



# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,  
THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT  
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE  
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We thank you for the thousands of new subscribers that you have already forwarded to this office for volume 15. We take it for granted that every ward in the Church now has an agent properly appointed. In thanking you for what you have done, we hope that you will continue the good work. Please put your shoulders to the wheel and secure the allotted 5 per cent of the Church population in your stake and ward as subscribers. We believe that if every ward is thoroughly canvassed in the early part of December, by the officers of the Young Men's Associations, with the approval and support of the bishops, there will be no difficulty in obtaining the required number of subscribers; namely, 5 per cent in every ward.

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We also appeal to the individual subscribers of the ERA who, we are sure, enjoy its pages, and who know its advantages as a magazine for the home, to take the trouble to get one other subscriber who is not now reading the ERA.

Wishing you success, and hoping to hear from you in early December, we remain,

Yours truly,

HEBER J. GRANT, Manager,

MORONI SNOW, Asst. Mgr.,

20-22 Bishops' Building,

Salt Lake City, Utah.



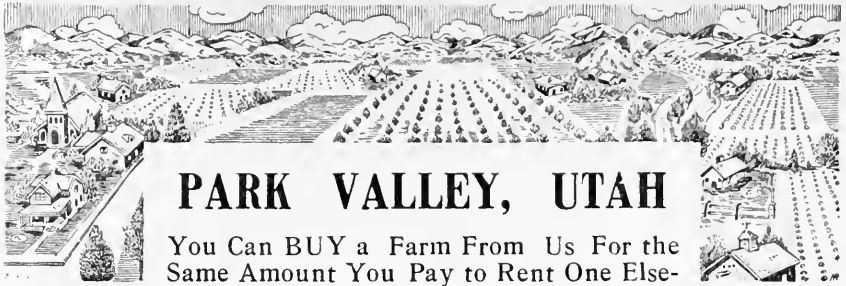
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# IMPROVEMENT ERA

J. H. Winkler, Cody, Wyoming, in sending in his subscription for volume 15 says: "I like the ERA fine. I wouldn't be without it, if it cost double the price."

**New books received**, which will later be noticed more extensively: "OUT OF DOORS IN THE WEST," J. H. Paul, Ph. D; "ETHNO-BOTANY OF THE GOSIUTE INDIANS," a paper by Ralph V. Chamberlin, read before the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences; "A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES JENSEN," bishop of Forest Dale, by Dr. Joseph M. Tanner; "A SCRAP BOOK OF MORMON LITERATURE," two volumes, 560 pages, by Ben E. Rich.

The **January ERA, 1912**, will contain a frontispiece of Orson Pratt, Pioneer, Philosopher, Scientist and Historian, and a sketch of his life by Elder Orson F. Whitney; the closing installment of the "SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS," by Nephi Anderson, will appear; "AGRICULTURE IN KORONGATA," illustrated, describes the industrial and educational activity, in that part of New Zealand; "THE ECONOMICS OF AGRICULTURE," a help to students of the senior manual, is a strong paper by A. F. Cardon, and "THE BEGINNINGS OF HUMAN HISTORY," is an interesting historical study by Prof. A. B. Christensen, of the Brigham Young University, that will appear. Then there is a new and striking chapter in the "OPEN ROAD," a serial story, by John Henry Evans, besides poems, editorials, and information for the Priesthood and the M. I. A. By ordering now you can get the November number which begins volume 15; \$2, with senior or junior manual free.

## IMPROVEMENT ERA, DECEMBER, 1911.

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JOSEPH F. SMITH, } Editors  
EDWARD H. ANDERSON, } HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager  
MORONI SNOW, Assistant

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THE only hereditary office in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is that of Presiding Patriarch. There have been four incumbents of this office.

1. Joseph Smith, Senior, father of the Prophet Joseph, born July 12, 1771; ordained Presiding Patriarch, Kirtland, Ohio, December 18, 1833; died September 14, 1840.

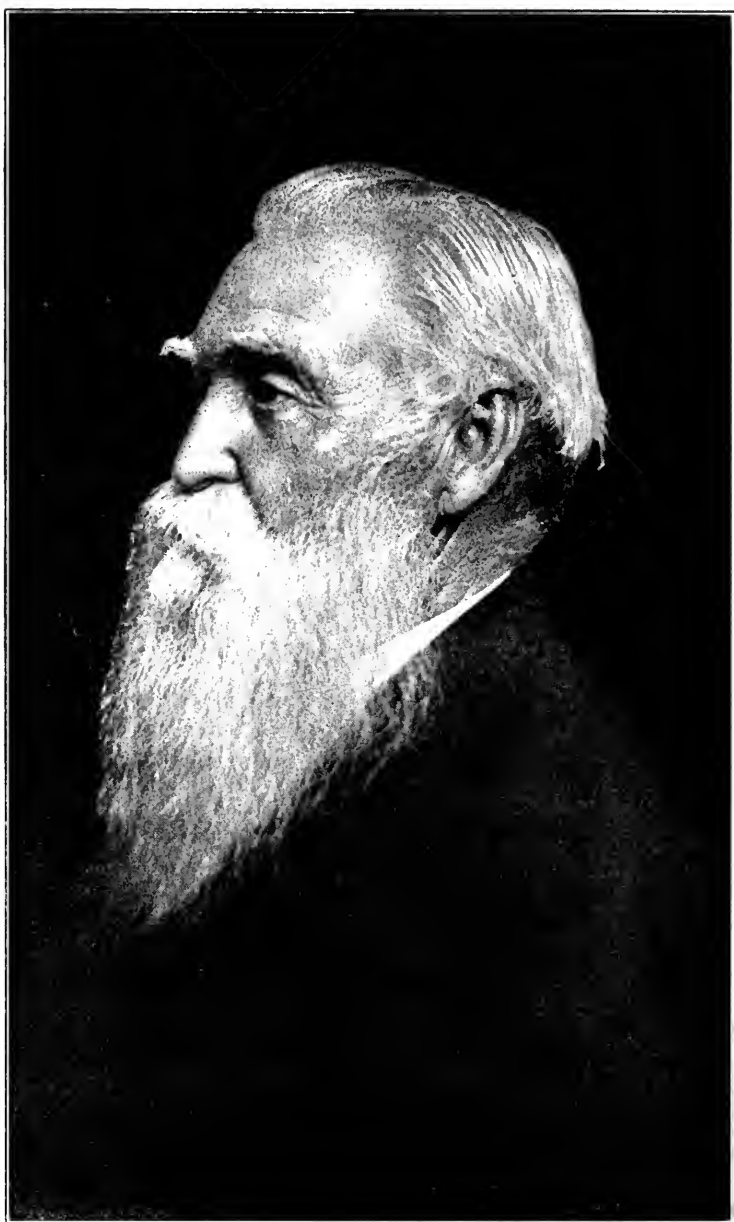
2. Hyrum Smith, the martyr, father of President Joseph F. Smith, Joseph Smith, Senior's second and eldest living son, and brother of the Prophet, born February 9, 1800; ordained Presiding Patriarch, January 24, 1841; martyred, Carthage Jail, June 27, 1844. There was no Presiding Patriarch from the martyrdom until January 1, 1849.

3. John Smith, uncle of the Prophet Joseph, and the youngest and only surviving brother of Joseph Smith, Senior, born July 16, 1781; ordained Presiding Patriarch, January 1, 1849; died, Salt Lake City, May 23, 1854.

4. John Smith, brother of President Joseph F. Smith and the eldest son of Hyrum Smith, born, Kirtland, Ohio, September 22, 1832; ordained Presiding Patriarch, February 18, 1855, by Brigham Young and others; died at his home in Salt Lake City, Monday night, November 6, 1911, at 11:35 o'clock, pneumonia being the cause of death.

John Smith's first patriarchal blessing was given August 17, 1856, to Samuel Knight, son of Newell and Lydia Knight, and his last blessing was given October 30, 1911, to Alma Joseph William Gardner, born July 19, 1862, in Yorkshire, England. He commenced recording in book "A" and went through the alphabet and was recording in book "BB", in which there were forty-seven blessings at the time of his death. In all he gave 20,659 patriarchal blessings.

The Presiding Patriarch holds the sealing blessings of the Church, the Holy Spirit of Promise, whereby men and women are sealed up unto the day of redemption, that they may not fall, notwithstanding the hour of temptation that may come upon them. He holds the keys of the Patriarchal blessings upon the heads of all the people, that whoever he blesses shall be blessed; whatsoever he binds on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever he shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. It is his duty, also, to preside over all the evangelical ministers, or patriarchs, of the whole Church.—EDWARD H. ANDERSON.



PRESIDING PATRIARCH JOHN SMITH

Born, September 22, 1832; died, November 6, 1911.



# IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1911

No. 2

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## Joseph Smith and the Advent of "Mormonism."\*

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BY LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, M.A.

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### I.

The restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ in the nineteenth century is the greatest event of this age. It came about in a very natural way, just as God ordained it, and which to man himself is reasonable and clear, when looked at honestly and with a purity of heart. Christianity today, as the Latter-day Saints interpret it, is called by the world "Mormonism." Therefore, I gladly use the term in this paper. The word today is fraught with great meaning.

"Mormonism" is not only a religion. It is a great scientific and philosophic interpretation of life. In time it is to become the measuring rod of all thought, not dogmatically, not intolerantly, but broadly and intellectually, morally and sincerely.

No religion or world institution demands more of man today than does "Mormonism." And only those who have pierced the realms of higher thought, can get a glimpse of its grandeur. It is the truly educated who will see "Mormonism" in its true light. It is the man and woman who have developed within themselves the power to think, to act, and to appreciate all the higher things of life, and the great and eternal questions of man.

Not in one generation can man rise to the sublime heights of "Mormonism." It will take many ages. We are but making the beginning, and the beginning is always fraught with many dangers,

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\*A lecture delivered before the Utah Genealogical Society, April 6, 1911.

and all kinds of struggles. This is why we must learn, more and more, to live by faith, pursuing the great lines laid down by God in all our thoughts and actions. The first principles of the gospel will always remain intact, but the great and glorious truths of the world and nature will be ferreted out as man studies and works, and becomes the master of his own being and nature's laws.

"Mormonism" calls for the onward march of man. It takes a stand upon a higher level than humanity has reached, and holds out the hand of fellowship to all. It beckons the race on, because of its light and glory within. It recognizes man; "splendid, and sorrowful, inscrutable man." "Mormonism" sees man's proud brow, his bold lustrous eyes "aglow with light of fearless, world-conceiving thought"; of his mighty power that is destined to lift him in time to the throne of a God. For man is marching boldly ahead, forward and upward, bent on mastering the secrets of heaven and earth. His eye is on the great celestial light of heaven.

## II.

Christianity had been in existence some eighteen hundred years. The world of civilized powers had recognized Christ to be the model character of history. Within Christianity had grown all sorts of systems and creeds, dogmas and notions. Man had always been a religious creature, but religion solved no problems for him. This is proved by the dissensions in the eighteenth century, when the French, German, and English Deists were denouncing the Christian church, and were asking for a solution of the world's social, political, and industrial problems. The eighteenth century was the dawn of the Age of Freedom in its true sense. In that century came forth the God-inspired Constitution of the United States, the greatest document of its kind ever given to man. In that age there were new interpretations of life put forward; men began to solve the problems of nature and the daily life. There was agnosticism on one hand, and religion on the other. As the French Deists condemned the creeds, they grew faster, and by the beginning of the nineteenth century, Christ was being interpreted in a thousand different ways. And yet the Christian world maintains that Christianity is an absolute religion. True, there had been great and good men who gave us many interpretations of truth pertaining to the gospel of Christ. George Fox, Martin Luther, John Calvin, and the noble and beautiful character,

John Wesley, all contributed great thoughts to the world's onward march.

In the world, Christian institutions were going on, but with the absence of the Christian life. In fact, Voltaire was right in his stand that the "purest unbelief could accomplish what the formal belief of the day was trying to bring about." No one was living, nor did live, until the advent of Joseph Smith, to give to the world a thorough-going belief in Christianity, which would revolutionize the conduct of men. In reviewing the Christian world, we find that its promise had little to do with its performance. Humanity was thrown back to torture and ruin, as men are thrown back by the Christian world of today. A close study of the conditions of the time, just before the advent of "Mormonism," indicates that the need of the world was not more institutions of Christianity, but more real Christianity. The power of Christianity had been lost.

Then again, the world had too long believed in the expediency of repentance. Repentance had become illogical, because it was supposed to be only necessary on the spur of the moment and when a man was face to face with death. As to faith in God, man had no faith, and God had become a "gaseous vertebrate," a non-entity. The French Revolutionists had announced what the world was fast accepting: "There is no God but Reason." And so the God of Reason supplanted the true and living God of Israel. What the world needed, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was God. Not God in the heavens and in the past alone; but God today and here with us as men. What the apostles of Christ knew, the world needed to know at first hand. It was a time when solid, scholarly, substantial scientific thought should take hold of the knowledge of God, and build towards him and the Savior of the world. Some one has warned us:

"Beware when God lets loose a prophet." And God let loose a prophet!

### III.

The restoration of the gospel of Christ came at a new epoch of the world's history. The United States had been established as a great and powerful nation, a nation which gave example to the world of religious and political liberty. Old world ideas were given up. A new and big, broad country was fast filling up with the best

bone and sinew of European nations. People were flocking to the shores of America, and looking to the divine Constitution of the United States as a source of hope and life. The age of invention was to dawn. The hardy pioneer was to force his way into the west. Fundamental laws and principles of future American life were fast being formed. With the new age came new hopes; with the new nation came a new people.

No other land could have been the home of the restored gospel. The United States was the type of nation that the world had never seen before. It had been established by the best thought and manhood of the race. Emerson truly said:

“We live in a new and exceptional age. America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race.”

One hundred years ago, the Abbe Genty, a distinguished French scholar of that time, published an essay on the “Result of the Discovery of America by Europe.” He closes his paper by saying: “The Independence of the Anglo Americans is the event most likely to accelerate the revolution which is to renew the happiness of the world. In the bosom of this new nation are the true treasures which are to renew the world.” He names the relief to crowded Europe as one of the blessings that is to come to mankind, the emancipation of slaves, the end of conquest, a universal peace, and the conversion of the world to Christianity\*.

This new nation, brought about by the directive force and power of God, says to all: “You are a child of God. Here is the world of God. Enter. We will do our best. There shall be no king. There shall be no subject. There shall be no master. There shall be no slave.”

And this lesson is the eternal lesson of today. “It is not gold, nor silver, nor brass, nor lead, nor iron, which will bring the eternal peace. It is truth, honor, and justice. It is Faith, Hope, and Love. It is on the virtues of mankind, upon the freedom of mankind, and the gospel of Jesus Christ that the future of mankind is to be builded.” Our Puritan fathers, when landing on the bleak New England shore, in 1620, had announced to all future posterity that through the divine Grace of God should this country live. Their compact read:

\*FROM E. E. Hale's, LECTURE ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are here under-written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves into a civic body politic for the better ordering and preservation, and in furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue thereof to enact, constitute, and frame just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the eleventh of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign Lord, King James, of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini 1620."

The United States has been a blessed land from the beginning, and is the soil where the preparation for the restoration of Christianity took place. It is as the Abby Genty said, the country "where the conversion of the world to Christianity will take place."

#### IV.

It is not my purpose to trace for you the life of Joseph Smith. You know his life's work full well. I simply wish to analyze briefly his character. No man of our day has been more misunderstood. His name has been held "for good and evil," throughout the world.

In childhood, Joseph Smith was a dreamer. His thoughts were often sent into the great worlds beyond. And it is the dreamer who really contributes to the race's betterment. The child's soul in its first innocence sympathized with the sublime in nature, and with the deep mysteries of Holy Writ. Joseph's soul was one of greatness. We read in history of how men have had the power to make great mental grasps of situations. Some have known the world and the workings of nature from the first. Some men live who do more thinking in a day than the average un-trained mind does in a life time. The boy Joseph's mind was naturally strong. His brain, early subjected to great concentration, drew from its own rich stores a crowd of images, wonderful for their reality and their vigor. He was a thinker along the lines of mysticism. What great mind is not? His senses were endowed with a perfection which gave them exquisite delicacy. He longed for a knowledge of the meaning of life, and the relationship of his own

soul to his God. Thousands of men in history have wished for the same knowledge, but have gone at the solution of the problem in their own way, and have plodded on till death, when they were no doubt given the key in heaven. But Joseph, using his mental faculties, and reasoning, and reasoning logically, went honestly to his Father and asked for light. And the light came. The results of Joseph Smith's prayer in the woods, on that Spring morning in 1820, have been mightily far reaching, and the claim that he was visited by God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ is one of the most startling statements in the world's history. People have laughed it to scorn; and psychologists have designated it as a peculiar hypnotic state of mind. And yet the boy gave the statement candidly and fearlessly to the world, and lived the common life of man. To think of there being angels and a God in the form of man! Terrible in the estimation of some moderns. Yet it is only a few days ago, when a famous book of the age, called *THE WORLD OF LIFE*, made its appearance, and the statements therein are startling the world of science. The work is by Alfred Russel Wallace, a contemporary and friend of Charles Darwin. Mr. Wallace has reached his eighty-eighth year, and now in the evening of life, closes his great work by saying:

"Some such conception seems to me to be in harmony with the universal teaching of nature, everywhere an almost infinite variety, not as a detailed design, but as a foreseen result of the constitution of the universe. The vast whole is, therefore, a manifestation of his powers—perhaps of his very self—but by the agency of his ministering angels, through many descending grades of intelligence and power.

"It is when we look upon man as being here for the very best purpose of developing diversity and individuality, to be further advanced in a future life, that we see more clearly the whole object of our earth life as a preparation for it. In this world we have the maximum of diversity produced, with a potential capacity for individual educability. In the spirit world, death will not cut short the period of educational advancement. The best conditions and opportunities will be afforded for continuous progress to a higher status, while all the diversities produced here will lead to an infinite variety, charm, and use that could have been brought about in no other way."

And what has our Prophet-teacher said, as far back as 1843?

"Whatever principles of intelligence we attain unto in this life, will rise with us in the resurrection;

"And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come."

Emerson has said, in his essay on INTELLIGENCE, that the hardest task in the world is to think. Now Joseph Smith was a thinking boy, and became an educated man in the true sense of the term. He had a mental grasp of great things. He knew nature's laws, and the "Mormon" people have never had a greater advocate of the reading of books, and the development of the intellect. As founder of the University of Nauvoo, he directed its policy, and it was opened for the purpose of bringing the youth of those early days in contact with what is most vital to their welfare, mentally, morally, and physically.

Every epoch-making mind, it has been said, is at the same time child and father, disciple and master, of his age. So it was with the boy prophet. He was the child of all the good of the past, he was to become, through work and study, and the divine call of God, a father to an age which, for mental, moral and spiritual development, will eclipse all the ages of the past.

The one great fact that impresses the world in the life of Joseph Smith was his sincerity. It is Carlyle who says again and again that "sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic." This is a truth of transcendent importance, and one that must be taken and believed in by the race. For sincerity of purpose means honesty of heart, and the honest heart is open to the conviction of truth. But it is not in the "Mormon" prophet's sincerity that one finds his greater manhood. It is in his magnificent contribution to the world's onward march that makes him the hero of the nineteenth century.

His was a critical, intellectual type of mind. This is shown in his analysis of the ethical condition of the race, as well as the wrongs starking among the society of the day. He was an iconoclast, however, only as he could substitute a much better thought for the one he opposed. His keenness of intellect permeated all the phases of modern thought. He understood the relationship of man to God; he knew men's hearts and desires as a psychologist does; he understood the intricate workings of the government of the United States; he built schools and had in mind a splendid school system; he was a linguist of no mean ability; and with it all, his was a practical and all-absorbing intellect whose great ideal was to reach out for the infinite.

Now as to the advent of "Mormonism" and its significance. It is a distinctly new force in the onward march of mankind! It

is to be and is now the embodiment of all truth and all future intellectual development. It begins with nature and builds upon the great natural laws in the physical world. Its philosophic and religious teachings do not lie upon beaten paths of formalism and insincerity, but in the secret recesses of the soul. It has the message that true religion does not lie in forms and ceremonies, but in the soul and in life. It stands for the highest of ethical equity; its justice is an ideal justice "transformed by reason into moral force;" its conception of life resonant with the great calls made on man for the betterment of the race. It is to be preached as the gospel of salvation, preserving as it does the absolute fundamentals taught by the Redeemer of the World, for the divine preservation of the race. Its effort is to arouse the world, to open its eyes to the divine truth of God; and to have man give up his false ideals and wrong interpretation of life. It revolts against crime and hypocritical society, and asks for a rejuvenation of the race along the lines laid down by Christ himself. It stands for truth and freedom. It stands for individuality and progressiveness, along those lines which will be learned by the better manhood of the race, and which, when learned, will be put into the practice of the daily life. Coming as it did, in the nineteenth century, it entered the world at a time when the true Reformation in history was about to dawn. "Mormonism" will take the great thoughts of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and all the ages to come, and, molding them into great truths of life, practical life, will be the greatest of all creative and reforming forces in the world of humanity.

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**Mexico's National Election** was held on Sunday, October 1. Electors were chosen who are favorable to Francisco I. Madero who was nominated for the presidency by the Progressive Party August 28. These met October 15, and announced the election of Madero, the leader of the revolution, as president of Mexico. There was scarcely any opposition to Madero as candidate. He was endorsed also by the Catholic party. General Bernardo Reyes, the only strong competitor, left the country secretly, and in disguise, before the election, wiring to President De La Barra that he did so for the good of his country, but he said in interviews that he had discovered Maderist plots for his assassination. Severe fighting between factions was reported from various parts, and bandits were guilty of many atrocities, particularly in the state of Chiapas.



# The Open Road.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY  
SAINTS UNIVERSITY.

ADVENTURE IV.—WHEREIN IS TOLD THE STORY OF THE BRINDLED  
SEA COW.

And so to Holland, the country of windmills, where all the elements are only sketched in, so to speak—the water, because it loses itself among sand and moorland, like a ravelled old fabric; the land, because it lies below the sea level and has to be ingeniously coaxed and watched on every hand; the air, because it is mostly veiled in the fog and mist.

Brocketts' work on the boat had not been hard and exacting, so that he had had time for such diversions as a boy would naturally find on this beautiful river. For one thing, he had learned much about the Rhine, and the largely man-made scenery along its banks; and for another, he had discovered some marvelous things about a boat—that marvelous invention which is a source of perpetual delight to a boy.

But most of all he had learned, from three boatmen, something that set his heart beating feverishly, and that made him vow a vow which would probably take him the rest of his life to fulfil.

Brocketts was asleep in the bunkhouse down there in the bowels of the WALRUS. That was while the boat was coming down the river. Anyway, he was supposed to be asleep, seeing that it was 2 o'clock in the morning. But, as a matter of fact, if you insist on the strictest precision, he had just waked up; for what boy can sleep when old tars are pouring out their sea tales, and, what is better, breathing out something with the sea tales that concerns him, far more than the most entrancing story.

I pass by these salt-water narratives, however, not only because they do not belong here, but also because I have a strong suspicion that not one of the three old salts in the bunkhouse, for all his glibness and easy memory, ever experienced a tithe of what he related, or even that any of the others believed that he had.

"I'll tell you what," roared a man who went by the name of Max, speaking in such a tone as to drown out effectually the beginning of Adam's "That reminds me"—"I'll tell you what, boys, talkin' of sellin' real live humans, now, I've got a corker for you. It's here right under my jacket pocket where my 'baccy is, and it's been there more'n twelve year."

Since the hand of the story-teller went into the breast, over that same "'baccy" pocket, you would naturally suppose he was to pull out a written manuscript and read it there and then in the dim candle light. But Max was to do nothing of the sort. This was only a figurative way he had of saying that his two companions were about to have the distinguished honor of being the first to hear this tale.

He whom they called the Abbot, from his grand way of overshooting the truth in everything, had just finished unwinding a yarn, in which he was hero, wherein the ROYAL CHARLES with a cargo of black men from the African coast for the American market, had made a wonderful voyage, and had come near floundering. The others, even Brocketts, knew of course, that traffic in slaves had come to an end a generation before the Abbot was born. But that trifling fact did not in the least spoil the zest with which the story was told nor the relish with which it was received. Selling "humans" was out of the ordinary, and that was the main point.

"This is a true one," the narrator began, "and comes out of my own life. And I'll tell it to you, if you won't let on as you've heard me."

Adam swung back on the bunk where he sat, the Abbot relit his powerful clay pipe, and Brocketts, in his upper berth, propped himself on his elbow, his left ear pressed forward to catch every sound.

"It was about twelve year ago," Max went on in such bad German vernacular as I cannot hope wholly to reproduce in English, "and I was stranded at Strausberg. Strausberg's a bad place to be stranded at, if you'll believe me. How I got there has nothing to do with this story; so I'll leave that out. And then, besides, to tell it might give you a bad notion of my occupation—which wasn't sailing, either, nor anything like it. Anyway, I was there, sails torn, deck-tackle lost, and the hull split in two pieces, as you might say.

"Well, one day, or rather night, who should I meet at the

Bull's Eye tavern but old Fishbones. Fishbones and me, you understand, had known each other many a year, and been in the same trade at Munich.

"Want a job?" says he.

"Sure," says I, "What's on deck?"

"Oh, a small business transaction, same's you've been used to. Come in here, and I'll tell you."

"We went in a side room that Fishbones had a private key to. You know, more than one tavern keeper was glad to let Fishbones have a private key. Very accommodatin', they was, in them days.

"Well, when we got in there, he says: 'Max, I've got a bit of a parcel I want you to keep for me.'

"All right," says I, looking 'round for it.

"Ain't here now," says he "but I c'n get it if you say the word."

"Of course, I hadn't anything against keeping parcels for a friend, and I said the word. 'We're fellow workmen,' says I, 'and I'm glad to accommodate you. What's in it?'

"In what?" says he, innocent like.

"The parcel," says I, winking, with my left eye.

"Oh," says he, "call it a brindled sea cow."

"What's in it?" says I, again, but not winking this time.

"Four thousand marks or so."

"I'll do it," says I, "to accommodate you."

"That's a good man," says he. "I knew you would."

"And what d'ye think he brought me that night when it was as dark as Egypt, and the Egyptians was all asleep?"

The story-teller paused and glanced at Adam, who had sat up again, and at the Abbot, whose pipe had gone out once more. They remained in the same posture, knowing that the narrator only made this pause out of a habit he had of extreme slowness in his speech. But a small voice piped from the upper berth—

"A pot of gold."

The men looked up at this unexpected answer, and then exploded into laughter. Max went on—

"It was a youngster—a real live youngster, no more'n two years old."

He waited for the full effect of this revelation. On the men there was no visible effect. The boy stretched his head farther over the berth.

“ ‘He’s the only son of a rich merchant,’ says Fishbones, ‘and I’ve got a grudge against the man.’

“Fishbones used to work for that same store-keeper. That I knew very well. I didn’t know what the grudge was, though.

“ ‘I’ll do it,’ says I, ‘and do it well for the four thousand.’

“ ‘I know ye will,’ says he, ‘else I wouldn’t have trusted ye with so important a undertakin’. You’ll get your money safe, Max.’

“But I didn’t.”

Here he rolled a quid of tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, and chewed it three or four times, and spat a deluge on the floor. You would have thought he was through with his tale. The two boatmen looked up, and the boy looked down, inquiringly.

“You see, it was this way. Before our little enterprise had gone too far the merchant got a letter in a unknown hand to the effect that if at a certain place and time—named in the letter, you understand—he would deliver, without watching or asking any questions, twenty-five thousand gold marks, his boy would be given him back safe and sound.

“Twenty-five thousand, mind you, and me to get only four.”

“ ‘Half.’ says I to Fishbones, when I saw him again.

“ ‘No, siree,’ says he.

“ ‘Then I’ll squeak.’ says I.

“ ‘How ’bout you?’ says he, innocent-like again. ‘You’ve got the kid, you know.’

“ ‘That’s so,’ says I, ‘I forgot.’

“ ‘Thought so,’ says he.

“But neither of us got anything, and that’s what I was going to tell you. For the day before we was to get the money, the body of a boy about the same age and looks as ours there, was washed ashore near the town, but in such a bad state as made it hard to know who it was. But there was the yellow curls and all, and a red jacket exactly like the one our kid wore when it left home—anyway, what was left of it.

“I have my opinion, though, about that jacket business. Fishbones had took it off with him one day. I don’t want to do him no injustice, you understand, but I had my suspicions, for he was born a fool in some things.

"Anyway the drowned youngster was took for the missing one, and we lost our money.

"We laid low for a while, but when we started the ball a rolling again, our bird had flew away, as the poet says. The rich merchant had pulled up anchor and gone to America. And there I was with a kid on my hands that nobody wanted.

"Say, did you ever have a youngster on your hands like that?" Max inquired.

Of course, they had not.

"Well, it's an experience, I can tell you?" he went on. "And I know what I'm talkin' about. I lugged that boy around for a whole year. Couldn't safely get rid of him, you know, till one day I run upon an orphan asylum and dropped him down there gently into the lap of a big Sister. But I had to pay a pretty sum, I—what's the matter, Brocketts?"

"Nothing much; only, I nearly fell out."

"After that I quit the business," went on the story-teller, "and took to the sea. There's nothing like the sea for safe work. You've got to be decent there."

"That's a thrilling story," commented Brocketts naively. "I like it; only, what's the name of the place you left the boy at?"

"Don't know the name."

"And don't you know where it was, even?"

"Oh yes, somewhere up the country near Pirmasens—a little one-horse village."

"But Fishbones wasn't his real name, was it?" Brocketts asked again.

"No, sir; not by a jug full! It's only what we called him. His name was —— well, never you mind what his name was."

"I suppose you don't know the name of the boy, or the boy's father, either?"

"No; don't remember the boy's. Never saw the father."

This was a thrilling story! Brocketts fell into a profound reverie right off. There could be no doubt that he was the boy whom Max had left at the orphanage, for Vinningen was only eight or ten miles from Pirmasens. Indeed, far back in his consciousness was the impression that a lone man had taken him there. Who were his parents? He wondered. If he could only find them! But how could he? Had he not better ask this man to help him

find them? Should he tell him who he was? Very wisely he decided not to.

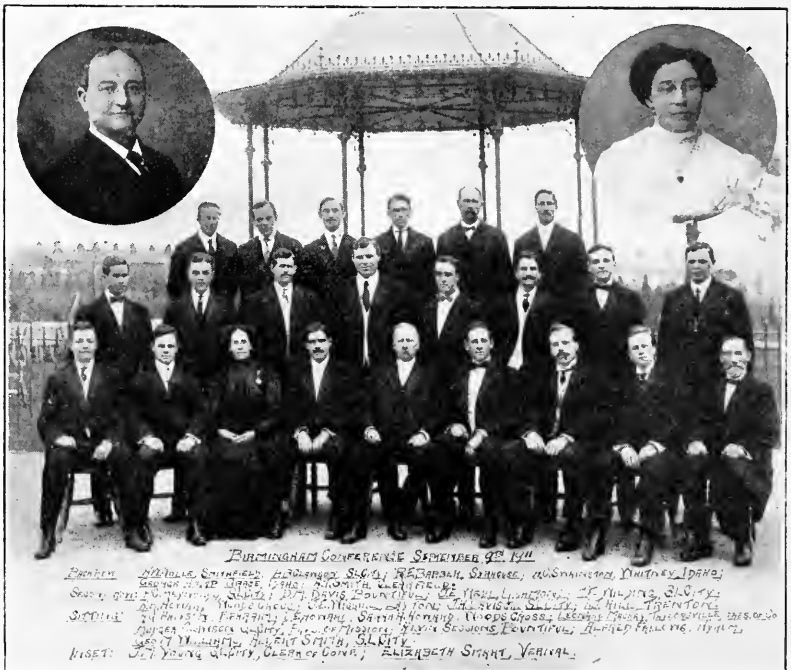
The three tars below, utterly oblivious of the train of Brocketts' lively reflections, had gone on with the conversation. The boy's ears caught the now familiar word "America."

"It's a grand country, is America," the Abbot was saying, "and a good place to get rich in. When we get there, as we'll do in—let me see—six weeks at most, we'll all sing a different tune!"

And so these men were going to America, where Brocketts' parents had gone! Instantly the idea suggested itself, why not go with them? And the more he thought about it the firmer he was in the conviction that he ought to go. But how could he, a penniless boy, cross the ocean? These sailors had money. He would have to stay in Germany, most probably, till he, too, could get money.

But he would talk with them tomorrow to see if some way could not be found by which he might accompany them to the new land. He would find his parents, if it took a life time.

(To be continued.)



# Little Problems of Married Life.\*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

## VI.—When Pride Comes Between.

So many of the little chafing problems of married life could be mastered, so many of the mists of misunderstanding could be dissipated by the sunshine of love, so many of the discords in the music of home could be translated into harmonies if false pride did not so often come between! Pride is a virtue if it be the right kind of pride, but, like every virtue, it has an understudy, a vice that cleverly imitates it, assumes its form, wears its livery and often deceives.

True pride is the guardian and protector of what is best in us; false pride is the sullen defender and apologist of our weakness. True pride makes us scorn to do a mean or a petty act, as treason to our truest self; it holds our standard ever high and our living in harmony with it; it fills us with the realization that only royal deeds harmonize with the kingship of our individuality. False pride ever fears what people may say or think, seeks to justify us when we know we are wrong and cares more for the semblance than for the reality, more for the shadow than for the substance. True pride thinks more of character than of reputation; false pride more of reputation than of character. It is this false pride that too often, in the home, stands between love and understanding, between love and forgiving, between love and forgetting, and often threatens to dethrone the life-happiness of two. False pride, an excessive consciousness of the dignity of self, thinks too much of the importance of the solo, too little of the harmony of the duet. It is the swaggering, pompous air of a drum-major who thinks he is really the whole regiment.

Between husband and wife there often arise little differences of opinion on some topic of no real importance, involving no principle of right or wrong, but in a few moments the frank, genial

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interchange of views has warmed into a discussion, and this into a heated argument, and each may hold out regardless of the growing sultriness of the atmosphere in the desire to make the other surrender. This deadlock of false pride may be broken in an instant by the cooler and larger nature of the two saying with a smile: "Well, perhaps there is something to be said on both sides, and really, dear, it is not worth an argument, after all." Then peace and harmony may be restored without a hypocritical surrender of the individuality of either.

It is a false pride that leads either husband or wife to fear to acknowledge being in the wrong in any misunderstanding, to seek merely to pass it over without a word. Those infallible people who never make a mistake nor do a wrong, do not really belong to this world and they are probably too good to find congenial companions even in the next. There is danger in this method that unkind words, unexplained and unatoned, may leave a rankling wound that, if it heal at all, leaves a scar and a pang in remembrance. A few moments of loving explanation, of clear, definite understanding, with no false pride coming between, is an antiseptic process of treating the hurt, before it paralyzes emotion. It removes the poison from a memory.

Through this pride, too, we often prevent wounds of unkindness and lack of thought from healing at all. Through our intense consciousness of them, reviving and re-reviving the memories in all their original vividness, we exaggerate and intensify the hurt. We carry a wounded emotion in a sling, as though it were a broken arm and thus make forgiving difficult and forgetting impossible.

This pride that comes so often from our supersensitiveness, is the slow petrifying of the better side of our natures. She may justify herself by saying, "If I did not love him so much I would not feel the hurt." If she loved more, if she loved enough, she would realize how small a matter is this pain that absorbs her compared with the greatness of her possession, the good qualities she is overlooking. Then would she forgive and—forget. Her pride is really injured more than her love. This pride kills real sympathy, for sympathy seeks to see a subject from the other's view-point, lovingly to interpret it as it may seem to the other as well as to oneself. Then, through this clear, double knowledge, the wisdom of the wisest course may come; but false pride stolidly and stubbornly sees everything only from its own point of vision.



All misunderstandings between husband and wife should be met in the very beginning and never allowed merely to work themselves out. It is a cowardly recklessness, the "don't care" spirit of false pride that urges or permits this easy-going philosophy. Were a fire to be discovered in the home, if it were only the tiniest flame beginning its devastation of curtains and furniture, we would not say "Let it burn itself out." Our instant, instinctive action would be to stifle it, to kill it at any cost; but too often do we let the fire of discord and of misunderstanding feed on our finest emotions, burn away love, confidence, sweetness, truth, trust, sympathy—all that is dearest to us—while we stand by, blindly nursing our pride, our petty sense of dignity. We stand in the centre of the stage of our self-esteem. We will not be the first to speak, we will not be the first to sue for peace, the first to make up. We dare to permit this pride to wreck our happiness, as though any honest pride could be too much to pay to secure it or to preserve it. It is always the larger nature that is first to surrender. Pride that beggars the happiness of two is dearly bought by the petty satisfaction of not being the first to bring the joy of reconciliation to the hearts of both, who need each other.

Life has so much real pain and sorrow, so many heavy clouds floating over the sky of home, care, and trouble, that seemingly no human foresight can prevent, that it seems almost extravagance to work overtime manufacturing troubles merely to offer them as sacrifices on the altar of vanity, this false pride that stifles life's finest dignity.

Pride, too, has a subtle way of putting confidence into a cold storage that often kills it. Mutual interchange of confidences between husband and wife should be fresh, spontaneous and ever living. Some people bind confidence with bandages of egotism and conceit and adulterated vanity till it can no more move nor breathe than a mummy of the time of Rameses could escape from its spiced wrappers. This means death, not life.

Sometimes the husband, putting on his full armour of pride, says to himself; "There is a subject that, if she had the proper regard for me, she would speak of it to me," and she, drawing closer to her the perfumed mantle of her dignity, says: "If he were interested in me at all, he would surely ask." When in this foolish conflict of prides there is danger that Cupid, if he do his duty, will drag confidence away off into the silence and wait till they come to

their senses again. Two negatives may make an affirmative, but two silences do not make speech. When pride gets into this delicate condition, where it is constantly fearing a draught, it should be taken seriously in hand and gently but firmly chloroformed into oblivion.

Why, even in the Garden of Eden, where the first married couple resided, in a beautiful place where they lived, absolutely rent free, and they had no neighbors to criticize them and they were making a name for themselves and winning immortality in literature as the first tenants, the pride of both led to disaster. And pride has been coming between love and happiness in this world of ours ever since that day.

("Marriage Success on Business Lines," will be treated in the January ERA, in this series.)

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### The Beloved Apostle, John Henry Smith.

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(For the IMPROVEMENT ERA.)

So like a splendid sturdy oak, To which the tendrils cling; But Death, alas! with one fell stroke, Laid low the kindly king.	So big of heart, so broad, and true; The clasp of his warm hand Would hope and happiness renew, And every doubt withstand.
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An oak whose branches overhung And spread beyond the wall, Whose sunlit leaves an anthem sung Of charity for all.	A friend of all, a patriot he, Who loved the Starry Blue And crimson Bars of Liberty Which hold man's rights a-view.
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How, yester, Zion did rejoice To hear his words of cheer; Today her grief she cannot voice But silent drops a tear!	His words were peace, his life was love; Exemplar to the race; Ambassador of Him above, A witness of His grace.
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But he still lives, a mighty oak  
To which the tendrils cling;  
And age on age, with gladsome stroke,  
Shall praise and homage bring.

RUTH MAY FOX.

# Fuji San, Mecca of the Japanese Pilgrim

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BY JAY C. JENSEN, MISSIONARY TO JAPAN.

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When in the "grades," I first heard of Fujiyama, the beautiful, sacred mountain of Japan, and the thousands of religious pilgrims who climb to its summit every year. Little did I dream that some day, I also would mingle with them. When called to labor in this land, I tried to recall all I had read and heard of it, but by far my most vivid recollection was a picture of Fuji San in my first geography. I made up my mind that when I reached Japan, one of the things I must do would be to climb the famous mountain. Later, when I had learned some of the language, and found that the Japanese have a saying that he who does not climb Fuji is a fool, and that he who climbs twice is a fool, I renewed my determination to make the trip.

With peculiar feelings of expectation, I left Tokyo for Kofu City, at 5 o'clock on the morning of July 17. At Kofu I was to join some of the missionaries to ascend the mountain together. On the train I had a long talk with a doctor who had passed through Utah some years ago, and was very interested in hearing something of its history. The road between Tokyo and Kofu is mostly through mountains. There are forty-three tunnels, in about as many miles. One of the tunnels, the longest in Japan, is approximately three miles in length.

At 11:30, at Kofu, I was met by Elders James Scowcroft, of Ogden, and James Miller, of Murray, Utah. At the mission house we met Elders Joseph H. Stimpson, of Riverdale, and Lloyd Ivie, of Salina, Utah. A little later, a fine dinner, specially prepared by the Kofu elders, was served. Having labored in Kofu for six months last year, I had many friends there. All the afternoon, until late in the evening, there were some of them at the mission house.

The next morning Elders Scowcroft, Miller, Ivie and the writer caught the 5 o'clock train and rode thirty miles towards Tokyo. to the little town of Otsuki, where we changed to the

"*tetsudo-basha*," a little horse car with a capacity of ten people, but into which sixteen of us were crowded. We had a fifteen-mile, three-hour ride, up a rather wide canyon which here and there opened up enough for fair-sized towns to be built. Fuji San was in sight all the way; as we approached she towered higher and higher, while the apparently smooth sides grew rugged, with cliffs and canyons.

At the end of the horse-car line, we were immediately taken



MT. FUJI—VIEW FROM THE LAKE-SIDE OF SHOJIN.

in charge by two old men, rustling for the best hotel in the little town of Yoshida. We went with them for dinner. On the way to the hotel, each of us purchased a large hat made of split bamboo and grass. One of the men had an English vocabulary of four words, viz., wife, boy, girls, and fan, and he used them on us all the way to the hotel.

Our dinner consisted of boiled rice, boiled potatoes, a can of Chicago corn beef, and some cider. The landlord pressed us to take a guide, as the trail could be easily lost; some canned goods, because the food on the mountain was very poor, and some coolies to help us climb, and to carry some extra bedding, as the accommodations to be had on the trail were very insufficient. We told him that none of the things he proposed were necessary, and that we could eat anything the Japanese could, and could sleep in any bed

that they could. He thought we were about the most peculiar foreigners he had ever seen. We had been in the country too long.

We ordered horses, and when they came, there was a boy to lead each one. We had to submit, but as the trail was quite steep we could not ascend faster than a walk. We donned our big hats, gave our climbing staffs to the horse boys, mounted, and were off.

The road led through a beautiful grove of cryptomeria trees in the midst of which was situated the Sengen temple. Leaving the grove we traversed the foothills for about six miles to "Umagaeshi" (horse turn back). Our boys said that their horses could go part way up, so we decided not to turn them back, but to ride just as far as possible. After fifteen or twenty minutes of rest, we again mounted, and the real climb of the mountain commenced.

The distance from Umagaeshi to the summit is unequally divided into ten divisions called "go." The stations are therefore called first "Ichi go me," second, "Ni go me," and so on, the last before reaching the summit being the ninth, or "Ku go me." Our horses were able to carry us up as far as the fifth station. This station is just at the timber line. We could not see much of the surrounding country until we reached there, but the ride was delightful. The trees were large and thickly set, and the underbrush, vines and ferns luxuriant. Occasionally, through a vista in the trees, we beheld one or more of the many lakes that cluster around the foot of the mountain. We stopped at each station long enough to have the station's stamp put upon our staffs to show that we had been at that place. Each stamp cost us one sen (one-half cent). We reached the fifth station at 5:45. After paying our boys, we took a snap-shot of the crowd, and commenced the climb afoot. Having ridden eight miles on horse-back, we had but three miles left, but they were the most difficult.

Leaving the fifth station and the timber, we had our first unobstructed view of the country below us. Already we were higher than most of the distant mountains, and were able to look down into the little valleys between them. About ten miles away, four of the beautiful lakes were seen at the base of the mountain. Between two of them we could see the village of Yoshida, where we had mounted our horses. Stringing out in single file, in order to keep on the narrow trail worn by the thousands of pilgrims who climb by this route every year, we commenced working up towards

the sixth station. This required about half an hour. Again we had the station stamp put upon our staffs.

We started up the cinder path and about seven o'clock reached "Roku go me go shaku" (station six and one-half). We were inclined to stop here for the night, but finding a man there who could talk a little English, and who declined to say anything in



CROSSING THE FOOTHILLS AFTER LEAVING YOSHIDA

Japanese, we decided to press on to the next stop, rather than be bored half the night by very bad English. At dark we arrived at the seventh station, and arranged to stop there.

Our hotel consisted of one large room, about fifteen by forty feet. Already about fifteen guests had arrived, and eaten their supper. The building, which was constructed of lava stones, was very low, being only about five feet and a half in the clear, inside, so we all had to stoop in going from place to place, except Elder Miller who, fortunately, was not quite tall enough to interfere with the beams supporting the roof. The floor was made of wood, carried from the foot of the mountain. It was covered with grass-matting which made it quite comfortable, especially after a hard climb. In the center of the room was a five-foot square where the floor was taken out, and there on the ground the fire was burning. Above, hung a large iron pot of hot water, the contents of which later became our evening soup. The room had only two doors, and two small windows, all on the same side, the roof and

walls were black with smoke, so that it was almost impossible to see the length of the room.

Our landlord proved to be a genial old man of about sixty, and soon we had our shoes off and were sitting around the fire watching him make the soup which, with some boiled rice, constituted our evening meal. What it lacked in variety was made up in quantity, and we all thought it was about the finest meal we had ever eaten. As we were eating, the old man put one large quilt, folded once, for each of us for our beds. After telling him that his was the finest station we had passed, that the supper was delicious, and a few other similar things, we had another quilt each put out, and before we were through, still another was rolled up as a pillow for us. Our eyes were sore from the effects of the smoke in the room, and it was quite a relief to go to sleep.

About half past three in the morning, some of the other pilgrims began to get up, and the landlord came and told me that if we wanted to see the break of day and the sunrise, we would have to arise. We got out from between our heavy quilts a little before four o'clock. Within a few minutes we were amply rewarded with a most glorious sunrise. First, a few faint streaks of yellow appeared through the thin haze in the east, then the colors changed gradually into an orange hue, then into a brilliant red, and at last the sun itself, a huge reddish-orange orb, appeared from behind the distant mountains below us.

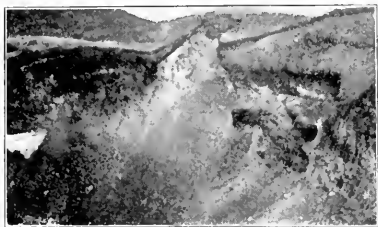
After another meal of soup and rice, we joined a party of Japanese climbers, and at five o'clock were on our way to the summit. From here up, the climb became harder and harder, the ashes and cinders changed to large boulders, and the path became gradually steeper. We kept climbing slowly, slowly, little by little we approached the summit, always in sight above us. At station eight, we stopped and had our sticks stamped, then went on again. Elders Scoweroft and Miller were not feeling very well, the breakfast soup not having agreed with them. By going slowly, however, they were able to keep climbing, and at last, after a very hard stretch of trail, we arrived at station nine. This station is built over the trail in such a way that every one must go in at one end of the little house, and out at the other. From here to the summit was only a quarter of a mile, but it was the hardest climbing of the whole trip. However, at 7:30 we reached the tenth station on the summit. Here we immediately had our sticks stamped again.

and bought some souvenir chopsticks and a fan. The latter was not for use, however, as snow and ice, and a very cold wind made it quite unnecessary.

At last we were on the top of Fuji, the highest (except Mt. Morrison, in Formosa), the most beautiful, and the most famous mountain in this mountainous land of Japan; and the one Frank G. Carpenter, calls the finest and most beautiful mountain in all the world. She stands alone, rising from a large fertile plain, (except on the south side where the ocean washes the base) to a height of 12,390 feet, that being the altitude of Kengamine, the westernmost and highest point of the crater wall. Though Fuji San is now quiet, she is still a volcano, and eruptions took place up to 1708, at which time ashes fell six inches deep at Tokyo, seventy-five miles away. Even now, at several places near the lip of the crater, steam issues forth from the rocks, and by digging in a foot or two, it is hot enough to boil eggs. The lava streams that have flowed forth from Fuji, in ages past, were immense. One great stream can be traced to the Fuji river, fifteen miles away, and other great streams can be followed on other sides of the mountain.

Fuji ranks high among the many sacred peaks of Japan, and every summer it is crowded with pilgrims. Formerly women could not ascend because of religious beliefs, but now they are allowed on the summit, and are not compelled to stop at station eight which formerly was the limit for them.

After a short rest we began the trip around the crater. Elders Scoweroft and Miller turned back shortly after we started, while Elder Ivie and I finished the trip. We commenced from the east side. The weather was fine. There were some clouds, but they were higher than the summit, so did not obscure our view of the country below. From the east side, we could see in the distance the Tokyo plain, with Tokyo far up the



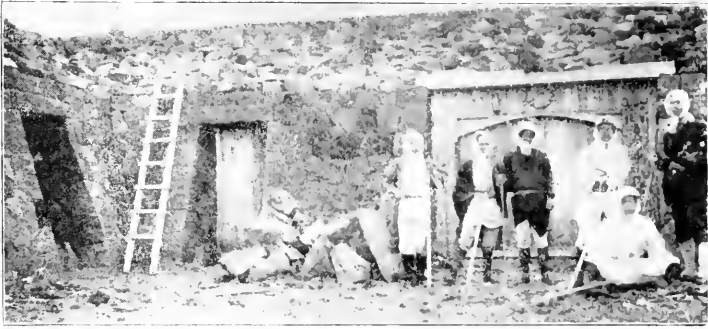
LOOKING INTO THE CRATER, 2,000 FEET WIDE AND 600 FEET DEEP.

bay. Closer in, the capes and islands of Tokyo bay were seen and a little to the south, and still closer, was beautiful Lake Hakone, one of Japan's most popular summer resorts. Between Lake



Hakone and the foot of the mountain were some snow-white clouds which made it impossible to see the foot of the mountain on that side.

The summit is made up of a series of peaks surrounding the crater which has a diameter of about two thousand feet, and a depth of about six hundred feet. The trip around occupied an hour, the distance being said to be a little more than two miles, although that seems an exaggeration. Climbing up the path to the first little peak, we had our first glimpse of the crater. Great snow banks still remained on the south side. Except on that side, the crater walls are perpendicular.



THE MAIN TEMPLE ON TOP. THE CREST OVER THE CENTER IS THAT OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY—THE 16-PETAL CHRYSANTHEMUM.  
J. C. JENSEN ON RIGHT.

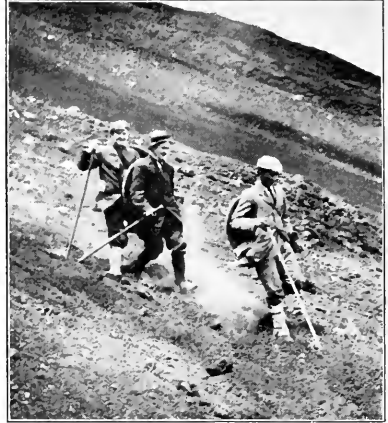
Turning to the left, and passing outside the wall a little way, we came to three places where steam was issuing out of the rocks. Crossing a little hollow we came to the "Gimmeisui" spring (famous silver water), at the head of the trail from the south side. A little farther we came to the chief temple of the mountain, a little building of lava rock. On the front is a gilt crest of the Imperial Family, a sixteen-petal chrysanthemum. The gate in front of the temple has not been re-erected this year, and was on the ground in front of the temple, all of which was sadly in need of repair.

A little walk, and we were on top of Kengamine, the highest point of the mountain, and from which the most extensive view is obtained. To the south is the ocean, on the west and north stretch range after range of mountains, for a hundred miles. Southwest

is the Fuji river, whose wide, rocky bed is hidden in many places by the low, intervening hills. To the northwest can be seen the Kofu Valley, with the city nestling against the low hills on the further side. Descending from Kengamine, the path passes under it, just over a high cliff. Continuing north along the crater's lip, which is here very narrow, we have on one side the crater itself, and on the outside, a great gorge that seems to drop almost perpendicularly, downward about six thousand feet. Rising again, the path leads to another ice-cold spring called "Kimmeisui" (famous golden water). Five minutes more, and we were back at the huts, by the Yoshida trail, where we ascended.

At 11:30 we commenced the decent by a different trail. The first two thousand five hundred feet to station six we ran in twenty minutes. To ascend took

more than three hours. The trail follows a little depression full of cinders and fine ashes, enabling us to run just as fast as we dared here. Having plenty of time, we took long steps occasionally. Clouds had gathered around the foot of the mountain, and we passed through them, emerging just as we reached station one. Here we rested and had our sticks stamped. I sewed a few stitches in one of my shoes, to make it hold until I could reach Tokyo. Sliding down through the cinders was hard on shoes, and three of us had our shoes tied on with small ropes, which the Japanese use on their straw climbing sandals.



DOWN 2,500 FEET IN 20 MINUTES. THE TRAIL FOLLOWS A DEPRESSION FULL OF CINDERS AND ASHES.

JAS. SCOWCROFT, JAS. MILLER, LLOYD IVIE.

From here to Umagaeshi is a distance of three miles. It was a beautiful walk, through a dense forest, in which here and there an opening had been made for little temples and shrines. At one temple we asked how far it was to Umagaeshi, and the priest said that it was about twelve "cho" (a little less than a mile). After walking about five minutes, we came to a little rest-house, and were informed that

it was about fourteen "cho" to Umagaeshi. After about ten minutes more, we met a man on horse back and again inquiring found that it was eighteen "cho." Deciding that none of them knew any more about it than we did, we plodded on for about five minutes when we suddenly came into the rest-house at Umagaeshi. Here we ordered a carriage, a two-wheeled contrivance with no springs. A top was attached to protect one from the sun. On a hard road, it would have been a rough thing to ride in, since we had to sit on the bottom, but the road was covered a foot deep with cinders and ashes, so it was not very hard riding.



HALF WAY DOWN.

JAY C. JENSEN, JAS SCOWCROFT, JAS. MILLER.  
Heber, Utah. Ogden, Utah. Murray, Utah.

cinders and ashes, so it was not very hard riding.

After about an hour's ride, we arrived at Subashiri village. As the six o'clock car would connect with our train for Tokyo, we decided to wait, and spent the hour in conversing with a crowd of children who gathered to see us. This ride of five miles was through a very pretty country—groves of pine and bamboo, and rice fields. At 7:15 we arrived at Gotemba station, on the main



OUR CARRIAGE (?) FOR FIVE MILES:  
HALF WAY DOWN.

line of railroad, running from Tokyo to southern and western Japan. We caught the train for Tokyo, arriving half an hour later.

TOKYO, JAPAN.

## John Engleman and the Spirit of Christmas.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE CASTLE BUILDER,"  
"ADDED UPON," ETC.

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They came from the west; there were two of them only; they were not wise; neither had they a star to guide them.

It was a cold day for traveling. The storms of the past few days had made the roads soft; but they were now being crusted by the frost through which the tired horses broke at every step, and the wheels dragged heavily. The two travelers sat in the spring-seat of the farm wagon. The young man's coat was buttoned to his chin; driving gloves covered his hands; a slouch hat hung over his ears. The woman by his side was muffled and wrapped so that her face only was exposed. This, it could be seen, though young and pretty, was now pinched and careworn.

"Harvey," asked the young woman, "where are we? I'm cold."

"We are nearly to the point of the mountain," replied her companion. "We are making the best time possible on these roads." He drew the blankets up farther over her lap and tucked them well around her, though his own knees were uncovered. He touched the horses with the whip, to which they unwillingly responded.

The sky, clear during the first part of the day, was now overcast again. The wind blew from the north, and there was a feeling of snow in the air. Christmas was but a few days in the future, so the weather was seasonable enough; but it was most cold and miserable to those two sitting on the wagon, suffering not only from outside cold, but also from that which comes from some unknown source deep in the human heart.

For fully an hour the horses plodded on, the two travelers sitting as if wholly withdrawn within each others' thoughts. Not a word was spoken. The long stretch of road came to an end, and the horses tugged slowly up the hill. Twice they stopped to rest before they reached the summit. Then as they trotted down

the hill towards the village, its lamps gleamed through the darkening gloom, and the first flakes of snow began to fall.

Less than a year ago, these two, Harvey and Clara Woodson, newly made man and wife, had traveled over this same road going westward to take up land and to make a home for themselves. With high hopes they had set out to realize their dreams of future happiness; but now they were returning, their dreams vanished, their star of hope set in a dark sky, their hearts cold, and troubled, and sad. This was the end, they said to themselves. What had the future in store for them? Oh, what a lot of misery could be tacked into the short time between Christmases!

What was the trouble with these two? It would be hard to put a finger on one particular cause of their falling out. Neither of them had been guilty of any great wrong, but there were many little things that displayed a lack of wisdom, misunderstandings, unthoughtfulness, unkindness as to each others feelings, unchecked tempers, unwillingness to forgive and forget. They had not understood that love, to be stamped as true, must undergo a test. Love amid sunny skies and blooming flowers is quite different from love amid poverty, hard work, and the testing of muscles and tempers. These two had been unschooled; and now at the first hard lessons, they had failed. Yes; they had agreed that their troubles had piled up to mountain height, insurmountable. The only way to end the struggle, they thought, was to separate. She would go back home to her mother; he might go where he would. This they had decided on, and were now carrying out.

The hardest part of that journey was the end. As they neared the village, each felt that the silence between them ought to be broken. He wanted to say something, and a thousand thoughts crowded into her mind to which she could not give expression.

At last they drew up to a gate. Her father and mother had known of their coming, and were waiting. Harvey leaped down first and lifted his wife to the ground, holding her close for an instant before she ran with a little cry from him into the house. Her boxes and trunks were unloaded, then the young man climbed back into the spring-seat.

"Harvey," pleaded Mr. Waite, "you're not going home tonight."

"Yes, I'll drive right on."

“Don’t be foolish. Come, we’ll put up your tired team—you go in and get warm.”

“Not tonight, thank you just the same. I, too, am going home. Good night.”

The horses were told to go. Clara’s father and mother stood in the lamp glow from the open door, the snow flakes alighting on their uncovered heads, while they saw their son-in-law drive on down the road and disappear in the darkness.

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John Engleman was far removed from the spirit of Christmas, both in thought and feeling. The rising north wind, whistling around the corners and rattling the loose boards of his shanty, threatened snow. Within, the rusty stove glowed with heat when John piled in the sage-brush; but if this work was neglected for any length of time, the fire died down and the stove became cold. And John Engleman, careless, of both self and fire, sat in his improvised chair by the stove with no light but that which came uncertainly from the open door of the stove.

A strong puff of wind blew the shanty door open, at the same time driving the smoke from the stove into the room. John arose, went to the door as if to close it, but instead, he stepped outside and looked up into the sky. He saw the snow coming, but it meant nothing particular to him. His stock had been provided for, his two horses were well housed for the night. His dog shared with him a corner of the shanty near the wood-box; and were not these all that were immediately dependent on him? As for himself, well, the shanty was not very comfortable, especially in cold weather, but what of it? His house in town, or for that matter the finest in the land, could not just now give more of happiness or of a contented mind.

With a parting look into the sky, John Engleman went back into the house and closed the door tightly after him. He lifted the lid from the stove and forced in some more brush. Then he lighted a lamp, but he found the chimney so smoky that he took it off again and cleaned it. He could now see to read.

To read! He had not read a book for long months. What to him were the petty or foolish imaginings of others when he himself had lived so intensely; but he knew it was well sometimes to get away from one’s own thoughts to those of others, and to take part

in others' adventures and experiences. What should he read that evening?

His box of books was packed ready to be carted away the next day, but he would have to find something among them—something that would either entertain him or would send him asleep to the land of oblivion. He drew out a small, well-worn volume. It proved to be Dickens' CHRISTMAS CAROL. Why, to be sure, it was time to read it again. Each year, just before Christmas, John Engleman had made it a practice to read this little story to put him in the proper Christmas attitude. So far, the custom had succeeded in its object very well; but could he read it again?

A little more than twelve months had passed since he had read the CHRISTMAS CAROL—it seemed a long time ago. How they—Clara Waite and he—had enjoyed that reading! How they had drank in the sweet spirit of Christmas! How they had denounced grouchy old Scrooge and his stinginess! How they had danced with delight at the Fezzewig's party! How they had enjoyed their visit at Bob Cratchet's, and how they also had feasted with the family on that wonderful roast goose and more wonderful plum pudding! Should he read the story again, and alone? He sat and thumbed the book, noting some places he had underscored. He read over the greeting between Scrooge and his nephew, then continued, following all the pranks of the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmas Future, as they took their charge over England's green fields and among London's murky streets.

The wind blew hard outside, and the snow now came beating against the thin walls of the shanty, lodging closely in windows and door. John hugged the stove. The brush fire was out when the repentant Scrooge of the story, rejoicing that he still had a chance to shape his life for the better, went to spend a merry Christmas with his nephew.

"A great story," said John to himself. "Some day I'm going to London just because it was Dickens' town. Out in this wild west such things as the novelist describes could not be. Here there are no Scrooges, no Bob Cratchets, no such poverty of spirit or body. Here is God's big, free, open country, where everybody can get a decent living, and where there are no despots to grind the face of the poor. No; that is true, but there are other things—heartaches, loneliness, disappointments, and "

Go to bed, John Engleman, and sleep off those brooding thoughts.

He had stripped himself of his coat, getting ready to tumble in, when he heard the whinney of a horse near his door. Listening, he caught a wagon's muffled roll through the snow. Slipping on his coat again, he went to the door, opened it, and peered out into the snow storm and the blackness.

"Halloo, who's there," shouted John.

The wagon stopped, and a voice replied from the seat, "Is that you, John? What are you doing here this time of the year?"

"Who is it? I can't see you out there."

"I'm Harvey Woodson. Don't you know me?"

"Harvey! Well, I never! and what are you doing here this time of the night?"

"I'm traveling—on the way home."

"Are you alone? Where—where's your wife?"

"She's not with me. She's at her mother's."

"Well, that's a good place to be on such a night as this;—but, say, your team is all fagged out?"

"Yes; we've been going all day. It's cold, too." There was no ring to the voice that came through the falling snow, and John Engleman discerned it.

"Look here, Harve," said he, "you had better stay with me over night. There is room in the stable for your horses, with plenty of feed; and you can bunk with me."

The driver sat without replying. The horses hung their heads in exhaustion.

"Come," urged John, "drive into the yard, and I'll help you."

"Thank you, John, but I guess I'll drive on."

"Not much. You'll stay with me tonight, and you can drive on early in the morning." He took the horses by the lines, led them into the yard, and began to unhitch. The driver remained in careless inactivity for some time before he jumped down stiff and cold and, without protesting further, helped put up his horses. They carried some quilts and boxes into the shanty. Then more sage-brush was stuffed into the stove and made to burn.

"Are you hungry?" asked John. "I haven't much, but I can get you something."

"No; never mind. Just let me get warm, then roll up in my blankets and go to sleep."



"Of course, you shall do as you please about that; but what is the matter, Harve?"

"I can't talk about it—not now. I'm just dead tired, and cold."

"Didn't you walk to keep warm?" asked John as he added more fuel to the fire.

"No; I just sat and froze, and nearly went to sleep. Would to God I had, and never wakened."

John was startled. What did this mean? Harvey Woodson had driven westward less than a year ago with his young wife, and here they were back again—and in such a condition. The wife was not ill or worse. John made some guarded inquiries from which he learned that Clara was at her mother's, safe enough in those respects; but further information was not forthcoming. The traveler soon became warmed, then rolled up in his blankets on the floor. He said, no, firmly, when the other urged him to occupy the narrow bunk by the wall.

John Engleman looked wonderingly at his friend, as he lay with face averted. For a long time he sat by the table, feeding the fire when it burned low. Then when he heard the hard breathing of the sleeper on the floor, he also went to bed. But there was no sleep for a long time. There were troubles in the world, other than his own, it seemed, even with those whom he supposed to be supremely happy. Marley's ghost walked again that night, mixing, in some strange, mystic way, with John and his returned friends, Harvey and Clara.

The two men were up by daylight in the morning. There was more life in Harvey, and he said he had slept like a log. John prepared breakfast while Harvey went out to see to the horses. The sky was clear, the air cold. While eating breakfast John explained that he was just ready to move to town for the winter. The other talked on general topics only, until he had hitched his team and was seated in his wagon to drive off. Then he said:

"John, I'm obliged to you. You have helped me a lot."

"I'm glad of it. Let me help some more."

"You can't. Nobody can."

"Why? What is the matter?"

"It's all off between us."

"Between you and Clara?"

"Yes."

"Harve, how can you say that?"

"It's true. Goodbye. I'll see you again soon." He cracked his whip, and the horses pulled out heavily along the road.

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That same afternoon John Engleman deserted his summer camp and with his belongings drove into the village. There he heard more news of Harvey and Clara Woodson, for such things travel quickly. The gossips were busy, and the stories, augmented like a rolling ball of snow, soon assumed large proportions. John listened to the talk, but said nothing, though he thought and felt much, coming as all this did so near a certain tenderness of his own.

Then John withdrew from the village and its talk to be alone. A great temptation had come to him: Clara might yet be his. The thought made his heart leap, and emotions surged through him. A divorce had been mentioned. That would leave her free. His fond dream might yet be realized, that dream from which he had been so rudely awakened when Clara Waite had chosen Harvey instead of him. Hope, then, was not dead, as he had concluded.

Was he selfish? Yes; but is not all love selfish? Why should not he have a taste of happiness? He would not quarrel with Clara. He had a better way, he was wiser. Besides, Harvey had had his chance, but had not made good. The coming together of those two had been a terrible blunder which he alone could correct. He had always thought that Clara was for him—yes, he remembered clearly how she had come into his life, and how she had chased away the dull care that was making him an old man. And here were his first thoughts and impressions vindicated.

These were all temptations, and John Engleman knew it. In his innermost heart he had to acknowledge them to be such, and that he must resist them. His better, more rational self told him this: Harvey and Clara were man and wife. What business had he to think of them in any other way? He had lost once in a fair "fight." Was it not cowardly now to take advantage of a former "enemy" who was down? Conditions were bad enough between Harvey and Clara, and yet he had thought to make them worse. All this John Engleman acknowledged, and yet it was not so easy to give up his thoughts of what might yet be. Christmas was at the door. To whom should it bring happiness? It might come to him—only by bringing misery to others. That was a

worldly happiness, not worthy of the Spirit of Christmas who was supposed to preside at this season of the year. Then another suggestion came to him, came from some small, still voice deep down in his heart, as if the spirit of Christmas might have put it there. This idea grew with him, until at length it became strong enough to assert itself boldly and oppose the spirit of Selfishness—the spirit that had possession of Scrooge in the story, said John Engleman.

The evening of the day that John Engleman had fully made up his mind what to do, he met on the street as if by good fortune Clara Woodson's father. They stopped, as was their custom, and passed the time of day.

"And how is Clara?" asked John.

The father looked keenly at the enquirer as if to discern his meaning. "She is as well as can be expected," was the reply.

"I have been thinking that I ought to call and see her."

"Not yet—no, not now."

"You misjudge me, I fear," John hastened to say. "Harvey is, as you know, an old friend of mine. I would go as his friend, to do him good—and her too. I believe I can help them."

"If you can, come by all means. I am apparently helpless."

"I'll go right along with you now."

It was already dark on the village street, so there could be no comment on the fact that John took Mr. Waite's arm as they walked along towards the house. A light shone from the front room, and there they found Clara and her mother.

"Here's an old friend come to see you," said the father.

John shook hands with Mrs. Waite and then with Clara. He saw that the once rosy-cheeked girl was now a hollow-cheeked woman, with lines of care in her pale face. She greeted him quietly, somewhat reticent. They all talked for some time on commonplace matters, and then at Mr. Waite's contrivance, John and Clara were left alone.

"Clara—Mrs. Woodson, I called this evening for a purpose," began John.

"Don't!" she exclaimed, moving towards the door as if to follow her father out.

"Pardon me, but you do not understand. I have not come as I once did. I am here as Harvey Woodson's friend, to do good for him if I can. He has helped me many a time, and now I want

to help him. . . . He stayed with me the night you both came home."

The woman stood still, listening intently.

"Yes—and what did he say about me?" she asked.

"He said nothing about you; he would not talk; but I could see that he has taken his trouble terribly to heart."

With a little startled cry she stepped nearer the speaker, then sank into a chair by the table. John Engleman now knew how unfounded his own momentary hopes had been. His duty became plainer, and he received added strength to do it.

"I am going to see Harvey tomorrow," continued John; "and I want to bring a message to him from you—a message of good will. It's Christmas time, you know."

"Yes, but—he doesn't care."

"Don't say that; I know better."

"Then why has he treated me like this?" She spoke with a rising temper.

"Like what?"

"Well—never mind. . . . I don't understand you. What do you want?"

"See here, Clara, I'm going to be plain. You two have quarreled. Neither of you will give in now, nor make the first advances toward a better understanding. Someone else must help you, and I have come to do that."

"It is useless. You can't do anything. Harvey—"

"Sh—I can help because I know you both so well. You can't deny that I know about your quick temper and other weaknesses. I remember how that temper of yours used to come up like a thunder storm from a clear sky. Have you overcome that?"

"Well, no, but—"

"Let me tell you something which I want you to think seriously about: once upon a time Harvey Woodson thought you were the most perfect creature out of heaven. He loved you blindly then, even as he now loves you with eyes wide open. He set you high. What have you done to bring his ideals low in the dust?"

She answered him nothing.

"Don't you know," he continued, "that every time we show our weaknesses, every time our ugly natures crop out, those who love us are terribly pained. They see their ideals lowered, and that which they thought was the most beautiful of treasures

robbed of its loveliness; and when these ugly outbreaks continue without any effort at correction, the results are awful. I am not blaming you altogether, but part of the fault is yours, and you must awaken permanently to that fact."

"Why do you come and talk to me like this?"

"Because I am your friend—and Harvey's."

"For no other reason?"

"No—well, yes; there is another reason."

"What is that?"

"Day after tomorrow is Christmas. I have wooed and won the sweet spirit of Christmas—you see, I can win **some** beautiful things." He laughed as if he meant this to be a little joke.

"I don't quite understand."

"Perhaps not. Let me make myself plain." She moved her chair nearer the table on which stood the lamp. She toyed with a book, glancing now and then at the man who was once a lover and who had now come on such a strange errand.

"Let me tell you something about Harvey," said he, "something that perhaps you do not know."

"Yes—all right."

"I have said, and as you know, he and I were chums—until you came. You chose Harvey, which you had a perfect right to do. I—I don't think you made any mistake. . . . No; I may not give you any reasons for that just now, but that does not matter. Harvey was perfectly honorable with me when he learned of my feelings. He came to me and said: 'Old man, I'm out of it. Forgive me for butting in.'

"'Look here' said I 'this is a free country, and you have just as much right to try to win Clara Waite as I have. I think a lot of her, but if I am not mistaken, so do you.'

"'Well, I do', he acknowledged, 'but I'm not going to cut you out.'

"'Harvey Woodson', said I, 'If you can cut me out, I want you to do it. I don't want a wife that somebody else ought to have. Further, I don't want to marry a girl that someone else could have taken from me had he had the chance.'"

"Did you say that?"

"I did, and much more." The speaker moved his chair also nearer the table. "And I repeat that now, for I feel the same today. With that understanding, Harvey sailed in, and won. . . ."



# Reasons for Opposition to the Latter-day Saints.\*

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

(Concluded.)

Then what, was that all? No; the Lord revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith that having been washed clean, having been cleansed from sin by baptism for the remission of sin, by one having authority from God to do it, that thereafter they were to live pure, chaste, holy, upright lives, and sin no more, if they would live without sin, or at least to do as nearly that as it is possible for human creatures to do, who are possessed of the weaknesses that beset human nature. That was the doctrine of Joseph Smith, to live righteous lives, inasmuch as you have been purified, inasmuch as you have been cleansed from sin, inasmuch as God has remitted your sins through obedience to the ordinances of the gospel, that you shall thereafter keep yourself pure and unspotted from the world. Anything wrong in that? Is the world injured by that? Any man injured by that procedure, or by that counsel and requirement? No!

Well, then, what? Then the Lord revealed the great principle of organization by which his Church is to be governed. which the Lord himself established in the Church. The authority of the Holy Priesthood, that of the High Priesthood, the Apostleship, the Seventies, and the Elders, and then the organizations of the Lesser Priesthood—the Bishops, the Priests, the Teachers and the Deacons—God established these organizations in the Church for the government of the people. What for? To oppress them? No. To injure them? No, a thousand times, no. What for? That they and their children might have the benefits of these organizations for instruction, for admonition, for guidance, for revelation, and for inspiration to do that which the Lord requires at their hands, that they may become perfect in their lives, and that they may perfect the organization to which they belong in the Church, as the Lord God has revealed those things to us; that

\*Opening sermon at the General Conference, Oct. 6, 1911.

thereby we may become stronger, more intelligent, possessed of greater faith, of broader understanding of the truth, and of a higher conception of God's principles and purposes for the existence of the children of men in the earth, and for a broader and more perfect comprehension of the ultimate result of obedience to the laws of God.

Is there anything wrong about it? Has anybody been injured? Some people think that we are wonderfully injured, terribly wronged, in consequence of these organizations. I am accused of being tyrannical and unjust. I am accused of robbing and wronging the Latter-day Saints. Well, you know about that. If there is a Latter-day Saint, or a latter-day sinner, beneath the sun, anywhere on earth, in hell, or anywhere else, who can point the finger to an act of mine, wherein they have sustained injury and wrong, God knows I will go farther than they could ask me to go, to make it right; and I have never wronged any man, woman or child, to my knowledge; and I defy wicked men, or good men or women, or anybody else, to point to an act of mine wherein I have violated God's law of chastity. Well, why do you say it? Because no man on earth knows it better than I do myself, and yet my companions, my associates, those who have dwelt with me in secret and in public, those who know me, can bear testimony to the same thing. I never used a dollar belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that I did not have a legitimate right to use, and that, too, by the consent and approval of my brethren, who have the right to say how the funds of the Church shall be expended. I pay my tithing and offerings precisely the same as you do, who are as faithful about it as I am. We do not all do our full duty with reference to this. Many of us shirk our responsibilities in regard to that, to some extent. That is, we feel a lack of faith in the principle and in the promise of the Lord, and we do not always come up to the full standard of the law.

Now, the Prophet Joseph Smith has also revealed to the world a principle that has been practically kept hidden from the foundation of the world. What is it? The union of husband and wife for time and for all eternity. Who knew anything about it? Who comprehended the principle? Who understood the responsibility that dwells with the union of husband and wife, till Joseph Smith revealed it in the simplicity and plainness with which he has revealed it to the world? The world hates that principle, that is,



some do, not all of them, because a great many now are beginning to be leavened with the leaven that Joseph Smith has put into the lump of meal, and now you will hear both ministers and laity say, "Oh, we hope to have the privilege of seeing and knowing and embracing our wives and our children in the world to come." But the Lord revealed that principle to Joseph Smith, and he taught it to the world, and I thank God for that principle. It has opened my eyes. If anything in the world could have made me a better man, or a better husband, if such a thing is possible for me to be a good husband at all, it is that principle that the Lord has revealed, which shows me the obligations that I am under to the mothers of my children. He has taught to us the principle and the ordinance of the everlasting covenant, the union of parents and children for time and all eternity. What did the world know about it? Nothing. And yet the world is vexed about these things, that is, the majority. I modify it, because I believe that there are thousands and tens of thousands of men in the world that are not identified with the Latter-day Saints, who actually believe those principles, and would accept them if their financial and social conditions in the world, and their good name or reputation, would only permit them to become members of the Church in good standing, and not lose their favor with the world,—they would be glad to do it. They believe the doctrine. And not only that, but the Lord revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith the necessity of the children turning their hearts towards their fathers, and revealed to the world the fact that the hearts of the fathers were already turned towards their children in the dispensation of the fulness of times, and that there was a work most sacred and most important that the children must perform, if they have the opportunity to do it, for the redemption of their dead, that have died without the knowledge of the gospel.

God has revealed these things, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, to the world, and the world does not like these things. Why? Because they are in advance of anything the world are willing to accept. These things go beyond the mere belief that a man will be saved and exalted into the highest glory of God, simply by saying on the gallows that he believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. That is a fallacy. Every man will be judged according to his works, whether they be good or whether they be evil, and that is a doctrine that was advanced and taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith

in plainness that cannot be ignored; every man will be judged according to his works, whether they be good or whether they be evil. Anything short of that would not and could not be of God, if God is just, if God is righteous, if God is impartial; then this principle of justice is a righteous principle, and it certainly has emanated from God, and not from Joseph Smith, nor from man.

It would be unfair in me to occupy much more of your time this morning. I thank my God for what is called "Mormonism." I thank the Lord that he has permitted me to come into the world in this dispensation. I am full of gratitude to my Heavenly Father that he has honored me with the Holy Priesthood; that he has called me to be a witness of him, and a witness of his Son Jesus Christ to the children of men. I thank God my Heavenly Father that he has honored me in the midst of my brethren, that he has given to me their confidence and their love, and that I am sustained and upheld by them in my ministry. I feel grateful and thankful for all these things, for these are better to me by far, than any favors, praise, or honors the world could bestow, and I have no fear of the evil that is said of me by wicked and corrupt men.

I believe in the gospel in its fulness. I believe in the Holy Priesthood, in its power, in its rightfulness to administer in the temples, and in the waters of baptism, and in the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and for the healing of the sick, and for ordinations, and for all other purposes for which the Priesthood is rightfully used. I believe in the gathering of Israel, and I believe that the day will come when the valleys of the mountains will become too strait for the people of God. I believe that the time will come when we shall have to colonize abroad, when we shall have to spread abroad in the earth, for I believe that the Lord designs that eventually the people that will name his name in righteousness, and that will believe in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, together with his works, will spread over the earth, and especially spread over this land of Joseph, which the Lord has preserved in which to establish his kingdom and his Church in the latter days. I believe that as much as can be, but I do not believe that the time has yet come when our people can scatter abroad here and there, singly or by two's or three's, or by little companies, away off in Central America, away off into Southern Mexico, away off into the northern limits, and away down to the western sea, or over onto the Atlantic seaboard. I do not believe the time

has come that we can diffuse our strength and scatter ourselves abroad in the world, or colonize to such an extent and carry out the purposes of the Lord. I don't think that time has come. When it comes, the Lord will make it manifest, and we will be able to do it, too, when that time comes.

I believe that an over-ruling Providence compelled us to establish settlements in Canada, when they were established there, and I believe that the same Providence overruled and compelled us to establish settlements in northern Mexico, at the time that they were established there. I believe that President Young was moved by a correct principle, and by prophecy and inspiration, when he determined that we should settle in Arizona and New Mexico, in the south. I think that he was moved by the spirit of wisdom when he determined that we should settle at and in the vicinity of St. George, and we should build a temple and establish a colony there. I believe this. Why? Because he directed those movements by the inspiration of the Almighty, and therefore it was right, and when the Spirit of the Lord moves upon his servants who preside over the Church, to build colonies in distant lands, it will be time enough for you to go, and we will call you to go, some of you ; but not till then.

Now, my brethren and sisters, in conclusion I want to say this; you may think perhaps that I have devoted too much time in criticising, making illustrations between the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the doctrines of the world. You may think I have been too generous in my use or reference, at least, to those who despitefully use you, and who persecute you, and who say all manner of evil against you, falsely. You may think so, but I have done it merely with a view to showing the contrast between the spirit of the Evil One, and the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Our spirit is a spirit of peace, of good will to all mankind. We are seeking to build up and to establish righteousness in the hearts of the people, and I want to see you, as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, male and female, so industrious, so active in the discharge of your duties as Latter-day Saints, so humble, so submissive to the will of the Lord, that you will not have time to spend in magnifying the weaknesses, the follies and the faults of your neighbors, and of your fellow members of the Church. The Lord knows there is evil enough said in the world thoughtlessly, and without any particular

intent to do wrong, but merely through the weakness of men to talk, talk, talk, and say nothing—let us work and not talk. Let us at least try to say no evil of our fellow members in the Church. Let us cease to magnify the follies and the weaknesses of members in the Church. Let us cease to find fault with those who preside over us, the bishop and his counselors, the presidency of the stake, and the members of the high council. Let us cease to find fault with industries which are instituted in our midst for the purpose of giving to the people prosperity and advancement, a means wherewith to build themselves up, and with which to build up, or help to build up Zion. Let us not find fault with these things. I have a letter in my pocket today from a member, at least a former member, of the Church, who is now ready to leave the Church, and wants his name taken from the records, because the sugar factories run on Sunday, and I am president of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company. My friends who are largely interested in this industry, have honored me by making me the president of that organization. This man writes to me and demands that I shall stop the making of sugar on Sunday, and if I do not, he wants his name taken from the rolls of the Church. Well, now, you can't reason with a man of that kind. You can argue with him, it is true, but you can't reason with him, for a man of that description has no reason. He is not capable of reason, and the fact is that our sugar factories have brought more prosperity, more wealth into our country, than any other single industry that has ever been established among us; and for nine months, at least nine months, in the year, those sugar factories not only keep every Sabbath day holy, and do no work in it, but they keep every other day in the year or in those months, sacred, too, for they do not do anything; they just lay idle for nine months in the year. But when they start, the juice from those beets has to run through miles and miles of piping, of tubes that are heated at a certain temperature, that is necessary to evaporate the water from the juice, condense the juice into a condition to make sugar out of it; and if you stop that one day, you ruin the whole run for at least twenty-four hours, and perhaps a great deal more. And what else? Why, every stockholder, and every man who raises beets in the country, would be ruined, for the beet factories would have to shut up; they could not succeed, if they did not, when they opened, run night and day, Sundays included, through to the end. It is the fool that saith in his heart, "No one has wisdom but me."

Now, my brethren and sisters, we are doing the best we know how. Our lives, our labors, our efforts, our intentions are like an open book to all who may read clearly, and they may run while they read. I want my brethren and sisters to do as I am trying to do, and I don't want to say it boastfully, for I do not feel that way. I want you to pay your tithing as honestly as I do. That is all I will ask of you to do in that regard. And if you will pay your fast donations for the poor, and if you will help to maintain your ward organizations as you should, as members of the Church, in which promise of blessing is involved in every instance, I can tell you that the world will have less and less power, and less and less reason to say,—I was going to say evil things,—but they will find less reason and less occasion to say flattering things of us, because we will be that much better, and the better we are, the more the devil will rage, and the more bitter he will be. But, as President Young said at one time, and as repeated later by President Woodruff, the more righteous and upright, pure and undefiled, the Latter-day Saints become, the less power will Satan have over them, for in proportion to your unity and uprightness, honesty and fidelity to the cause in which you are engaged, in such proportion will the power of the adversary be weakened, and those who are seeking to entice your sons and daughters into haunts of shame, and dens of wickedness, that they might be defiled, corrupted, wicked, and “like the rest of them,” will have less power over you, if you will watch your children better, and live better lives yourselves.

God bless you, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus, Amen.

### The Message.

(FOR THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.)

From hills of the shepherds, the plain by the sea,  
 There breaks through the stillness a message to me.—  
 A message sublime that doth my being thrill  
 With rapture of joy, born of peace and good will.  
 “Peace, peace on the earth, good will unto man!”  
 As the message of angels o'er Bethlehem rang;  
 May tones of my heart unto others extend;  
 To brighten their lives, my hands ever lend  
 The measure of love, thus striving to be  
 A worthy disciple, my Savior, of Thee.

GRACE INGLES FROST.



Verses selected from **THE ROSE**, a poem by  
**ALFRED LAMBOURNE.**

*The Rose from all this Beauty takes a part,  
While now Life's deepest Passion rules the hour,  
Now Opens to the Light its fragrant Heart,  
The wondrous Richness of the perfect flower!*

*Of Love Triumphant, Love's exhaustless Pain,  
Behold the Rose a Symbol and a Sign!  
Let no rough hand, with vandal touch, profane  
The Rose whose Beauty makes its Life Divine!*





O, now while Beauty holdeth Life in trance,  
And to the Rose each Lover tells a name,  
O through the Veins I feel the Hot Blood dance.  
And in my Heart there burns the Quenchless flame!

Upon the Rose's splendor let me Gloat,  
Or on fond Lips now waste my Heart in sighs;  
Love's fullness throbs and bubbles at the throat,  
The Sweets of Life are Mine in Richest guise.

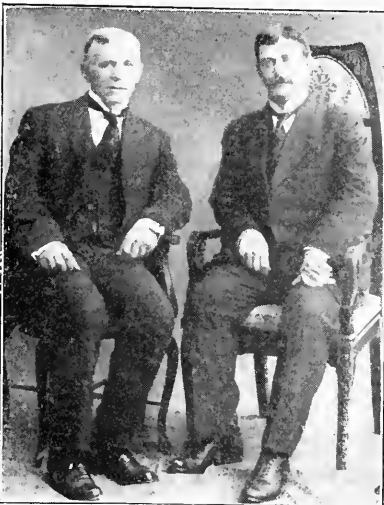


# An Interview with King Haakon VII of Norway.

BY JOHN HALVORSEN.

[The average missionary of the Latter-day Saints has many extraordinary experiences during his missionary tour, but it seldom falls to the lot of any of them to stand in the palaces of kings. Our correspondent, however, has experienced this sensation, and his account of it, coming from his own pen, will prove of general interest. His Majesty the King of Norway, in showing the elders of the Latter-day Saints, and representatives of the people of Utah, such courtesy, has won the esteem and admiration of thousands of his countrymen in this land. Elder Halvorsen's account, under date of September 28, 1911, follows.—EDITORS.]

Today is the beginning of the end of a most beautiful summer in this Northern country, dark and dreary the day, the rainy season having set in for good.



JUDGE C. M. NEILSEN, AND  
JOHN HALVORSEN

But in rain the elders are sure of finding people at home, and make use of the time to continue without interruption their house to house tracting and visiting.

Our meetings are always well attended, four or five hundred every Wednesday and Sunday—half of whom are strangers. We are using all legitimate means at our command to let the people know who we are, where we are, and what we teach. I have personally been favored in the bringing of the plan of salvation, as taught by our great

Teacher, Jesus Christ, to many people both in private and public life.



In company with our friend Judge C. M. Neilsen, of Salt Lake City, who visited here, we had the opportunity, while enjoying the privilege of inspecting the penitentiaries of Christiania, to lay before the wardens many facts concerning the faith and practice of the Latter-day Saints.

As vice-consul and acting consul for Norway, in Utah, we also sought and obtained an audience with King Haakon of Norway, at his palace (Akershus Slot). We presented ourselves at 10:30 a. m. being met in the most polite manner by the King's adjutant, Major Rye.

Since his majesty was engaged when we entered, his adjutant soon had us conversing upon topics of the day. We waited about fifteen minutes, when my name was called, and the polite Major opened the door for me to enter. If my heart beat a little faster than usual, I was soon made to feel easier, for soon I was looking up into the smiling eyes of the king. He is a tall, athletic, handsome man. What I appreciated most was the democracy of his manner. He made me feel at home at once.

He led me over to a large table by which I was seated, after which the king also took a seat, facing me in an audience lasting for twenty-three minutes.

The king at once began to question me in relation to American conditions, which reports said were not the very best. Asked about the importation of Norwegian goods into Utah, I took the opportunity of going into detail, not only relating to the grade of goods imported from Norway, but also about the conditions of the people of Utah. His interest naturally centered upon the Norwegians, and he expressed his pleasure on learning of their good social conditions, and told me twice to be sure to convey to them his greetings and good will.

Judge Neilsen was later ushered into the royal office where he remained twenty minutes. The judge had the opportunity of dwelling on the religious side of the "Mormon" question. He spoke of the visits to Utah and the receptions accorded Erling Bjornson, Ronald Amundsen and Jansen-Fuhr, how the first two, through the press, had expressed their appreciation, and spoken of conditions as they found them; and, on the other hand, how Jansen-Fuhr for mercenary motives spoke falsely about a people in whose presence he had said nothing but praise. He explained to His Majesty, the impossibility of conditions there being as

unfavorable as this man Fuhr represented them to be. Utah is subject to the Constitution and laws of the United States. The federal officers there, as well as the local state prosecuting attorney, had sent letters which the judge had forwarded to the proper authorities in Norway, stating the facts as to the Latter-day Saints, as a people. These letters the King graciously admitted remembering.

The Judge returned from the reception highly elated over the kindness accorded him, and then told me of an incident that happened while I was with the King, which I think is worth repeating.

A telephone inquiry from the press, asked who had audience with the king. The adjutant in waiting read the names in a loud voice of those who had been accorded interviews, and further stated that Vice-consul John Halvorsen, of Utah, was then with the king, and that Judge C. M. Neilsen, of Utah, was next, etc. A couple of officers of high rank, anxiously waiting their turn, pricked up their ears, conversed quietly together, evidently marveling at the idea of letting General Blank and Admiral Ditto, wait forty-five minutes for the sake of two "Mormons."

We left the palace with the feeling that the King of the Norwegians motto is "Justice and Liberty to All."

If I am not asking for too much space, let me take this opportunity to urge the Scandinavian parents in the Church to teach their children the language of their mother country.

If they only knew what a great advantage it is to one sent on a mission to his mother country, to be able at once to converse with the people with whom he comes in contact, they would need no urging from any one to teach their children their mother tongue.

Begin now, give your boys and girls the advantage which the knowledge of the language affords them in this the greatest of all schools,—a two- or three-year mission.

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY.

# The Church Schools.

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## Student Activities.\*

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BY W. W. HENDERSON.

Student activities may be defined as the activities which the student indulges in outside his regular class work. These activities are not generally considered necessary to graduation. The student may graduate with honors and never have taken any part in the activities of the school. They are optional in most of our schools; the student generally suits his own tastes in regard to them. Athletics, debates, musicales, contests of various kinds, and student societies, may be cited as examples of student activities.

Student activities are constantly growing into greater importance. Nearly everybody in the schools, and the majority outside, believe in them. Occasionally a teacher is found who opposes them, because he objects to excessive indulgence, evidently believing that the activities cannot be properly regulated. But we all discountenance excessive indulgence, and believe that the activities can, and should be regulated to prevent it. A few students oppose, or are indifferent toward, them because they think they cannot afford the time. They want every minute to grind at their books. They have not learned the truth that engaging in student activities is the sharpening of the mental tools which will then cut smoother, easier, and more in the long run. Some parents object to the activities. They say, "If a student needs action, let him chop wood," and we are compelled to answer that there is no wood to chop and no corn-fields to hoe, in the crowded cities where most of our schools are located. The modern conveniences of city life have worked the student out of employment, and activities should therefore be provided by the schools. Some will assert that the text-book and the class room furnish enough pass-time for the student, but they greatly overestimate the power of the school. The school does not meet every need of the student

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\*Read at the Teachers Convention, Salt Lake City, June 5-9, 1911.

quite so thoroughly as the patent medicine claims to be a universal cure-all. Some parents dislike the activities on the grounds that they are expensive; a gymnasium suit may be necessary, or an occasional twenty-five cents for the game. A parent recently denied his son graduation, because the diploma fee was one dollar. These objections are not general, and most will agree that they are of very little consequence.

The student gains many advantages out of engaging in the activities at school.

Thorough and systematic exercise is now considered to be a necessity. One's good health is fostered by it. President Eliot has recently stated that the substantial vigor which he enjoys in his old age is largely due to his life-long practice in indulging in regular and frequent exercise. Over forty per cent of the human mechanism is muscular; and it is like many other machines, in that, inactivity is more destructive to it than proper use. Inactivity corrupts more than labor wears, and the active body is always sound and efficient. Stagnant lymph is as depressing to the cells of the body as is a stagnant swamp to a city located in it. Vigorous exercise sets up a rushing blood flow, and the rushing blood stream is as refreshing as a mountain torrent or a canyon breeze.

Physical exercise also increases mental efficiency. Ability to think well depends on bodily vigor. No mind can be clear and capable of real substantial thought unless the body is in a sound physical condition. Abuse of the body will actually bring on a lack of mind-control, and good care will certainly have an opposite effect. Recent experiments have proved the necessity for inducing frequent muscular fatigue in order to give the mind a period of substantial rest during sleep, which is followed by greatly increased ability to do mental work.

Student activities provide an opportunity for the student to be practical. Not in the sense of bread-earning, but in giving him a chance to show, and to properly cultivate, his individuality. It is here that he can show how his education influences his way of doing things. The class soon brings out the student's manner of doing school work; the activity will show how he converses, plays, opposes, contests, and behaves, when he has a period of relaxation. If he is witty, or quick-tempered, or composed, these things show themselves, and in the properly guarded activities the bad may often be removed by the good.

Some boarding schools have been justly criticized because they never provide a time when the student gets a chance to show his individuality. He is called from his bed at a certain hour in the morning, must act according to definitely prescribed rules until breakfast, and is then rushed into his classes for a definite length of time. When school hours are over, his afternoons and evenings are definitely prescribed, and at the same hour of night everyone is rushed into bed. The critical question comes, "When does the student act for himself."

In the student activities of our schools, he has a chance to act for himself. We seldom know just what a student is until we see him act for himself. One student completely surprised every member of the faculty when his leading characteristics were brought to light for the first time, in the senior class exercises, the night before his graduation. He had never shown himself before. He had never taken part in the student activities.

Student activities promote and encourage self-confidence, which is one of the chief essentials to success. We are usually not much more nor much less than we think we are. Self-esteem is a necessary possession. Students lack self-confidence. They are bewildered and confused when before the eye of the public, or student body. Many fail to do themselves justice even before their classes. They need to get before the masses more, to wear away the embarrassment and build up self-reliance.

When a student for the first time takes the platform before a large audience to debate, he sees the multitudes looking at him, and usually discovers, and apparently for the first time, that he has two superfluous hands, and he spends his full time in trying to find a place for these hands. They are thrust into and out of his pockets; they fumble at his watch-fob, roll up the bottom of his coat, fold and unfold the paper he is holding, and swing at his sides, until his knees smite together in sympathy. His anguish is intense; he does not know what he says; he loses the debate.

Every person with any sense of modesty, whatever, possesses this same weakness in some degree. It is overcome only with practice. The debates, oratorical and declamation contests, speeches before the student masses, etc., give the student a much needed practice which cultivates ease, grace, readiness and ability to express himself in public.

Student activities often awaken the interest of the student.

Arousing interest in attending school is one of our primary objects. It is for this purpose that we advertise. Boys and girls are not always attracted by the more substantial elements of a school. Two boys were arguing the relative merits of two schools; one maintained that one school was better, because the basket-ball team won the championship; the other held that the other school was better, because the student paper had the funniest jokes in it. The announcement that a certain school was to have a new gymnasium did wonders toward making a substantial increase in attendance, while there was no noticeable increase beyond the ordinary, in another school, which announced a new building to be devoted entirely to class work. One of the main things which attracted me to college was the swinging apparatus which I saw in use at a well-equipped gymnasium. Once in, there is a good chance of awakening in the student a desire to get an education.

Schools which circulate the book of views are always liberal in showing pictures of student activities. The winning team, the athlete in the act of scoring a point, the celebration with banners flying, the military band in uniform, etc., make up a large part of the subjects for the view-book. The schools have learned that this kind of advertising is attractive, and brings more students to school than a picture, for example, of the bench on which a student sits while he takes his final examination in Latin.

Having shown the value of student activities, in increasing physical and mental efficiency, in the cultivation of his ability to be practical, promoting self-confidence and arousing the interest of the boys and girls in attending school, we may now proceed to enumerate some of the advantages which the school itself derives from these activities.

They furnish one of the means of free advertising open to the school. It is a difficult task to get the work of our schools before the public through the daily press. The schools cannot afford to go into the paper every day with a large square, equal to that of some business firm; and still, it does seem as important that our schools be kept before the public, at least as well as the business of any merchant. The press might even be a little more generous, in this connection. It is often difficult to get our school notes in the paper, for it is claimed that many of them advertise the school, and must therefore be paid for, or cut out. Many good things which transpire daily at every school are not considered to be as

important as the associated press dispatch that a motorcyclist collided with a telephone pole in New Orleans, and many other far-distant and unimportant events to be found daily in our papers, which have absolutely no relation to our interests.\*

There is always a substantial public and press interest in student activities, especially in athletics. This is indicated by the fact that every news-paper of importance in the state has a sporting page; and it might be remarked, in passing, that not one has an educational page. If the school goes into print at all, it is more often through the sporting columns. There is always a reporter at the game, and the managing editor will often give a prominent place on the first page to the write-up. This is our opportunity to bring our schools before the public without charge.

Student activities beget loyalty for the school. The student is aroused in his feelings when he sees his school in contest with another. The game brings out his support. He feels more strongly, then, than at any other time. This is the time when the songs are in order, and the cheers and yells come out spontaneously. He gives his nine rahs, blows his trumpets, waves his flags, and declares he will fight or die for the school. Such loyalty is never brought out except through the student activities.

This gets the public curious and interested. The people come out and join in the glee and enthusiasm of the student. They declare the school to be better than any other, and they get a confidence in and enthusiasm for it. Gifts begin to come, in consequence; we have heard this year of several business houses in the state giving sweaters, robes, trophies, etc., to the school-team winning the championship. This is our opportunity to secure a loyal public.

A well-known newspaper of the state came out last fall with an editorial in praise of the work of the foot-ball team. The editor really seemed enraptured, and in strong terms pointed out how the

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\*It is only fair to our newspapers to say that some school items are not published, simply because they are not written up in newspaper fashion. A news item should be written up as a news item, not as an advertisement which has to be paid for. Newspapers are anxious to get the news—all the news. But they want news written as news, not as mere boosts. Let the schools study the special art of newspaper-writing, and few of their happenings will be turned down.—

team had shown that the school merits the confidence and support of the people. Not a single editorial bearing on education has appeared in that same paper since the close of the foot-ball season.

Student activities should include physical activities, and mental activities. The physical activities should include gymnasium work—marching, stepping, arm, leg, bending, and dancing exercises. These have the advantage of being inexpensive, as they can be done without apparatus. They teach the necessity for instant obedience to commands, and train the ear to interpret and put into action quickly. Grace and ease of posture and carriage are secured, also, besides all the good that is done the organs of the body through physical exercise.

Apparatus like wands, Indian-clubs, and dumb-bells should also be made use of, in connection with the arm exercises. They aid in making the movements more steady; and, since they add weight, also give strength. Heavier apparatus work has supreme advantages also, but it is not the duty of this paper to discuss these in detail.

Games of various kinds, especially tennis, hand-ball, and basket-ball, make excellent indoor activities. The merits of these are no doubt evident.

Field work is very commendable; this has the advantage of being done out of doors where there is plenty of fresh air. Fall and spring should see plenty of outside activities. Baseball, basket-ball, tennis, and golf, are good games; and, in its revised and improved form, it is possible that foot-ball should be added to the list. Foot-ball is pre-eminently a fall sport. Baseball will not do; it is not appropriate for fall. The boys must have some kind of activity, for most have been used to hard work all summer; and the school needs the loyalty, the support and the advertising that it can get through foot-ball, in the fall. The small danger to life and limb characteristic of it has been reduced almost to the vanishing point, and it does seem that foot-ball might well be established again in the Church schools. Boys like it; it makes them heroic and manly.

Mental activities should include declamation, oratory, debates and musicales, for reasons given earlier in this paper. It is not so certain that the opera should exist. On this point there is a division which seems to have about an equal number of followers on each side. Excellent results have been brought about by the opera,



and students have been known to fail in their regular work because of it. It may be said that the student will not lose any more from the regular work than he gains from the special—the opera, but it will be found that interest lost in regular work is not often regained even after the opera is over.

Certain societies might well be organized. The student body organization is a good one. It establishes unity in the student body, and gives an opportunity to act together on many matters pertaining to other activities. Class organizations should be effected for the same reasons. An occasional meeting of the class does much toward giving the students practice in parliamentary procedure, and helps to form a determination to stay together until graduation.

The fraternity should have no place in the schools. It has recently been banished from the whole system of Chicago schools, because of the low grades of the students who belong in them. Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, and President Shurman, of Cornell, have spoken strongly against the fraternity, for the same reasons, and also because the fraternities have not shown that they are doing any good. It is largely on this account that I think fraternities, and secret societies, should be kept out of our schools.

It should be understood that the student activities be well regulated and carefully guarded. It is possible that some students would spend all their time in the activities and never do anything else. These should not only be limited in quantity, but others should be induced to enter.

Necessity for exercise, opportunity to be practical, needed interest in attending school, promotion of confidence, necessity for getting the school before the public, arousing interest and loyalty on the part of the people, and many other good reasons make it imperative that every school indulge freely in good, clean, well-regulated physical and mental student activities.

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**The Standard Oil Company**, in obedience to the recent court decision, began September 1 to distribute among its stockholders the shares of the 33 subsidiary corporations making up the oil trust. It is expected that by December 1 the distribution will be completed.

# The Everlasting Inquiry.

(FOR THE IMPROVEMENT ERA)

“Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?”—Matt. 16:13.

## I.

Some say about as Pilate might have said: “An idle leaf  
Upon an idle stream; a man with a wild belief;  
A dreamer, one who sat and watched the waves of Galilee,  
And took his calling from the winds, his message from the sea.  
There was no blazing star sent out, a vagrant in the sky;  
No angel kept the night the glorious time was nigh;  
Through Oriental imagery, accretions of the years,  
And fallacy of faith, they say, that this strange tale appears.

## II.

Some say that thou art but a man—a Jew—ordained of earth;  
That thou wert called the “Son of God,” to shade a clouded birth;  
The child of a simple Hebrew girl, the son of a man unknown;  
And kept and trained by the carpenter of Nazr’eth, as his own.  
Some say the simple truth you taught, the Greeks had long ago;  
That the Hindoo or the Arab could make up a better show  
Of scripture than the Jewish books that speak thy “Holy Word”;  
That your thoughts were gleaned in Egypt, your divinity’s absurd.

## III.

“This man of Calvary,” they say, “could not have died for me:  
I am my only saviour; blood atonement cannot be  
A truth; there was no fall of man. The history of that age  
Was warped with legend, fable, myth; and painted on each page  
Were devils, witches, fairies, nymphs, and dryads, angels, ghosts.  
And thus the magic Nazarene could make his mystic boasts

Of power supernatural; and by suggestion, make  
Disciples say, and die for it, "He suffered for our sake."

## IV.

Forever men will doubt and skeptics yet again enquire:  
"Art thou a king?" until the King of Kings, in robes of fire,  
Shall take his place. And then, the Magi, from the East  
And West and all around the world, will celebrate a feast,  
And bring their precious tokens and oblations from afar;  
And scholars will believe the sacred story of the star,  
And commemorate the Master's birth in silent eloquence;  
And reckless men will offer, then, the gifts of reverence.

## V.

I am not skilled, nor by clairvoyance have I trained my sight  
To deal with mysteries. And yet, I see thy face by the light  
Of Pentecost, know thou art the Man whose truth has swept  
The deck of the world, whose every word of prophecy is kept.  
I know thou art the Son of God who walked upon the deep;  
Who rose from the shroud and sepulcher, and called men from the  
sleep  
Of death. 'Tis not for me to prove these things—you cannot show  
This truth by demonstration—you can only feel and know.

## VI.

Thou wert born human, thus to show the gods 'tis no disgrace  
To be a man. Thou art divine, to show this mortal race  
'Tis not too great for man to hope to be a God. O thou  
Whom Thomas touched, grant me the strength and faith to keep  
this vow:  
So long as life shall last, so long as I may use my tongue  
Or pen, I will acknowledge thee; and where I go among  
The walks of men, I will proclaim what thou hast sacrificed,  
And say the same as Peter said, "I know thou art the Christ."

DAVID D. RUST.

# The Betrayal.

BY SHIRLEY PENROSE JONES.

It was evening on the first day of the Feast of the Passover, and Jerusalem was crowded with a motley assembly, from all parts of the known world, to commemorate deliverance from the angel of destruction. Devout Jews from Athens, from Egypt, and from nearly every quarter, mingled with the martial soldiers of Rome. The night promised great beauty. To the East of Jerusalem the Mount of Olives stood like a sentinel on watch to guard the sacred city. Undefined sadness was in the air; and over all, phantom mystery hung suspended.

In the valley, leading from the city to the foot of the Mount, a small band of men was slowly wending its way. Upon these men sorrow rested, and One in their midst was burdened with great grief and longing. Yet withal the spirit of peace hovered over him, and from his divine features gleamed the hope of ages. Reaching the Mount they paused, and four of their number, including the Man of Sorrows, went forward into the silence of Gethsemane. With weary steps and heavy hearts they moved.

"Tarry ye here and watch with me," said he upon whom sorrow was most depicted. And going further among the trees he flung himself face downward in agony of prayer: "O my father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Above, the stars twinkled with that splendid lustre known to eastern lands, in living sympathy to this man of Sorrows. Their shining radiance seemed to reach down and soothe his aching heart. The calm serenity of the night entered into his being, as he arose and returned to the other three. They were sleeping.

"Peter, what, could ye not watch with me an hour?" He turned once more to pray. The words of the prophet came to him. "I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered." Before him appeared, as in vision, a scene enacted two days before, in the palace of Caiaphas, chief of the priests. Although not present in the flesh, he yet had seen these details. The chief priests, the scribes, and elders assembled, and with them

one whose garments, by their plainness, betokened a different calling. His face pictured covetousness, as his small, shifty eyes turned towards Caiaphas.

“What will ye give me, and I deliver him unto you?”

Even the worldly Caiaphas recoiled with disgust and contempt from this being who would sell his Master's life for money. Thirty pieces of silver were counted out, and with downcast eyes the traitor shuffled from the palace.

As he beheld, sad recollections came to the Man of Sorrows: How, as John said, “he knew all men,” and “knew from the beginning . . . . who should betray him,” but still with helpful love he had held forth the hand of charity to this traitor. How the traitor, not satisfied with this, desired further honors; of the wounded vanity, when humble Galileans were exalted above him, the only Judean among the Master's close followers. Remembrance of the traitor's failing faith, when the Master refused to claim his kingdom by the force of arms; of the lack of gratitude in the man's little soul, and how day by day he grew more calloused, as his own baseness was measured with the Master's noble character, until, finally, when the little band began to have funds, the traitor, as keeper of the bag, betrayed his trust by pilfering, so that, when enemies were seeking the Master's blood, his greed for gold moved him to this shameful betrayal.

The night was fast going, when, after finding them once more asleep, the Man of Sorrows returned a third time to his three followers. Awakening them he said, “Rise, let us be going; behold, he is at hand that doth betray me.”

A murmuring, barely heard above the whispering trees, was on the breeze. Muffled thunder, the tramp of many feet, had frightened peace from the garden. Louder grew the tramping, more distinct the murmuring voices. Here and there, through the trees, could be seen the gleams of moving torches that, borne aloft, searched out the shadows from the dark places. By the light thus given, the dim outlines of many people were discernible beyond the flashing torches. Clearer and more distinct they grew, and nearer they came.

The Man of Sorrows advanced, “Whom seek ye?” His voice was barely audible.

The oncoming crowd hesitated, expectant. One from them stepped forward and kissing the Master exclaimed, “Hail, Master!”

Sorrowfully came the answer, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss!"

The crowd surged forward, surrounding the Master. In the midst of it he stood, calm and radiant, his face emotionless, save for the sadness of his eyes, and when his followers would have resisted for him, he forbade them.

"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be?" And "they that had laid hold on Jesus led him away to Caiaphas, the high priest, where the scribes and the elders were assembled."

So was the Son of Man betrayed, and that scripture was fulfilled, "He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

This tragic betrayal is but symbolical of the certain consequences when men allow envy, jealousy, ingratitude and covetousness, to take possession of their better selves, and to rule their lives. In the very beginning these traits proved the downfall of Cain, later of Judas, and eventually they will cause abasement and misery to every man who barter to them his rightful heirship in the Kingdom of the Father.

HULL, ENGLAND.

### Ever Look Upward.

(FOR THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.)

Ever look upward, O spirit of mine!  
 Look for the beauties that most brightly shine;  
 Turn thou away from earth's sin and it's crime,  
 Ever look upward, O spirit of mine.

Ever look upward, O spirit of mine!  
 Raise thou a standard both high and divine;  
 Think of eternity more than of time,  
 Ever look upward. O spirit of mine.

Ever look upward, O spirit of mine!  
 Walking the while in these walls of time,  
 Trust thou in God and his message divine,  
 Ever look upward. O spirit of mine.

Ever look upward, O spirit of mine!  
 Naught can more richly ennoble thy prime;  
 And e'en will death wear a mantle sublime,  
 If thou'lt look upward. O spirit of mine.

LOGAN, UTAH.

SARAH E. MITTON.

# In Memory of Christian D. Fjeldsted.

BY DR. CHARLES L. OLSEN.

[A native granite memorial shaft, some twenty feet in height, was unveiled and dedicated in the Logan cemetery on October 22, 1911. It was erected by friends, at a cost of about \$700, in honor of the Scandinavian missionary and former Mission President Christian Daniel Fjeldsted, who was also a member of the First Council of Seventy. Memorial services were held in the Logan tabernacle at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., attended by President Anthon H. Lund, of the First Presidency, and Dr. Seymour B. Young and J. Golden Kimball of the First Council of Seventy. Present were the family, leading Scandinavians from many parts of the state and from Idaho, and a large gathering of friends.

The monument, erected over the grave in the Logan cemetery, was unveiled by Willard, the oldest son of President Fjeldsted, and the dedicatory prayer was offered by President Seymour B. Young, of the First Council of Seventy, under whose auspices the services were conducted. The stone work was done by P. O. Hansen, of Logan, and the chairman of the committee in charge of its erection was C. A. F. Orlob. It stands as a conspicuous and well-deserved memorial to a good man whose remains rest in this delightful spot, on a beautiful elevation overlooking the rich Cache Valley to the west, and shadowed by the snow-capped and pine-bedecked Wasatch mountains on the east. Someone suggested

that an account of Elder Fjeldsted's life and labors, and the striking and often amusing stories which he was so apt in telling, printed in a book, would be not only a more enduring monument to his name than a granite shaft, but would also be of great value in promoting faith and good works among the Saints. The following anecdote, contributed to the ERA by Dr. Charles L. Olsen, of Murray, under date of October 25, is an example among hundreds that could be gathered. —Editors.]

The recent unveiling of the late President Christian Daniel Fjeldsted's monument in Logan, doubtless brought to the minds of his thousands of true and appreciative friends who are yet in the flesh, memories of sayings, anecdotes, and observations of this



truly great mortal, whose make-up was a happy blending of soulful sympathy, appreciation, sincerity, humor, wit and wisdom.

One must indeed be truly great, who has the moral strength and manhood to acknowledge error when committed by him, and who, of his own choice, frankly, boldly, openly, makes restitution, as far as lies in his power. Our friend and brother, Christian Daniel Fjeldsted, possessed this rare and noble trait of character.

Perhaps it is not amiss—for the good such an example of genuine Christian virtue doubtless will produce—to relate an incident of which I am personally cognizant, proving the truth of this statement.

It was during the time Brother Fjeldsted presided in Christi-



THE FJELDSTED MONUMENT, LOGAN CEMETERY.

PHOTO BY RABE.

Inscription, east side: Christian Daniel Fjeldsted, born, Denmark, February 20, 1829; died, December 23, 1905. Erected by his friends and countrymen. On the south side: One of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy, ordained April 28, 1884.

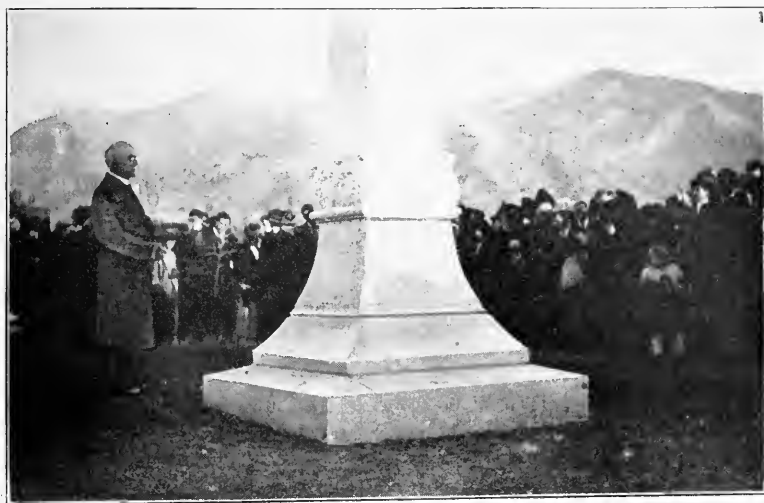
ania, Norway—in 1870 or 1871, perhaps. The writer's own brother, a young man of a very sober and thoughtful turn of mind, had previously emigrated to Zion—as had also his father and some other of the older members of the family. The mother, with five children, remained in Norway, awaiting means with which they also might emigrate. It required several years of patient waiting, however, before the fond expectations of all concerned could be realized, owing to the scarcity of money in Utah, at that time, or,



rather of employment paid for "in money,"—the only legal tender accepted then, as now, in payment for transportation.

From some source or other, President Fjeldsted had obtained the information that the writer's brother referred to was on the road to apostacy. Without taking the trouble of first ascertaining the facts in the case, President Fjeldsted took occasion to publicly warn the local Saints against the evil influence that letters or statements coming from this young man possibly might have.

On hearing this my mother's feelings can better be imagined than described. She naturally conveyed the information to her absent son, who, she had every reason to believe, was true and faithful to the gospel.



ELDER SEYMOUR B. YOUNG DEDICATING THE FJELDSTED MONUMENT. PHOTO BY RABE

Replying, my brother requested that mother take all the letters he had written home, and hand them to President Fjeldsted, asking him to carefully read them and judge of their contents and the spirit they manifested throughout. "Then," said he, in effect, "I demand that Brother Fjeldsted make a public confession of his error in accepting as facts false rumors, regarding my integrity, and giving it the same publicity; and in case he fail, I shall most assuredly see to it that he is dealt with according to the order existing in the Church."

President Fjeldsted received the bundle of letters—scores,

perhaps. A week or two later, at the conclusion of the regular Sunday morning meeting, the president arose and stated that he desired every member of the Church, present, to remain after the close of the services, which they did. Then, before that large congregation of Saints, he carefully went over the points at issue, referring to the great danger of accepting evidence from irresponsible sources, of judging hastily, and of giving currency to rumors which might or might not be true, and then to the stack of letters he had perused, which threw light on the subject involved, etc.

He described very feelingly the evident straightforwardness he had found in the young man thought to be off the track; of his unswerving integrity, his manly efforts, and his living faith; of his intense sincerity, and absolute lack of frivolity, in any form.

In a manner I can never forget, this noble soul then most gracefully confessed his error and wrong-doing publicly; and, speaking directly to mother, and to every one of the children separately, he pleaded for forgiveness, not forgetting the young man he had thus offended.

Mother wept—we were all moved to tears, as were many others. The incident, devoid of animosity or revenge, was touching in the extreme, and left a most sublime impression on the minds of all—perhaps hundreds—who were present.

Here indeed is a striking display of nobility—an example worthy of imitation.

MURRAY, UTAH.

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Stolypin, the Russian Premier, was shot at a gala performance of grand opera, at Kief, on September 14, by a Jew by birth, named Pershkevish, or Demitri Bogrof, a double-role detective who was in the service of both the secret police and the revolutionists. He was hanged September 25, being found guilty by a court martial. The Czar was present at the opera and had witnessed in the afternoon the army maneuvers, and reviewed 4,000 boy scouts in the hippodrome. Premier Stolypin died on Monday, 18th. He was appointed premier, in 1906, and was disliked by the court-clique, because he was a self-made man, and interfered with their corruption: and by the revolutionary party, because he crushed their movements and repressed all kinds of disorders. The laws against the Jews have lately been enforced by him with great severity. On September 23, Waldemar Kokovtself, a liberal, succeeded to the premiership. He was formerly in charge of the prisons, and made many reforms, and was made Minister of Finance in 1890, which office he will still hold.

# From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers.

The Original Diary of Erastus Snow.

EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW.

## X.

In our last issue the advance company was making preparations for crossing the Platte. Continuing his journal, Erastus Snow records:

June 10th. We have traveled today eighteen miles, struck the Platte at 3 o'clock p. m., and are camped tonight on Deer Creek, one-half mile from the Platte. This is the most delightful place we have seen since we left the states,—a large creek of clear water with a stony bottom, and the way our boys are hauling out the fish is not slow; excellent feed, thrifty timber, plenty of game, beautiful scenery; and, added to this, one of our miners has discovered a very excellent bed of bituminous coal up the creek, a sample of which he has brought into camp; also a quarry of excellent sandstone. I have been agreeably surprised in the country of the Black Hills, over which we have travelled a distance of ninety miles from Fort Laramie. Instead of sand and continual barrenness, without water, as I had expected, we have found hard roads through the hills, and at convenient distances beautiful creeks skirted with timber, and bottoms covered with grass, though the country otherwise presents generally a rough and barren appearance.

11th. We have travelled seventeen miles today up the Platte. Have overtaken one party of emigrants who are preparing to cross the river. The rivulets we have passed today have all been flush with water from the melting snows which whiten the north sides of the peaks of a high range of hills on our left.

12th. Twelve miles travel today brought us to the place where our advance party were engaged in ferrying over a party of Oregon emigrants and their effects, in the leather skiff, swimming the horses and cattle and floating the empty wagons by means of

long ropes. They finished their job this evening, for which they got thirty dollars in provisions. Brothers Rappleyee and Johnson, taking different directions to visit the mountains south of us, wandered so far away that when night overtook them they were still from six to eight miles from camp, and the face of the country being exceedingly rough, and the night dark, horns were sounded, guns fired, and a brisk fire kept up in camp. A file of horsemen, with the bugler, also started at dark in search of them. They found them not, but returned at half past twelve o'clock, just as the last of the two men came blundering into camp with half of a young elk which he had packed from the mountain. Their extreme mortification at being the cause of so much trouble and anxiety in camp served greatly to heighten the merited chastisement which they received from the president. They reported the mountains to be full of bear, elk, antelope and sheep, and snow from six to ten feet deep in places.

Sunday, the 13th. The day passed off as usual, with a meeting in camp, and as a day of rest to ourselves and teams. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were spent in crossing the river, which was very high, and continually rising, and the current very rapid; and, added to this, the wind blew strongly down the stream, with but little cessation during the four days. We swam our horses and cattle, crossed our loads in the skiff, and at first tried the plan of floating our wagons by extending ropes down the river and attaching them to the end of the tongue, but the current would roll them over as if they were nothing but a log, wheels and bows appearing alternately upon the surface of the water, and two lashed together by means of poles placed under them shared the same fate. First one and then the other appeared uppermost, and when they struck the bottom in more shallow water, broken bows and reaches were the result. The plan was abandoned as too dangerous. The next plan was to try small rafts, but the difficulty of polling a raft in so deep and swift water was such that the wind, aiding the current, would not infrequently sweep them down from one to two miles before it would be possible to make the other shore, though the river was not more than forty or fifty rods wide. In attempting to drag rafts across the current with ropes, the current would draw them under. The plan that succeeded best was two rafts constructed with oars, well-manned, which would effect a landing in about half a mile, and were then towed up with oxen.

In this way the last of our wagons passed over with parts of their loading. Mean time, a set of hands were engaged in preparing two canoes, two and one-half feet in diameter and twenty-three feet long, which, when coupled about five feet apart with cross timbers, covered with punchion and manned with good oars, made a boat with which three men could cross a wagon with its load. This was finished on Friday, and good landings being prepared, they were set to running to cross over a company of Oregon emigrants. During the day and the previous night, we had crossed over two or three small companies with our rafts and skiffs, for any of them would rather pay from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per wagon than to undertake the job themselves; and that, too, in provisions and cows at prices to correspond with prices in the states, and we received it as the providence of God in getting these supplies which we needed.

Saturday, the 19th. We again took our line of march leaving Thomas Grover and eight other men and a blacksmith with instructions to continue ferrying emigrants until the arrival of our other emigrants, and after ferrying them, to cache their boats, and come to us. We travelled today twenty-one and a half miles over a barren country, and we were obliged to camp in a miserable hole of salt springs and marshes where there was scarcely any feed, and no fuel but sage roots.

Sunday morning, the 20th. We thought this a poor place to rest and put out. Finding no wood, we continued our march through the day, passed the noted Willow Springs at noon, and camped at night half a mile off the main road, on a beautiful creek which empties into the Sweetwater, having travelled twenty and one-half miles. Here we again had to resort to the roots of the mountain sage for fuel. This herb nearly covers this barren country from Fort Laramie onward as far as we have travelled, and in fertile spots grows rank and becomes quite a shrub.

21st. Seven and one-half miles of travel brought us to Sweetwater, near the celebrated Independence Rock, where we baited at noon. We forded the river a mile above the rock. The water ran into our lowest wagon beds, though it appeared to be rapidly falling. This is a beautiful little river, and flows rapidly through a little bottom forming the most numerous and curious crooks of any stream I ever saw. Directly before us is one of the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, a chain which seems to run parallel with the river, but crosses it a few miles above. From the ford, we gradually

ascended about five miles, passed through an opening in the chain of rocks, descended to the river bottom again, and camped about a mile above what is commonly called the Devil's Gate (having travelled about fifteen miles today), which is an aperture in the mountains or chasm through which the river forces itself: It is about one hundred feet wide with perpendicular rocks on either side, the barometrical height of which was ascertained by Prof. Pratt, to be four hundred feet. From the lower end of this aperture I followed a foot path on the brink of the river, about half a mile until I was directly under the highest point of the rocks where the river, roaring furiously among the huge rocks, filled its narrow channel, and compelled me to retreat by the way I came.

22nd. Today, we have travelled twenty-one miles. We are camped tonight on the river, at the base of an imposing Butte about two hundred and fifty feet high, with a company of Oregon emigrants about three miles in advance of us, and another about the same distance in our rear. These two companies left the Platte, one about an hour before, and the other about an hour after, we did. Our road today, lying off from the river, chiefly has been sandy and rough, with no particular change in the products or face of the country.

23rd. We have travelled today seventeen miles;—good weather, the roads about the same as yesterday. The main road this afternoon would have led us across the river four times in ten miles. Anticipating difficulty in fording at this stage of the water, we took a less frequented trail which led off from the river, but found deep sand and very heavy wheeling. We are again at the river in a convenient camping ground, with two companies of emigrants in view before us, and one in our rear, a small detachment from which has just driven up to our camp to get our blacksmiths to do some work for them. This granite ridge, or chain of gray rock, which is almost entirely naked, still continues on our right, and running parallel on our left, at a distance from five to twenty miles, is another ridge of snow-capped hills which seem to be chiefly covered with timber. In the distance, at the west of us, appears the towering heights of the Wind river chain of the Rocky Mountains, covered with immense patches of snow.

(To be continued.)

# Interesting Stories.

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SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY GEORGE D. KIRBY.

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## I.—HERBERT SPENCER.

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Herbert Spencer, the noted English philosopher, was born in Derby, England, on April 27, 1820, and was the son of a tutor in mathematics. He was a precocious boy and early developed a talent for mathematical and philosophical investigation. When sixteen years old he invented a new theorem in descriptive geometry, and by the next year he was so far advanced in the study of engineering that he joined the staff of Sir Charles Fox in the building of the London & Birmingham Railway. He declined a proffered reappointment, in 1841, and went to London intending to embark upon a literary career.

He began to write essays on his famous evolution theory, in 1852, and attracted attention as an original thinker. He had a hard time of it, though, trying to circulate his books and essays. It took his publisher just fourteen years to dispose of a single edition of "Social Statistics," his first book.

Americans were the first to give Spencer the recognition that he had waited so long to gain, and in America his subsequent books found their best sale. His *FIRST PRINCIPLES* is doubtless the most representative of his works. No other book gives such a clear and complete expression of his philosophical system and manner of reasoning.

Mr. Spencer died in London, England, December 8, 1903 at the age of eighty-three.

## II.—MUSICAL PRODIGIES.

Like so many of the world's great composers, Sir Edward Elgar was a "youthful prodigy" of exceptional gifts, as was proven by a recent performance of a suite composed by him at the immature age of 12. But even Sir Edward was probably not as precocious as one of his English predecessors, Samuel Wesley, who in his

eighth year heard a regimental band play a march which he had composed for it. At eleven, Franz Schubert had already placed several songs, string quartettes and piano pieces, to his credit. Handel's first attempts at composition were made at eight, and Vieuxtemps, who began to scrape the strings of a tiny fiddle at two, is said to have been even more precocious. Sir Charles Halle was only four years old when he played in public a sonata expressly composed for him; Listz was a public performer at nine, Chopin and Rubenstein at eight, Lady Hall and Joachim at seven, and at five Mozart composed a piece of music almost too difficult for his father to play.

### III.—"SOMEBODY'S DARLING."

"Into the ward of the white-washed hall—  
 Where the dead and dying lay,  
 Wounded by bayonet, shell, or ball—  
 'Somebody's Darling' was borne one day;  
 'Somebody's Darling,' so young and so brave,  
 Wearing yet, on his pale, sweet face,  
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace."

"Somebody's Darling," like "All Quiet Along the Potomac," was a great favorite throughout the period of the Civil War, and for the same reason. It speaks touchingly of the tragedy of the individual household, as against the triumph of the collected hosts. Whoever wins in war, uncounted numbers must always lose; and the blaring notes of victory bring little comfort to hearts that are wrung by the agony of their personal affliction.

The poem was set to music and was sung both North and South. The history of its composition is very difficult to trace. It was written during the early part of the Civil War by Miss Maria La Coste, and by her was published in a newspaper from which it was quickly copied by hundreds of other journals. So far as known Miss La Coste wrote nothing else that has been preserved, and none of the anthologies give any account of her. Nevertheless, the poem which she wrote, by its tenderness of feeling, and by the sadness which it has enshrined in harmonious words, will insure its remembrance even when some of the more strident and warlike popular poems of that time shall have been long forgotten.

—SCRAP BOOK.



## IV.—SOAP.

That soap is an ancient and not a modern convenience is well-known, but just when it became a household necessity is a mystery.

The books of Job and Jeremiah contain the word "soap" indicating that cleansing agents were used in biblical times, but the word is merely a convenient term in translation. It was substituted by translators for the Hebrew word "borith" which is a general expression for cleansing substances. These substances, no doubt, were very much unlike our modern soap, although the ingredients of which they were composed is unknown.

Pliny, who wrote of the eruption of Vesuvius, which destroyed the two Roman cities in 79 A. D., speaks of the invention and use of both hard and soft soap by the Gauls, who, however, used it only as a dressing for the hair. He states that it was made from tallow and ashes and that the German soap was better than that of the Romans. Fuller's earth, which possesses saponaceous qualities was known and used for cleaning purposes by the Romans, and in the excavation of the ruins of Pompeii a soap boiler's shop, with soap in it, was uncovered, showing that its manufacture was known in the first Christian century.

According to the historian Sismondi, a soapmaker was included in the retinue of Charlemagne, king of the Franks, at the end of the eighth century. Galen also referred to the use of soap.

The French word for soap, *savon*, comes from Savona, France, where it was manufactured. It is said that prior to 1524 the English cities were supplied with it from Bristol, but in that year London began its manufacture.

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**The Chinese Insurrection** is creating widespread interest from its apparent success, and will doubtless continue to spread until the Manchurian Dynasty is overthrown. The National Assembly demanded of the Emperor, October 25, that he appoint a responsible cabinet, remove the Manchurian princes from office, pardon political prisoners, recall political exiles, establish full constitutional government, and restore to the provinces their control over railway building. There was some hesitancy on the part of the Emperor to make the changes demanded, but the demand was granted after two army divisions of 10,000 men threatened to move on Peking, unless the demands were granted. Numerous battles have occurred between the sympathizers with the reform movement and the Imperial army. In nearly all cases the insurrectionists have won the victory.

## Editor's Table.

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### Every Day Affairs.

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President Joseph F. Smith, at the closing meeting of the late conference, gave some timely advice on common things. His remarks are here printed in full:

If there are any two individuals in this congregation, or who may have attended this conference, who have any ill feeling in their hearts toward each other, or toward any one else, I hope they will go home, and that any or all others, to whom the thought applies, will go home from here and be reconciled to each other, and become good neighbors and abide in good fellowship in the Church. If there is any one here who is in debt, I would advise that when he goes home, and when I go home, too, that we will begin with a determination that we will pay our debts and meet all of our obligations, just as quickly as the Lord will enable us to do it. If there is any one here intending to go into debt for speculation, and especially if he is intending to borrow money to buy mining stock and other sealy or uncertain things, I would advise him to hesitate, pray over it, and carefully consider it before he obligates himself by borrowing money and going into debt. In other words, keep out of debt, if you can. Pay your debts as soon as you can. That means me as well as any one else.

If there is any one in the congregation who has been negligent in observing the law of tithing, I hope he will go home from this conference with a new awakening in his soul to keep this obligation that rests upon us as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that there may be plenty in the storehouse of the Lord to meet all the necessities of the Church in a financial way. We feed the poor, and we maintain our temples, we assist our missionaries to return from their missions, we sustain our Church schools, which are numerous, and expensive, and we are doing every other thing that we feel is wise and proper for us to do with the means we have for the building up of Zion.

We have succeeded in purchasing, as far as we could, the property that was offered for sale surrounding this temple block

with the express intent to keep it from going into the hands of persons who would make an improper use of it. It has cost us a great deal, for generally, when people realize that the Church wants or needs to get anything they have for sale, they want to get all out of it they possibly can. I am sorry to say that, but I suppose it is human nature for some people to do so. We have been under the necessity of improving some of this vacant land which we have purchased, and that has cost money, but now instead of it being unoccupied, unimproved, a source of expense to the Church, we have built upon it and now it pays for itself, or meets its own obligations and helps the Church just a little. We have helped to build one of the most magnificent hotels that exists on the continent of America, or in the old continent either. I am told that it is equal to any in the world, in its facilities for convenience and comfort for its guests, for sanitation, for its situation, and architectural beauty, and in many other ways.

Well, some of our people have thought that we were extravagant. I would like you to turn to the book of Doctrine and Covenants and read the commandment of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith in the city of Nauvoo:\*

"Let my servant George, and my servant Lyman, and my servant John Snyder, and others, build a house unto my name, such an one as my servant Joseph shall show unto them; upon the place which I shall show unto them also. And it shall be for a house for boarding, a house that strangers may come from afar to lodge therein; therefore let it be a good house, worthy of all acceptance, that the weary traveler may find health and safety while he shall contemplate the word of the Lord," etc.

"This house shall be a healthy habitation" etc., etc., and again:—"And let the name of that house be called Nauvoo house, and let it be a delightful habitation for man, and a resting place for the weary traveler," etc. (v. 60). And like the corner stone of Zion, "which shall be polished with that refinement which is after the similitude of a palace." (verse 2).

And the people were requested to contribute of their means to take stock in this building, and they and their children after them, from generation to generation, should have an inheritance in that building, for it was intended for the beauty of the city, for the glory of that stake of Zion, and to accommodate the stranger from afar who came to contemplate the doctrines of the Church and the work of the Lord.

We are not responsible for the character of men who come

\*See Doctrine and Covenants Sec. 124: 22-24.

here and are entertained in the hotel. We did not make or form their character, neither are we responsible for their conduct. Men who come here to this city from the world are generally men of the world, men accustomed to the habits of the world. Now, I hoped and I prayed and I voted, and did all I could, in the hope that the good people of this city would vote it "dry," so that we would not be compelled to allow a saloon or bar to be operated in Hotel Utah. If you had voted it "dry," we would not have had any bar there. It would not have been necessary, because the people that come here would have to put up with the law, and with the conditions in the city, but it "**went wet**," and therefore the people that visit us want something to "wet up" with, once in a while, and unless it is provided for them, they will go somewhere else; and instead of beholding and viewing the beauties of Zion, they will go where they will see everything that is not beautiful, and be associated with that which is not good, instead of being where they can see the best side of everything. The building itself has been built by a company called the Utah Hotel Company. Not one of them is a hotel keeper. They know nothing about the science of hostelrys, or of keeping a hostelry, or managing a hotel, so they rented it. They have rented it to another company called the "Hotel Operating Company," an operating company which has been formed with a capital of some \$300,000, I believe, and they have rented the building and are responsible for the running of the hotel. They are paying those who built it, that is the Utah Hotel Company, the interest on their money, as it falls due, and also interest on the bonds that have been issued for the purpose of obtaining the money necessary to put it in commission.

Now, we do not want the Latter-day Saints to go off and condemn Joseph F. Smith or Anthon H. Lund or John Henry Smith, or anybody else, because there is a bar in the Hotel Utah. We are not responsible for it. We do not go and drink there. We invite you to keep out of the bar and not go there to drink; you don't have to; therefore we advise you on general principles to observe and keep the Word of Wisdom, both in the Hotel Utah and in your own homes, and wherever you travel. Keep the Word of Wisdom, which is the Word of the Lord to his people. I could say more, perhaps, but I think I have said all I need to on that score.

(The concluding part of President Smith's remarks on other topics will appear in the January number of the ERA.)

### Patriarch John Smith.

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The Latter-day Saints were again called upon to part with another of their beloved leaders, when Patriarch John Smith died, Nov. 6. Faithful to the gospel, true to every call made upon him, energetic in his labors, and in the full enjoyment of the spirit of his holy calling, he passed to the life beyond, honored and respected by his people, in all the world. And more than twenty thousand Latter-day Saints treasure blessings pronounced upon their heads by this faithful servant of the Lord, for they found in his words a source of comfort, an impetus to righteousness, and rich prophetic promises frequently fulfilled in their lives. Through all his trials and hardships, he responded to every call with alacrity, and displayed in all things a conscientious regard for the rights of his fellow men, and a spirit of fairness and honor that won the respect of all. In private and public life, and in the secular, civil, and religious offices which he held, he was the soul of integrity, and was as honorable and considerate as he was honest and upright.

John Smith's early life was full of hardship and thrilling incident. Born of Hyrum Smith and Jerusha Barden, in Kirtland, Ohio, in 1832, he was left motherless five years thereafter, and fatherless when, in 1844, Hyrum, the Second patriarch, was cruelly martyred in Carthage. He passed through the severe Missouri persecutions, with the cold, hunger, and hardship incident thereto; and the lad had only little peace in Nauvoo, before the martyrdom. Three years later, early in 1846, he started west. On the journey, he herded cattle, drove teams, and did odd work, in all kinds of weather—in storms and driving rain. At Winter Quarters he worked at building, farming, and fencing, taking a man's place in the hay and harvest field. Coming over the plains in 1848, when only sixteen years of age, he yet took his place with the men in driving team, breaking wild steers, standing guard at night, herding animals, and carrying wood and water to the traveling camp of pioneers. On his 16th birthday anniversary, he drove his wagon down "Big Mountain," on the old trail, and on the day following arrived in the Valley. Then came the days of standing guard to protect the settlements from Indians—he was a minute-man, night and day—and work on the farm and in the canyons to help support the family. He married Helen Maria Fisher, December

25, 1853, and with her had five sons and four daughters. He was a member of the famous Salmon River party of Prest. Brigham Young, in 1856. On Feb. 18, 1855, he was ordained Patriarch by Prest. Brigham Young. In 1859, he returned to the east for his sister and her family, and while gone visited Nauvoo, and the scenes of his boyhood. Returning, he conducted a company of forty wagons over the plains to Salt Lake Valley. Then he was called to go on a mission to Scandinavia, landing in Denmark, Sept. 6, 1862, and from which he returned, leaving Copenhagen, April 13, 1864. He sailed from Liverpool on THE MONARCH OF THE SEA, with a company of 973 souls, the largest company of Saints that had left Europe up to that time. He conducted a company of thirty wagons over the plains, and arrived in Salt Lake City, October 1, 1864.

Since that time, he engaged in his duties as Presiding Patriarch, in early days covering the settlements of the whole Church, blessing the people, and administering to them comfort and consolation. More than twenty thousand, as stated, were thus blessed by him while he officiated in this holy office and calling. These, and hundreds of thousands of others, now bless his memory. Appropriate funeral services were held in the great tabernacle on Sunday, November 12, and his remains are at rest in the City Cemetery, until the resurrection day.

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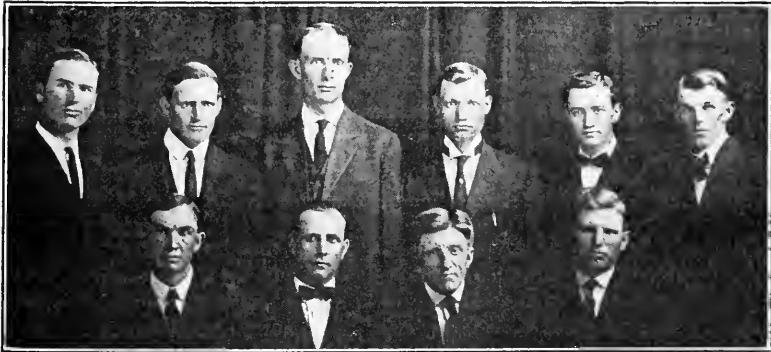
### The Rose.

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Thirty-one crimson stanzas, full of poetic fire, fervor, and philosophy, in the author's own hand writing; and twenty-one artistic drawings of golden roses, in every attractive position, with love as all the theme,—the cover, title-page, paper and general design, in the highest art to match—that is THE ROSE, by the poet-artist, Alfred Lambourne. In every part of its make-up, the book testifies it was created only for the love of poetry and art. Only a hundred copies were printed, to be circulated among the poet's friends. The readers of the ERA have Mr. Lambourne to thank for being favored in this issue with four of the stanzas and four of the artistic rose designs. The community have him to thank for one of the most artistic books ever made by a home printing office. It was executed by the DESERET NEWS presses and bindery.

## Messages from the Missions.

Elder Bert Barrus writing from Greenville, South Carolina, October 3, relates that during the past three months himself and Elder S. C. Hall, have been laboring in Greenville, meeting with good success especially in disposing of their literature. They have sold nineteen Books of Mormon, two hundred other books, and distributed sixteen hundred and forty-eight tracts. Six well-attended meetings were held by them the preceding week, and they declare that a great many people are interested in the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints. The elders have a wide circle of friends and are gaining new ones every day, and they naturally feel that the Lord is blessing them greatly in their labors. Elders from left to right are: Bert Barrus, Grantsville, Utah; S. C. Hall, Bennington, Idaho.



The elders of the South Dakota Conference have been meeting with good success in their labors during the past summer. They are being received and treated with friendliness in the country districts, and much of the prejudice is being removed. The people are ready to receive and entertain them. Top row: Carl Anderson, A. F. Marchant, W. C. Oakden, J. F. Carter, Lindsey Ovard, H. J. Crane, Bottom row: R. A. Goodey, H. M. Cardon, Conference President., W. J. Tanner, B. H. Sorensen.

Elder E. F. Baldwin writing from Pittsburg, Pa., September 30, says that he and Elder E. F. Birch spent a most profitable month in the country. They started out without purse or scrip, and during a trip of sixteen days held seventeen meetings, some in halls, some in cottages, some in open air, and some in blacksmith shops. They traveled through a territory where two men, travelling ahead of them, who had plenty of money and who had offered to pay their way, had to sleep out seven nights in succession, while the elders, with not a penny in their pockets, passing the same road, were received and entertained with kindness and consideration, getting three meals each day and good beds

to sleep in. Elders Baldwin and Birch also visited the home town of Solomon Spaulding. They visited his grave also where the people have erected a monument to his memory, believing him to be the author of the Book of Mormon. Solomon died in 1816. The elders visited the old house where he is supposed to have written the famous story, and spent one day tracting the small town of Amity, endeavoring to show and to prove that the people's idea of Mr. Spaulding is inconsistent as well as untrue. They left three or four Books of Mormon in the town.



Elders L. R. Howell and S. I. Johnson, the former of Preston, Idaho, and the latter from Lovell, Wyoming, writing from Basic City, Virginia,



October 10th, state that during the past three months they have baptized twenty-eight persons, held seventy-nine open-air meetings and cottage meetings, and during the time that they were in the field they were well provided for, having to ask for entertainment only once. They rejoice in the blessings of the Lord and state that the longer they labor in a district the greater their harvest of souls. They

have been laboring in Nelson and Augusta counties, Virginia.

Elder Milton H. Love writing from Nottingham, England, October 10, states that the Nottingham Conference was held September 2 at which time the statistical report showed that during the preceding nine months the elders distributed 184, 249 tracts, 3,934 books; visited 2,202 families, held 875 meetings, 181 of which were in the open air, and baptized 21 people. The Priesthood meeting was held by President Clawson and the



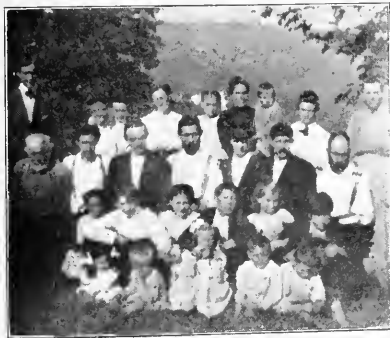
elders, at which each elder expressed himself, bearing a testimony to the work of the Lord and stating that he was pleased he had been called on a mission. "Good progress is being made in this district where we have several thriving branches all self-sustaining. We have many friends and hundreds of Saints. The English folk here, as is the case with the Englishmen generally, are tolerant and lovers of fair play, so that the recent anti-"Mormon" agitation so prevalent throughout England has not effected this district to any great extent." See portrait of elders, p. 136.

Elder R. M. Haddock writing from Baltimore, Maryland, October 25, encloses a picture of the three elders who were instrumental in organ-



izing a branch of the Church in the western part of the Maryland conference. A group of the members of the Church is also shown in the accompanying picture. The elders are: left to right, Ambrose Call, Maben Fox, R. M. Haddock, conference president. There are about twenty-five Saints living in the section referred to. Brother Charles Knotts, under proper authority, is holding meetings with the Saints there, and through his efforts, coupled with the work of the traveling elders, those living

in his immediate vicinity have been taught the need of having family prayer and many other such essential principles. Friends have been converted and are now trying to live according to the gospel of Jesus Christ. This



branch in its organized state will serve as an answer to the question that might be asked—What are the elders in Maryland doing? The Saints living in this branch cannot do enough for the elders. They call us their boys, and help to make our sojourn in their country a pleasant one. They do all they can for the spread of truth, and are ready to acknowledge the hand of God in blessing them for so doing. It is inspiring to hear some of the little children,

many of whose faces are seen in the accompanying picture, tell what their Heavenly Father has done for them, and that they know the elders are servants of a kind God.

Elder James T. Blake, President of the Savaii conference, Samoa, writes, September 11: "Elder Edwin Moody and I have just completed a tour of this island, visiting all the elders and branches of the Church in this conference, also nearly all the villages on the island. All is well in

the conference, and the elders are happy and contented, preaching the gospel in their respective branches and stations. We have five flourishing branches of the Church, and bright prospects for more, in the near future, as the people are very friendly in many of the outside villages. With the help of the Lord we hope soon to convert them to the gospel, and establish more branches. Our band of six elders are enjoying good health and we are never quite so happy as when trying to preach the gospel to the natives in their own native tongue.

The elders herewith are laboring in East Texas, and are, back row, left to right: R. L. Telford, Randolph, Utah; J. H. Sparks, Dingle, Idaho; front row, George A. Pearce, Roosevelt; J. O. Bankhead, Paradise; and William J. Riggs, Jr. Hatch, Utah.



Elders George A. Foote and Robert M. Garbett, writing from St. Louis, Missouri, October 23, enclose a photo of what they call "The long and short of the Missouri conference." They state that they have met many good people who are willing to listen to the message which they have to proclaim. In St. Louis they have met many honest-hearted people. Their hall meetings in that city are very well attended by Saints, friends and investigators. The street meetings are quite a success, a large number attending who are thus reached by the gospel who would never hear it otherwise. Opposition is disproved, as evidence crowds upon evidence; and the message of "Mormonism" rises above the fog of prejudice, as the true gospel of our Lord, revealed in this dispensation, is more thoroughly understood by the people.



The Most Powerful American Fleet of Warships ever assembled on the Atlantic coast was reviewed from the Mayflower, by President William H. Taft on the 2nd of November, in the New York harbor. It contained more than one hundred vessels, including twenty-six battle ships, three of which are larger than any other three in the whole world.

## Priesthood Quorums' Table.

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**Respect for the Office and Priesthood Held by Others.** In the lesson, "Reverence for Divine Authority," in the 1912 Elder's Course of study, is found a little counsel that should be applied now, which is our excuse for copying therefrom this bit of advice. Two reasons are given for respecting those who hold the Priesthood: (1) because God has respected and honored such men, and (2) because of the personal benefit derived. Then we are told:

No more profitable lesson can be taught to children than to hear from their parents respectful words concerning Church and civil authorities. Especially is this true of Latter-day Saints' parents who pay proper respect to their Church leaders. In the homes where such parents reside, the children constantly breathe the atmosphere of respect and obedience, and that same kindness the parents show the authorities the children in turn unconsciously manifest towards the parents. This attitude of heads of families instills faith and confidence in the hearts of the young, at a time when the mind is most impressionable. Strict observance in every home of this one principle of reverence might be the means of leading many a boy and girl into the love of the Gospel of Christ, who, in the absence of it, might be filled with disgust and doubt that would crush the religious spirit.

If we truly believe "that a man must be called of God," let us show that belief in our home and business life. Let us manifest our belief in acts as well as in words.

**The New Season of Work.** The Seventies Quorums, during the coming winter, are to continue the study of the Fourth Year Book. Much suggestive material for research is found in the lessons on the ATONEMENT, and it will be well for those who have completed the book to review many of the most important topics. In fact there is enough material for years of devoted study, and the Seventy are to be congratulated on having such a work. The entire setting for the gospel of Jesus Christ is given in lesson 17 alone, and with all the other topics suggested, the brethren certainly have a splendid field for research and study. All the Seventy should keep in mind that no principle of the gospel may be mastered in a few weeks, or even in a number of years. A principle of religion, science, or philosophy, is only noble and extensive as it requires thoughtful study and most careful reading. The Fourth Year Book is exceptionally good as it is suggestive and stimulating to a great degree. In fact, it is said by some of the scholars of the Church to be one of the most learned outlines issued in the history of the Church. It should, therefore, be appreciated. We trust that all the quorums will approach the coming season's work with enthusiasm and care, knowing always that knowledge comes bit by bit, through careful, patient study.

**Lesson Preparation.** In preparing lessons, each member should keep in mind that one general thought clearly defined should be derived from every lesson. In this way, he obtains something definite on which to base his thinking and future study. One should learn to correlate ones' thoughts, and to make those points remembered a part of one's knowledge. Knowing a thing is not memorizing it, but making the knowledge a part of one's very being. Every principle of the gospel studied, should be literally thought of our thought, spirit of our spirit. It should be a firmly set knowledge.

**Juab Stake Priesthood Convention.** All the Priesthood officers of this stake met October 29, in the stake tabernacle, and were instructed in their duties, having been notified previously to be in attendance. Among other things they discussed the following resolutions and scripture references, and adopted the resolutions unanimously. The Priesthood generally will find in them many thoughts worthy of consideration:

1st. Resolved that there is no obligation more binding upon us than the magnifying of the Holy Priesthood.

2nd. That inasmuch as we have been called to be the leaders of Priesthood work in the Juab Stake of Zion, we will show forth our allegiance by responding to every call made upon us.

3rd. That we will be diligent, energetic in the prosecution of our labors, to the end that the greatest possible good may be accomplished.

4th. That we will qualify ourselves by studying the scriptures and becoming acquainted with the lessons.

5th. That we will be punctual in commencing and attending all our meetings.

6th. That we will labor with the members of our respective quorums to create a stronger fidelity to duty, and a closer brotherhood in the quorums.

7th. References: Doctrine and Covenants 107:99, 100; 58:26-29; 24:9; 84:33, 34; 84:109, 110, and all of sections 84 and 107.

Their stake slogan for the Priesthood is, "Loyalty to the Priesthood, application to duty."

On November 11, at the regular quarterly conference, a convention of the Priesthood workers numbering 147 and 161 met at 10 o'clock and at 2 o'clock, and were instructed in their duties by the presidency of the stake, and by Elders Joseph J. Cannon and Edward H. Anderson of the General Priesthood Committee. The work is being pushed with vigor, and doubtless good results will follow.

**Seventies Convention.** The Seventies of the Taylor Stake held a convention November 17, in the Magrath public schoolhouse, at which the following program was carried out:

1. Calling of a Seventy and necessity of preaching the gospel.
2. Membership and attendance at quorum meetings.
3. Outlines, class leaders, the IMPROVEMENT ERA.
4. Music in the quorums.
5. Finances.

# Mutual Work.

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## The Season's Work in Debating.

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Debates have now been conducted successfully by so large a number of associations, that there need no longer be any question about the advisability of making debating a permanent part of the M. I. A. work. Almost every association, in which debating has been tried, reports that the good results of the work have been many, varied and great.

**Purpose.** Debating, as practiced in the associations, should have two main purposes: First, to train the young men and women in public speaking, and, second, to train them in clear, logical thought based upon accurate information. To accomplish these purposes, the following procedure should be followed wherever possible.

**Debating Managers.** Each stake board should assign to one or more of its members the responsibility of supervising debates in the stake; in each ward organization, likewise, one person should be in special charge of debating. If agreeable, the young ladies M. I. A. stake and ward boards should appoint similar debating managers.

**Try-Outs.** One evening, probably in December or early January, the same for all the wards of the stake, should be set aside for the try-outs. As many as possible members of the association should be invited to take part. The try-out should consist of a five or ten minute speech (the time to be definitely stated and adhered to) on any subject chosen by the speaker. The subject of the speech should be handed the presiding officer at the beginning of the meeting.

Three judges should be appointed to note carefully the full merits of the speeches, and select the best six of the speakers to constitute the debating teams of the ward.

**The Debates.** Immediately afterwards, the subject for debate should be chosen; and the debate prepared. About one month after the holding of the try-outs, an evening (the same for all wards in the stake) should be set aside for the ward debates.

The victorious ward team may then challenge some other victorious ward team for an inter-ward debate. These may be continued, under the direction of the stake debating manager, until the champion debating team of the stake is found, which may then challenge the corresponding team of another stake, for an inter-stake debate.

This method has been tried and found to give splendid results. Patriotism and enthusiasm are developed by it. The try-outs give excellent opportunity for extemporaneous speaking; the debates themselves give the desirable training in clear thought and expression.

In carrying out a debate, the following rules should be observed:

**Agreement.** Before a debate, the two teams, or associations, or

sides, should formulate a written agreement covering the following points:

1. The time and place of the contest.
2. The time for submitting the question and by which team it shall be submitted.
3. The time for the team receiving the question to return its choice of side.
4. The number of debaters on each side and the length and order of their speeches.
5. The method of choosing judges.

**The Question.** In selecting a question for debates care should be taken to choose a subject upon which difference of opinion may fairly exist, in fact one upon which public opinion is divided. Questions should be chosen, the study of which will be worth the while of the debaters, and the discussion of which will be beneficial and enlightening to the hearers. One of the questions suggested by the General Board should be chosen; if not, the question proposed should be submitted for approval to the General Board.

**Number on Team.** Each team may consist of either two or three debaters. The contest will probably be long enough with two on a side.

**Length of Speeches.** Principal speech should be from ten to fifteen minutes in length. A good order is as follows: first affirmative speaker, 15 minutes; first negative, 15 minutes; second affirmative, 15 minutes; second negative, 20 minutes, 15 for his principal speech and 5 for closing rebuttal and summary for his side; followed by a five-minute closing rebuttal by one of the affirmative speakers. If desired the five-minute closing rebuttal may be given as a second speech to the first negative speaker instead of adding it to the time of the second speaker, but the affirmative must always close the debate. Another plan which has some advantages over the first is to give each man a principal and a rebuttal speech.

**Judges.** Three judges should be chosen, but no person should be retained as a judge who is not acceptable to both sides.

**Method.** It should be the primary purpose of each team to present clearly and fairly the arguments of its side and to defend its position with as much information and logical argument as possible. This requires much careful study and preparation.

Mere assertion of one's own opinion has no argumentative force and should be avoided. Attempted flights of oratory should also be omitted.

It should not be forgotten that there are two sides to every controversy, and that there is room for perfectly honest and friendly differences of opinion on most questions.

**Opening and Closing.** The debates should be opened and closed by music and prayer, and conducted in an academic spirit of fairness and with a view to getting at the truth. It is no disparagement to be defeated in a contest so conducted.

**Courtesy.** Respectful courtesy should be shown on both sides, and

all personalities avoided. In referring to the debaters on the opposite side, no names should be used, but rather the expression, "the gentleman or speaker on the affirmative," or "negative," as the case may be.

**Purpose.** Improper motives should not be attributed. Only small, petty minds do that. A debate should never degenerate into mere contention. It is held to get information, gather knowledge, and ascertain the truth, and not to gain personal advantage.

**Limits of Debate.** The wording of the question should be agreed upon by both sides, and a definition of the terms should be thoroughly understood. The debaters should confine themselves to the points of the question, and not permit themselves to treat topics not germane to the issue. A chairman should be chosen to conduct the debate, who will announce the subject, the names of the judges, the respective speakers, and the decision of the judges, and see that the debate is carried on in fairness.

Let the discussion close with the debate, and not be carried on later, nor on the outside. In regard to the judges, let it be remembered that their decisions are only the opinions of three out of the many who have listened, and that their decisions do not necessarily settle the merits of the question,—only the points of that debate in their opinion.

### Suggested Subjects for M. I. A. Debates.—Season 1911-12.

#### POPULAR.

1. Will the West be developed more completely by dry-farming than by irrigation farming?
2. Should the subjects of a vocational nature, such as agriculture, sewing, cooking and mechanic arts, be taught in the elementary and high schools of the State?
3. Does labor-saving machinery advance the industrial arts?
4. In the growth of a commonwealth is manufacturing more helpful than mining?
5. Are national forests, administered by the Federal Government, beneficial to the states in which they are located?

#### TECHNICAL.

1. Should the United States Government own, and regulate the conduct of the coal mines of the country?
2. Should the United States Government establish a parcel's post?
3. Should the administration of city government in the United States be non-partisan.
4. Should all studies in college above those of the first, or freshman, year, be elective?
5. Should the playing for money debar an athlete from college teams?
6. Is the system of direct primary nominations preferable to that of nomination by caucus and convention?

7. Would a limited number of endowed newspapers be for the best interests of the people of the United States?

8. Should the President of the United States be elected by direct vote of the people?

9. Is vivisection justifiable?

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### Champion Base Ball Team of Weber County.

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The Y. M. M. I. A. Base-ball League of North Weber stake was organized early in the Spring of 1911 with the following officers: Henry A. Anderson, president; Joseph W. Herrick, vice-president; Clarence Stephenson, secretary. Teams from Ogden Third, Farr West, Slaterville, Taylor, West Weber, Warren and Plain City wards, comprised the league and played the schedule of games which lasted until September 10. Games were played every Saturday and holiday. The winners, Plain City, played twenty-two games during the summer, including some games outside the league-schedule, and won twenty, making for themselves



a remarkable record. At the end of the North Weber schedule, Plain City played the other winners of similar leagues in Weber county and



won the championship of Weber county. The trophy which they won in the North Weber League is shown in the photograph.

This is their first attempt of this kind in connection with Mutual Improvement work, and its success encourages them to greater activity in athletic work in the future. The League remains intact and will begin a new series of games next spring. The towns represented in the League supported their individual teams, and every Saturday afternoon the people all attended the contests and rooted for their favorites, thus creating a spirit of true sportsmanship in the entire district embraced within the activity of the League. They expect the work next spring to cover more of the wards, although for a beginner seven of the twelve wards in the stake participated, which was indeed encouraging to those handling the matter.

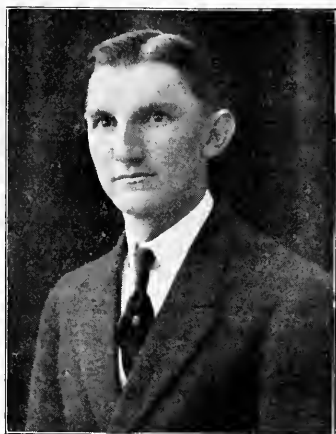
The boys are as follows: Top row from left to right: Joseph Hunt, Lewis Poulsen, W. P. Thomas, Parley Taylor, John Hodson. Center row, sitting down: H. A. Anderson, pres. of League, James M. Thomas, manager, M. Draney. Bottom row: Oscar Richardson, captain, Joseph Singleton.

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**New Wards and Changes** for the month of September, 1911, as reported by the Presiding Bishop's office: the name of the Richfield ward, Oneida stake, has been changed to Banida. Grady's lake ward has been transferred from the Bingham stake to Bannock. Leo. W. Pack was appointed ward clerk of the West Bountiful ward, Davis stake, to succeed Harvey E. Coltrin. Otto A. Kofoed, ward clerk of the Weston ward, Oneida stake, to succeed Alfred A. Kofoed. Leonard Olson, ward clerk of the Smithfield First ward, Benson stake, to succeed Jos. W. Peterson. George E. Wilkins was sustained bishop of the Vernal second ward, Uintah stake, to succeed Frederick G. Bingham. Yeppa Benson, bishop of the Weston ward, Oneida stake, to succeed Otto Gassman. A. A. Anderson, bishop of the Poplar ward, Bingham stake, to succeed John Benson. James T. Brown, bishop of the Cardston ward, Alberta stake, to succeed Dennison E. Harris. Charles M. Shumway, bishop of the Treasureton ward, Oneida stake, to succeed Benjamin Hymas. William C. Field, ward clerk of the Treasureton ward, Oneida stake, to succeed David Nelson. John J. Gerstner was sustained bishop of the thirty-second ward, Pioneer stake, to succeed Robert Sherwood. Thomas Alfred Smith, bishop of the Cherry Creek ward, Malad stake, to succeed Joseph A. Jones. John A. Israelson was appointed ward clerk of the Hyrum third ward, Hyrum stake, to succeed Albert J. Williams; J. Elmer Johnson, stake clerk of the Maricopa stake, to succeed W. Aird MacDonal. Paul Soren Hansen, bishop of the Roosevelt ward, Duchesne stake, to succeed Dan Lambert. Jos. T. Wilkinson, ward clerk of the Hurricane ward, St. George stake, to succeed Jacob L. Workman. Daniel B. Marble, bishop of the Deweyville ward, Bear River stake to succeed George C. Dewey.

## Passing Events.

**Elder Ernest J. Wright.** "A cablegram, August 21, 1911, from President Thomas E. McKay, of the Swiss-German Mission, announced the release from this earthly life of Elder Ernest J. Wright, a martyr to the cause of truth and righteousness," writes Elder Alonzo West, of Ogden, to the ERA. under date of October 12. "Elder Wright was the son of Mr. and



Mrs. Edward H. Wright, of Ogden, and was about twenty-three years of age. Quiet and unassuming in demeanor, possessing an unspotted character, regular in his habits, and strict in his application to duty, he won the love and respect of all associated with him. The news of his death came as a severe shock to his many relatives and friends. 'Ern,' as he was familiarly known among his intimates, was of a cheerful disposition. His droll humor, always ready, and which was a most enjoyable feature of his letters, made him a most congenial companion. The deep love he bore for his mother, father, sisters and brothers, shown in his every act, was, however, the most beautiful part

of his nature. Elder Wright began his labors November 26, 1910. The letters received by his parents from President Thomas E. McKay, and Elders Frank Williams, Robert M. Campbell, Harold C. Kimball and Grant Young, one and all, bear a sincere testimony of the conscientious manner in which he performed his work. "After a journey of about three weeks, his remains arrived in Ogden, September 10, and on the day following were laid to final rest in the city cemetery. The funeral service was held in the Third Ward chapel, Bishop Wm. Van Dyke, Jr. officiating. Numerous and beautiful floral pieces, mute testimonies of love and respect, almost hid from view the speaker's stand and the casket, and the many relatives and friends filled the building to its utmost capacity. Both in eulogies and in the beautiful songs which were sung, the services were ideal. Elder E. Ray Berrett, of North Ogden, accompanied the body on its long journey from Karlsruhe to Ogden. He bore testimony of the good work performed by his co-worker, and told of the services held for Elder Wright in Germany and Switzerland. He also stated that, although the task had been a hard one, he was proud to have been chosen to accompany the remains home. He testified that Elder Wright had gloriously won his crown, and the privilege of rising in the first resurrection. Other speakers were Counsellor Myron B. Richards, Bishop Wm. D. Van Dyke, Jr., President

James Wotherspoon and Apostle David O. McKay. Elder McKay stated that there had been four similar cases in Weber County during the year, and continued: "When I was first asked to speak at one of the services, I could think of nothing to say which would comfort the bereaved family in such a case. But after I had thought of the condition of so many young men whose lives were and are being utterly wasted through sin and wrong-doing, and then of these young elders who have given their all for the uplifting of mankind, their lives stand out in comparison as the sun to a star." The grave was dedicated by Bishop Brigham Wright.

**The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir** has made a very successful trip on their eastern tour. They gave a concert in Ogden, October 23, and continued their journey, holding concerts on the way in many of the leading cities. They visited Florence, Nebraska, where they sang under the great Cottonwood tree planted by President Brigham Young, receiving words of welcome from representatives of the city. On October 29, they visited Kirtland, were hospitably received, and sang in the temple there in a way seldom if ever more effective the familiar hymns, "Joseph Smith's First Prayer," and "We Thank thee, O God, for a Prophet." The occasion brought many tears of joy to the eyes of the listeners. The following day the whole company visited Niagara Falls where they enjoyed themselves immensely. Thence on the next day, the 30th, they enjoyed a glorious pilgrimage to Cumorah where they sang, "An Angel from on High," and "The Spirit of God," and were photographed on the crest of the summit. They also visited Palmyra where they had a good time. In Syracuse, New York, they sang before a very interesting audience which was at first as cold as ice, but later warmed up and demanded encore after encore. In New York at the American Land and Irrigation Exposition, November 3-12, the choir in their various appearances, at 2:30 and 8:15 daily, made a fine impression, and were treated royally, and with great respect and appreciation. This was the case also in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities visited. On Wednesday night, the 15th, the choir, on invitation of the President had the great honor to sing before President and Mrs. Wm. H. Taft, at the White House. While the audiences have been enthusiastic and the listeners greatly pleased, the choir has made more friends than money. In some places the people came to the concerts with looks of curiosity and almost contempt, but left with bowed heads and praise, after hearing the songs. As a rule the papers treated the choir well, though some were loth to recognize the superiority of the singing because it was executed by "Mormons." One paper praised the singing, and said, "if we could esteem the choir as Christians, we would like to invite them to return." The criticisms received from competent and unprejudiced musical authorities, however, were very satisfactory and full of praise.

**Changes in Wards, Bishop, etc.,** for the month of October, 1911. as reported by the Presiding Bishop's office: Roscoe W. Eardley was appointed to be President of the Netherlands' Mission, to succeed Brigham Guy Thatcher; Evert Neuteboom was appointed to be the stake clerk of

the Weber stake, to succeed John W. Shurtliff; A new ward was organized in the Pioneer stake, by the name of Garfield ward, with Alfred C. Reid as bishop; Edward M. Ashton was sustained as bishop of the 31st ward, Liberty stake, to succeed Lewis A. Merrill; John Clayton was sustained as bishop of the 3rd ward, Liberty stake, to succeed Roscoe W. Eardley; Edward Blaser was appointed to act as bishop of the Pine Grove ward, Union stake, in place of Hyrum Weech; James L. Adams was sustained bishop of the Parowan ward, Parowan stake, to succeed Walter C. Mitchell; Alexander G. Matheson, as bishop of the Cedar West ward, Parowan stake, to succeed Lehi W. Jones; Silas S. Rowley was appointed to be the Presiding Elder in the Spring Glen ward, Carbon stake, to succeed Robert B. Morrison; Samuel E. Holt was sustained as bishop of the South Jordan ward, to succeed Thomas Blake; Bishop Elias S. Woodruff requests all his mail to be sent to P. O. Box 1508, Salt Lake City, Utah, Bishop O. J. P. Widstoe has moved to 382 Wall Street, Salt Lake City; Daniel R. Lamb was appointed to be ward clerk of the Wales ward, North Sanpete stake, to succeed Thomas Edmunds; C. W. Hardy, to be ward clerk of the 12th-13th ward, Ensign stake, to succeed Hyrum M. Christensen; George Gottlieb Ronnenkamp, to be ward clerk of Herbert ward, Fremont stake, to succeed Robert A. Leatham; W. Smith Hoge, to be ward clerk of the Paris 2nd ward, Bear Lake stake, to succeed Thomas Minson; Jesse L. Hiatt, to be ward clerk of the Vernal 2nd ward, Uintah stake, to succeed Edward J. Young, Jr.; Wm. M. Miller, to be ward clerk of the Penrose ward, Bear River stake; Sarah M. Jones, to be ward clerk of the Marion ward, Summit stake, to succeed Elias Lemon.

**The exile of some elders from Sweden** was mentioned in the last number of the ERA. This reactionary incident, under an old and obsolete law, brought about by the self-sufficient Swedish-American pastor Alsev, who has thus humorously sprung a joke on the "grave and reverend Swedes," has roused the liberal press of Sweden to sharp opposition. They see in it danger to religious liberty, and from the complaints printed, it is clear that unless the policy of the reactionaries is changed, the government will soon see trouble enough in other lines, and from other people, to make them willing to let the inoffensive and law-abiding "Mormon" missionaries alone in peace. Here is a characteristic selection from ARBETARBLADET, Gefle, September 23, 1911:

"It is which and t'other with religious freedom here in the land. This is shown, in part, by the recent exile of the 'Mormon' missionaries. It was believed that this action was taken because of the agitation carried on by the missionaries in encouraging emigration to Utah, but this seems not to be the case. The exile, according to the testimony of the actors themselves, is meant as a direct blow at the 'Mormon' propaganda as such. We have therefore to deal with blows against religious freedom itself, and against this and like things the liberal press must turn with all energy. It isn't a question here as to whether one favors or disfavors the 'Mormons.' We may just as well say that we consider this so-called religion especially distasteful, if not infinitely worse than Waldenstromism and other spiritual epidemics. But the question at issue is the right to religious freedom, even for those who may happen to be imbued with the teachings of Joseph Smith. It is a question also of opposing the officers

who have taken upon themselves the task to carry into effect the driving of the 'Mormons' from the land, for these same authorities may at another time turn themselves against the members of other religious organizations. If the fight against 'Mormonism' really is so necessary as it has been taken for granted, then it must at least be definitely demanded that it shall be carried on by legal means. The adoption of an unprejudiced and honorable educational campaign is the only method that can be unqualifiedly recommended. But this educational campaign must not be handled or directed by the official coterie of religious intolerants in this our land, for in such case it will be immediately subject to question. It is just because of this situation that one can scarcely rejoice over the anti-'Mormon' propaganda which is at present developing in Sweden, through the efforts of the imported American pastor Aslev. It has always been considered a questionable tactic to drive out the devil with Beelzebub."

**Honorable John T. Caine**, prominent in early theatrical, political and business circles of Utah, died in Salt Lake City, September 20, 1911. He was born on the Isle of Man, parish of Kirk Patrick, January 8, 1829. He came to Utah in September, 1852. He filled a mission to Hawaii, in



1854, returning from the coast by horseback to Utah, via San Bernardino, in 1856. He served that year as assistant clerk of the Legislative council at Fillmore, which office he later held, and also clerk, for many sessions. He was private clerk to President Young. He became identified with theatrical amusements in the Social Hall, and later with the Salt Lake Theatre, erected in 1862. In 1870, he went to Washington, carrying the protest of the people of Utah against the Cullom bill, and returning became interested in the **SALT LAKE HERALD**. Many political and ecclesiastical offices and

business positions were held by him, and on March, 4, 1883, he succeeded Hon. George Q. Cannon, by appointment, as Delegate to Congress from Utah, Mr. Cannon's seat having been declared vacant. Later, November 7, 1883, Mr. Caine was elected a regular delegate, in which capacity he served with honor until the adjournment of the 52nd Congress. He identified himself actively with the Democratic party, at the time of the division of the people of Utah on party lines. In every position, he was true to his trusts, and religiously, politically, as a man of business capacity and character, elicited the respect of all who knew him.

**The Battleship "Utah,"** turned over to the government by the builders, the New York Ship-building Company, on August 30, was placed in commission at the Philadelphia Navy yard on August 31, with Captain W. S. Benson in command. It joined the Atlantic fleet soon as supplies were put on board. "Utah" is the fifth of the all-big-gun type to be launched, is 551½ feet long, and has a displacement of 21,825 tons. It developed 21.63 knots on the speed test. It has ten 12-inch guns mounted in five turrets. The silver service for the ship, provided largely by the children of the state, was on display at Leyson's in Salt Lake City until

the middle of October, and there was no objection by the Navy Department to receiving it. On Monday, November 6, the service was formally presented on board the vessel by Governor William Spry, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There were some five hundred Utah people present, including the Tabernacle choir of two hundred voices. Captain Benson, in accepting the service said: "We appreciate the honor shown us by the people of Utah, and we hope they will feel as proud of our ship as we are of this silver service. The service represents the state of Utah, and we mean to defend to our utmost the honor and good name of that state." The choir sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and "Utah we Love Thee."

**The City Elections** in Utah were held Nov. 7, under the new non-partisan law. The result was quite satisfactory, the new law being generally pronounced good. In Salt Lake City, a non-partisan Commission, with Samuel C. Park, as mayor, was elected, and the "American" party domination was overthrown by a substantial vote, which ranged from 4,146 majority for Park over Bransford, the "American" candidate, to 6,459 majority for W. H. Shearman, non-partizan candidate for Auditor, over Kimball, the "American" candidate. The motto of the non-partizan candidates is "Peace, progress and reform," which, being greatly needed, let us hope we may get.

**The Italian Army in Tripoli** made a merciless slaughter of Arabs on the outside of the city, October 26. The Arabs had attacked the city on October 23, in an attempt to support a general movement by the Turks to retake the city. In order to overawe the Arabs and prevent a repetition of this attack, the Italians began and executed what the correspondents of the daily papers describe as a merciless massacre. Tripoli, the gateway to the Sahara, and one of the oldest cities in the world, will doubtless remain in the hands of the Italians. Owing to Turkey's lack of naval strength, over fifty Italian transports crossed the Mediterranean and landed an army of occupation of over 50,000 men.

**Sixteen Cardinals** were named by the Pope, November 27, three of them being Americans: Archbishop Farley of New York, Archbishop O'Connell of Boston, and Archbishop Falconio apostolic delegated at Washington, who was born an Italian but came to America in 1865. Archbishop O'Connell was born in Lowell, Mass., in 1858; and Archbishop Farley was born in Ireland, in 1842, and became Archbishop of New York, in 1903.

**A Strike of Shopmen on the Harriman and Illinois Central** railway systems was called on Saturday, September 30, at 10 o'clock a. m. It involved some 35,000 laborers, and locally affected about 650 men in Ogden and 200 in Salt Lake City, and many others in different western cities on the Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line roads. Up to the middle of November little inconvenience had been experienced by the railroads, and new men were rapidly being imported from the East to fill the places of the strikers. The men in these parts had no grievance, but were ordered out to help get recognition for a federation of shop-employees who desired to be dealt with in the same manner as the individual unions comprised in the federation are dealt with.



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