the City of Mexico with parades and other festivities. It was the one hundredth anniversary of the proclamation of freedom from Spanish rule.

*High prices* are maintained through illegal combination between manufacturers and retailers, and not entirely by the demands of labor. That was the charge made by Senator Wm. King, of Utah, in an address in the Senate, October 3.

*The oldest living Confederate soldier*, Joseph Samuel Langford, celebrated the 102nd anniversary of his birth, at Petersburg, Va., October 5. He has fifteen grandchildren and forty-five great grandchildren, and he still goes about unaided.

*Work for the unemployed* is the present need, according to an official appeal issued by President Harding, in which he urges governors and mayors to form the organizations and take other steps recommended by the conference on unemployment.

*William Howard Taft*, former president of the United States, and now chief justice of the Supreme Court, took the oath of office, October 3

when the court convened for the fall term. The oath was administered by Justice Joseph McKenna.

*Over a century old.* That was the age of Mrs. Rachel McGee who died September 19, at Anna, Ill., in her 104th year, according to word received by her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Sherwood, of Salt Lake City. Mrs. McGee was the mother of 16 children.

*The cost of government of Salt Lake City* for the year ending December 1, 1920, was \$6,706,077, or \$56.23 per capita. In 1917 the per capita cost was only \$32.90. The total revenue in 1920 was \$5,107,082, or over a million and a half less than the total expenditure.

*Summer resort for girls.* The Y. L. M. I. A. general board members went to Brighton in Cottonwood canyon October 5, to inspect the beginnings of the summer resort for girls being erected by the city stakes Y. L. M. I. A., organization. The logs of the building have been put in place on the property leased from the government.

*A new corporation of bankers* of Salt Lake City, Ogden, and other Utah and Idaho cities, has been formed under the name of the Bankers' Loan Company, for the purpose of extending credit to farmers, stock raisers, etc., and thereby encouraging those industries. The company has a capital of \$1,000,000 and was ready to begin operations on October 6.

*Revolution in Russia* against the Bolshevik government was reported in a dispatch from Warsaw to the London *Daily Mail*, published September 12. Bolshevik commissars were being constantly murdered, the dispatch declared, and the soviet authorities were fighting the insurrection by all possible means there being a number of mass executions reported.

*Lucius A. Snow*, a son of the late President Lorenzo Snow, and his wife, Harriet Squires Snow, died at his home, Brigham City, Utah, October 3. He was born in Salt Lake City December 11, 1849. He has lived in Brigham City since 1853. He held several important offices in the Church, at various times. At the time of his death he was a member of the high council of Box Elder stake.

*Orvil L. Thompson*, president of Millard stake, died October 2, at his home in Scipio, Millard Co., Utah, of heart trouble. Elder Thompson was the bishop of Scipio ward before being made president of Millard stake. When Millard stake was divided into the Millard and Deseret stakes, he was first counselor to the presidency, and after the division was sustained as president of Millard stake. He filled a mission to Great Britain about thirty years ago and represented Millard county in the Utah legislature for four successive terms.

*Registration at the B. Y. University*, Provo, September 12, showed an increase of 206 per cent of the first day's registration in 1920. The students represent most of the counties of the state and many parts of Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Arizona, and New Mexico. There are also students from Old Mexico and Canada. The opening exhibition of art in the art gallery at the Brigham Young University is said to be a very fine collection of masterpiece reproductions. Many of the world's greatest artists are represented by very excellent reproductions.

*The death of Hans Andreas Pedersen*, of Logan, a leading business man of that city, occurred October 6. The cause was pneumonia. Mr. Pedersen was a native of Norway. He came to the United States when 18 years of age, and has been very prominent both in political and ecclesiastical activities. At the time of his death he was a member of the presidency of the Logan stake of the Church. In 1906-7 he was a member of the Utah

legislature, and for twelve years he was a judge of the juvenile court. He was 59 years of age. He filled a mission to Norway in the early 90s.

*A Buddhist priest*, M. Arai, paid his compliments to President Heber J. Grant, September 17, when passing through Salt Lake City, on his way to Washington from Japan. M. Arai is the head of the Soto sect of Buddhists, which is said to number between seven and eight million worshipers. The gentleman was accompanied by about six attendants, all priests of the Soto sect, on a tour of the United States for the purpose of studying American customs and ideals. He had an appointment with President Harding, it was said, to converse on Buddhism and exchange ideas on world peace and the limitation of armament.

*The Ninety-second semi-annual general conference* of the Church convened in Salt Lake October 6, and adjourned the following Sunday. The visitors were favored with clear, sunny weather, and the attendance was very large. The duty of the Saints to practice thrift, keep out of debt, and patronize home industries was dwelt upon by President Heber J. Grant in his stirring opening address, as well as by Presidents Charles W. Penrose, Anthony W. Ivins, and other speakers. A resolution was adopted endorsing the aims of President Harding's international Pacific congress in Washington, and setting apart Sunday, November 6, as a day of prayer for the success of that gathering.

*An International Court of Justice* was elected September 14, by the council and assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, Switzerland. It consists of eleven judges, viz.: John Bassett Moore, United States; Viscount Finlay, Great Britain; Dr. Y. Oda, Japan; Dr. Andre Weiss, France; Commendatore D. Anzilotti, Italy; Dr. Ruy Barbosa, Brazil; Dr. B. T. C. Loder, Holland; A. S. de Bustamante, Cuba; Judge Didrik Nyholm, Denmark; Dr. Max Huber, Switzerland, and Dr. Rafael Altamira Y. Crevea, Spain. Mr. Moore has been professor of international law and diplomacy at Columbia university for twenty years and has had a varied public service, involving international relations.

*Iron ore in Utah* will be made valuable to the state. A contract was signed, September 27, with the Milner corporation, by which the Utah Steel corporation is assured of a supply of as much as 10,000,000 tons of the finest iron ore for use in the blast furnace and additional iron and steel manufacturing facilities the company plans to erect at its plant at Midvale. The Miller corporation owns vast deposits of iron ore in southern Utah which can be mined with steam shovel at a cost estimated not to exceed fifty cents a ton. It is estimated that the production of 1,000,000 tons of steel in the twelfth federal reserve district would mean the addition to the banking funds of the district of about \$400,000,000 annually.

*A national conference on unemployment* was opened at Washington, September 26, by President Harding. In his address to the delegates the president declared that the industrial depression was "a war inheritance," adding that the results hoped for from the conference might extend beyond the United States. Both the president and Secretary Hoover, chairman, emphasized the need for an employment program which would not contemplate a drain on the national treasury. After the conference had been organized adjournment was taken till October 5. The subcommittee on unemployment statistics on September 29 reported that the number of unemployed in the United States is not less than 3,700,000 and not more than 4,000,000, and that agricultural workers are not included in this estimate.

*Reorganization of the presidency of the North Weber stake* was effected at the conference, September 11. Elder John V. Bluth was sustained as

president of the stake, to succeed President James Wotherspoon. Francis W. Stratford and Thomas M. Irvine, were sustained as his counselors. The reorganization of the stake presidency was effected under the direction of President Rudger Clawson, who together with Elder Melvin J. Ballard were speakers at the conference sessions. David W. Evans was retained as stake clerk. President Bluth has been first counselor to President Wotherspoon since the stake was organized 13 years ago. President Wotherspoon was honorably released to take over the duties of secretary of the European mission. He left for his new duties on September 20.

*The world's altitude record* was attained, September 28, by Lieutenant John A. Macready, at McCook field, Dayton, Ohio, when he ascended to a height of 40,800 feet in a biplane. The greatest height reached before this was 38,180 feet, the record of Rudolph C. Schroeder, February 28, 1920. Lieutenant Macready was in the air one hour and forty-seven minutes, requiring all but a few minutes of the total flying time to reach his mark. At 39,000 feet ice formed on his oxygen tank. At 40,800 feet his engine died. He then glided safely down. Macready suffered none of the hardships met by the former chief test pilot. Schroeder's eyeballs froze, and excessive dilation of the heart kept him in a hospital nearly two weeks. Macready, on landing, suffered from numbness, but he climbed out of the plane unassisted.

*The death of Professor James L. Brown*, of the Brigham Young University, Provo, occurred at his home in that city, September 13, as a result of an accident which happened to him on the 12th while getting on a hayrack. Professor Brown fell under the wagon as the horses started. The hind wheel went over his chest, breaking five ribs on the left side and puncturing one lung. He was born in Pleasant Grove about 60 years ago, being the son of Bishop John Brown, one of the earliest settlers in that community. After graduating from the Brigham Young Academy in 1884 he was a teacher and principal of the Pleasant Grove schools until 1892, when he entered the University of Michigan. Graduating from that institution in 1896, he became a member of the B. Y. U. faculty with which he has been connected ever since.

*The Irish conference* did not materialize as planned. It was to be held at Inverness, September 20, but on September 15 Lloyd George, in a letter to de Valera canceled the invitation, because the Sinn Fein delegates, in accepting it, declared that they could meet the members of the British cabinet, only as the representatives of an independent, sovereign Ireland. After de Valera had explained that the Irish representatives did not insist on the acceptance by the British government of any conditions previous to the conference, except a free discussion of the existing situation, Lloyd George, September 29 issued another invitation to a conference, this time to be held in London, October 11. The British premier reiterated the statements formerly made that separation of Ireland from the empire is not to be considered, but he says, the meeting is called "with a view to ascertaining how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British empire may be best reconciled with Irish national aspirations." De Valera accepted the invitation, on September 30.

*Earthquake shocks* were reported, September 29, from Richfield, Elsinore, and Monroe, Sevier Co., Utah, beginning at 7:15 a. m., and continuing for half an hour. At Elsinore the property loss was estimated at more than \$100,000. Three residences and the new school house were wrecked. At Richfield buildings on Main street were slightly damaged. At Monroe several chimneys collapsed, and many residences were violently shaken. Unusual disturbances were noticed southeast of Monroe. Clouds of dust

arose high above the mountains, and in Monroe canyon sections of cliffs were shaken loose and could be seen tumbling down. The cliffs near the thermal springs were sundered and great masses of rock were plunged to the bottom. Earthquake shocks were also reported from Los Angeles, Cal. An earthquake shock was reported from Richfield on September 12, when windows rattled and doors creaked, but no damage was done. Another shock was felt at Elsinore on September 30, at 8 a. m., when several buildings were wrecked, or damaged. The Theodore Christensen home was badly wrecked. At Monroe the hot springs sent forth water that was almost blood red. The cliffs on the south side of the canyon were shattered and heavy boulders bounded down the steep sides.

*Scenic wonders of Utah* were enjoyed by President and Mrs. Heber J. Grant who returned September 14, from a two weeks' trip to the southern part of the state. The president was enthusiastic over the scenic wonders he saw and declared that although he has visited Zion's canyon four times, to him it looked better than ever on this trip. The view from Hurricane hill overlooking the Pine Valley mountains, in variety of color and scene, has not been equalled, in his opinion, in any of his travels about the world and Bryce's canyon is absolutely unique, he declared, among world wonders. President Grant and party accompanied Union Pacific railroad officials on a tour to the rim of the Grand canyon and Utah scenic wonders. While away the president's party attended many Church gatherings. Elder George Albert Smith, who also made the trip, parted with the president's party at Kanab, going on to St. George. President A. W. Ivins, with Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cardon of Cedar, and Miss Fulvia Ivins, left the main party at Panguitch, going on to Cedar where Mr. Cardon has charge of the branch Agricultural college, and also to St. George, where President Ivins and Miss Ivins attended the conference. A most successful auxiliary group convention was held at Kanab, according to President Grant, September 11, with the general boards of all auxiliaries of the Church represented and the largest attendance in the history of the stake present. Sunday night a special meeting was held, in addition to the convention at which President Grant, President Ivins and Elder Smith were the speakers.



*The Modern Star of Hope that leads to health and happiness.* Like the Star of Old that led the wise men of the East unto the birth-place of Him who promised life eternal, there comes a new Star of Hope—The Tuberculosis Christmas Seal—to lead mankind to the birth-place of Knowledge, with its promise of life temporal.

When the Star of Bethlehem made its appearance to the shepherds, nearly two thousand years ago, a celestial choir sang, "Unto Thee a Savior is Born."

When the modern Star of Promise appears, a mighty terrestrial choir raises its voice in gladsome carol, "Unto Thee New Hope of Health is Born."

The Christ to whom the Star of Old led the wise men, said unto them: "Believe and follow Me and I will lead you unto life everlasting."

The Knowledge to which the new Star of Hope, the Christmas Seal, will lead all wise men and women, says unto them: "Believe and follow me and I will lead you along the paths of right living unto the haven of perfect health."

This modern Star of Promise under the guidance of the Utah Public Health Association will make its appearance in Utah on Thanksgiving day

and will shine in first magnitude until Christmas Eve. In the measure that it is received by the people of the state will it leave behind the knowledge and good works that lead to health and happiness.—*U. P. H. Association.*

*Changes in Ward and Stake Officers, September, 1921.*—New Stake Presidents. Uintah stake, Wallace Calder succeeded Don B. Colton, address Vernal, Utah. Young stake, Elmer F. Taylor succeeded Hyrum M. Taylor, First Counselor to stake president, address Kirtland, N. M. North Weber stake, John V. Bluth succeeded James Wotherspoon, and Francis W. Stratford appointed First Counselor. Oneida stake, Parley M. Condie, first counselor to stake president, and Hyrum D. Jensen, second counselor. New Wards and Bishops. Topence ward, Idaho stake, Benjamin D. Jensen Bishop. Escalante south ward, Garfield stake, Milton Twitchell, Bishop, address Escalante, Utah. New Bishops, etc. Escalante North ward, Garfield stake, Leslie George succeeded E. A. Griffin, address Escalante, Utah. Castle Gate ward, Carbon stake, Benjamin F. Thomas succeeded Morgan D. Evans, address same. Burnham ward, Young stake, Alma L. Foutz succeeded Elmer F. Taylor, address same. Alpine ward, St. Johns stake, John Jepson succeeded Warren M. Tenney, address same. Burley stake, Unity ward, W. E. Tinsley succeeded Archie L. Stokes, address same. Springlake ward, Nebo stake, Herman Tweede succeeded Wm. J. Taylor, address Spring Lake, Utah. Grouse Creek, Raft River stake, Wilford F. Richins succeeded Jos. S. Barlow, address same. Davisville ward, Idaho stake, Daniel Balls, Bishop, succeeded Thos. K. Gunnell, address Soda Springs, Idaho. Morgan ward, Morgan stake, C. Calvin Geary succeeded Alonzo Francis, address-Morgan City, Utah. Lost River stake, Chilly branch, Joseph A. Coates succeeded Charles John, address Chilly, Idaho. Second ward, Liberty take, Albert J. Elggren uceeded Henry B. Elder, address 745 South 5th East, City.

*George Lionel Farrell*, 92 years of age, passed away in his home at Smithfield, Cache Co., September 21. The deceased was for many years prominent in church and political activities, and he was a successful pioneer in the important work of dry farming. He was born at Howelsfield, Gloucestershire, England, February 16, 1829, the son of William and Alice Sadler (Bird) Farrell. After the death of his father he brought his mother and three sisters to Iowa, before he reached his majority, living there for a number of years, and then coming to Utah in 1859. The Farrells settled first at Farmington, where it is recorded that the young man took a contract for getting out the winter's wood for Amasa M. Lyman. In 1860 Cache county was opened to settlement, and Mr. Farrell left Farmington and went to Logan, where his energy and ability soon identified him with the pioneer and growing community. He was tithing clerk of Cache stake from 1860 till 1880, county recorder of Cache county from 1860 till 1880, county recorder of Cache county from 1860 till 1884, postmaster at Logan from 1862 till 1874, filled a mission to England, 1874-76, and was bishop of Smithfield from 1888 till 1900. It was about 1872 that Mr. Farrell was led to undertake his work in the development of dry-farming and, after years of experimenting, he made a success of it. Mr. Farrell attended every dry-farm congress since the organization of that body and was the author of numerous pamphlets on various phases of the subject. Even after passing the age of 90. Mr. Farrell remained in good health save for failing eyesight, his sons and daughters declaring that, so far as they can remember, he was never sick a day in his life. When the summons came it was without pain; just a gradual fading out of the flame. So peaceful was the end that those who stood by his bed, where he slept saw no sign of struggle; they saw only that the breathing had ceased.



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