

The RELIEF SOCIETY *Magazine*

JANUARY
1929

Vol. XVI
No. 1





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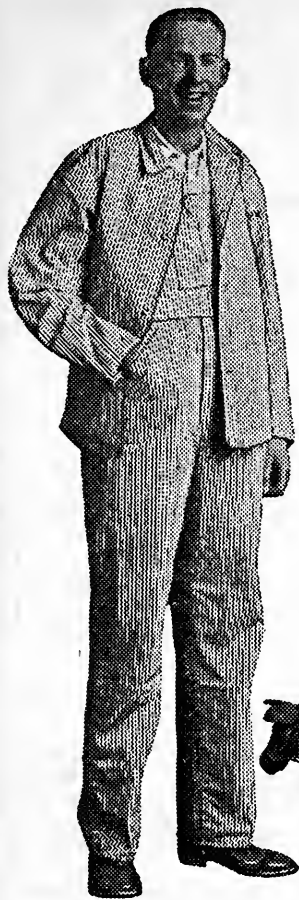
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The Relief Society Magazine

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PRESIDENT LOUISE YATES ROBISON

THE
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Louise Yates Robison

PRESIDENT OF NATIONAL WOMAN'S RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

By Jennie Brimhall Knight

Across the street from our home stands a group of beautiful, large maple trees. For a long time they have been a constant joy to all who come their way. The green leaves of spring speak hope, testifying of the coming of grateful shade to relieve the hot summer sun. Then, with their message of good cheer, beautiful beyond expression of brush or pen, come the glorious tints of autumn. These trees were planted by Louise Yates Robison when Provo was her home city. They are typical of her, for throughout her life she has sought to have beauty take the place of barrenness, to see that comfort and succor come to the rescue of those exposed to the fiery darts of want and poverty, and with words of cheer to make more colorful and happy the lives of the downhearted and depressed.

Among women who are blessed in being well born is our new president. Her birth occurred in Millard County on May 27, 1866. Her father was Thomas Yates; her mother, Elizabeth Francis Yates. She says, "I am thankful that I was born to those splendid parents, who were refined, spiritual and loving." Throughout life her father and mother were devoted lovers. They left their native land for the faith they had in the gospel, and bequeathed to their children a reverence for God, for his works, for his promises. Their daughter, following their worthy example, has a perfect trust in the Lord and deep respect for his authority here on earth.

In Pioneer days her father was bishop of Scipio; her mother a worker in the ward Relief Society and later president of the Millard Stake Relief Society—facts that bear witness to their leadership. When very young Louise learned to share with others her food and shelter as well as the companionship

of her father and mother. In this home the foundation was laid for our new president's work in the Relief Society.

Sister Robison got her schooling in her home town and was for a season a student at the Brigham Young University. At that time Karl G. Maeser was principal—a fact that she appreciates. With hundreds of other students she received abundant spiritual enrichment through contact with his life. When a very young girl she was married to Joseph Lyman Robison, and thus her career as a student was cut short. Millard County has produced more than its share of gifted people, a fact indicating that a number of unusual families located in that section. Among these was the Robison family, and Joseph Lyman is a scion of that stock. It has been my good fortune to know the members of these families rather well and whenever they speak of young men of promise of Millard County, of the earlier period, they usually name Joseph Lyman Robison as one of them.

Many years of Mrs. Robison's life have been devoted to home making. Her two sons, like her brother Thomas, an engineer, are of the professional class. Her eldest son, Harold, who received his M. D. at the Rush Medical College in Chicago and his Master's Degree in Philadelphia, is a prominent physician of Los Angeles, California. Her son Rulon is endowed with exceptional musical ability; he has a rich tenor voice and is a member of the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston. She has four daughters—Florence, Winifred, Gladys and Dorothy, all married. Their mother's tribute is "my daughters are as successful homemakers and mothers as my sons are successful professional men." People who have come in contact with this family have been impressed by their mutual devotion and by the endearing terms with which they address each other. Having seen some of the daughters, I know that their mother is justified in her estimate of their ability.

In one capacity or another Louise Yates Robison has served the Church a great many years of her life. Before her marriage she was an officer in the Y. L. M. I. A.; for several years thereafter she was at home with her babies. She says "when they were old enough for me to leave them, I again began Mutual work." For many years she served as president of the First Ward Mutual in Salt Lake City, and later she was president in the Emerson Ward. Then came the period of her service on the Granite Stake Relief Society Board, followed by a call to the presidency of that Board. She was serving in the capacity of first counselor to President Leonora T. Harrington when she was placed on the General Board of the Relief Society and the Executive Committee in the position

of second counselor to President Clarissa S. Williams. Sister Robison has also served on the Granite Stake Board of Genealogy, doing active work with Richard Summerhays.

During the war her very efficient service was generally appreciated, particularly by the Red Cross, for whom she did conspicuous work. Her special work at that time was in surgical dressings. She took training and later was sent out by the Red Cross as an instructor. She presided in the gauze room at the Gardo House. True to her nature, she cannot think of these wartime experiences without connecting it with the friendships that resulted from the work. Many a thought she devotes to the "fine women who gave their service to the Red Cross during that period of storm and stress."

Temple work is dear to her heart. She has said that there are no moments of her life when the spiritual seems to dominate so completely and push from her all that is earthly as when she is in the Temple doing the work of that Sacred House. She particularly appreciates her good fortune in being able to attend the dedicatory services of the Mesa Temple in Arizona. During that memorable week President Grant gave her an invitation to be present at every session—a courtesy which she deeply appreciates.

In positions of leadership Sister Robison is modest and unassuming. On April 2, 1921, when her name was announced as counselor to President Clarissa S. Williams, she turned to Leonora T. Harrington, her stake president, and said, "I didn't know there was another woman by that name in the Church." Much to her astonishment, Mrs. Harrington answered, "Why, that's you."

From the moment of her entrance on the General Board she has been energetically interested in Relief Society problems. During convention and conference periods she has visited more stakes than her real quota. No personal interest has ever stood in the way of her answering the call of the organization.

It is superfluous to say that she is industrious; her record of achievement bears eloquent testimony to this fact. She has spent many hours in the office when all others were gone. Besides her regular work as counselor, she has acted as chairman of a number of important committees. At her suggestion and under her supervision, a Church-wide campaign for home beautification was launched, resulting in unforeseen and extraordinary interest throughout the stakes of the Church.

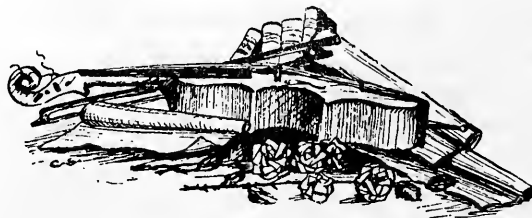
At present she is a member of the Travelers' Aid Society, having attended two national conventions of this organization. This year her name is published as one of the directors of the Utah Tuberculosis Association. Her interest in social welfare

problems has taken her to two conferences for social workers, one held at Denver, Colorado, and the other at Toronto, Canada. She is an active member of the State Conference of Social Work and of other organizations interested in community welfare.

Her kindly solicitude for all and her art of greeting each with endearing terms, coupled with her sympathy and patience, have proved invaluable assets in her work in the burial clothes department. This branch of the work of the Relief Society has been a notable success under her management. The bereaved and sorrowing, whenever they have entered her office, have found a haven of peace during those anxious hours when they are performing the last tender service for loved ones.

On October 7, 1928, President Grant presented her name at the Semi-annual Conference for General President of the National Woman's Relief Society of the Church—a position that she will doubtless fill with the same enthusiasm, energy, and faith that she has put into all other positions to which she has been called.

Sister Robison is interested in the progress of women the world over. Consequently, she has a vision of the great work to be done and the courage to do her part. She is full of faith and has an understanding heart. She comes to this notable position well qualified to fill it with dignity and honor. Our thoughts of her lead us to substitute the feminine for the masculine and repeat the words of the third paragraph of the first psalm in expressing our faith in our new President, Louise Yates Robison. "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water; that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; and his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."



New Year Visions

By Alice Morrill

The New Year curtain draws aside
And opens vistas, bright with cheer.
My step is free, my heart is glad
To enter on the fresh New Year.

I see, adown her wondrous aisles,
Sweet pleasures I have known before,
And joyous duties, and the glint
Of home fires through the open door.

Upon her sun-lit paths I see
The feet of children, and I hear
Their voices like the sound of bells
On zephyr breezes, ringing clear.

Now in the way that spreads beyond
I see stern duty—yet how kind!
Her sway, throughout the passing years,
Brings calm of soul and peace of mind.

I see, there, Labor of the Hands
Whose fruits shall bring forth manifold
Of all the gifts our Mother Earth
Hath safely locked within her hold.

I see Adherence to the Word
Of God, eternally the same
As Heaven's sun and stars, and Truth
Sit ever in their place—unchanged.

I see the books of nature spread
Where all may feast most bounteously
And view her paintings, everywhere,
Hung for the Eye of Soul to see.

The New Year curtain draws aside,
Disclosing life's proud heritage
Of joy and duty, work and hope,
And wealth of Nature's equipage.



COUNSELOR AMY BROWN LYMAN

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman

By Mary Connelly Kimball

Amy Brown Lyman, honored and loved, in the full fruition of her splendid powers, comes to the Presidency of the Relief Society fully trained, informed, equipped to become at once effective in her new office as counselor to President Louise Y. Robison. She loves the Relief Society work and those engaged in it. She is frank and outspoken and her president will know just where she stands, and will find in her a valuable counselor, a considerate helper, a true supporter.

The virility of stock continues generation after generation. Mrs. Lyman evidences that sturdy, dependable, calm, judicious heritage that is hers from pioneer parents. Her grandfather was a graduate of the University of Berlin; her father, John Brown, was educated for the Baptist ministry. He was one of the original pioneers, and, with Orson Pratt, he has the distinction of being the first of the Pioneer Band to see the Salt Lake Valley. His scholarship made him outstanding. For many years he was mayor of Pleasant Grove and bishop of the ward. Her mother was a lover of books, sincere, charitable, and deeply religious. The home was one of love, peace, and good will. The children were taught to do right in such a way that it seemed to them the natural thing to do.

On February 7, 1872, Amy came to gladden her parents' home at Pleasant Grove. There were ten children in the home; hence she knew the joy of growing up in a big family, with the discipline in unselfishness that comes from yielding to the wishes and welfare of others.

A student from childhood, she went from the schools of Pleasant Grove to the Brigham Young University, graduating in the class of 1890. For four years thereafter she taught in the training school of her Alma Mater. Following this she taught in the public schools of Salt Lake City for two years.

On September 9, 1896, she was married to Dr. Richard R. Lyman, now of the Council of the Twelve. The union has been a most happy one. Two children have brought joy to their home, Wendell and Margaret. Both have graduated from the University of Utah with degrees. Wendell has been very successful in business, and Margaret has spent years in studying the cello at home, in New York and in Paris. She is now the wife of Alexander Schreiner, one of America's leading organists and a brilliant pianist.

Amy began her church work at the age of eleven as secretary

of a ward Primary. She has acted in all the offices of a ward Y. L. M. I. A. and as teacher in Sunday School. It is in the Relief Society, however, that her most outstanding public work has been done. On October 5, 1909, she was called to the General Board. On May 5, 1911, she became assistant secretary and in August, 1913, she became General Secretary. She has served as assistant manager of the Magazine since its establishment. In addition to her valuable and interesting "Notes From the Field" she has prepared guide lessons for the use of the society.

Very few have the secretarial ability that Mrs. Lyman has. She is careful, accurate, painstaking. She has the knack of writing the most important proceedings and the best things said at a meeting. Mrs. Lyman leaves the minute files complete from the year of the organization of the Relief Society in 1842 up to the present time. She has assembled historical data covering the period between the Nauvoo meetings and the organization of the General Board in 1892. The minutes are arranged with topical marginal headings and are carefully indexed and cross indexed so that information is available at a moment's notice. She also leaves a complete file of bound volumes of stake reports from the year 1913 to the present, which is a useful and handy reference of historical, statistical and financial data of the stakes and wards of the Church.

Mrs. Lyman also arranged a comprehensive book for use in the wards known as the "Ward Record Book." This book is arranged to record the activities of the ward, which in the Relief Society are varied including roll, minutes, historical notes, statistical data, financial transactions, and yearly summarized reports. It also contains printed instructions to officers. As soon as this book was adopted it automatically systematized and standardized all the mechanical workings of the ward organizations and it stands as a permanent file for ready reference in the wards. A similar book for stake records was also prepared for the stakes by Mrs. Lyman.

Welfare work has been of especial interest to her and under the direction of President Joseph F. Smith and the General Board she had the privilege of introducing so called "case work" into the Relief Society. For years she has studied methods and systems of family relief, taking special courses in Sociology and Psychology, in addition to the Red Cross Home Service Course and a course in field work under the direction of the Denver City and County Charity office. Whenever in her travels an opportunity has presented itself she has looked into relief work. In social service work she is an outstanding authority in the state. She knows and associates intimately with the great leaders of the land in her line of work, and knows the literature on the subject as well as the

workers and the authors. She has attended a number of sessions of the National Conference of Social Work.

She has become an outstanding figure in the National Council of Women. Its leading women admire her and seek her counsel. She has attended a number of sessions and has served as Recording Secretary of this organization and is now Auditor. By appointment of the President of the Council, she was a United States delegate to the Quinquennial meeting of the International Council in 1925.

She was a member of the State Legislature (House of Representatives) in 1923, serving as chairman of Public Health. She was Vice-Chairman of the State Welfare Commission as long as it existed. She has served as Vice-Chairman of the Community Clinic and on the Advisory Staff of the County Hospital; and is at present President of the Utah State Conference of Social Workers.

Mrs. Lyman was recently elected to membership in Pi Gamma Mu, the National Honorary Social Science Society of America.

Whatever line of work she undertakes she masters. When she was made secretary of the Relief Society she began at once a study of bookkeeping, office methods, and the work of secretaries, with the result that she has made for the Relief Society a secretary's office that would do credit to any business institution. Relief Society workers and others who have to do with family and other social problems are feeling the influence of her studies and activities. There are people in every stake and ward who are indebted to Mrs. Lyman for helping them to handle social problems wisely and well. She will not live long enough for the people generally to comprehend the value of the far-reaching social service work she has taken even to the remotest portions of the Church.

Perhaps her distinctive characteristics are her passion for work, the amount of it she can do, her interest in books and studies, and her devotion to the Church itself. But she has been best and most devoted as a mother and home maker. Whoever enters her door senses that cleanliness, order, hospitality, and good will that make the home a haven of rest and happiness to all who dwell there.

For any and all successes which have come to her husband he proudly gives more than half the credit to his wife. She has been an unfailing support. In his university work, his practice of engineering and in his Church work, all requiring long and frequent absences from home, she has given him every assistance. Not a word of complaint on this account has she ever spoken. No man ever had a more devoted or efficient helpmeet.

Mrs. Lyman is a beautiful, queenly woman of a striking personality. Vivacious, happy, intensely interested in things and people, she is enjoyed wherever she goes. While she has very decided opinions and voices them clearly she is very tolerant of those who differ with her.

Mrs. Lyman leaves the office of General Secretary with the

plaudits of her co-workers, "well done" and with the consciousness that she has put into her work the best that she could give. She has been an indefatigable worker and has left nothing undone that would make the work effective and up-to-date. She has been an inspiration to and has encouraged many young women to take up Relief Society work. To her new position she brings a rich experience garnered through years of intelligent service. She knows the Relief Society work in all its phases and in all its departments. She has vision and an open mind, so while she will ever desire to keep all the good of the past, she will ever wish to add the best that the intelligence of the years brings and develops.

Quotations from Edmund Burke

Flattery corrupts both the receiver and giver; and adulation is not of more service to the people than to kings.

People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors.

Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.

Man is by his constitution a religious animal.

I Wonder

By J. B. Green

I wonder when my soul is weighed
Against the measure given
I wonder will the verdict be—
“Well done, rest thou in heaven.”

Or will He read my record o'er
With sorrow in His face
And say, “Thou art a stranger here
For you there is no place.”

God grant my lessons I may learn
Though trials my teacher be,
So well, thou'lt be pleased to say
“Rest thou thy soul with Me.”

Resignation

By Henry Van Dyke

With eager heart and will on fire,
I fought to win my great desire.
“Peace shall be mine,” I said; but life
Grew bitter in the endless strife.

My soul was weary, and my pride
Was wounded deep: to Heaven I cried,
“God grant me peace or I must die;”
The dumb stars glittered no reply.

Broken at last, I bowed my head,
Forgetting all myself, and said,
“Whatever comes, His will be done;”
And in that moment peace was won.



COUNSELOR JULIA ALLEMAN CHILD

Counselor Julia Alleman Child

By Julia A. F. Lund

The directing of ambition into spiritual channels, the linking of knowledge with the common and necessary duties of life—these traits constitute, perhaps, the outstanding characteristics of Julia Alleman Child. In reviewing the events of her life, one feels that she has demonstrated that some of this generation have not forgotten the deeper lessons taught by their pioneer mothers.

Julia was born in Springville, September 8, 1873, the daughter of Benjamin and Sariah Jane Starr Alleman. This fine couple, both descendants of Revolutionary ancestry, were among Utah's pioneers of 1850 and 1852, who played a major part in laying the foundation of this state. They suffered the hardships, but lived to see some of the fruits of their labors. Their spirit is preserved in their daughter.

Women of our day do not have to face the tasks their mothers faced, but they have tasks of their own, which they cannot fail to perform, while holding work not as a curse, but as a blessing. In the greatness of her work, Julia has believed sincerely. She has felt the thrill of service in her veins, and has been confident that to her was given the privilege of playing a part in the community in which she lived. This conviction has led her always to accept each opportunity to do the work that has been given her.

Her girlhood was spent in Springville, where she attended the public schools; later she spent three years at the Brigham Young University in Provo, under Dr. Karl G. Maeser. She took special courses also at the University of Utah. Those who were fortunate enough to be numbered among her schoolmates recall her popularity and leadership, which were evident at a very early period. With Julia, knowledge was the instrument of successful action; hers was a career "perpetual in its triumph," physical, mental, spiritual; and the breadth of her young life was secured by a diversity of interests and a wide range of activities. She seems to have acted upon the advice of Luther Gulick, "to see that all the hours of the day are so full of interesting and healthful occupations that there is no chance for worry to stick its nose in."

Her school life was animated by a great and abiding purpose, which found full expression in the profession which she followed for so many years. It is said that right living is the finest of the fine arts, and good teaching comes next because it is the most timely and most efficient means to right living. Other arts reflect life—teaching develops it. How successful Julia was in this field, and

how many young lives she directed in right paths, is suggested by the fact that she taught in the Springville public schools for fourteen years, where she was generally acknowledged to be one of the best teachers in the county at that time. She was principal of two Primary Buildings, and Primary Supervisor. Her efforts were uniformly directed toward making "education a preparation for complete living." Throughout life her educational contacts have been very wide, both in the Church and in civic activities.

At the age of fifteen Julia was secretary of the Springville Sunday School; later she acted as a teacher. The Primary Association, also the Religion Class, profited by her efficient services. She was counselor in the Y. L. M. I. A., in the Second Ward in Springville, and later was in the Presidency of the Le Grande Ward Mutual in Liberty stake. In August, 1912, Julia was chosen an aid to President Emily H. Higgs of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Liberty stake, and in 1917 was made a counselor to Mrs. Joseph A. Folsom, president of the Liberty stake Y. L. M. I. A. In May of the same year she became the chairman of the Red Cross work in the stake for the Mutual, discharging the duties of this important position until the end of the war.

In the reorganization of the presidency and General Board of the Relief Society in April, 1921, Julia was called to the General Board, and served during the entire presidency of President Clarissa S. Williams.

It is constantly borne out that the human spirit has its greatest development when it is exercising leadership. How many-sided this great quality is in Mrs. Child may be understood, when, in addition to her Church work and other educational contacts, some of her civic activities are suggested. She has been Vice-Regent and member of the Daughters of the Revolution, a member of the Board of the Utah Public Health Association, Director and Vice President of Salt Lake City Congress of Parent Teachers, and member of the Board of Directors of the Civic Center.

Mrs. Child's public life has been the subject of this sketch up to this point, and splendid as is this extensive public service to her fellowmen, to those who know her best, there is a side which challenges even greater admiration, and that is her beautiful home life. She was reared in a real Latter-day Saint household, which was charged with the spirit of physical, mental, and spiritual vitality. In that home, generous hospitality was coupled with the thought that education is primarily a means to make men better, and that it is useless to fill them with knowledge or stir them to action unless it is all governed by the spirit that gives a higher conception to life. These ideals were carried to fruition in Mrs. Child's own home.

On June 3, 1908, she was married to George N. Child, a worthy companion for a noble wife. He is, at present, the honored

Superintendent of the Salt Lake City Schools. She is the mother of one daughter and two sons. These have found in their mother all that the sacred name implies; but the tender and wonderful manner in which she has filled the place to her husband's five other children, is one of her greatest achievements. In this, as in all her fields of labor, she has used "knowledge as the instrument of successful action," sympathy as the ability and disposition to apply the Golden Rule, humility as the allegiance to what is spiritually above us, love as the fulfilling of the law, "the greatest thing in the world."

During the years she has been on the General Board she has traveled extensively in the work, and has visited a great many of the stakes, coming in close contact with the sisters of the organization. This experience, coupled with her breadth of vision and wide educational outlook, has qualified her to be a safe and able counselor to the General President.

Awakening

By Mary Hale Woolsey

One little dream I had (Now it is ended.)—

. . . A tiny dream persisting through the years;
Away within my heart's dim, deepest cloister,
A secret refuge from my pain and tears.

One little dream, sought out in wee small hours
When life grew dreary.—Oh, I thought that I
Could keep it always small and unimportant,
So that I need not grieve if it should die.

. . . But oh, dear heart!—How sorely has betrayed me
My little dream I thought so still and sweet!
. . . For now I know how all the while 'twas building
A thousand hopes to crumble at my feet!



GENERAL SECRETARY JULIA A. FARNSWORTH LUND

Julia A. Farnsworth Lund

GENERAL SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

By May Booth Talmage

The advantage of receiving as a goodly heritage the finest characteristics of a long line of worthy ancestors is clearly emphasized in Julia A. Farnsworth Lund. One may say that in the truest sense she was well-born—through the lineage of the Farnsworths and the Murdocks.

In addition to the advantages of these splendid qualities received through inheritance, she has had superior home environment and exceptional educational opportunities, thus combining the three fundamentals that mean so much in the development of outstanding men and women.

A daughter of Philo T. and Julia P. Murdock Farnsworth, Julia was born in Beaver City, Utah, on December 2, 1874. Gifted and beautiful from childhood, she exhibited traits of leadership which have increased with the opportunities she so eagerly seized, and the responsibilities she so willingly assumed. In watching Julia one is constantly reminded of her no less gifted mother, who served with marked efficiency on the Relief Society General Board for several years, and whose attractive and well ordered home radiated a spirit of true hospitality and excellent management. Mrs. Lund's scholastic training was obtained from the elementary schools, the Beaver Stake Academy for one year, the Brigham Young Academy for three years, and the University of Utah, from which last-named institution she received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

When but nineteen years of age she attended the World's Congress of Women, held in Chicago in the spring of 1893; and as a representative of the young women of Utah she delivered an address at that notable gathering. In 1896 she served as Secretary of the Republican Central Committee, and, during subsequent years, has taken an active interest in political affairs.

In club work also Mrs. Lund has been given honor and responsibility. When the General Federation of Women's Clubs met in Denver, in the spring of 1898, she was made State Chairman of Correspondence for Utah. In 1899 she went to Philadelphia as a representative of the Utah State Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, of which great organization she is a charter member.

The active loyalty of Mrs. Lund toward her Alma Mater is

shown in her willing and efficient service as Vice President of the Alumni Association of the University of Utah in 1921-2, and also as a member of the Union Building Committee at the present time. As an instructor in Theology and English at the Latter-day Saints College, her ability combined with her pleasing personality became a subject of favorable comment, and was demonstrated by the over-crowded classes of students who elected to take instruction from her.

In 1921, Julia A. Farnsworth Lund was appointed a member of the General Board of the Relief Society, and she served in that capacity during the administration of Sister Clarissa S. Williams. The wisdom of this choice has been clearly demonstrated by the efficient service rendered by Sister Lund in the varied responsibilities of her calling.

In the spring of 1925 she was appointed a member of the Salt Lake County Red Cross Board—a position she still holds. When Mrs. Jeanette A. Hyde accepted the position of a U. S. Customs officer in Honolulu, the president of the local Civic Center Board asked for a member of the General Board of the Relief Society to take Mrs. Hyde's place on the Civic Center Board. Mrs. Lund was appointed to fill that vacancy in May 1925. The important position of Educational Director of the Civic Center was accepted by Mrs. Lund and was retained by her until she was called to her present office as General Secretary of the Relief Society.

Primarily to gain greater efficiency for her work at the Civic Center, Julia took a course at the University of California for special training in Adult Education. This college work and the experience gained at the Civic Center will doubtless prove an invaluable asset for the new position now occupied by Mrs. Lund.

Thus far we have written chiefly of the public activities of our new Secretary, but many and varied as these are, one who has been in a position to know Mrs. Lund in her home-life somewhat better than has the writer gives interesting side-lights that indicate even greater attributes than are shown by this brilliant public record.

When, on September 20th, 1900, Julia Farnsworth was married for time and eternity to Henry C. Lund, she builded better than she knew. To her own splendid heritage she added the inestimable worth of another quite as strong, as all who knew President Anthon H. Lund, of the First Presidency of the Church, and President Canute Petersen of the Sanpete Stake, can testify. Seven children were born to Brother and Sister Henry C. Lund, and six of these are living. We quote a few of the well-deserved tributes paid by the informant before mentioned:

“Julia is a mother to her children in the truest sense. She

not only cares for their physical welfare by providing them with a well-balanced diet, making their clothing attractive by the work of her own hands, and carefully guarding their health, but she promotes a beautiful home-spirit and is commendably ambitious for their educational and spiritual well-being. With all her public duties she manages never to neglect her children. She seems to understand every need and be equal to every demand. She has instilled in the hearts of her children a very high regard and perfect respect for their father. She had very close and pleasant relationships with her husband's family, and was looked upon more as a daughter in fact than as one who had married into the family. To her sisters also she is a source of inspiration, and they often seek her for counsel or advice. In fact," the speaker concluded, "I can think of nothing that a mother should be that Julia is not; and my years of association with her have filled me with appreciation and admiration of her splendid life."

When her husband died, on September 5, 1925, an added responsibility came into the life of Sister Lund; but she met her sorrow bravely and today faces life's problems with heroic courage. She feels that her children and her Church now claim her whole interest, and that home-making is the greatest profession for a woman on earth.

In conning over and summing up the numerous and varied honors and responsibilities that have been crowded into the years of Sister Lund's earthly existence, one feels great assurance as to her sympathetic understanding of the problems that now confront her; and we are comforted in the thought that in her new and important position we shall find her an efficient and worthy successor to the honored and illustrious Secretaries who have preceded her.



THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

President Louise Yates Robison

With the ushering in of the new year we present the new president, Louise Yates Robison, who, on October 7, 1928, was sustained in the General Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints as seventh General President of the Relief Society. President Robison comes to this important office with a number of outstanding qualifications. Kindliness and good will towards others is with her both a science and an art. It is part of her natural equipment from both inheritance and cultivation. Since relief work is the phase on which chief emphasis is placed in the organization the inclination to help those who are in need of help must be a main part of the equipment of any president of a Relief Society.

Two things a good executive must be able to do: she must have the vision to see what is necessary to be done; also she must have the executive ability to carry out the things she sees. Some people have the mental ability to map out work but lack the art of putting over the plan after it has been formulated. Others have the power to execute, but lack the vision to see or know what were good to be done. President Robison appears to combine the ability of both seeing and doing.

It is almost axiomatic that a real leader will call around her people well suited to perform the particular tasks to which they are assigned. President Robison is, therefore, to be congratulated on her choice of counselors and secretary. It is one of the high points of leadership to surround oneself with efficient help; and in her first official act—that of selecting an efficient executive committee—she has given evidence of this high order of leadership.

The new president was trained in a home in Scipio, where the possibilities for learning and refinement under pioneer conditions taxed in the highest degree those who lived in the community. All that could be achieved had to be wrought through hard work, with such help as our Father lends to those who diligently seek and serve him. In such an environment Mrs. Robison was reared. She has developed a high degree of spirituality which can be felt by those with whom she meets or labors. The deep joy she experiences in her Temple work is added evidence of her love for things spiritual. Through the experience of her lifetime she has learned to rely on the Lord; and where she places her reliance, she will lead others to place theirs. She believes in the ultimate triumph of good; and where her faith is, her works will follow.

In public address the new president is persuasive. Lighting up and transforming all her thoughts is a countenance of rare sweetness. Her charm and grace of manner, which are part of a really lovely personality, will shed a benediction on every stake that she may visit. She will be a most welcome visitor wherever it is her good pleasure to go; for one of her gifts is the ability to touch and win the hearts of those with whom she comes in contact.

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman

In an editorial on Amy Brown Lyman, as General Secretary, we emphasized her familiarity with the work of the Relief Society. The information and experience she has gained as secretary is now available for her new office, that of counselor to President Louise Y. Robison. Added to her knowledge and experience are a group of engaging and trustworthy qualities of mind and heart that have made Mrs. Lyman successful in the numerous positions that she has filled during her industrious life. Coupled with her mental qualities are spiritual qualities developed through years of service. We would emphasize that from early childhood she has been nurtured in the spirit of her religion. The home from which she came cherished above all else the priceless gift of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Her father's and her mother's names are synonyms of sacrifice for the establishment of the work and the rearing of their children, with a love for spiritual values. Her life has been characterized by devotion to the gospel. She has made sacrifices to

establish institutions that are of great value. Her devotion as a teacher in the Brigham Young University, like her work in the Relief Society at the present time, has been inspired in the main by a desire to magnify the gospel work in the earth. Throughout her life her intellectual gifts have been coupled with spiritual qualities.

Counselor Julia Alleman Child

Julia Alleman Child is a descendent of the early makers of Latter-day Saint history. The witnesses of the Book of Mormon must always stand out conspicuously among those who made the early history of the Church. Mrs. Child's great grandmother, whom she remembers, was a sister of Martin Harris. The Harris family has produced a number of outstanding men and women, and among these is Julia Alleman Child. Many people recognize in her character a delightful balance, an all-roundedness, a clear headedness that is both useful and admirable; just the type of person one might be led to select for a counselor. She has good judgment and a heart as well as a mind that penetrates into human affairs so that people naturally draw near her because she understands.

Mrs. Child has devoted much of her life to education. Her husband is superintendent of the Salt Lake City schools, so that matters of an educational nature are often referred to her. We are sure that many of our readers will recall that on a number of occasions Sister Child has made outstanding addresses before the conference on educational subjects. Her addresses are noted for the splendid material that she assembles, and the clear, effective way in which she puts over that material.

There is no substitute in life's work for common sense or loyalty. Sister Child possesses both these characteristics in large measure. She is loyal to her Church, loyal to the Relief Society, and will be loyal to President Louise Y. Robison, to whom she has been called to act as second counselor. There is another attribute necessary for success in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and that is faith in the divinity of the latter-day work, faith in God and in Jesus Christ as the Savior of the world and the Redeemer of mankind. Sister Child had training in her adolescent years under that great master teacher, Karl G. Maeser, who daily emphasized the spiritual values of life above all others. She has shown in her conduct throughout her life that she did not come into contact with the great master without avail.

She is a woman of unusual charm. Her dark eyes beam with intelligence and her countenance lights up as thoughts and emotions play upon her face. She is kind and sympathetic in her

attitude towards all with whom she comes in contact. She is one whose spirit would tend to bring order out of chaos, harmony out of discord, good will out of ill will, and peace where the cry has gone forth that there is no peace.

General Secretary and Treasurer Julia A. F. Lund

Julia A. F. Lund is a member of a family that is outstanding in education and business. Her brother and sisters are recognized with her for their intellectual gifts. Mrs. Lund has devoted herself to education. She married Henry C. Lund, son of President Anthon H. Lund, who was a lawyer by profession. Mrs. Lund obtained her education in the Brigham Young Academy, the University of Utah, from which she took her degree and from institutions outside of the state, such as the University of California. Since her husband's death she has spent most of her time as director of educational work at the Salt Lake Civic Center, a position which gave her experience in administration.

Mrs. Lund has a keen mind and is everywhere recognized as a well informed woman. This information has been made manifest through her writings, through her teaching and through her public addresses. To her accumulation of knowledge she adds that indescribable something which may be personality and may be a gift of interpreting, enhancing, and transforming what she says. She is brilliant, naturally gifted as a speaker, and perhaps has the best right to be styled an orator of any member of the Board. She will bring to her new office, which is a very exacting office, information, brilliance, administrative experience and a fascinating personal address.

Sister Lund has a spiritual nature and her spirituality is contagious. She has faith in the religion she has espoused, and in the work of the great Relief Society, with whose fortune she has allied herself. She has an abiding faith in the triumph of the good, the true, and the beautiful. That which is unlovely, ordinary, or in any sense below a high standard, never appeals to her. You can arouse her nature at any time to the very depths by lending defense to anything wrong or unlovely. She has hitched her wagon to the stars, and there she has fixed her gaze; that which is low or groveling is no part of her.

Of refined tastes and delicate emotions, she is a woman of stable character. In thinking of her we are reminded of an artist's definition of an artist: "An artist is what he paints, plus." The *plus* is that which is of most importance, for it is the thing which determines whether the picture is bad, mediocre, or a work of art of the first magnitude. It is the *plus* that makes of the picture

a work of art. It is the *plus* which raises everything Mrs. Lund speaks about or works at, from the level of the ordinary into a higher realm. President Robison is to be congratulated on her choice of Mrs. Lund as secretary for she will grace this position as she has graced all the positions that she has filled during her active public life.

The Eliza Roxey Snow Poem Contest

Fifty poems were submitted for the 1928 Poem Contest. The winners in the contest are Mrs. Alice M. Walker and Miss Josephine Spencer. Honorable mention will be given to the poems of Mrs. Maud Chegwiddden, Mrs. Sarah Ahlstrom Nelson, and Mrs. J. Parton.

We are gratified over two matters relating to the 1928 contest; first, that Miss Josephine Spencer, whose writings have been published by practically every periodical in the state over a rather extended period of time, should receive one of the prizes. This poem was submitted only a few days before her death. Secondly, we are gratified in the range of territory represented by the successful contestants. Mrs. Walker lives in Redmesa, Colorado. Miss Spencer's home at the time of her death was in California. Mrs. Chegwiddden lives in Murray, Utah. Mrs. Nelson lives in Rexburg, Idaho, and Mrs. J. Parton's home is in Penshurst, New South Wales, Australia.

The judges of the 1928 contest were Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman of the General Board, Dr. George E. Fellows of the faculty of the University of Utah, and Mrs. Christen Jensen of the faculty of the Brigham Young University.

The magazine congratulates the winners in the contest and trusts that they may feel encouraged to go on with their work.

Editor's Note

We are publishing in this issue of the magazine a one-act play entitled "The Miracle"—By Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine, a member of the General Board. We know that at this season of the year a good many presidents are looking about for material for their seventeenth of March programs.

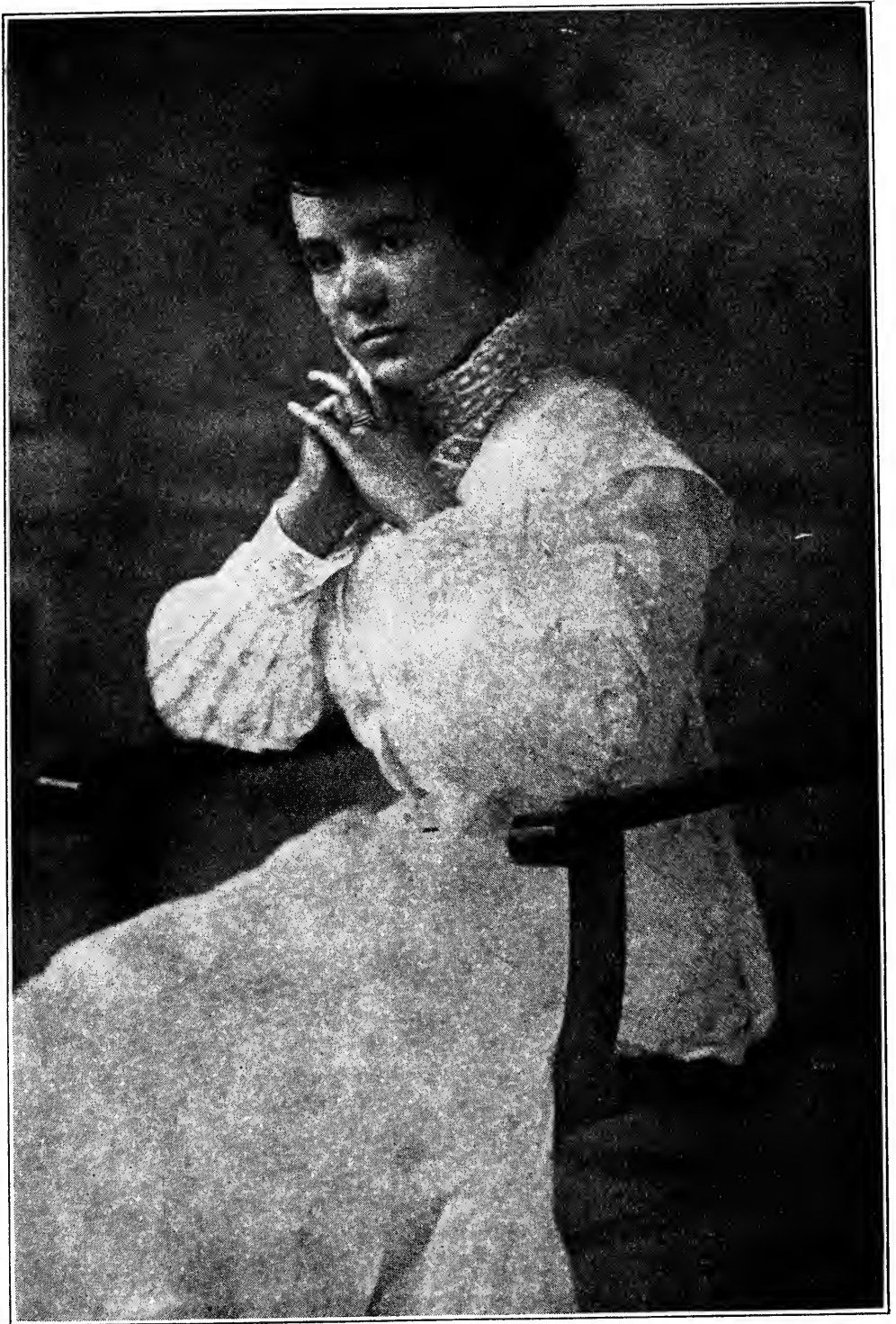
We trust that the organizations will find this play appropriate and useful. We are not urging that it be made use of, each society is at perfect liberty to use any material that it sees fit to use, but in case the officers are searching for something this may meet their need.

A Song for New Year's

By Shirley Rei Gudmundsen

'Tis Old Year's Night.
The room is dim.
The faint moving shadow on the little table
Of polished walnut
Far from the sharp white flames
That dance over red embers in the fireplace.
These, and the lighted globe on the fir tree
In the corner,
Cast a soft glow, that catches
All the sparkle of the tinsel,
All the glitter of the little tin track
On which the toy train
Has circled noisily, dutifully, for a week.
Against a chair leg
The round-eyed doll reclines
As though in musing, sweetly.
And the air is filled
With filmy haze of incense,
Sandalwood,
From the Joss on the mantel.
His sleepy face is wreathed in smoke
As though it might be a token
Of the peace, with all existing things
That wrap about his soul.

'Tis New Year's Morn.
A little space of minutes makes it so.
And now
The room is filled with light, efficiently,
And all its corners are illuminated.
The table and the tree have lost their quiet magic
Of half darkness,
And the hearth is but a fireplace
For warming.
The door is opened ;
On the frost night is borne
Medleys of the noise
That seek to make a mark on fleeting time.
The cold air rushes in,
Dispels the smoke of incense,
Makes as though to bring
New roses to the doll's cheeks,
New thoughts for those round eyes to startle at.



MRS. ALICE M. WALKER

My Neighbor

Alice M. Walker

Poem awarded first prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

Life was so full of petty care
I had no time to really live,
No happiness had I to share,
No song to sing, no joy to give.

Each day passed by on weary wings,
Each night brought only brief surcease,
I could not sense the greater things,
Could only work, and wait—for peace.

And then *you* came, and lo, it seemed
That through your eyes I learned to see
Life, beauty, faith, of which I'd dreamed
But never hoped could come to me.

I learned the joy of daily tasks,
And found the calm of cloudy days,
I came to know that Duty masks
The entrance to Life's sweetest ways.

You went away, but still I hold
The power you gave, to smile and sing,
To tinge the darkest clouds with gold,
And see God's hand in everything.



MISS JOSEPHINE SPENCER

Etched

Josephine Spencer

Poem awarded second prize in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest

The horizon a hazy line;
Foreground, a patch of crusted brine;
Buff beach, brown shore, a waveless sea—
With noon sun burning all the three.
South edge of serrate, Vandyke peaks;
Pale island headlands laid in streaks
Against the west; a northern shore
Set dark against the lake's blue floor.
Dun prairies laid along the east
With dingy clumps of sage-brush creased;
And still, white ponds of alkali;
A splash of green, a cool stream rolled
Through wheatfields beaded thick with gold;—
And then a city, lifting high,
Thin, pointed spires against the sky.

The Miracle

By Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine

A PLAY IN ONE ACT, TWO SCENES

Cast of Characters:

Mrs. Driggs, a widow old enough to have a son returning from a mission.

Her Children:

Nancy, seventeen years old, sweet and dependable.

Ruth, fifteen years old, high spirited but *not impertinent*.

Allen, nine years old; *Bobby*, six years old—just boys.

SCENE I

Scene: (A poorly furnished room. Mrs. Driggs is discovered sewing on a bright colored house dress. Patterns and material and a sewing machine show that making housedresses is her business. Allen and Bobby are playing on the floor. Ruth appears in the doorway of the kitchen adjoining, with a potato in one hand and a vegetable brush in the other. There is a pause after the curtain rises, long enough for the audience to get the atmosphere of the scene.)

Ruth: (speaking gently) Allen, run out and get me some wood for the fire. (Exeunt boys.)

Mrs. Driggs: Be sure to wash the potatoes clean, Ruthie.

Ruth: (Calling from the kitchen where she can be seen at work) Oh, sugar! Mother, consider the poor dumb animals, how they starve. I'd feel like a thief if I met a pig.

Mrs. Driggs: There's real food value in the peelings. Don't you remember, dear, when the doctor had me drink soup made from them?

Ruth: (Entering) Now mother, I know exactly what you are going to say; a French family could live out of an American family's garbage can. But now, I'm asking you confidentially, who wants to live out of a garbage can?

Mrs. Driggs: It's only said to illustrate their economy, dear.

Ruth: Mother, you say that poverty is a blessing in disguise. It may be, but I don't like the disguise. You bet when Ned comes home, we'll have something to eat besides skim milk and potatoes.

Mrs. Driggs: Returned missionaries sometimes have a hard time getting work. Ned hasn't even a trade.

Ruth: Yes, that's the worst of it, and no money to put him through college as father had intended. Poor Neddy, it'll be pretty hard for him to come home and find father gone—and us

in this way—(with an expressive gesture around the scantily furnished room).

Mrs. Driggs: Yes, dear, but he is brave, and he will do all he can to take father's place. (She struggles to control her emotions.) What is troubling me lately is that the mortgage on the home is so long past due—I haven't been able to pay even the interest for a long time; and Mr. Gray tells me that he has a customer for the place who wants to take possession immediately. That means we may have to move out before Neddy comes home. The house where he was born! (wiping her eyes. Then with an effort to regain her cheerfulness.) If we can just hold out a little longer, I know things will be all right.

Ruth: Mother, you darling. All your clouds are lined with gold and precious stones. The trouble is, they are such heavenly things we can't sell them for roast beef and ice cream.

Mrs. Driggs: There are many things worse than poverty, dearie.

Ruth: Well, there may be, but I haven't happened to meet them yet.

Mrs. Driggs: Why, living as we have, we have been able to keep Ned on his mission, even after father died. It's been worth it, hasn't it?

Ruth: Oh sure! but life's awfully unfair. Some people have everything.

Mrs. Driggs: Indeed, who for instance?

Ruth: Oh, everybody! I have less than any girl I know—except Nancy. Millie Barnes has everything.

Mrs. Driggs: Yes, I've heard you say she even has a bad temper.

Ruth: I'll say she has!

Mrs. Driggs: Would you like to change places with her?

Ruth: Sugar! I should say not.

Mrs. Driggs: Why do you say "sugar" all the time Ruthie?

Ruth: Well, you won't let me say "heck" or "gee" or "darn," and I have to say something, so I chose a nice, sweet word.

Mrs. Driggs: How would you like to be Alice Randall? She has plenty of money, and is very sweet, too.

Ruth: I don't want to be motherless Alice Randall, nor hateful Millie Barnes. I don't want to be anyone but me, I, and myself, only I've got an over-developed wishbone. Mother, I wish so hard sometimes that I almost make things come true.

Mrs. Driggs: Of course, dear, if we have faith enough, all things are possible. But we must be sure that our wishes are righteous and progressive,—in harmony with the upward trend of perfect life.

(Nancy enters. She takes off her hat and lays it on the table. She seems listless and depressed.)

Ruth: Well, what's the glad news, Nance. You look about as cheerful as a spell of conference weather.

Nancy: (She begins bravely but is weeping before she finishes speaking.) Mother, Mrs. Gray didn't pay me for the dresses. She says you are charging too much for them. She said she'd keep these because she had promised to; but she can get better ones at Denby's for less money, and she said she couldn't pay me today but that she'd send the money over in a few days.

Ruth: Why didn't you tell her to go to—SUGAR!

Nancy: I'm afraid I made a ninny of myself. I burst out crying right before her. Oh, I'm sorry, mother, but I couldn't help it. I was so tired and disappointed, and I knew we didn't have a thing in the house for supper, and no money.

(She sits down by her mother and lays her head in Mrs. Driggs' lap. Mrs. Driggs pets her fondly.)

Ruth: That shows what kind of an animal she is! You bet the next time I see her I'll say "Scat!"

Mrs. Driggs: (Reprovingly) Ruth, dear.

Ruth: I wish she'd be hungry for awhile for the sake of keeping that great, fat son of hers on a mission. Now, mother, that's a good wish, a righteous and progressive wish, and I am going to keep on wishing it hard enough for it to come true.

Mrs. Driggs: Darlings, we mustn't be hard and bitter, that only reacts on ourselves. You know the only reason that people are wicked or unkind is because they don't understand. If we are more intelligent or generous than some people we should be very thankful and not be cross with them about it. Ruth, dear, call the boys.

(Exit Ruth).

Nancy: Mother, Mrs. Gray was disagreeable. She said if people who borrowed money from them would only pay it back it would be better for everybody. It was mean of her when she knows that we put the mortgage on the home when father died to pay all those heavy expenses and to keep Ned on his mission; and she knows that we haven't had a thing to live on except what we have made by sewing.

Mrs. Driggs: Now, dearie, you mustn't be unjust. Men seldom tell their wives about those things, and Mr. Gray has been very lenient. It isn't his fault that we have been unfortunate.

Nancy: I can't understand it. You'd think that we deserve blessings. When you think that father died just three months after Ned had left for his mission and we had all that sorrow and expense and not a soul to help us—. Well, not many people would have done what we have done.

Mrs. Driggs: Oh yes, anyone would who loved 'the gospel as we do, and we've lived through it.

Nancy: (She takes her hat into an adjoining room, return-

ing in a few moments, speaking before she enters the room.)
Mother, have you sold your Cameo?

Mrs. Driggs: Yes, dear.

Nancy: (Entering, speaks sorrowfully) Oh, mother that's the last thing we had of grandma's and we all loved it so.

Mrs. Driggs: Yes, I know, dear, and it was to have been yours; but there's no help for it. Mrs. Anderson bought it, and she was very generous. The money she gave me for it will keep us until Ned comes home.

Nancy: (With a significant gesture around the room) I don't think there is another thing in the whole house that we could sell. Mother, we've literally fulfilled the command of the Savior to the young man to sell all he had and follow him, haven't we?

Mrs. Driggs: Yes, dear, and our reward is that our boy has been able to fill a good mission, and we all have good health and each other. And now, he is going to be released and will soon be home.

(Ruth and the boys are heard in the kitchen putting wood in a box. As they enter the boys are quarreling.)

Bobby: (Crying) You give me back my top.

Allen: I haven't got your old top, cry baby.

Bobby: You have too, I saw you take it. (He strikes at Allen and catches hold of him. They struggle together.)

Ruth: (Taking hold of one boy with each hand, she gives them a little shake.) Hi, there, you little hyenas! Get on your own side of the cage!

Mrs. Driggs: (Speaking gently. The boys obey her instantly.) Bobby, hand mother the Bible. Allen you may select the hymn, and repeat our watchword for the day.

Allen: (Kissing his mother.) I'm sorry, Mother. I forgot. (Then he stands by her side and repeats) "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Altogether: (In concert) "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." (Allen goes to a side table or shelf and gets a church song book, which he opens and looks for a hymn.)

Mrs. Driggs: Now, Ruthie, please tell us what your reaction was on the thing that has tried you most today.

Ruth: (Crossing her fingers in view of the audience, but so that her mother can't see them.) I wish Mrs. Gray a long life of health, wealth and happiness. I'd willingly share my last potato peeling with her.

Mrs. Driggs: (Shakes her head at Ruth reprovingly) Have you found a hymn, Allen? (Allen has selected a hymn that they can all sing well together. When they finish singing, Mrs. Driggs opens the Bible and hands it to Nancy, who reads from the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

Nancy: (Reading) "Believe me that I am in the Father, and

the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my father;

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son,

If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it. If ye love me keep my commandments.—”

(While Nancy is reading these last words a sharp knock is heard on the door. Ruth answers the door and signs for a letter, which Allen snatches from her hands to his mother).

Nancy: (Laying down the Bible looks anxiously at the letter as her mother opens it.) A special delivery airmail letter! It isn't Ned's handwriting, I wonder what it can be?

(They all crowd around their mother as she opens the letter with trembling fingers.)

Mrs. Driggs: (Reading aloud) “My dear Sister Driggs: It is with deepest sorrow that I am compelled to inform you that your son Edwin was seized with acute appendicitis this morning. We rushed him to the hospital—”

(She grows faint and Nancy takes the letter from her.)

Nancy: (Continuing the reading) “We rushed him to the hospital. We were fortunate in being able to secure the services of the noted surgeon, Dr. Humbolt. They wouldn't let me stay in the operating room with Ned, so I called the Saints and missionaries together, and we've had a most wonderful prayer meeting for him. The doctors give us no hope whatever. But we all feel that he will recover! We are praying, with all our hearts, and are going to fast until he is better. We don't intend to give up. If, however, in the wisdom of God, your son is taken you can always be happy in the knowledge that he died as he lived, full of faith and courage, and that he has been called to a greater work. He is a very noble young man, and a son to be proud of. He is dearly beloved by all who know him. I am writing this letter thinking that it will be less of a shock to you than a cablegram. I shall return immediately to the hospital, and will keep you constantly informed. May God bless and comfort you, dear sister. Your friend and brother, Albert Brown, President Mission.”

(During the reading Nancy's voice falters. She reads with great effort.)

Mrs. Driggs sits motionless, her eyes slightly raised as if in prayer. The children are sobbing and trying to comfort their mother.)

Mrs. Driggs: (Her lips move several times before she can force them to utter the words) “Whatsoever ye ask in my name will I do; if ye ask anything in my name, I will do it.”

(During the last words of this speech the curtain slowly falls).

SCENE II

(Scene same as before, a month later. Nancy and Ruth are discovered sewing on house dresses. An air of cheerfulness pervades the place. A vase or two of flowers or blooming plants make the room look as if it had been dressed up for a festive occasion).

Ruth: (Excitedly) "Oh gee! I mean Sugar! I don't believe six o'clock will ever come. I simply can't wait, that's all."

Nancy: (Who feels deeply, but is more calm) Well, what are you going to do about it?

Ruth: I'm afraid I'll go up in smoke. Poof! Just like that! (with an expressive gesture) I was never so excited in my life. I don't see how mother has stood it this last month.

Nancy: (Tenderly) Oh, mother! She's equal to anything. But wasn't it wonderful the way the tide turned, and the good news came pouring in? A cable from Brother Brown telling of the miracle of Ned's being healed almost before we had finished reading his first letter. And all the letters that have come since. I like the dear old doctor's letter best of all.

Ruth: My, wasn't it just like a fairy tale, written in his quaint English? I certainly would have loved to be there, and have seen all those great surgeons stare when Ned told them he was well, and they didn't need to operate. Can't you feature their eyes popping right out of their heads?

Nancy: Yes, and they realized it was a miracle, too. Dr. Humbolt said Ned's face was transfigured, and shone like an angel's. And then, his taking Ned to his own home to watch him, fearing that it might be a peculiar case of hysteria.

Ruth: Yes, and then learning to love Neddy so much that he wants to adopt him.

Nancy: No, not adopt him, make him his heir.

Ruth: Weel, annyhoo, as the Greeks say, I bet it jarred them loose from a lot of their old prejudices.

Nancy: It proves what mother says is true, that Ned couldn't have been instantly healed without faith, and that with faith, if we have enough of it, the things we now call miracles would be everyday occurrences. She says the only surprising thing is that in our Church we use the gift so little.

Ruth: Well, it's been a lesson to me. Hereafter I shall move all the mountains out of my pathway.

Nancy: You mustn't joke about it, Ruth.

Ruth: I'm not joking. I was never more serious in my life. If I'd felt like this a month ago I might have told Mrs. Gray to move to yonder place, or, like the sycamore, be cast into the sea; but since her change of heart, I love her half to death. (Glancing out of the window.) Oh there she comes now, bringing mother

home in their new Cad sedan, mother looking like the queen and lady that she is.

(Both girls go to the window and look out, then run to the door. They wave and call greetings to Mrs. Gray. Mrs. Driggs enters with two large packages which Nancy takes from her and puts on the table, beginning to untie the string. Ruth seats her mother in a rocking chair and removes her hat and wrap which she tosses up and catches as a juggler would. Nancy opens bundles, displaying a large cake and a pan of fried chicken. They all exclaim over the things).

Mrs. Driggs: Mrs. Gray was on her way here with the chicken for our dinner when I met her and she took me to do a few errands. As we were coming home we met Mattie McDonald coming over with the cake. They both said they thought we would be too excited to do much cooking today. I went into Risers to order some ice cream, and Henry insisted on sending a gallon as his treat. He says Ned can tuck away more ice cream than anyone he has ever seen.

Ruth: Ain't people grand! I've decided to be an optimist.

Mrs. Driggs: It would be hard for us to be anything else with all the lovely things everybody is doing for us.

Ruth: Oh, mother, I'm so excited I'm nigh to busting! I'll just have to stand on my head or dance a jig or something.

Mrs. Driggs: Let it be a jig then by all means, dear. (Ruth dances few steps). You haven't noticed my pin yet, girls. (Both girls exclaim with surprise at the cameo Mrs. Driggs is wearing.) Mrs. Anderson gave it to me this afternoon. She said she couldn't think of keeping it after hearing about Ned; and that I must consider the money a loan.

Ruth: (Catching Nancy around the waist and whirling her about the room.) Just think! He's coming tonight! Oh mother! why that's almost now!

Nancy: (Pulling Ruth toward the kitchen) If you need exercise, Sis, come in the kitchen and peel potatoes.

Mrs. Driggs: There's nothing to do, girls, about the dinner, except to set the table, and we won't do that right now. I prepared the vegetables before I went out, and made a pan of biscuits ready to pop into the oven when we want them. Hand me that dress, Nancy. I am like Ruth. I must do something to work off my excitement.

Nancy: We are all infested with the same spirit. It's always that way, mother. You say we never do anything by halves.

Ruth: And this just adds to the evidence that you know your onions. When we go in for bad luck we go the limit, get our fill then quit, and give someone else a chance. Right now we are strong for prosperity. The tide has turned, our ships are coming

in faster than we can unload them. And to think! It all began with Nancy's deluge that day at Mrs. Gray's.

Nancy: (Reproachfully) Oh Ruth!

Ruth: Mother, how's this for a "pome"?

Weep and your neighbors help you,

Laugh and they throw a stone:

This gray old earth is tired of mirth;

If you want help just give a groan.

Mrs. Driggs: Ruthie, you're irrepressible.

Ruth: (Kissing her mother) Irresistible, you mean, dear.

Nancy: Mother, don't you think Mrs. Gray is wonderful? The way she followed me home that day—and—and—everything?

Mrs. Driggs: I certainly do, Nancy. Anyone can be generous with money; but it requires true courage and nobility to admit a fault and show such kindness and generosity as she has done ever since.

Nancy: She's a peach.

Ruth: She's better than that. She's a pear. That is, she and her husband are together. He's a lamb. Oh sugar! I'm getting my metaphors or something mixed again. Annyhoo, I love them both.

Mrs. Driggs: Did any word come while I was gone?

Ruth: Woman! Good luck has turned your head. How many special delivery, airmail letters and cablegrams do you expect in one day? We've had two letters and one wire already this morning.

Nancy: Mother, I don't know what is going to happen to us with all this good luck. You've laughed more in the last month than you have altogether since fa— for ages.

Ruth: And Nancy, just look at her, Mother! She's positively blooming. And the boys, too. Did you know that Allen had bet his teacher an ice cream cone that he'd be president of the United States? And Bob's wanting to bet me his top against a nickel that he'll be a millionaire. May they both live to collect it!

Nancy: Brother Brown said he'd keep us informed—

Ruth: (Interrupting her) Well, he certainly has done that little thing. And he's not the only one. I believe every man, woman, and child in the entire mission has written us at least one letter in the last month.

Nancy: And lots of outsiders, too. Mother, just what did Dr. Humbolt mean about making Ned his heir?

Ruth: Didn't he want to adopt him?

Mrs. Driggs: No dear, I don't think he wanted to do that, but he has already made him his heir.

Ruth: Oh well, what's a few adoptions more or less between millionaires?

Nancy: I remember just what he said, mother. I know the letter off by heart.

Ruth: So do I.

Mrs. Driggs: I think likely we all do, dear.

Nancy: (Quoting) I love your son, Madam, because through him I have learned the power and goodness of God. My so unusual experience of seeing his miraculous healing—(she hesitates with emotion).

Ruth: (Continuing) My own loved son was killed in the war, and his mother died of heart break. Since then I am alone. Ned tells me that all his life he has wanted to become a great surgeon. Madam, because I love your boy, and because for what he has done for me, will you permit me to do for him as for my own son? Whether you consent or not, already by legal deed I have given him half my money; the rest will be his when I die." Talk about fairy godmothers! they can't hold a candle to fairy godfathers!

Mrs. Driggs: (Controlling her emotion with an effort) It is all so wonderful I can scarcely believe it is true. But the part of his letter that I loved most of all was this: "I used to believe in miracles and hoped that I might sometime see one, but for ten years my faith is dead. Until now! I believe! I believe! Ned tells me that the family relation is eternal, and that again in the hereafter my loved ones I shall have. That brings me a most wonderful happiness! And you can know now, Madam, why it is that I love your boy so much. If all Mormons are like Ned and his friends this gospel that he is always telling me about must be good. I am with years and sorrow grown very old." (Her voice breaks. She and Nancy are weeping softly. Ruth brushes her hand hastily across her eyes.)

Ruth: (Shaking her fist at the clock) Oh Sapphira, you old donkey! You tell everything but the truth. Say, I'm going out to engage the brass band to play, "Kail, the Honkering Kero Hums."

Nancy: (Looking out the window gasps) Mother! (She runs to the door and looks eagerly down the street) Mother! Mother! There comes Ned now! Oh, mother, our Ned has come home!

(Ruth rushes to the door and pushes Nancy aside. Mrs. Driggs attempts to rise but sinks back limply.)

Ruth: (Excitedly) It sure enough is! Hooray! He must have caught the Limited. I can see him as big as Hercules. He's got Allen on his back and Bob's in his arms, and the whole neighborhood fighting to carry his bags. Hi there, Ned! (She fairly tumbles out of the door.)

Nancy: (Putting her arm around her mother) Come, mother, darling, shan't we meet him?

(There are sounds outside of the eager exclamation of a crowd; and a clear, manly voice calling:) Mother! Mother dear! I'm home!

Mrs. Driggs: Oh, God, I thank thee! Ned! My boy, my boy! (She rises and starts toward the door as the curtain falls.)

Pioneers

Hamlin Garland's Trilogy—A Son of the Middle Border, A Daughter of the Middle Border, Trail-Makers of the Middle Border

By Lois V. Hales

Our most consistent contributor to the pioneer history of the Western frontier is Hamlin Garland. Critics say that if the 'great American novel' is ever written, it is probable that it will be Hamlin Garland who will write it. Mr. J. M. Chapple states that even though he might be in a city hotel with Mr. Garland he feels as if he were sitting in the home of a sturdy pioneer.

Mr. Garland is particularly fitted to write of the pioneer days on the Western frontier. He was born in West Salem, Wisconsin, in 1860. He grew up in the woods of Wisconsin and the prairies of Iowa, and at one time took up "a claim" in Dakota. A great traveler, he is intimately acquainted with our country from Alaska to Central America. He was educated at the Cedar Valley Seminary and began to write in 1877. His pen is still busy. At the present time he is especially interested in the American Indian, whose origin he is endeavoring to fathom.

A Son of the Middle Border relates the story of Hamlin Garland's boyhood days on the Western frontier, and has become an American classic. It tells vividly of his early literary enthusiasms and his plunge into letters. Many critics say it is unquestionably his masterpiece.

A Daughter of the Middle Border carries his autobiography down to a later date, and narrates parallel with it the history of the charming girl who became his wife.

Trail-Makers of the Middle Border tells the story of Garland's father and mother and of the time in which they lived. When in the winter of '49 glowing tales of the golden sands, the flourishing prairies, the green pastures, and the lush waters of the West reached Richard Graham (in reality, Hamlin Garland's father) he left the bleak, drab farm in Vermont and took up a farm in southwestern Wisconsin. Richard soon fell in love with the pretty daughter of his Scotch neighbor. Years of home-building followed. During the summer months he labored at sowing and reaping. In the winter he joined the lumberjacks in their logging adventures on the waters of the turbulent Wisconsin River. Then came the Civil War. Richard joined the forces of the Union and "served it vaguely and General Grant very definitely." One of the finest things about *Trail-Makers of the Middle Border* is Garland's description of the Civil War and the part General Grant played in

it. He thus describes Grant: "The silent, brownish-red bearded failure of forty, battling grimly to eminence against the hostility of the politicians. While high commissions were being recklessly given to civilians who knew nothing of arms or military discipline, the West Point graduate, the trained soldier of many campaigns, could not even win an audience to present his cause. * * * Then overnight, almost, he became to the West 'Our General.' The President asked: 'Who is this man Grant, who fights battles and wins them?'"

But the best thing about Garland's trilogy is the picture he gives us of pioneering days in the North Middle West. His descriptions of the new, undeveloped country are poetic and true. His descriptions of the days of the two-wheeled ox-carts, crooked scythes, and high spinning wheels are classic. He has thoroughly appreciated the heroism of the pioneer. He has realized the beauty and the cruelty of the forests and prairies of the West. We get a fine picture of the drudgery, the dirt, the soul-grinding poverty of pioneer life. We realize, perhaps as never before, the physical energy required of the successful pioneer. "Up at break of day, eating their buckwheat cakes by candlelight, they were at work at dawn. A day's labor reached from dawn to dusk, and no man thought of shirking. What skill, what endurance, what courage the smallest of them displayed!"

The character of Hamlin Garland shines through his writings. We feel his sympathy, his honesty, his tolerance, his democracy. He, of all our writers, is most fitted to write the great American pioneer novel. His friendship for John Burroughs is a telling item in his life. When questioned as to his favorite poems he listed first Burroughs's hopeful, tender poem "*Waiting*."

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate
For, lo, my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

Guide Lessons for March

LESSON I

Practical Religion and Testimony

(First Week in March)

PRACTICAL RELIGION AND TESTIMONY

Honesty:

Honesty is honor in action. Honesty is righteousness on the wing. It is applied conscience. When Cervantes said, "Honesty is the best policy" he meant, it pays to be honest.

First, with Ourselves:

Honesty with one's self means being true to one's conscience; and the highest trueness to one's conscience is to keep it in the light of the best obtainable light. A thoughtful conscience means an elevated conscience.

One of Dr. Maeser's favorite admonitions to his students was: "Be your self, your better self," meaning, be honest with your higher impulses, your loftier thoughts, your nobler ambitions.

None but the depraved lack the desire to be honest; and as we are loth to believe in utter depravity, it is difficult for us to think of any one who has lost all desire to be honest. Honest desires are the pearls of great price; in the ethical world, they are insurance investments against moral bankruptcy. The desire for self-honesty is the "Thirst after righteousness" spoken of in the beatitudes, Matthew 5:6.

Desires for self honesty, thoughts of self honesty, determinations of self-honesty, act and react on each other, giving to and getting from each other the power that makes for the happiness of being honest.

The joy of inner honesty is close kin to the strength of inner cleanliness; they stand together, desiring only that which is lawful.

Have you felt that hunger for goodness,
Craving the Millenium here?
A yearning to be full of kindness,
With never a hope nor a fear?

Have you burned with a thirst to be *honest*,
Just for *Honesty's* sake?
Have you longed for a thrill that is present
When give is better than take?

If you have, there is started within you
 The kingdom for action to build,
 Where the hunger and thirst will continue
 And your soul be constantly thrilled.

Even thrilled with joy of desiring
 To do and be all that you should;
 Filled full of the high power of loving
 The *being* and *doing* of good.

Thus filled with a thrill, you're fulfilling
 The promise He made on the mount;
 Living the life most worth living
 And counting for most you can count.

If it pays to be happy, then inner honesty pays. "He who deceives others is a knave, but he who deceives himself is a fool."
 —*Maeser*.

Honesty in the Outer World:

Honesty in the outer world means honesty with others, sociological honesty.

Honesty in communication creates lasting confidence, without which all productive and exchange industries would go to the wall. Crooked characters, like counterfeit coins, owe their existence to the honesty there is in society. It is the existence of the true that makes the false of even apparent value.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again; the eternal years of God are hers; while error, wounded, writhes in pain, and dies amid her worshippers."

Honesty makes friends; fraud finds only fellow conspirators. Honesty creates wealth; fraud filches it. Honesty merits power; fraud usurps it. Honesty with others gives us lasting values of confidence, friendship, and reciprocal helpfulness. These create opportunities for the making of an honest living, in which no financial obligations are assumed without expectation of meeting them, no promises made without determination to keep them.

It is no disgrace to accept aid in hours of need, but it is dishonest to borrow or run bills with no intention of keeping faith with those who trust us. The thought of "looking the whole world in the face" as Longfellow's Village Blacksmith did, is almost thrilling to one who senses the *paying* value of honesty with others.

For what is a man *profited*, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul—Matt. 16:26. Dishonesty with others is social soul sickness; discovered, dishonesty is death to the social soul.

Honesty in the Upper World—Honest with the Lord—Theological Honesty:

“The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, but the prayer of the upright is his delight”—Prov. 15:8.

Who are upright? The honest—those who pray for the poor and pay their fast offerings; those who pray for the building up of Zion and pay their tithing; those who pray for the missionaries and contribute to their support; those who pray for forgiveness and forgive others; those who pray for health and keep the Word of Wisdom; those who pray for the divine support of leaders and stand for their counsel and advice.

Honesty of desires, of belief, of works, has some compensation in the theological field; but the greater returns come from honesty of action. Absolute honesty is to be looked for in ideals, in angels, in deities; and the expectation of receiving rewards without merit in the upper world seems sufficiently inconsistent to check any insincere approach to the Lord; and we are led to the conclusion that ordinances without honesty avail nothing.

Honesty in Spots:

The conduct of individuals and groups points to a nearly universal spottedness of honesty.

Many who are truthful in general are specifically untruthful in the matter of tax assessments. Persons who would be horrified at the thought of stealing, have a conscience that will permit them to fill the craws of their chickens from their neighbor's garden. And not infrequently there are people who “would not for the world” directly rob their neighbors of sleep, but will keep a dog that makes the night uncomfortable to slumber seekers.

That man was an exceptional one who, at the close of the harvest season, called a boy to him and said, “Jesse, you have more than earned your monthly wages, you have done a full man's work; I will pay you a man's wages.”

Grades of Honesty:

There are three grades of honesty:

First and highest, the *free agency honesty*. This grade comes from persons who need only the opportunity to be honest; they are the honest in heart.

Second grade—the *fear-prompted honesty*. This grade comes from those who are honest in order to escape penalty; to them the evil is not in the dishonesty but in its being found out.

Third grade—*forced honesty*. This grade comes from characters who are deprived of the opportunity of being other than honest.

Only first grade honesty has in it the germ of honesty with self.

Is honesty increasing?

On the whole, the world is becoming more honest, and better; like individuals, however, it is honest in spots.

Education and experience have led to a higher appreciation of honesty as something that *pays*, in many ways—pays, in fact, in all of the long ways. In every line of life dishonesty is being viewed more and more as not only wrong but as sheer folly. Clearer and clearer it becomes that to be honest with the Lord is to be honest with one's fellow men; and to be honest with others is to be true to one's self—one's better self.

Clearer and clearer in the handwriting of progress is seen the truth, *It Pays to be Honest*.

Thirteen Things that make for improvement in honesty:

1. Submitting to honest self examination.
2. Cultivating desires for honesty.
3. Making honest confessions to self.
4. Entertaining thoughts of honesty.
5. Encouraging ambition to be honest.
6. Teaching honesty.
7. Acting honesty.
8. Fighting fraud (a) within (b) without.
9. Demanding reform (a) individual (b) group.
10. Trying to be what one would have the many become.
11. Insisting on respect for property rights in the home.
12. Requiring children to give an account of things brought home.
13. Trying to find the owner of things found.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Wherein are secret prayer and self examination closely related?
2. What are the fruits of inner honesty?
3. When is one making an honest living?
4. Explain being "honest in spots."
5. Show that dishonest enterprises are dependent upon honesty.
6. Discuss: Honesty does not require that truth be told regardless of circumstances; nor that the whole truth be always told.
7. Why are April Fool untruths not dishonest?
8. Does honesty forbid a respectful reception of an unwelcome caller? Give reasons for answer.
9. Discuss: Discovered dishonesty is death to the "social soul."
10. Name some of the best fruits of (a) self honesty; (b) social honesty.
11. Quote the beatitude that promises pay for inner honesty.
12. Where must we look for absolute honesty?

13. Who are the members of our Church whose prayers are a "delight unto the Lord?"

14. Mention ten things that make for the increase of honesty.

15. Discuss the value of respecting property rights in the home; of the custom of requiring children to tell where they get things that they bring home; of insisting upon an effort to find the owner of "found things."

16. Discuss numbers eleven and twelve in this lesson as things that make for training in honesty.

17. Is honesty increasing? See Article "*Why Education?*" by President Frank S. Harris and N. I. Butt, Deseret News, Saturday, November 24, 1928.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in March)

Teachers' Topic for March—Activities of the Relief Society.

Why the Lessons in Practical Religion and Testimony

- I. To emphasize the importance of an every-day salvation as not only a preparation for, but as a part of, eternal life.
- II. To bring together material from the fields of revelation, human experience, and thought, for study and discussion.
- III. To indicate how ideas and inspiration may be made over into character through the formation of habits.
- IV. To stimulate interest in self-examination with a view toward self-improvement.
- V. To inspire a spirit of "weary not" in the work of lifting society to higher levels of life.
- VI. The lessons show the indispensability of, and point the way toward:
 - a. The conscientious life.
 - b. The clean life.
 - c. The honest life.
 - d. The temperate life.
 - e. The industrious life.
 - f. The loyal life—
 as essential parts of the abundant spiritual life.
- VII. The plentitude of material in the lessons provides for study, sufficient to interest the most investigative students, and this plentitude suggests the propriety of being sufficiently selective in the presentation and discussion to guard against trenching upon the time for testimonies.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in March)

BIOGRAPHY

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

James Matthew Barrie, British novelist and dramatist, was born at Kirriemuir, a small village in Forfarshire, on the 9th day of May, 1860. He received his education in the Dumfries Academy and the Edinburgh University. From Mrs. Barrie's quasi-autobiography, *Margaret Ogilvy*, we learn that before he went to school he wrote tales in the garret; and at Edinburgh he wrote the greater part of a three-volume novel. A publisher presumed this novel was the work of a clever lady and offered to publish it for one hundred pounds, but the offer was not accepted. Mr. Barrie found his way to literature through journalism. In February, 1883, he became leader-writer on the Nottingham Journal. He contributed a number of special articles and notes to this journal and thus obtained training and provided an opening for his personal talent. Soon after this he began submitting articles to London editors. In 1884 his article on "An Auld Licht Community" was printed in the *St. James Gazette*. More *Auld Licht* "Idylls" followed and in 1885 Mr. Barrie moved to London, where he continued to write for the *St. James Gazette*, *The Home Clinic* and the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. His first book, *Better Dead*, was published in 1887 and was followed by *Auld Licht Idylls* in 1888, which was a collection of Scott's village sketches, portraying the life and humors of his native village. In 1889 *A Window in Thurms* was published, which, together with the Idylls, gave in full measure Mr. Barrie's gift of humanity, humor and pathos, with abundant evidence also of his original and vernacular style and the whimsical turn of his wit. In 1891 his first long novel, *The Little Minister*, appeared. In 1894 he published *Margaret Ogilvy*, which was based on the life of his mother and of his own relations with her, tenderly and beautifully written. *Sentimental Tommy* appeared the following year, and was completed by a sequel, *Tommy and Grizel*, published in 1900. In 1902 *The Little White Bird* was published. In this book he portrays his tenderness for child-life and gives full play to his whimsical invention. It contained the episode of *Peter Pan*, which suggested the play of that name. During this time Mr. Barrie had been developing his talent as a dramatist. In 1892 his play, *Walker, London*, appeared with much success. In 1893 he wrote, with Sir Conan Doyle, a play called *Jane Annie*. In this year he married Miss Ansell, who

had acted in *Walker, London*. He found much success in *The Professor's Love Story* in 1895; and in 1897 his dramatized version of *The Little Minister* probably confirmed his popularity as a dramatist. Mr. Barrie, who had been a struggling journalist of the early nineties, had by this time become one of the most prosperous literary men of the day. In 1903 three of his plays held the stage; and in 1904 *Peter Pan*, a poetical pantomime in which the author portrays some of his most characteristic and permanently delightful gifts, was produced. In 1905, *Alice, Sit by the Fire*, and in 1908, *What Every Woman Knows*, were added to his list. As a dramatist Mr. Barrie brought a method that was wholly unconventional and a singularly fresh fancy, which contained also a shrewd touch of satirical humor. In literature with the simplest materials he achieved an almost unendurable pathos, never forced, but always salted with humor. Robert Louis Stevenson said of him, "there was genius in him, but there was a journalist on his elbow."

What Every Woman Knows, By James Matthew Barrie

In Barrie's play of four acts *What Every Woman Knows*, we are first introduced into the home of the Wylie family consisting of the father, two sons and a daughter. They are proprietors of the local granite quarry. This has not always been true, for Alick, the father, was throughout his working days a mason in this same quarry. It is the brother David who has raised them to this position. They have one sister, Maggie. Maggie admits that she is twenty-six years of age and is as yet unmarried.

The play opens with her brothers David and James joking about marriage, for they are both bachelors. A note in the play says you do not know David and James until you know how they love their sister Maggie. They agree that she has set her heart on love, "not merely love," they say, "but one of those grand noble loves; for though Maggie is undersized she has a passion for romance."

David addresses his father by asking, "did you tell her who got the minister of Galashiels?"

Alick: "I had to tell her and then I bought her a sealskin muff and I just slipped it into her hands and came away."

James says: "Of course, to be fair to the man, he never pretended he wanted her."

Then David says: "None of them wants her. I was thinking, father, I would buy her that gold watch and chain in Snibby's window. She hankers after it."

James, slapping his pocket: "You're too late, David. I've got them for her."

Then David says: "It is ill done for the minister. Many a pound of steak has that man had in this house."

The brothers have made up their minds not to retire at their usual hour, which is 10:00 p. m. They know that Maggie will be in presently to remind them that it is bed-time. They think it wise not to let her know why they are sitting up, but when she comes in they are not artful enough to keep the truth from her. They tell her they have been told by the police that a man has entered the window of the house several times and they fear that he is after their silver-plate. Under the circumstances Maggie refuses to go to bed. In a short time the intruder enters the rooms. He goes directly to the bookcase where there are some five hundred volumes, takes a book from the case saying it is just what he wants and begins to read. They recognize the man who came in through the window as John Shand, a young student who is trying very hard to make his way through the University of Edinburgh. The brothers conceive the idea of offering three hundred pounds if at the end of his college career he will consent to marry Maggie. They make it very clear to Shand that if Maggie should make up her mind to marry in the meantime that she is at perfect liberty to do so, but they insist on Shand standing by the contract. Maggie shows some embarrassment at this proposition and tells Shand in a half-hearted way that she hopes that he will not feel bound if he really cares for somebody else. In the course of their conversation it develops that John is twenty-one and Maggie's brothers say she is twenty-five. Pretending to a stricter honesty than that of her brothers she says she is twenty-six. Later, when John is gone, one of her brothers says he thought she was twenty-seven.

In the beginning of the second act we find John waiting for the results of the election, for he is running for Parliament, a fact which indicates that he has finished his education. Maggie is all aflutter. Finally they have the election returns. John announces that he is elected by a majority of 244. "I'm John Shand, M. P." he exultantly exclaims. Maggie, weak in her limbs says: "You're sure you're in, John?" John says: "Majority, 244. I've beaten the baronet. I've done it, Maggie, and not a soul to help me; I've done it alone." Alick asks: "What are you doing, Maggie?" She replies: "This is the House of Commons, and I'm John, catching the Speaker's eye for the first time. Do you see a queer little old wifie sitting up there in the Ladies' Gallery? That's me. Mr. Speaker, sir, I rise to make my historic maiden speech."

Then a conversation ensues in which Maggie shows that she is very eager for the marriage to take place. She reminds John that she has waited a year longer than the contract called

for. She tells him she would like to release him from it but she has not the strength. However, she takes the contract and tears it in two, but John feels that he is morally obligated to marry her despite the fact that she insists that she has no charm and consequently does not hold it against him at all that he is reluctant. Finally she tells him that if he only had a sense of humor it might all be different. John says: "I cannot call to mind, Maggie, ever having laughed in my life."

Maggie: "You have no sense of humor."

John: "Not a spark."

Maggie: "I have sometimes thought if you had it might make you fonder of me. I think one needs a sense of humor to be fond of me."

John does succeed in his public life. His addresses attract a good deal of attention. People say there is a unique quality about them and they actually coined a word which they called "Shandisms," to describe them. As he continues there are some of his acquaintances more analytical than others who suspect that John's work is not solely his. The bill to be introduced into Parliament relative to the rights of British women is being generally discussed by John's friends and acquaintances. Finally the Comtesse says to Maggie: "There is someone who helps out Mr. Shand."

Maggie says: "There is not."

Then, comes the reply, "It is a woman and it is you."

Maggie says: "I help in the little things."

Comtesse: "The little things! You are the pin he picked up and that is to make his fortune. And now, what I want to know is whether your John is aware that you help at all."

John enters at that moment and provides the answer. He says: "Maggie! Comtesse! I've done it again."

The Comtesse appreciates the fact that Maggie does much of the work and addresses her saying: "You divine little wife. He cannot be worthy of it. No-man could be worthy of it. Why do you do it?"

Maggie shivers a little and replies: "He loves to think he does it all himself. That is the way of men. I am six years older than he is. I am plain and I have no charm. I should not have let him marry me. I am trying to make up for it."

As John matures we are told that much has come to him that we had almost despaired of his acquiring, including nearly all the divine attributes except the sense of humor.

Now there develops a love affair between Sybil and John. Sybil has charm but she lacks the sense of humor. Maggie is conscious of the situation and offers to release her husband. Maggie's brother David says to John: "How long has this

been going on?" referring to the flirtation between Sybil and John.

John: "If you mean how long has that lady been the apple of my eye, I am not sure, but I never told her of it until today."

Maggie, who is knitting, looks thoughtful. She says: "I think it was not until about six months ago, John, that she began to be very dear to you. At first you liked to bring in her name when talking to me, so that I could tell you of any little things I might have heard she was doing; but afterward, as she became more and more to you, you avoided mentioning her name."

David finally says: "Well, we won't go into the matter. The thing to be thankful for is that it is ended."

Alick, the father, who is looking very old, replies: "Yes, yes, that is the great thing."

But John says: "All useless, sir. It is not ended. It is to go on."

James, the brother, says: "Man, I could knock you down."

Maggie: "There is not one of you could knock John down."

David exasperated says: "Quiet, Maggie. One would think you were taking his part."

Maggie replies: "Do you expect me to desert him at the very moment he needs me most?"

David: "I suppose you understand you will have to resign your seat?" (Having reference of course to the seat in Parliament.)

John: "I am mortal sorry, Maggie."

Sybil: "And I also."

Maggie soothingly: "I am sure you are, but as it cannot be helped I see no reason why we three should not talk the matter over in a practical way."

John: "If you can understand, Maggie, what an inspiration she is to me in my work."

Sybil: "Mrs. Shand, I think of nothing else."

Maggie: "That is fine. That is as it should be."

Then they begin to plan about when Maggie should leave them, and she says it could not well be before Wednesday as that is the day the laundry comes home. And John says: "It is the day the House rises. It may be my last appearance in the House."

Maggie, sympathetically: "You love the House, don't you, John, next to her. It is a pity you cannot wait until after your speech at Leeds. Mr. Venables won't let you speak at Leeds, I fear, if you leave me."

John: "What a chance it would have been, but let it go."

Then they agree that the separation shall not occur for a month, and Maggie arranges that John shall go to the cottage of the Comtesse where he can be alone and work on his Leeds address. John accuses her of doing this to separate them. He says it is just a wife's trick. Then she takes up the telephone and asks the Comtesse to arrange for Sybil to be there also. John and Sybil are not present when she does the latter thing, so she tells John that the Comtesse wants Sybil to be there.

Later Maggie pays a visit to the Comtesse. As soon as she arrives she hears that there is something wrong about the speech. She finds John depressed. John had left an outline of his speech and Maggie has fixed it up and now hands it to Venables whose business seems to pass on this particular speech. When Maggie comes into contact with John and Sybil she explains that she is ready to leave with her brothers. She says: "You see my brothers feel they cannot be away from their business any longer and so if it would be convenient to you, John, I could travel with them by the night train on Wednesday."

John: "This is just the 21st."

Maggie: "My things are all packed. I think you will find the house in good order, Lady Sybil. I have had the vacuum cleaners in. I will give you the keys to the linen and the silver-plate. I have them in that bag."

John: "Why should you be so ready to go?"

Maggie: "I promised not to stand in your way."

John hesitates and Maggie says: "Don't you love her any more, John? Be practical."

Sybil: "At any rate I have tired of him. Oh, best to tell the horrid truth. I am ashamed of myself. I have been crying my eyes out over it. I thought I was such a different kind of woman, but I am weary of him. I think him—oh, so dull."

John: "Are you sure that is how you have come to think of me?"

Sybil: "I am sorry, but, yes, yes, yes."

John says: "My God, it's more than I deserve."

Then a discussion ensues as to whether anybody has ever helped John. He says: "Nobody has ever helped him."

Maggie says: "Not even Lady Sybil?"

John: "I am beginning to doubt it. It's very curious, though, Maggie, that this speech should be disappointing."

Maggie: "It is just that Mr. Venables has not the brains to see how good it is."

John: "That must be it. No, Maggie, it is not. Somehow I seem to have lost my neat way of saying things."

Maggie, almost cooing: "It will come back to you."

John, forlorn: "If you knew how I've tried."

Maggie: "Maybe if you were to try again and I will just come and sit beside you and knit. I think the click of the needles sometimes put you in the mood."

John: "Hardly that; and yet many a Shandism I knocked off while you were sitting beside me knitting. I suppose it was the quietness."

John: "Maggie!"

Maggie: "What is it, John?"

John: "What if it was you that put those queer ideas into my head."

Maggie: "Me?"

John: "Without your knowing it, I mean."

Maggie: "John, could it be this, that I sometimes had the idea in a rough womanish sort of way and then you polished it up till it came out a Shandism?"

John: "I believe you have hit it, Maggie: to think that you may have been helping me all the time and neither of us knew it."

Mr. Venables enters and the Comtesse says: "He wishes to see you, Mr. Shand." And she adds: "About your speech."

John says he has heard enough about that.

The Comtesse adds: "I think it is about the second speech."

And John in astonishment adds: "What second speech?"

Maggie says: "You had left the first draft of your speech at home, John, and I brought it here with a few little things I have added myself, just trifles. Things I used to suggest to you while I was knitting; and then, if you liked any of them, you could have polished them and turned them into something good. And now she (meaning the Comtesse) has shown it to Mr. Venables."

John: "As my work, Comtesse?"

Maggie says: "It is your work—nine-tenths of it."

John: "You presumed, Maggie Shand! Very well, then, here he comes, and now we'll see to what extent you've helped me."

Venables: "My dear fellow. My dear Shand, I congratulate you. Give me your hand."

John: "The speech?"

Venables: "You have improved it out of knowledge. It is the same speech but those new touches make all the difference."

They talk the matter over and agree that John's success is due to a combination of work. John shivers and Maggie asks: "Why did you shiver, John?"

John: "It was at myself for saying that I could not live

with you again, and I should have been wondering how for so long you have lived with me. And I suppose you have forgiven me all the time and forgive me still."

Then Maggie says: "John, am I to go or are you to keep me on? I am willing to stay because I am useful to you, if it cannot be for a better reason."

His hand feels for her and she draws near to him.

Maggie: "It is nothing unusual I have done, John. Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself, and the wife smiles and lets it go at that. It is our only joke. Every woman knows that."

Problem of the Play

The problem presented in this play is that of the assistance the wife gives the husband in his work. Her part is usually done quietly without ostentation. There are women everywhere in the world, companions of men who have achieved success, who know with Maggie that they have been an important part of that success, whether their husbands acknowledge it or not, and who say with Maggie, it is our only joke. It is what every woman knows.

Questions

1. Mention some woman or women in history who are given credit for helping their husbands in their careers.
2. Tell the story of some woman you know personally who has assisted her husband in his career.
3. Do you think there are still men who expect a great deal of help from women without giving them any credit?
4. Relate the story of some man, either mentioning his name or not as you think best, who acknowledges that his wife has assisted or is assisting him in his life's work?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in March)

THE CHILD-STUDY COURSE

Lesson 12. Care of Intellectually Inferior Children.
(Based on Chapter XIII, *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*.)

In the last lesson we considered the causes of juvenile delinquency. We noted there the general importance of mental factors, especially mental deficiencies, in the causation of juvenile delinquency.

In the present lesson we are going to look more specifically at the causes and treatment of feeble-mindedness.

The author of this chapter, Dr. Arnold Gessell, is both a physician and a psychologist. He is a very competent authority in this field—director of the psycho-clinic for children at Yale University.

A. The Causes of Feeble-mindedness:

When they learn for the first time that defective heredity is not the only cause of feeble-mindedness, many parents are genuinely surprised. While it is true that most cases of mental deficiency are traced to an inherited defect in the family stock, it is also true according to the best authorities, that from ten to fifteen per cent of all feeble-mindedness is the result of disease, injury, or some other malevolent factor operating directly upon the fetus or the young infant.

It is notorious that such things as (a) alcoholism of the parents at the time of conception, or of the mother during pregnancy, (b) head injuries, (c) defects of nutrition, (d) whooping cough and (e) other children's diseases, seriously interfere with the normal development of the cerebral cortex—that outer layer of the brain which has most to do with the behavior function called intelligence.

This being the case, it follows then that in our attempt to control feeble-mindedness we must be just as much concerned (a) adequately to care for the child during pregnancy, (b) to prevent injury at birth, and (c) to avoid accident or disease during early childhood, as we are that mentally defective adults shall be sterilized or denied the privilege of marriage.

B. The Measurement of Intelligence:

When the term "measurement" is used in connection with intelligence a wrong impression is likely to be created. Unlike the measurement of weight, or distance, for example, the measurement of intelligence is by no means accurate. While the intelligence test is a vast improvement over all other known methods of appraising intelligence, it is, nevertheless, an imperfect device and one that calls for skill in its use and interpretation. For instance, the I. Q. (i. e., the test-score) assumes that the child is at his best physically and mentally when he takes the test. In the second place it assumes that the child fully understands what is required of him by the test. Thirdly, it assumes that he co-operates willingly and eagerly in the test. Finally it assumes that the only factor operating to raise or lower his performance, and therefore his score, is his intelligence. It will readily be seen that these assumptions may or may not be true in actual practice.

The best method of testing intelligence now employed by institutions caring for feeble-minded children, is to supplement the results of intelligence tests by physical examination and a life-history. This life-history includes the child's developmental record of disease, his reactions to other children, his interests, habits,

and, where school adjustment is attempted, his success or failure in educational work.

C. The Treatment of the Feeble-minded:

Medical and physical treatment of feeble-mindedness, as the author points out, is a negligible factor in the control of mental deficiency. The real treatment is largely educational, psychological, and social.

The elements of any state program for the care of mentally defectives should include the following:

1. Identification.
2. Registration.
3. Special education in the public schools followed by community supervision, for the high grade defective.
4. Segregation in a separate state school, for the low grade defective.
5. Segregation in a separate state institution for the defective delinquent.

In view of the fact that the 1929 legislature is now considering the establishment of a state training school for mental defectives, such a program is of vital importance to the people of Utah at this time. Utah has the unenviable distinction of being one of only three or four states in the Union without such facilities. Feeble-minded children in Utah must either be sent to Idaho, Colorado, Oklahoma or some other nearby state school, or else remain at home. The injustice is great in either case. If these children remain at home, they become a burden to their parents; they are the object of ridicule and jest in the neighborhood, and are virtually denied their right to some kind of education. If they are committed to an out-of-state institution, the cost of care is exorbitant, for they are charged the special rates of the non-resident. Furthermore, parents are unable to visit them oftener than once or twice a year because the cost of travel is prohibitive.

QUESTIONS

1. What other factors than heredity can cause feeble-mindedness?
2. What is the correct definition of an "idiot," an "imbecile," a "moron?"
3. What are the dangers of an uncritical use of mental tests?
4. Why is it necessary early to detect and train feeble-minded children?
5. What should a school curriculum for feeble-minded children include? What should be its key-note?
6. Why is Utah so backward in establishing adequate facilities for its mentally handicapped children?
7. What facilities exist in your local schools for the special treatment of dull and backward children?

Karl G. Maeser

A Biography by His Son

From affluence and social standing in aristocratic circles of Germany to humble stations in Utah, from wealth and comfort to poverty and actual want, from an aristocrat to a man of the common people, from a military disciplinarian to a kind and helpful father of thousands in the world of education, and, above all, from a skeptic and scoffer to a devout and resolute believer in, and defender of, the principles of the doctrine of Jesus Christ as taught by the Latter-day Saints, this, in brief, is the remarkable series of disclosures concerning a great but humble life briefly set forth in the first book published by the Brigham Young University—*Karl G. Maeser*. The book is written by his son Reinhard Maeser, now also deceased, long a teacher in the institution founded and brought into greatness by the faith and works of his illustrious father.

The first chapters might well be termed "The Martyrdom of a Devoted Hero." Most of the early incidents are tragic. The trials and disappointments of a mind cultured and comprehensive and of a soul sensitive and conscientious; a battle fierce and long-drawn out against unaccustomed environments; adverse conditions of a new and extraordinary sort, exactly calculated to sting to the quick the proud and sensitive soul of the German scholar called to teach a district school in pioneer educational days in Utah,—these are the pictures shown in the neat text of the little volume about a big man.

The record of his missionary labors in Germany, of the offers of his friends and family to induce him to give up the Latter-day Saints, and come back to be one of the ornaments of German society again—these topics form another interesting and characteristic period of the life of Karl G. Maeser; and upon them many a missionary will delight to dwell.

The period of the infancy and development of the Brigham Young Academy will be of intensive interest alike to the present students of the Brigham Young University and to those of far earlier years, who enjoyed the unique privilege of coming under the instruction of this magnetic character builder and inspirer of youth.

The final honors, which a grateful community at last showered upon him, form a record that is full of fascination even to strangers. To those who were associated with the events recorded, the narrative tingles with a beauty and glory that is not strictly personal to the life of Dr. Maeser, but carries one into the sacred realms of a truly intellectual and religious atmosphere.

The book is likely to excite the dismay of the mere man of the

world, who will exclaim, "Is heaven so unkind as this to its choicest children?" But it will act as a challenge and stimulus to the mind more heroic, which will get from these narratives the inspiration to aspire and the fortitude to suffer, in order to live the higher life, with "those immortal souls who live again in lives made better by their presence."

If I Could Only Live

By Alfred Osmond

If I could only live to see unkindness
An exile, banished from my mortal ken,
I would not fear to face the final blindness
That comes at last to all the sons of men.

If I could only live to see devotion
Exalted on the throne of righteousness,
I would not fear to face the final motion
That seals the fate of human happiness.

If I could only live to see my Nation
Become a Christian land in very deed,
I would not fear to face the separation
That proves the folly of a faithless creed.

If I could only live to see the day
When all the drums of war would cease to beat,
I would be happy and would gladly say
That life is beautiful and death is sweet.



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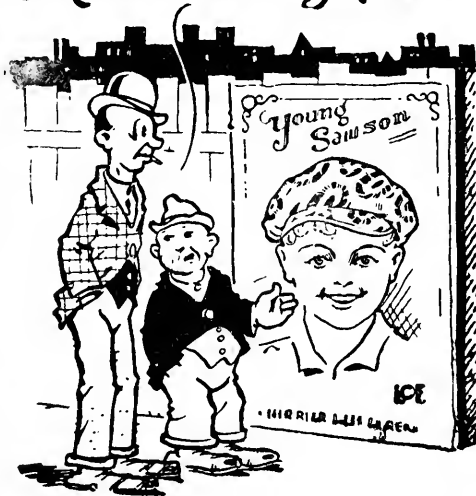
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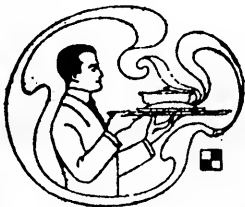
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'MID POTS AND PANS

The kitchen is always with us—summer or winter it's always the same, someone has to plan the menu, do the ordering, prepare the food and serve the meals. But the funny thing about it is that so often the housewife, even when she prides herself on being efficient and up-to-date, gives so little thought to the aids which can be had almost for the asking. We mean books! There are so many good ones on the market that it seems a pity not to apportion a tiny bit of the family income to a cook-book budget. Think how much easier kitchen work would become if one were supplied with some of the following:—

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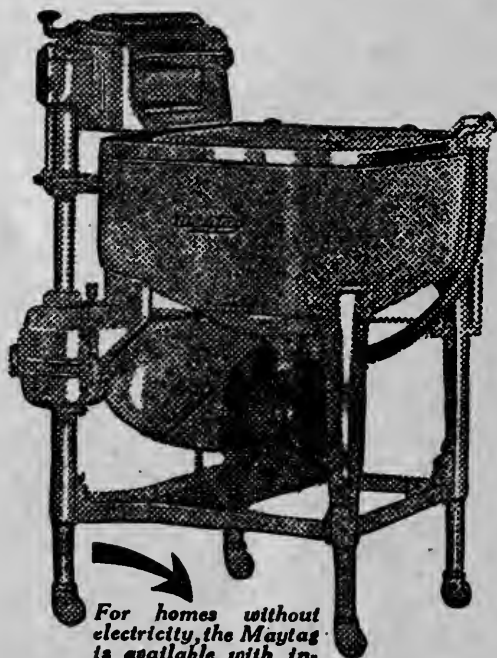
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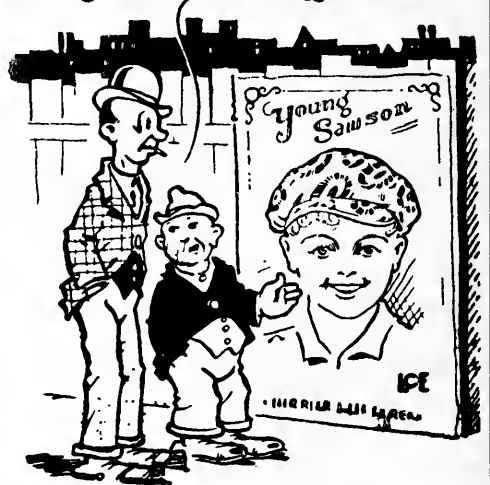
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The Relief Society Magazine

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A WINTER SCENE ON THE TEMPLE BLOCK

Winter Grass

By Lowry Nelson

*Up through the sparse, wind-drifted snow,
Sere and brown upon the winter field
Tufts of summer's grass stand, dry and old—
Lone, stark survivors of the season's yield.*

*And though the spears are green no more; unto
An autumn fruitfulness no more aspire,
They lend unto the somber field, a hue;
And to the solitary wind, a lyre.*

Tongues in Trees

A Sonnet Sequence

First Poem to Receive Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow
Poetry Contest

By Maud Chegwidden

The trees hear messages that come from God
Bourne by the winds He looses from His throne,
Whispered by west winds (not to trees alone)
And breathed by south winds over the green sod.
And all the leaves, thus hearing, smile and nod
Up in their tree-tops at the wise words blown
Through space and ages, and from zone to zone
Through haunts of men to where no foot e'er trod,
I feel the winds upon my upturned face,
I lift my arms in greeting 'neath the boughs,
And peace enfolds me in this holy place
Among the trees that constitute His house.

Ah! surely my dull ears will learn from these
To hear God speaking in each wandering breeze.

The patient cattle come for shelter here,
And plodding horses stand with down-drooped head
Beneath the branches so divinely spread.
The sun that burns, the summer winds that sear
By these tall trees are tempered; cool and clear
The little stream slips o'er its pebbled bed
While bough to intertwining bough is wed
And mighty trunks grow closer with each year.
In the green shade the little children play,
The ploughman stops to drink and lave his face,
The weary traveler starts upon his way
With strength renewed by contact with this place.

Only the birds, of all whom trees so bless,
Brown birds alone give tongue to thankfulness.

If I could die in beauty as these trees
That fling their golden glory to the sky,
That shower crimson on each passerby
And spread a russet carpet at his knees;
If I could so emblazon, ere I cease,
The sad old world with glowing tint and dye
To hold enraptured every heart and eye
And give the autumn benison of peace;
If this could I,—then all my barren years,
The days of drouth, the scorching wind of scorn,
The bitter tempests and the rain of tears
Would lie forgotten, passed as yesternorn.

For well I know that death and winter bring
The miracle of sweet green buds of spring.

THE

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VOL. XVI

FEBRUARY, 1929

No. 2

Responsibility of the State in Caring for Its Children

(Address given at Relief Society Conference, Oct. 4, 1928)

By Judge Hugo B. Anderson

I am very happy to respond to the invitation to talk to this group on the subject which has been announced, for in my judgment the Relief Society organization of this Church is the strongest force for progress in matters of child welfare in the State of Utah today; and if there is anything I can say or do to encourage you in the work which you are doing, I should consider it a breach of my plain duty as a member of the Church, as well as a citizen, if I failed to respond to that call.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDHOOD

Every state inherently has the power technically called the police power, to make and enforce regulations for the health, morals, safety, and general welfare of its subjects. If the state has that power, obviously it has a corresponding duty to make and enforce regulations for health, safety, morals, and welfare.

There are, it seems to me, certain inalienable rights of childhood. If I were asked off-hand to name them, I might mention five: the right to be well-born, the right to a normal home life, the right to health, the right to an opportunity for education (including moral, intellectual, and spiritual education), and an opportunity for recreation. If these are the rights of childhood, then it is the power and also the responsibility of the state to guarantee as far as possible these rights, also to protect them and preserve them for childhood.

The responsibility of our state in this direction is discharged through three general channels. Though our department of education, through health measures under the control of a State Board of Health, and through a great variety of other activities commonly called welfare measures, for which we have no state

board of administration. There is no sharp line of demarcation between educational, health and welfare work. Educational work today is comprehending health work in the schools, also social service work outside of school hours, vocational guidance, and other things closely related to welfare work. Health work itself is largely an educational problem, and welfare work in turn depends largely on the educational and health forces of the community.

THE FIELD OF WELFARE WORK

The three, then, are inter-related, but for convenience, may be taken as rough classifications for the administration of the state's responsibility to its childhood. There is another reason for the classification which places welfare work in a group by itself. The administration of the state's education and health work is fundamentally for all its children, whereas the work which is commonly termed welfare work, is concerned primarily with the special classes—the classes which need special care, and these are roughly classified as dependents, defectives, and delinquents. In its educational and health programs, our state is well in advance among the states of the Union. We are spending proportionately, out of state revenues for educational purposes, twice the average of other states in the Union; whereas, in the field of welfare, in proportion to other states, we are spending one-third of the average that the other states are giving to that department.

THE FIELD OF EDUCATION

Utah has, as you know, compulsory school attendance for all children from six to eighteen years of age. It must be obvious that the higher the age limit is placed in compelling children to go to school, the broader must be the school program; for if the state, in the exercise of its power, undertakes to compel children to go to school, then it should be responsible for seeing that the children are afforded the kind of training that suits their needs. It is inevitable, therefore, with the advance of the schoolage to eighteen years, that it would take some time for our educational system to catch up with itself and supply children of the higher ages the kind of training they need. In our state, if it is to carry out this duty, there must inevitably be a service in vocational guidance and in conduct clinics, for you can just as quickly make a child delinquent by trying to fit him into a school which does not fit his needs as you can by leaving him out of the school system altogether. As a rule, delinquency first makes itself manifest in the school. It is a responsibility of the school system, when that delinquency is first manifest, to take whatever steps the state can take to prevent the child from becoming a delinquent as he goes on to other agencies in our social system. There will also be a development in the field of visiting teachers—in the social work which attempts

to be a go-between from the home to the school. If the state, through its educational system, is to fulfil this responsibility to childhood, it must enlarge its facilities so that it gives these opportunities not only to the average child but also to the child below normal and the child above the normal.

THE FIELD OF HEALTH

We have, in the field of health, a splendid department in our state. We have a system of vital statistics, which I believe stands to the fore front among those of the states of the Union. There is one field of health to which I wish to direct your attention because you are more concerned with it than with any other. That is the work which has been going on under the provisions of the Sheppard-Towner Act. Under its provisions there have been established, I am told, in the State of Utah, 175 clinics where instruction has been given in prenatal care and where nurses have been provided for maternity cases. I am told by the State Board of Health that this work would have been impossible without the cooperation of the Relief Society organization through the state, and that in the short period of five years the death rate in maternity cases in the state of Utah has been reduced 35%—a showing of which we may well be proud. The provisions of the Sheppard-Towner Act will cease to function after June, 1929, unless something is done to continue that work throughout the country. We hear the argument that it is an unwarranted extension of federal authority to engage in this work, and that it is a violation of states rights. Personally, that argument has no weight with me when it is weighed with the lives of the mothers which have been saved in five years in the state of Utah under the provisions of that Act. There is being proposed at the present time in Congress a bill, introduced I believe, by the representative from Minnesota, which aims to provide a substitute for this work—to continue it under another arrangement. The Relief Society should make its influence felt with our representatives in Congress if it desires that this great work in the interest of maternity and infancy shall continue.

CARE OF THE DEPENDENT

In the field which we classify as the welfare field, I want to say, first of all, that the picture is not so bright in our state. I desire to show the great opportunity there is still before us in bringing that work up to the standard of the other branches of state care of childhood. First, I suppose the Relief Society is more concerned with dependents than with any other class. I sometimes think that the Relief Society, as well as all other welfare agencies engaged in relief work, fails to comprehend the relation of the state and its subdivisions to private agencies in this field. The state carries on this work for dependents through the county sub-

divisions. Under our law, the care of dependents is first of all a charge on the family of the dependent—the father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, child, grandchild, brother, or sister. Each is chargeable with the care of a dependent in that group, and the county may compel, by suit or otherwise, any one of that group to care for a dependent in the group. The family is the unit of responsibility for the care of the dependent under the law. If the family cannot care for the dependent, then the care, under the law, is a charge upon the county; and that obligation is so strong that if the county does not carry it out and another agency does, the other agency has the right to bring action against the county for money which it has been compelled to expend for the indigent or dependent poor within the county limits. As far as the legal situation is concerned, the private relief agency is outside of that work. Now it is manifest that when the Relief Society or any other agency takes care of the indigent sick or the dependent poor in the county, the county is relieved of a legal responsibility and the burden of taking care of the poor is shifted from the taxpayer who supports the county fund to the contributor to the private organization. Thus the private organization is using its funds to carry out a county function, which funds it might be using in constructive and preventive work in the community. Constructive or preventive work is not a charge upon the county; under the law, the county is not required to do such work. If a county ever does preventive work, it is only because it thinks that by so doing it can save dollars and cents. Under the poor laws of Queen Elizabeth, when the people of England were charged with support of all orphans and taxed to take care of them, there were epidemics throughout England, making great numbers of orphans. The people soon decided that if they had to take care of the orphans, they should do something to prevent the increase of orphans. It was from this circumstance that the health work of England began and has since gone on. But that was only for the purpose of saving dollars and cents, and you cannot expect the state or any of its subdivisions to do preventive and constructive work unless you can demonstrate that this work will save dollars and cents. It is the function of the private agency to devise ways and means, to experiment in the field, to perfect methods, and to demonstrate to the state that by doing preventive and constructive work money can be saved to the community.

WHO CARES FOR THE INDIGENT?

If the L. D. S. Church should say to any county, "Despite the fact that it is your legal responsibility to take care of the poor, we want to take care of our own," there could be no objection by the county and no objection by the taxpayer, because the burden is taken from the taxpayer and placed on those who are

contributing to Relief Society and Church work. The only objection that could be made would be by members of the Church who were paying taxes and were also contributing to the care of their dependents. That is the situation which arose in our school system when we were duplicating Church high schools with the high schools of the community. Now we have seen fit to stop that duplication, to allow the civil unit to carry on its legal function, and merely to supplement with our Church seminaries. The same argument would induce us to place the care of dependents on the county, where it legally belongs, and supplement the county work with trained service and with constructive and preventive work in our Church.

We have been taught from childhood on, and I recall hearing it time and time again, that we have no poor and that we take care of our own. Neither one of these statements is true. I believe that we are allowing ourselves to be lulled to sleep on this matter. Utterances which have become almost a part of us and which were true when they were first made, have long since ceased to be true because of a change in our conditions. In Salt Lake County some time ago, an investigation was made by private relief agencies to determine whether or not the county was carrying out its functions in the matter of poor relief and whether something could be done to aid it in that effort. The investigation showed that in Salt Lake County, \$105,000 was being expended yearly for outdoor relief in addition to \$50,000 under the so-called widow's pension fund, and that the number of families assisted in 1927, exclusive of widows, was 1,176. In Salt Lake City the preventive, constructive and investigation work in these cases was made for the L. D. S. cases by the Relief Society, and for the non-L. D. S. cases by the Family Service Society. The records showed that 330 cases in Salt Lake City, out of 1,176 were being taken care of by the L. D. S. Relief Society, 203 by the Family Service Society, leaving 643 cases to be taken care of by the Salt Lake County staff. The county staff was wholly inadequate to do any constructive or preventive work on such a number of cases. But the most alarming thing shown by that investigation—a thing which I promised myself I would communicate to the people of my own Church at the first opportunity—was the fact that outside of Salt Lake City in Salt Lake County, at least 90% of the county cases claimed membership in the L. D. S. Church. Of approximately 1,500 cases in Salt Lake County, including widow's pension cases, 1,200 claimed membership in the L. D. S. Church—a number out of all proportion to the number of L. D. S. and non-L. D. S. people. That was not because our people are less fugal; it is not because our people are less intelligent or industrious; it is because outside of the work which is being done by our L. D. S. Relief Society, our system of poor relief has become antiquated. We are giving, giving, without combining with it any effort, through trained social workers, to

prevent the necessity of giving. We are pauperizing and injuring the recipients, acting unjustly to our own people and to the taxpayers who are not members of our faith.

Four months ago a trained investigator was put on eighty cases in Salt Lake County. In these four months she was able, out of those eighty cases, to place twenty cases well on the way to self-respect and self-support, and to make them happy about it. That result shows what can be done by a little trained service in connection with giving. I believe that our private relief organization should turn its attention to this constructive and preventive work. It should aim to secure trained service, and to place back on the county the obligation which, under the law, is the obligation of the country—to care for the permanently dependent and indigent sick.

THE WIDOW'S PENSION

I want to say a word about the so-called widow's pension. Under our law, each county is required to set up a fund for the public support of widows who are dependent on their own efforts for the support of their children. In counties of less than one hundred thousand population, that fund is \$10,000; in counties of more than one hundred thousand population, the fund is \$50,000 annually. In Salt Lake County there are 310 widows on that list, and the widows receive approximately \$5 per month for each child that they have, and no one, including the state, has ever been able to figure out how a widow can be expected to stay at home and take care of her children on \$5 per month per child. It simply can't be done. If the purpose of the law is to preserve the home and keep the child in its own home (and the law has that purpose) then the law must utterly fail of its purpose. At the same time I might say that in the great majority of counties in the state there is not a widow's pension fund, although the law requires that the county commissioners set it up. If we require a widow with a family to try to get along on \$5 a month for each child, the family finally breaks under the strain. The children go into the Juvenile Court as a dependent and neglected family; they are taken from the mother and placed in institutions; and immediately the county, under law, is required to pay \$15 a month for the support of each child in the institution.

Is that the premium that we are going to place on home life? Is that the way we are to guarantee each child a normal home life. Time and time again it has been demonstrated that a home can care for a child better and at less expense than it can be cared for in an institution; and yet we grant the institution \$15 for the support of the child and expect the mother to get along with \$5. If the state is to discharge its responsibility for the care of the dependent child and give to every child its inalienable right to a normal home life, then I say that we must revise our conception of a mother's

allowance. The first point of attack, however, is to see that the widows' allowance laws are properly administered; for it was found in this survey that practically half of the people who are getting the allowance are not entitled to it. We cannot expect the state to make larger appropriations to be distributed in this way. We should see to it that our counties are given the trained service they need in administering the law, and that we have a board of welfare in the state to see that the law is uniformly applied.

TRAFFIC IN CHILDREN

In the state of Utah there are probably born each year, about 150 illegitimate children. That is away below the average for the United States. It is about 1% of the births; whereas, in the United States as a whole, the illegitimate births are about 4%. In these illegitimate cases, the death rate is about three times as high as in the case of legitimate birth. The larger proportion of these illegitimate children are born in what are known as maternity homes. The girl naturally tries to cover her shame, goes to a maternity home, usually away from her place of residence, and gives birth to her child. The maternity home has the problem, under our present system, of getting rid of the child; and a large part of the child-placing is done by unscrupulous persons who are running maternity homes, and who have but one desire—to get paid for the service they have given to the mother and to dispose of the child. A few weeks ago a maternity hospital in Salt Lake sold a child, which was taken into a home without any investigation by anyone who knew anything about child-placing, and without any regard to what kind of treatment that child would receive; the person taking it paid merely the expenses of the mother. After the child was placed, the case came to the attention of a welfare agency. The adoption proceedings were stopped and a criminal complaint has been charged against the person who disposed of the child. I mention this merely to show you the traffic in children that is going on in our communities. Under this maternity house system we place these illegitimate children with less regard to where they are going than we would use in placing a pet animal.

We have on our statute book laws for the registration and licensing of maternity houses and of child-placing agencies. They have never been enforced because they are placed at the present time under the Board of Health, there being no board of welfare; and the Board of Health has never had an appropriation from the legislature for carrying out the provisions of these laws. Until we get a board of welfare, charged with the administration of these laws, we cannot expect that they will be properly administered. The Relief Society, through its Salt Lake office, is a licensed child-placing agency and I will say that if you are placing children

you should find out what the requirements of the child-placing law are and you should not do the job unless you have someone who can do it properly and according to law.

NEEDS OF THE MENTAL HOSPITAL

A word regarding defectives and their care. In the State Hospital at Provo, which is our only institution for defectives, we have approximately 800 insane cases. We have in that institution two doctors; one of them gives his entire time to the administration of the institution and the other has some outside practice, I believe, and gives the rest of his time to the care of the inmates. The standard for hospital work for the insane in the United States is one hundred fifty patients to the doctor. You cannot expect to have proper care given to the insane unless the staff of medical men at the Provo institution is greatly increased. The doctors there realize that, but they say our first need is for more room, for there are not, even at the present time, beds for the people who are forced upon the institution. The patients are packed in like sardines in a can. They need more room and the state cannot discharge its responsibility to this class until they have more room. They also need at that institution a staff of nurses; then they need some social workers who can help take care of the cases that are sent out, and can keep them from going back into unfavorable environments and getting into the same conditions as they were in before, necessitating a re-commitment. The board of the state mental hospital should be increased by the appointment of certain civilian members. At the present time, it consists of the governor, the state treasurer, and the state auditor—all officials of the state. Every time a change is made in state administration, a change is made in the board at the mental hospital; and as soon as one board becomes acquainted with the needs of the institution and commences to make a plan for it, the board is changed and new members come on, who have to start all over again.

A SCHOOL FOR THE FEEBLE-MINDED

There is urgent need for the segregation of the feeble-minded from the insane. There are now at the institution 150 feeble-minded, mostly of the lower class of feeble-minded—idiots and imbeciles. Feeble-minded people are not hospital patients; they are people needing education and custodial care. It is an injustice to the insane to place them with the feeble-minded, and an injustice to the feeble-minded to place them with the insane. After viewing the field of social work in the state, the State Conference of Social Workers, which has just completed a two-day session, has come to the conclusion that the greatest present need is a school for the training of the feeble-minded. As much as we

need other things, that group came to the conclusion that the most crying need is an institution for the feeble-minded. I am inclined to believe the conference was right in its decision. We have in this state at least 500 people who are in need of special training in an institution for the feeble-minded. Where are they? One hundred and fifty of them are at Provo. Groups of them, because they are not properly cared for, find their way into the Industrial School and then into the State Prison. A few are cared for at the Atkinson Home, and a few in the Twelfth School. We have no place to take care of them and we are doing an injustice to these people and an injustice to the taxpayers of our state by not seeing that they are taken care of and given the training which will help them to become self-sustaining and keep them out of trouble.

PROBLEMS OF DELINQUENCY

Perhaps I can say just a word about the field of delinquency. Delinquency represents the failure of all the other work in the community to make the child a social being; it represents failure of the home, the school, and the church. If all these agencies fail with him, he comes into the juvenile court. Obviously, if the school teacher, if the parents, if the church, if the community have failed to find out what is wrong with the boy, and have failed to give him the thing he needs to make him a social being, we cannot expect to get that job done and have the boy reformed and turned back into the channels of citizenship unless someone is handling him who is more expert than the people who have failed with him. That is sensible isn't it? And you cannot expect to get someone of that type to handle the child in our juvenile courts with the appropriation of \$40,000 which the legislature makes biennially for handling the juvenile court system of our state. As a consequence, our juvenile court system is breaking down for lack of trained personnel and for lack of things which we all know are necessary to a juvenile court system. The courts have taken cognizance of the breaking down of our system and so have other people. A few years ago we had a law passed that in case a child committed a felony he should be handled, not as a person who needed guidance and help but as a criminal, and that he could be bound over from the juvenile to the criminal court. The courts have said if that is so the jurisdiction of other courts is concurrent with that of the juvenile court, and therefore the child does not need to be taken into the juvenile court. So today it is possible for a fourteen-year-old child to be sentenced to the state prison in accordance with our law. We are to have an expert from the East soon to investigate our juvenile court system. We all know what is wrong but we will not listen unless somebody from outside comes and tells us what to do.

A Report of the Care of the Feeble-Minded in Utah

By the Utah Society for Mental Hygiene

On page seventeen in the Bureau of Census Report on Feeble-Minded and Epileptics in State institutions to the Department of Commerce occurs the following statement: "There are at the present time only four states, Arizona, Arkansas, Nevada and Utah, that have not provided a state institution for their feeble-minded.

Since the above mentioned report was printed at Washington in 1926, Arkansas has established state care for her feeble-minded. Shall Utah, again, draw uncomplimentary notice in the next census as one of three states, or perhaps the solitary state, that lags behind in providing care and training for her most unfortunate residents?

Utah does provide for her insane, her deaf and dumb, and for her blind. And the true state of our social consciousness is not indexed by our failure to provide a state institution for the feeble-minded; for our various civic, county, club, professional, patriotic, and our religious groups, through their several welfare organizations, do relieve the most pressing physical needs of the indigent feeble-minded persons scattered over our state. There are, however, many feeble-minded children who require custodial care and training which no system of outdoor relief can ever provide. Such children should not be permitted to wander about the streets.

UTAH SHOULD PROVIDE

Numerous citizens who, by their professional, social and economic interest in our feeble-minded class have acquired definite knowledge concerning them, believe that Utah, if she is to remain in the ranks of progressive statehood, must now provide some means by which this group can be trained to draw its own weight; at least in part. It has become economically urgent that all higher grade feeble-minded children be trained to perform some self-respecting work.

It must not be inferred that all our feeble-minded children are indigent. Many are in the families of well-to-do citizens who are both willing and anxious to provide the intensive training needful in establishing habits that will make life less difficult for their mentally handicapped children. Unable to secure this much needed training in Utah for their children, some families have

moved to California. Others have sent their children to schools in Colorado, in Oklahoma, and in Iowa for training. Professional men are greatly concerned by the distress of parents who, recognizing that their defective children must have training which they, themselves, are unable to give, yet are economically unable to send them outside the state to be trained in some form of useful activity. There are many of these children of school age in Utah who are not provided for.

DISASTROUS EXPERIENCES

Many socially disastrous experiences of neglected high-grade feeble-minded individuals are related by social workers who often contact them in some conflict with organized society. And because the particular individual concerned is neither insane, deaf and dumb, nor blind, he does not draw public sympathy. His mental blindness, which impels him to take the wrong turning, does not show. To the average citizen the feeble-minded transgressor with the mental age of eight years looks about like everyone else. Then his physical and his social experiences may be advanced. He looks as if he *ought* to have judgment. Yet he was born without the capacity to foresee the consequences of his own anti-social acts.

Lack of success in the school-room makes the mentally defective child unhappy, restless, and frequently, delinquent. His home life may be economically depressed. When he reaches the limits of his capacity to learn in the class-room, and has neither a job nor the endurance to stay in school, the truant officers may do the only thing left for them to provide some care for the misfit—they may turn him over to the Juvenile Court. One such boy became a ward of the court under the following circumstances: he was a confirmed truant with the chronological age of eleven and the mental age of eight. His mother was a moron drug addict. No matter how much money his industrious father earned the children never had enough satisfying food. Various persons attempted to do something with the family, but they would not break it up in time to salvage the children. All the children stole whenever hunger pressed them too savagely. The older girls, with their mother's approval, became prostitutes. The boy already mentioned and his older brother became wards of the Juvenile Court, both progressing through the Detention Home, the Industrial School, the City and County jails to the Penitentiary. The younger boy is a killer. Whenever he is hungry he holds up the first person that crosses his path. So far, nothing but his own poor aim has saved him from choosing whether he would rather be shot himself than hanged. He has served two terms in our prison and is now at large. Although this boy has been a ward of the state of Utah ever since he was eleven years old, he is still

untrained to earn his living. When a small boy he liked shop work, and might, at one time, have been trained into social and economic usefulness.

FEEBLE-MINDED GIRLS

The untrained feeble-minded girl, if pretty, soon becomes the victim of depraved persons of both sexes. She may find work in a factory; but since she has had no preliminary training in certain mechanical processes, she is not successful. It takes her too long to learn simple movements. When she is discharged she may find employment in the less-skilled departments of steam laundries. The work is apt to be hard for her even there. If she has a pretty dress, she will attend public dance halls in company with other girls. She is certain to be "spotted." It is not long before she becomes a sex-delinquent—a patient at the clinics and at the county hospitals. Sometimes, before she ever reaches the hospital, she has been employed as a mother's helper where there are small children and has left a trail of disease behind her. Sometimes she disappears altogether. Frequently the least prepossessing of the feeble-minded girls give birth to illegitimate babies, either in private homes or in public hospitals. Though sometimes they do keep their babies, they more frequently, for a consideration, are persuaded to part with them to incautious or unscrupulous people for adoption. Even bootleggers use babies for some particular camouflaging purposes.

Though there has been as yet no complete survey of all the feeble-minded persons in our state, when Dr. George L. Wallace, Director of the Committee on Mental Hygiene in the United States, made an investigation in Utah, he reported that the state's percentage of feeble-minded was probably from one to one and one-half per cent of the total population. (The average percentage of such population throughout the United States is from one to two per cent.) According to Doctor Wallace's estimate, there would be about five hundred children in Utah in pressing need of custodial care.

The high-grade feeble-minded child has an intelligence quotient around seventy. To keep him in the school-room when he is in need of more intensive training in the formation of right social habits than our public schools are now prepared to give, makes him a source of wasted taxation. Feeble-minded children must be trained into self-support. No public school in Utah is prepared to give the necessary twenty-four-hours-a-day training in right social habits, or in self-supporting work to feeble-minded children. And the recent acceptance of this fact, that while intelligence does limit the feeble-minded child's field, it does not say what crops shall be grown in that field, is determining what

care progressive states are providing for their least fortunate children.

Utah does expend moneys generously for all her children. But the opportunities open to the definitely feeble-minded child in our fine public schoolrooms are unsuited to his capacities. He needs training in habits and in useful work.

It behooves Utah to take intelligent self-interest in this problem of providing an institution for her feeble-minded. It is not so much a question of state pride; the social and the economic cost to our state of neglecting to train this class, is mounting rapidly.

Gifts

By Claire Stewart Boyer

Once when Fate stripped me of my velvet hopes
And made me walk barefoot through desert sands,
Wounding my feet on prickly pears of pride,
Carrying stinging fears in aching hands,
I heard the call to prayer, and in that hour,
Kneeling, I found a pitying, cloud-white flower.

Once when the siren city drank me in
And dragged me through the deepest of despair,
I wandered like a mad-man through its streets,
Then sank upon the church steps cold and bare
To summon courage for disaster's end,
The portals opened, and there stood—a friend.

Once Fortune masqueraded for my sake
And let me to its tinselled festival;
It dazzled me with homage all unasked,
It gave me wealth and fame and love and all,
"Can God be here?" I cried, "In such a place?"
I raised my eyes and lo, God showed His face.

To those who ask it shall be given still;
To those with faith like to a mustard seed,
Their mountains shall be moved forever hence;
The sinner, penitent, from sin be freed;
God gives His three eternal gifts of grace
To those who seek—a flower, a friend, His face.

An Appreciation of Mrs. Alpha M. Smoot

Wife of Senator Reed Smoot

By Don B. Colton

Those who attended the wonderfully impressive funeral services of Sister Smoot will long remember the comforting remarks made upon the occasion. As I listened, there came before me additional thoughts of what might be said concerning her missionary work in Washington, where she lived so many years.

Many will remember the years 1903 and 1904 when the question as to whether or not Utah could make its own choice of a United States Senator was being fought out. Those were momentous days for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and for all Utahns. Feeling all over the nation ran high against the Church.

When Senator and Mrs. Smoot came to Washington, there were few if any friends to greet them. Most people looked upon them with scorn and almost contempt. We talk much of the cold reception accorded our missionaries. What of this family? What of this good woman who had left a good home among friends to come to live in a hostile city? Think you not that it required courage? She faced the contumely and insults bravely. She knew her cause was just and was therefore, "thrice armed." No one ever heard her make apologies for her religion. No one ever saw her afraid to speak boldly in its defense. She fought courageously by the side of her husband for what she believed to be right, undaunted and unafraid.

After Senator Smoot was finally seated, then came the struggle for respect and recognition. It came slowly but surely.

We are glad to know she lived to see some of the honor accorded her illustrious husband. She must have found some satisfaction in comparing the later years of her life with her early sojourn in Washington. She must have rejoiced in the thought of the change from the Senator Smoot, unknown and almost rejected, to the Senator Smoot known all over the nation and indeed the world, and to feel that she played a part in bringing about the change.

All the years of her life in Washington were spent in service for the people of her Church and her State. For years the little band of Church workers met in the home of Brother and Sister Smoot. They had no other meeting place. Those who

attended will always remember the sweet spirit of those meetings and the warmth and depth of the welcome extended by the family.

Her labors were as bread cast upon the water to return after many days. The years have brought great changes. One cannot help but think of those beautiful words:

“God’s plan, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, by faith and patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
Where we shall know and understand,
I think that we shall say, ‘God knew best.’”

Surely Sister Smoot worked, believing “God knew the best.” Many of those who have lived in Washington will and do testify of the influence of this missionary service upon their lives, for surely she was a missionary. Day by day through the years that followed her coming, she worked for the vindication of her people. It has come or is rapidly coming.

How times have changed! Work and character that rest upon the Rock of Ages will ultimately triumph. The branch of the Church has grown in Washington until a private home will not accommodate the members. One scarcely ever hears now a disparaging thing said of the Latter-day Saints. They are received everywhere. Let us not forget the services of those who have, under God, helped to bring the change. It is missionary service of the highest order.

This woman, with qualities of mind and heart of the missionary type, gave new grace and brought new charm to social and domestic life. People saw and were convinced they were wrong. They had misjudged her people. A woman possessing such qualities of mind and heart could not fail to impress others. Senator Smoot’s success has been largely built upon the foundation of capacity, character and courage. She helped him through the long years of struggle and now has gone to a well earned rest.

Her work and her helpfulness were appreciated by her husband. Through the long weeks and months of her last illness he tenderly watched over her and provided for her every need. Those who have lived in Washington during that time know part of the story of love and devotion on the part of Senator Smoot. It has been a lesson of devotion and fidelity we shall not forget. Faith, too, played its part. Many a prayer was offered and answered as time and again her life was spared. It is a marvelous story for some one yet to tell.

Some one has expressed the thought that death is the means by which one acquires the fulfillment of which this life is but a

prophecy. Life and death form but parts of one grand drama. How often, as we stand by the bier of a loved one, do we ask the question, Is death the end of our individual and conscious being? Are all these pleasing thoughts, these ardent affections, our glowing hopes and lofty aspirations, our capacity for love, happiness, and knowledge, which we feel expanding—are all these to cease at death and be buried in the grave? If this be true, Chauncey Giles has well said, "Then man is the greatest enigma in the universe. Compared with the possibilities of his nature, he is a fading flower, the withering grass, the morning cloud, the tale that is told." But this is not true. After death man will live again.

To the good and wise, death opens the shining portals of an endless life, where service and love find their fullest sway. These thoughts came to me as I stood by the bier of Sister Smoot.

Tennyson, one of England's sweetest poets, said:

Nor blame I death because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth,
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere.

Utahns in Washington feel a void in their social and religious life. Two great missionaries have labored long and faithfully together. One is resting.

Appreciation

On behalf of President Robison and the members of the General Board we wish to express appreciation for the many kindly greetings that have reached the office during the holiday season. We appreciate these messages of good will and peace. We are taking this opportunity of expressing our gratitude through the Magazine, as the number of greetings reaching our office makes it impossible for us to respond in any other form.



THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

The Care of the Feeble-Minded

The Relief Society is pleased to note that in Governor Dern's inaugural address made at the Capitol Building January 7, 1929, he did not fail to mention the feeble-minded. Under a paragraph stating that the morals of the people are influenced, not alone by the home atmosphere but also by the community atmosphere, Governor Dern says that a phase of governmental activity is the care of the unfortunate and the under-privileged, including in this paragraph the insane and feeble-minded.

This is in line with the intensive work done by the Relief Society in its social service lessons, its fall conventions and its present work of circulating petitions.

For many months past the social service lessons have sought to meet the child's needs and in these lessons the child of lesser endowments has come in for its share of consideration along with the child that is normally situated and can receive normal care.

The General Board members went out to conventions this fall with a carefully prepared address covering the situation of the mentally handicapped. The topic emphasized the care of the feeble-minded, stating that they deserve every consideration that can be given them for development in order that they may have the opportunity to be part of the life into which they have been

born. The address stressed the fact that every state should furnish adequate facilities in buildings, equipment, as also persons suitably trained to instruct these people who will become a part of the most complex civilization that the world has seen. It pointed out that if the feeble-minded are not cared for according to the best knowledge available, some of them, like all children who lack opportunity whether classed as normal or otherwise, will become vicious and further aggravate crime and delinquency, which presents one of the most terrifying of present day problems.

The last step on the part of the Relief Society has been to authorize the circulation of petitions, to the end that all persons who are interested in the state's providing appropriate surroundings and helpful training for the feeble-minded shall have an opportunity to indicate their interest by their signatures.

We trust that the legislature will make use of the opportunity that lies before it by doing a much needed piece of welfare work for the State of Utah. The citizens of this state are keenly interested in welfare work. They are thoroughly aroused to the necessity of a legislative act which shall provide for the care of the feeble-minded, and nothing short of such an enactment will satisfy them. With welfare workers it is the paramount issue. To use the words of a crusader, it is the burning cause—a cause in which all welfare workers are crusaders. Committed by the nature of its work to the welfare of the unfortunate, the Relief Society joins hand and heart with all other social organizations in their appeal for legislative enactment that shall make adequate and proper provision for the feeble-minded.

Honor Banquet Tendered to President Clarissa Smith Williams

The president's suite at the Hotel Utah at noon Wednesday, December 19, 1928, was witness of another festal occasion. Those of us who took part naturally wondered if a more pleasant banquet had ever been held in those historic rooms. The occasion was an honor banquet to President Clarissa Smith Williams tendered by the members of the General Board. As it was nigh to the Christmas season the table decorations reflected the coming event. A centerpiece in green and red arrested and held the attention of guests throughout the banquet. From it extended streamers of red satin ribbon to the place card and cover of each of the guests. At each plate was a program bearing the inscription "banquet in honor of President Clarissa Smith Williams" and following that was a portrait of her with the following inscription: "Banquet in honor of President Clarissa Smith Williams given by the General Board of

Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, December 19, 1928, Hotel Utah." Following this was the menu, then the program, then the names of the members of the General Board. Every detail of the banquet was carried forth in the same well directed manner as characterized the decorations. The general committee consisted of President Louise Y. Robison, her counselors, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman and Mrs. Julia A. Child, and the General Secretary, Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund. President Robison and Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon were perhaps most responsible for the outlining of the program. Their idea was to have every member of the General Board take part and this idea was carried out to the very letter. The guests were President Williams, her daughters and daughters-in-law and the members of the General Board. The decoration and entertainment committee consisted of Mrs. Amy W. Evans, Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford, Mrs. Cora L. Bennion and Mrs. Elise B. Alder. The printed programs were in the hands of a committee consisting of Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, Miss Alice L. Reynolds and Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine.

The program was introduced by greetings from President Louise Y. Robison, who introduced as the toastmistress of the occasion Mrs. Jennie B. Knight. Mrs. Knight said that President Williams' work made her think of the beautiful tapestry made in France at the Gobelin factory. It took a year to make a square yard and a number of years to complete a large piece, but when completed the design was perfect and the tapestry outlives the centuries. She said this work of making tapestry suggested the work of President Williams. She has now completed her design and is leaving her beautiful work for the future to gaze upon. She said that along with the golden threads that had been woven into the pattern were blue threads put there by her daughters, her blue-birds of happiness.

A pleasing feature of the program was the music under the direction of Mrs. Ida P. Beal. The first offering was a cello solo by Mrs. Margaret Lyman Schreiner, accompanied by her husband Mr. Alexander Schreiner. This was followed by a solo by Mrs. Ida P. Beal. Both musical numbers were received enthusiastically and were responded to by encores. An original reading by Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon in lighter vein caused a good deal of merriment among the members of the Board. It was comprehensive enough to take in the entire Board. The toast to President Clarissa Smith Williams by Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund had to do with Mrs. Williams' work with national and patriotic organizations. This was followed by responses from Mrs. Cora L. Bennion, Mrs. Amy W. Evans, Mrs. Ethel R. Smith, Miss Alice L. Reynolds and Mrs. Elise B. Alder. This should have been followed by a tribute "To Mother" by a daughter of President Williams. This number failed because the daughter expecting to make the response had been called from the city because of illness. Then came a number

of responses under the head of periods of President Williams' Relief Society career. The Maiden 1873 to 1889 was spoken of by Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine. The Ward Worker, Teacher, Secretary, and President by Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford; Stake President by Mrs. Lotta P. Baxter; General Treasurer by Mrs. Emma A. Empey; Counselor to General President by Miss Sarah M. McLelland; and General President by Mrs. Julia A. Child. These responses all paid tribute to President Williams in the various offices she had held. Another touch of humor was added by Mrs. Inez K. Allen who responded to the toast "Tribulations of President Williams with Stake Presidents." After this came the response of Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman under the heading "One Word More." This proved to be a presentation to President Williams of a white gold wristwatch which bears her name and the date of presentation, and also the words presented by the General Board. In her address Mrs. Lyman detailed those qualities of mind and heart that make a leader of the first order, poise, vision, sane outlook, confidence in one's associates, and the power to push forward in well-directed lines. President Williams accepted the tributes modestly, saying as she listened to what the various Board members had to say that she thought they were talking about some woman who lived at the north pole. She expressed her appreciation in the pleasing manner which has been characteristic of her expressions of appreciation throughout her ministrations.

Then came the feature sponsored by the entertainment committee. The red streamers had looked innocent enough all through the banquet. No one suspected that they were more than very tasty Christmas decorations, but under the foliage of the beautiful centerpiece were hidden mysteries. President Robison was asked to draw her ribbon. She did so and discovered that at the end of it was attached a shovel, a rake and a hoe. This caused a lot of fun as it suggested the President's enthusiasm in the beautification and cleanup campaign. President Williams drew a little health nurse which suggested the Clarissa Smith Williams Health Nurse Fund. The tribute to Mrs. Lyman was featured in a little pioneer representing the fact that Mrs. Lyman had pioneered the social science work of the organization. A little house was drawn by Mrs. Julia A. Child. It suggested the fact that on one of her trips she was stranded where there were no habitations. The gift suggested that if she carried the little house along with her she might not lack for shelter. Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund's gift was an Indian doll suggesting her interest in adult education, and Mrs. Jennie B. Knight was presented with a blooming cyclamen. Each member of the Board was presented with a little gift that was a reminder of something in her daily life. The members of the Board left the banquet with a feeling of satisfaction and gratification not only for the able administration of President Williams, but also that they

had been given an opportunity of expressing their esteem and interest in her and in her work.

Alpha Eldredge Smoot

In this issue of the Magazine we are publishing a tribute by Congressman Don B. Colton to Mrs. Alpha Eldredge Smoot, wife of Senator Reed Smoot. In her position as wife of the Senator, Mrs. Smoot had it within her power to make a unique contribution to the women of the Church, and the opportunity that was hers she did not pass by. Many persons have wondered how Senator and Mrs. Smoot, with their responsibilities and multiplicity of duties, could manage to take into their home the great number of people they did. We recall that an unusually large number of the members of the General Board of the Relief Society have visited Washington to attend sessions of the National Council and of the International Council of Women. On these occasions as on other visits of a private nature, our representatives have either been cared for in the home or otherwise entertained in the most cordial manner.

Your editor has several times had the opportunity to visit the city of Washington; on all such occasions we have had the most cordial treatment from Senator and Mrs. Smoot. Particularly were we appreciative in 1916 when trying to push forward the Federal Suffrage amendment. We could not help noting the fact that in some instances the Senators and their wives from some other states were not so cordial, and several times women from other states remarked when they observed the attention that we were accorded that it was not so in their case. We appreciated the courtesy extended; it made our visit delightful at the time and is now a precious memory.

So much for Mrs. Smoot as hostess. We now turn to the phase of her life emphasized in Congressman Colton's tribute, that of being put in a position when she first went to Washington where the prejudice and the ill-will which many people carry for a religion that is unpopular, was visited upon her head. Frequently, when she went on to the street, insinuating and disagreeable remarks were made that must have been very trying to her. It was undoubtedly an entirely new experience to her, born as she was in a family highly respected and married into a family greatly beloved in the community where she made her home. Mrs. Smoot bore these insults, for they can hardly be termed by any other name, bravely, and when the hour came that her husband's strength was demonstrated and he became recognized as one of the most capable members of the United States senate, she was then not able to take advantage of the full measure of his success in a social way, because of her impaired health.

In the particulars indicated, her life has been just a little different from that of other women in the Church; so that there is about her work a feature that is unique. She certainly pioneered in such a way that any other Senator's wife who follows her will not have to meet the unpleasant situations she met. Pioneering in the spiritual realm is just as important for progress as pioneering in the material realm. With deepest feelings of gratitude we pay this tribute to her and we know that women all over the Church will be moved by this same feeling of gratitude for what she has done on their behalf.

Literature Lessons

For a rather lengthy period the Relief Society has been studying poetry, so that class leaders are familiar with the way to present a lesson in poetry. Now that we have turned to another form of literature, certain questions asking how we intend that the lessons shall be presented have come into the office.

We are sure that many of our class leaders have had experience in schools where dramas are presented; in such instances they will be more or less familiar with the method. For those who have never belonged to groups of any sort where dramas were reviewed, we make a few suggestions, which we trust will prove helpful.

In the first place there is no thought of having these plays dramatized. To attempt it would, in most instances, mean failure. In the next place we wish to make clear that it is not necessary to have a dramatic reader. Anybody who can read intelligently can do the work. Drama is very much easier for many people to read than poetry, consequently it ought not to be difficult. We have told you what we do not wish you to do; we shall now try to tell you what we should like you to strive to do. Our idea is to have someone tell the story of the drama in an interesting way. Then, after the story is told, we wish to have the problem discussed. We should like our readers to recognize that our modern playwrights, even those who are as great as Galsworthy, Shaw, and Barrie, are interested in the same social problems as Relief Society workers and social workers the world over are interested in. Also that when writing plays they make use of the same material as social workers constantly come in contact with while at work, in every day life. In other words, we would like our Relief Society members to recognize that there is a correlation between literature and life; that the person who writes is attempting to present the grave social problems of our civilization in the hope that social workers in the field may be able to do something towards solving them.

Purple Velvet

By Estella P. Rich

Miss Ames, spinster, took a last look at her monthly pay check before she clasped shut her flat leather hand bag of a style long since obsolete; drew on her mended kid gloves; picked up a "National" mail order catalogue; nodded a good-night to the principal; and left the building where for twelve years she had been Allie Ames, primary teacher.

Purple shadows lay across the mountains, and a faint, haunting perfume drifted through the stillness.

"Spring!" she said softly, "spring, and my dream coming true."

Her heart was singing as she went through the soft April twilight, though no one would have suspected it from the tight, thin-lipped expression of her mouth that the years had made as habitual as the dingy brown dresses she wore.

Twelve years is a long time for a dream to remain unchanged. If it does not come into its fulfillment, it fades into a half-forgotten memory, or is itself outgrown by its creator.

None of these things had happened to Allie Ames' dream. It still lived just as she had put it away when her father's mantle of provider had dropped on her frail shoulders.

She had been all ready then to buy the purple velvet dress. In it, like a butterfly newly awakened from its chrysalis, she would close the door to her drab girlhood. The subtle softness of the velvet, its shimmering richness, would add the thing that her personality lacked. The slenderness and whiteness of her hands would be accentuated against its background. In it she could laugh out gaily without feeling self-conscious. In it she could hold her head up proudly. She had it all planned—the very cut of it. Her first pay check would be due on October 16th, and on October 10th her father died.

She took up the burden that he had laid down, and the purple velvet dress was relegated to a part of her mind that has nothing to do with the paying off of a four thousand dollar mortgage and caring for an invalid mother.

Eight years later death simplified her financial problems but left her bitterly lonely. Her mother, too, was gone.

Twice since then she had seen her way open to the fulfillment of her dreams. Twice the gorgeous dress came floating out into her warm, welcoming consciousness; and twice fate had reached out a restraining hand, once in the form of a broken leg for herself

and once in a fire that destroyed the roof of her kitchen. The velvet had gone back to its waiting place.

But now the home was free from debt, the principal had signed her up for another year, and out of this very month's pay check her dream-child was to come.

"I'm going into Mrs. Darney's right now," she told herself, "and find out just what she can make it up for."

As she turned in at the dressmaker's gate, her eye fell on a purple pansy rising out of brown frost-bitten leaves. She smiled whimsically and knocked at the door.

"Land sakes, Miss Ames, I wuz just a wishin' someone would come in. I'm a makin' cookies for the stage driver's lunch, so I can't leave. Here, have some.

"You know," Mrs. Darney continued, "this town is goin' to the dogs.—plumb to the dogs. What do you think has happened now?"

She stooped to slide a pan of cookies in the oven and Miss Ames informed her she hadn't the faintest idea, reserving her own thought, however, that if it were any scandal, neither she nor the rest of the village would be long in hearing of it.

"Darn stinkas," went on the much-incensed woman—Mrs. Darney slurred her "r's" as she did her neighbors—"the hul bunch is a goin' straight to the devil. That Jenkins crowd of boys went to Evanston last night to some big carnival dance, and here it's Friday night and not one of 'em back yet.

"Bert Henley, the mail driver, says as how he saw 'em hangin' round the pool hall when he came through Evanston today.

"Sich goin's on! And that Evertt Brooks as bad as any of 'em. If Ann Athers hadn't already quit him, this sure ought to finish him."

Miss Ames straightened up in her chair.

"Evertt isn't with them—you don't mean that?"

"Don't I? That's just what I mean."

"Poor kid."

"Poor kid, nothin'. He ought to be ashamed of hisself—him that's had more chance than any of 'em."

"Why, I tell you, Miss Ames, there's not a decent fellow in this town, and the gals is just about as bad."

Miss Ames rose hurriedly. She couldn't somehow, bring herself to mention her dress in this hostile influence. Plenty of time to make arrangements for it after the material came.

"Ann Athers—you can't say anything about her," Miss Ames flung out a bit defiantly as she opened the door.

"Well, all I can say is I *hope* she's different."

"Poor Mrs. Darney," thought Miss Ames a little later as she

washed up her dishes from her solitary supper. "She's never so happy as when she's imagining the worst about people."

Though she discredited much of the dressmaker's gossip, it still left her vaguely uneasy.

"I wish I hadn't gone into Mrs. Darney's tonight, but how silly to let her idle talk depress me. Nothing is going to spoil this golden day."

She watered her red geranium in the south window, hectographed the second reading lesson for Monday, corrected the third grade spelling papers, and put a yeast cake to soak; then, getting out the mail order catalogue, she spent a blissful hour reading descriptions of velvets. By eleven o'clock she had decided upon the material for which she would send:

"No. 2560J—Width 48 inches. After months of searching the market, we have at last secured what we believe is the finest bargain in silk panne velvet ever offered. The illustration cannot show and words cannot describe the beauty of this rich material. It is the ideal fabric for discriminating buyers. Comes in black, navy blue, and a deep purple. Yd. \$7.00."

She was so deeply absorbed that the chugging of a car through the muddy street did not rouse her from her dream. She wrote her order, made out a twenty-eight dollar check, addressed and sealed the envelope, and stood it upon the old-fashioned writing desk.

The clock was striking twelve when she went up the narrow stairs to her bed room.

She stood for a moment by the window, drinking in the soft shimmering beauty of the night.

"I can see myself coming up the path in that dress with moonlight streaming down—I'm walking very straight—and the narcissuses turn on their stalks to watch me as I go—oh, I know what I'm going to do: I'm going out in that moonlight now and walk up and down the path as I'll walk when I have my dress."

She was at the gate before she saw the shadow, indistinct and crouching.

She ventured a little nearer. No it was not the poplar shadow, but a man, hat over eyes, his back against her white picket fence.

"What are you doing here?" she asked through lips that sought to be steady.

Only a thick mumble. She went a little closer then drew back in dismay. Out of the shadow a face gathered distinctness—a boy's face. It was Evertt Brooks.

"Oh, shut up," came the thick retort, "I don't want any old maid preaching to me."

Tipsily he moved off down the road toward his own home.

Miss Ames' heart contracted with quick pain. Evertt who used to bring her stiff little bouquets of marygolds and ribbon

grass; whose chubby little hands always sought teacher's in the recess games; Evertt, whose laughing eyes had awakened dreams—dreams of mothering such sons; Evertt, who had gone away to the Evansville High School largely through her influence with his mother; who had stood at the head of his class for three years and then been called home in his last year to relieve a rheumatism-crippled father, who didn't believe in his son's "galavantin' off fur education nohow."

She remembered when he came home for vacation, how hungrily she had listened to him tell of his high school days, of the gay innocent pranks there, of the new vision of life he was gaining; and she thanked God quietly that her weak influence had helped make it possible.

Once while talking enthusiastically of his teachers, he had said:

"But there's one who stands out above all the teachers I've ever had—" Miss Ames' heart had given a great leap. What if he should say her name. With face burning she almost prayed he would, then as quickly hoped he wouldn't. He didn't.

"My athletic coach, Miles Bonner—he's the one that's got under my skin. Gee, Miss Ames, it's great to affect fellows like he does. Of course he has no idea how I feel about it; but I almost believe if he told me he thought I could jump over the moon, I'd try it."

And now in less than a year the deadly environment of the little town was getting him, smothering out his ideals, and he was helpless to save himself.

When he first came home, she had actually hoped that he might run in evenings and read with her; but he didn't and now she smiled a trifle bitterly.

"Who would spend his evenings reading with a dull old maid when *youth*, even though not of his standard, is calling?"

The young people weren't bad, just aimless and idle—and Evertt was meant for better things.

"Oh, why isn't there someone big enough to save him—someone he would *let* help him!" she almost sobbed.

"Suddenly she thought of his coach—yes, perhaps he could help. But how could she get into communication with him. Letter? No, she could never express herself in writing, especially to a stranger.

Evansville was thirty miles distant over roads so muddy that the stage driver had abandoned his car for the slower but surer buggy locomotives. Even if she could prevail upon him to take a passenger she couldn't afford to go. It would cost twenty dollars for fare alone. No, it was out of the question. After making the last payment on the house, she had only enough laid aside to keep her till next pay day. It did not occur to her that

she might borrow. She would have rejected the idea if it had occurred. She had carried the yoke of debt too long as it was. But she did think of the letter on the old desk.

At that thought her face flamed with anger. It was ridiculous to even think of it. Had she not waited twelve years already for that velvet dress? She visioned the few dresses she had had in those years—always dark, drab, colors chosen for service.

"No, no, no," she told herself fiercely. "I'm not my brother's keeper."

She recounted her many sacrifices, her meagre joys. What if Evertt had been her favorite pupil? What if she dreamed great things for him? Could Fate—could anybody expect her to do such a perfectly ridiculous thing? A strange man—of course she couldn't make him understand! And if she could it was utterly foolish to think that a word from him at a distance would outweigh the daily and hourly environment of Evertt's home and town.

She went slowly back to the house, climbed for the second time, the narrow stairs to her bedroom and presently found herself mechanically putting her tooth-brush, two clean handkerchiefs, and a night dress into a worn suitcase. She carried the suitcase down to the kitchen, packed a few sandwiches in a shoe box, looked at her watch—it was four fifteen. She got out a black cotton veil and wrapped it about her hat to protect it from the splashing mud. At five o'clock she called up Bert Menley, the stage driver, and asked him to call for her at six. She hunted up an old linen duster that had been her mother's; to cover her five-year-old coat. She was forcing herself to drink a glass of milk when the stage driver whistled.

At nightfall when a jaded and steaming team drew up before the Evans Hotel, Miss Ames got stiffly to the ground, paid Henley ten dollars, asked him to call for her in the morning, and went to sign her name to the register.

She was conscious of flickering smiles as she made her way through a group of traveling men to the desk where she asked the clerk for a moderately priced room.

From the dining room adjoining the lobby she caught a glimpse of waving pennants and the sound of laughing voices.

"Can you direct me to Miles Bonner's residence?" she asked the clerk when she had signed her name.

Sure mam, but if it's Miles Bonner himself you want to see, he's in the dining room there now. The faculty of the high school is banqueting the basket ball boys before they leave tonight for their tour of eastern Wyoming."

A great fear swept over Miss Ames. Her task seemed so silly and trivial now. Coach Bonner no doubt could not even spare time to speak to her, and if he did he likely would think

she was crazy. If she only could have met him in his own home she was sure it would have been easier. But she must not give up—she had risked too much.

Trembling she wrote on a sheet of paper:

“Coach Bonner:

“Dear sir: Can you spare me ten minutes of your time? I have come thirty miles to see you and ask this favor only because I believe my reason justifies it.”

She signed it and asked the clerk to deliver it, and then sat down in the dimmest corner of the lobby to wait.

“He’ll see you at eleven,” the clerk presently informed her.

Miss Ames ached in every muscle and nerve. If she closed her eyes, mud-dripping wheels turned round and round and the crack of the whip sounded and resounded till she could have screamed.

At eleven o’clock the coach came toward her. He was a big, broad-shouldered man. His keen gray eyes measured her from head to foot and she became painfully aware of a dab of mud on her skirt.

“You are Miss Ames?”

“Yes, sir,” she blushed furiously, and plunged into her business.

He kept an eye on his watch as she talked and she could feel he was impatient to be off. As a result her embarrassment increased—she floundered for words.

“Our train is due in twenty minutes,” he broke in at last, “so you’ll have to excuse me, Miss Ames. And I really think you’ve over-estimated the seriousness of the boy’s condition as well as my influence on him, but I’ll write him anyway.”

“Oh, thank you, sir; and please don’t ever let him know that I asked you to.”

“I won’t,” and he was gone.

“Fool, fool,” she told herself fiercely. “That’s what he thinks you are and that’s what you are, too.”

She felt as though she had been slapped mentally and physically.

A fool old maid preaching around,—yes, Evertt had said it.

She stumbled up to her bedroom and without even trying to crowd down one of the now dry sandwiches, she flung herself across the bed.

Back in her school room five years later Miss Ames directed the moving of books to the adjoining new building. It was the last day of school in the old building. On Monday workmen would begin tearing it down.

After the children had gone, Miss Ames spent a happy hour in the new school room, drawing a calendar gay with blue birds

and daffodils. As she placed the figures in their neat little squares, she stopped suddenly—April 15—it was five years today she had made her memorable journey to Evansville.

She had never known the outcome of that journey, for within the week her aunt in Denver had died, leaving Miss Ames a few thousand dollars with the stipulation that she remain with a seventeen-year-old daughter until the girl was safely married. Four years later when Miss Ames returned to resume her teaching in her home town, the Brooks family had moved to Moscow, Idaho. Well, she had done her best, foolish as it now seemed.

It was twilight when she went back to the old school room for some pictures she had left on the walls. As she reached up to get them, her eye fell on a spit ball clinging to one of the frames. She smiled to herself. She could almost hear its thud as it hit, and see a dozen pairs of mischievous eyes that had followed it to its destination. A smudged outline of a little overshoe on the smoky ceiling bore silent testimony to the joy of some small lad. It struck her suddenly that she was in the house of death. Little empty seats stared up at her; empty hat pegs pointed shadowy figures; ghostly little hands clung to hers: and weird childish voices called.

"I'm getting old to sit and dream like this. It's really dark. I should have been home hours ago."

But still she lingered. What dreams had she awakened in this room—dreams that had faded into nothingness! She leaned out of the open window. Through the velvety dusk she could make out the narcissuses cutting the ground with stiff little daggers of green. She and the children had planted them by the steps years ago. A little pine tree rose stiff and straight from its bed of new-turned earth. Overhead the star-studded sky stretched away to infinite spaces—the sky that covered *her* boys and girls.

Two figures, a boy's and a girl's turned in at the old school gate. Miss Ames drew back into the shadow. A board creaked loudly but the couple were wholly oblivious to any sound save their own voices.

The boy was saying something about signing a contract for principalship in a high school.

A workman's bench stood directly in front of the window. Here the couple sat down and a silence fell between them. A drowsy breeze caught up a length of chiffon from the girl's shoulders. Its trailing whiteness brushed softly against the boy's face. Miss Ames felt rather than heard him draw in a long quivering breath.

"Ann—" he stopped, choked. His hand closed over hers and came to rest.

"Oh, it's too perfect to spoil with my stumbling words. Can't

you see the night is saying it for me—tell me you understand.

“Yes, Evertt, I understand.”

Another long silence. When the boy spoke again his voice was so low that Miss Ames could scarcely catch it.

“There’s a man I could go down on my knees to, Ann. A man who made it possible for *this* to be.”

“Made it possible?”

“Yes, when I lost my way he met me at the crossroads with a lantern—a letter I mean. Some day I’ll tell you all about it. I wish Miles Bonner knew.”

For several minutes after they had gone, Miss Ames stood perfectly still. Her hands in the moonlight lay slim and white against the brown dress. Suddenly she laughed out gayly, without a trace of self-consciousness. Her head came up proudly.

“Why—why—I feel as if I were dressed in *purple velvet!*”

Nature’s Mirror

By E. Cecil McGavin

From the snow-capped peaks on high,
Dashes the chill blast with a sigh,
Tearing from the nude, shivering trees
The few remaining lifeless leaves.

Faintly falling from the blue, the fluffy flakes
of frozen dew.

Attempt to hide all life from view.
Soon a mantle white is spread,
And nature seems entombed and dead;
Destined to appear no more
Arrayed in verdure as before.

’Ere long these lifeless forms revive
And come again with us to live
In greater beauty than before.
Enriched in glory by their sleep
The myriad gorgeous flowers peep
From every grave where seedling was entombed.

This thought sinks deep into my heart,
And when I see my friends depart
To enter Death’s cold, silent door;
The vision of Nature greets my eyes:
Their sleeping dust shall yet arise
To join that spirit from the skies,
In greater glory than before.

Pioneers

The Emigrant—Johan Rojer

By Lais V. Hales

"The last trace of old Norway faded away in the distance and the great liner with its strange freight of human destinies steamed on across the golden evening sea as the sun dipped in the West." Months later, as the weary emigrants looked out over the wild, never-ending prairie, which later became the Dakotas, they thought of their beloved Norway with its wide fjords, its snow-streaked mountains, and shining lakes. Here there was nothing but an "ocean of earth, undulating in heavy-drawn waves, on and on into the blue distance, till the last wave spent itself somewhere beyond the sky-line." If they got lost here, no one would ever find them. But it was too late to turn back.

Some months earlier Erik Foss, fresh from America, had entered their little farming district with brilliant tales of this great land of opportunity. Here people did and thought as they pleased and money was not the crux of things. In the earth there were neither stones nor stumps. America was a land where the earth was so rich that you could "eat it instead of cream-porridge; where you sowed oats or barley and reaped sweet apples or oranges; where potatoes were yellow as egg yolk and tasted like raisins." It was a country where all their dreams awaited them as realities.

When Erik Foss returned to America he brought with him this little band of emigrants consisting of Morten Kvidal, with his dream of quick wealth and early return to Norway; Per Foll, a thinker; his well-bred wife Anne; Kal Skaret and family, driven by poverty to the border of dishonesty in Norway, but ideal emigrants in this country, where their efforts were rewarded if they were willing to work and trust in their own strength; Ola Vatne, who had run amuck and burned down the Colonel's house and then married his only daughter Else and brought her to America; Jo Berg, a schoolmaster, and Anton Noreng, brother of the sweetheart Morten had left behind. Upon these people Erik Foss, a splendid example of the men who built up America, banked his money and his future.

Work, work, work! Days and months of hardship. Here in America you must either swim or sink. Only thus was it a land of opportunity. Kal used to work early Sunday morning until the others began to stir. "No doubt the Lord could see him; but, then, He was not so particular as one's neighbors here on

earth." Life was often very hard, for upon this plain, receding, "always receding, there was not a single obstacle, nothing one could shoulder aside, nothing of any kind. They could never climb up anywhere to get a wider view, or go down into the shade to give their eyes a chance of looking upward." Ola built a small mound of dirt near his home, when he sought refuge when the prairie threatened to overpower him with its level vastness. When the little sod huts appeared, things seemed better. Then came the forest fire which tested them severely. But as the darkness closed in on the charred prairie each one knew in his heart that he would not even now return to the old country. The prairie had cast upon them its charm. Then came first winter on the prairie. As the blizzards raged about their little huts, they re-read their letters from home and dreamed of the little, red, yellow, and white houses of Norway, against a landscape so much alive that it fairly danced with joy. Again they watched the herring-boats rowing home after the night's fishing. Spring came at last with its thousand tasks. Thus year after year of long winters, planting and reaping followed. New emigrants came to live near them. Together they built a little church and brought in a parson to teach them the Word of God. Gradually they evolved into the typical, flourishing community of early pioneering days. Some of them fulfilled a long cherished dream and returned to the homeland, where they found no waiting crowd on the beach and the faces of friends sadly missing. Always they returned to the prairie land which they had conquered and which had conquered them.

Thus reads Johan Bojer's great pioneer novel "The Emigrants." Mr. Bojer has taken several types of emigrants and shown us the way of the prairie with each. Under its influence Ola Vatne takes to drink while Per Foll yields to "the evil intoxication with which the desolate land drenches his head." To Morten this endless expanse of untilled soil seems to be singing a song of the future—of big farms, of railways, of the towns which will spring up. All his life Morten was torn with love for his native country and the country across the sea—America. Mr. Bojer makes us feel keenly this tragedy of the emigrant. In his powerful way he draws for us the saga of the emigrant. Their long pilgrimage, their fights with Indians, wild beasts, forest fires, frost, locusts—all the trials of the pioneers he pictures for us in such a way that when we close the book we feel almost as if we had lived the life of the pioneer.

"The Emigrants" stands high in all the requirements of good literature. The most notable characteristic to us, however, was its entire lack of sentimentality. It is so easy to become sentimental over our pioneers that it is distinctly refreshing to find a novel simply, humanly, vigorously written and without a sign

of sentimentality. At the end, as Morten revisits Norway and contemplates love of country, he says: "If you came back to your native country, you wanted to leave again; if you went away, you longed to come back. Wherever you were, you could hear the call of the home-land, like the note of a herdsman's horn far away in the hills. You had one home out there, and one over here, and yet you were an alien in both places. Your true abiding-place was the vision of something very far off; and your soul was like the waves, always restless, forever in motion."

Flashes from the Eternal Semaphore

A book by Leo J. Muir, of Los Angeles, formerly superintendent of schools in Davis County, Utah, from the press of the Sanders Publishing Company, is entitled "Flashes from the Eternal Semaphore." The flashes are bright lights from seventy centuries of human wisdom, chosen as lamps for the guidance of the youth of our generation. Semaphores are guides, like the great light-houses to the mariners and ships at sea, like the railroad lights and signals that are "the silent and infallible policemen of the road." The latest of the great highway semaphores are the lights provided for the pilots of the airplanes that fly across the continent—fifty miles apart, but appearing to the pilot as a narrow path of light stretching far over prairies and mountains. The eternal semaphore is the experience of the race, the judgment of the ages, the voice of the past. Three things this little book aspires to do: throw light upon youth's pathway; impress young men and women with the rigorous certitude of truth and principle; and quicken the respect of youth for the past and its contributions.

In our opinion the book lives up to its aim. Here are some of the flashes that it throws before the pathway of youth: 1. That the pursuit of easy things makes men weak, teaching that if we avoid work, toil, responsibility, we shall weaken ourselves. 2. That the only dominion is self-dominion—that "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, lead life to sovereign power." 3. That joy dwells in the ordinary—that doing our best is our highest enjoyment. 4. That "of thy unspoken word thou art master, but thy spoken word is master of thee;" 5. That "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," and that "he who lies down with the dogs, arises with the fleas." 6. That eternal law, nature's way, is as old as God, and besides it there is nothing else; that the highest thing in human relationships is the thing we call law, truth, or principle.

Each of the "flashes" is shown to have many rays, which penetrate to the depths the darkest recesses of the human soul and illumine the pathway of man, showing him the road to excellence and how to walk in it.

Notes From the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

The beginning of the year, the time of good resolutions, brings to mind the fact that the annual dues are again to be paid. The value of paying dues promptly has been demonstrated; and it is most gratifying to the Relief Society to note the manner in which the sisters respond to constructive suggestions. The dues for 1929 should be sent to the stake secretary not later than the last of February, and the portion due to the General Board should reach the General Secretary by March 31.

It is a matter of regret that we have not space to print all the fine reports of Relief Society work from every quarter of the field. We aim to make the scope as wide as possible, expressive of the varied forms of activity claiming the attention of our organization, practical, progressive and, as one educator has said, full of *soul*. The reports of lesson work, of civic campaigns, of teachers' conventions, of ward conferences, bazaars, flower shows, health campaigns, are all eloquent of this spirit.

During the past year, the class leaders' conventions have been outstanding in the development of leadership and of improvement in the fine art of teaching; they will bear abundant fruit.

Millard Stake.

On July 17, 1928, a class leaders' convention was held in the Fillmore ward chapel, President Hattie Partridge presiding. "Teacher-training," "Better Methods of Teaching," and "Better Teachers," were the subjects for discussion. At 2 p. m. departmental work was held by the following groups: presidents, secretaries, visiting teachers, class leaders, choristers and organists, literary, theology and social service workers. President Partridge asked the wards to endeavor to have 100% in attendance. One ward came up to that standard and all were represented.

North Sanpete Stake.

In North Sanpete stake, on August 24, 1928, the Relief Society board conducted a class leaders' convention for workers in all ward organizations of the stake. President Elizabeth D. Christensen was in charge. Elder Guy C. Wilson, the principal speaker, discussed "Better Teacher-Training, Better Qualified teachers, and Teaching."

Benson Stake.

Perhaps the largest number of people to attend a convention

in Smithfield was that of the Relief Society convention of Benson stake on August 21, 1928. By 9 a. m. the meeting was filled to an overflow. Two sessions were held under the direction of President Effie A. Green. At the close of the afternoon meeting art work was displayed in the quilt contest; each Relief Society entered a competing quilt. The afternoon program was completed by a rug show and a flower show.

Maricopa Stake.

This stake, on September 25, 1928, held a very successful class leaders' and visiting teachers' convention. After the opening exercises and roll call showing 130 present, the workers divided into two departments. The visiting teachers, under the care of President Mary A. Clark, considered, with discussions, subjects of interest presented to them by stake officers and others. Class leaders were under the immediate care of stake class directors. Approved methods of presenting lessons were set forth by Professor J. C. Anderson of the Mesa High School.

Tintic Stake.

The Tintic stake class leaders' convention was held on September 9, 1928, President Elizabeth Boswell presiding. There were present 75 officers, teachers and members, also representatives of the Priesthood. An address, "Adult Education," was given by Dean L. John Nuttall of the Brigham Young University. Musical numbers were furnished by the Eureka ward Relief Society. Ninety were in attendance at the afternoon session, which included Relief Society workers and members of the Priesthood. Departmental work of presidents, secretaries, choristers and organists was held. Dean Nuttall met with class leaders and members and lectured on "The Beautification of the Home." He also demonstrated, from the Child Study Course, the social service lesson on "How the Child Learns to Express Himself in Language." Musical numbers were rendered by the Mammoth and Goshen ward Relief Societies.

Woodruff Stake.

The Woodruff stake Relief Society held class leaders' convention on September 20, 1928, a splendid representation from the different wards of the stake being present. Sixty-five were at the morning meeting, all wards but one being represented. Professor Guy C. Wilson, who is in charge of teacher-training for the Church, was the principal speaker. The keynote of his address was that the Church exists only to serve. "When effective service ceases, the Church is dead. The Church is thoroughly wide awake to the needs of better teaching methods. The basic law of all growth is activity."

Boise Stake.

Under the direction of the stake class leaders, an enthusiastic group of Relief Society workers gathered for the Boise stake class leaders' convention, which was held on September 15, 1928. An interesting program was rendered and those present regarded the convention a pronounced success.

Rigby Stake (Lewisville Ward).

The Lewisville ward has made a record with the visiting teachers, having 100% in visits for seven years. In such a large



and widely scattered ward, this is an accomplishment worthy of real pride.

Roosevelt Stake.

In the early autumn the Relief Societies of Roosevelt Stake held a flower show. All Relief Society sisters were interested in this project, many exhibiting their flowers. No one else was more anxious that her flowers should look just right than was a Lamanite sister, 87 years old. She had planted flowers in early spring and had carried water to them during the long, hot, dry summer. When the September days came, she was rewarded with splendid blooms; her efforts had not been in vain. In the flower show she had fifteen different varieties on display. Solicitous that these blooms should be arranged just to her special liking, she had traveled eighteen miles on horseback to give them the proper arrangement. Little wonder that she was awarded the first prize.

REORGANIZATIONS

Since the publication of the last "Notes from the Field" the following changes have been made in stake organizations:

Carbon: Mrs. Margaret E. Marcusen has been released as Secretary-Treasurer and Mrs. Belle John has been chosen to succeed her.

North Sevier: Mrs. Malissa Crane was appointed Stake President.

Pocatello: In the reorganization the following ex-officers were sustained: Martha Pugmire, President; Lillie Reddish, First Counselor; Ellen D. Walton, Second Counselor; Gladys R. Hall, Secretary and Treasurer.

Parowan: Reorganized, November 25, 1928. All officers were released. Barbara M. Adams, President; Nellie M. Clark, First Counselor; Maude M. Dallon, Second Counselor; Anna Rasmussen, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Storm

A RONDEAU

By Amy McClure

The rain comes down! My heart is sad
 In tune with Pluvius, wrathful, mad!
 Though lights are gleaming on my wall,
 Though gay my room and warm, withal,
 Gone is the peace I might have had.

Nature's black mood belongs to me!
 Stormy my heart and soul must be.
 And with the gale, emotions rise,—
 The rain comes down!

My thoughts toss like a wind-torn sea,
 Lashing in world-old tragedy.

To me the night's no mystery,
 Ah! will it kill this agony?

The rain comes down—

Guide Lessons for April

LESSON I

Practical Religion and Testimony

(First Week in April)

TEMPERANCE

Temperance is one form of moderation. In this lesson it shall mean the control of appetites to the extent of abstaining from the use of things that are not good and refraining from the excessive use of things that are good.

In the realm of appetites or body-born desires, Temperance is the ensign of self control. It is an advertisement of will power well directed.

Temperance and Temper

Indulgence in that which is not good, or over-indulgence in that which is good, injures one's disposition. Intemperance and irritability are cause and effect, acting and reacting on each other.

There is ample evidence of the truth of the aphorism: "The more intemperate, the meaner the man." The stimulant temper is decidedly disagreeable, the narcotic temper is dangerous; the former deals out misfortunes; the latter thrusts tragedies upon mankind.

Temperance and Disease

Habits of temperance are handmaids of health. They keep the home of our spirits in a condition most favorable for us "to live till we die."

Only by the temperate enjoyment of our appetites can we preserve the power to enjoy them. Disease is nature's agent for collecting indulgence debts. It is strikingly strange to what an extent the extravagance of health-destroying indulgence is practiced with the self-illusion of an indefinite postponement of pay-day.

The following is the substance of a true story:

A person whose nerves became shattered by the tea-drinking habit sent for a specialist. He responded to the call, traveling one hundred and five miles from Salt Lake City by buggy. He diagnosed the case and wrote the following prescription: "Quit drinking tea," and left. A month passed and the patient who had

been following the course of treatment to advantage, received the following statement: Mrs. — Dr. to Dr. — for treatment \$2.00—Traveling expenses, 210 miles at \$1.00 per mile, \$210.00. Total \$212.00. The bill was paid and it is said that the fully recovered patient long afterwards remarked, "It was worth it, but I might have gotten it much cheaper."

Very few diseases are inherited from progenitors, but many tendencies toward break-downs are passed on from parents to children through the intemperance of the former.

Temperance and Death

Someone has said of the temperate man, "Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire"—a millennium prediction often being fulfilled today.

Strikingly illustrative of the relation of temperance and death was the testimony of President Heber J. Grant, a testifier and pleader who will not be silenced. While telling of his miraculous delivery from death, he said in vindication of the word of the Lord concerning those who practice the Word of Wisdom, "*The desroying angel passed me by.*"

Who can tell how many there are living who would now be numbered with the dead had they not lived under the promise of protection from being struck down prematurely. And one may consistently conclude that, before their time, many have gone beyond because of failure to comply with the law upon which the blessing of prolonged life is predicated.

The unknown author who wrote "Intemperance is the Prime Minister of Death" found ample evidence of the truthfulness of the statement.

National Temperance

National temperance, like every other public virtue, is the offspring of individual and family temperance. No unity can rise above the units composing it. Attempts at national temperance have been made by monarchial edicts from time to time, but in our Republic we have the call coming from the people. It is the voice of the governed. The origin, growth, and prospects of this unparalleled temperance movement may be glimpsed through the following:

"Yet this was the very thing that pushed Frances Willard into the larger work. Her home had been a home of total abstinence. The Crusade came to Chicago. She was roused and felt 'the call' to work. We include the story of the temperance movement as told by Strachey:

"The Woman's Christian Temperance Crusade was one of the most remarkable events in the surprising history of American national issues. It was entirely unexpected and came sweeping

over the middle states with the violence of a prairie fire; and, like a fire, it burned away the old order of things and made room for a new order to grow. It was, in many respects, a pathetic and even a ridiculous Crusade. The women who joined in it were so sheltered, and they came out with such simple-minded fervor. But it was undoubtedly a most important moral movement, though it is sometimes hard to remember this serious value in the face of the simplicity of the actors.

“It began almost by accident. Dr. Dio Lewis, a traveling lecturer from Boston, spoke in the little town of Hillsboro, Ohio, on December 22, 1873, on the subject of “Our Girls.” Being snowbound, he was forced to spend another night there, and was persuaded to lecture on temperance. In this lecture he suggested that the women in the town should go to the saloon-keepers and beg them not to sell “spirituous liquors.” Something in the audience, or in the earnestness of the lecturer, made it all seem real and possible, so that when he called for volunteers, most of the women present rose to their feet. From that moment nothing could have stopped them. Timid ladies, who had never thought of speaking in public, rose up and prayed aloud. White-haired women led the bands out into the streets, and the wives of the “prominent citizens” followed them. All kinds of women joined the Crusade; wives and mothers of drunkards, came sobbing to the meetings. School teachers, foreigners, servants, grandmothers who said they were “of no use except to go along and cry,” rich and poor, old and young, all marched out together singing, “Give to the winds your fears,” and going boldly into the worst places, until the town seemed to be “given over into the hands of God and the women.”

“Thus the women of Hillsboro went out in their simplicity to persuade the saloon-keepers “in a spirit of Christian love, and for the sake of humanity, and their own souls’ sake, to quit the hateful, soul-destroying business;” and thus the saloon-keepers, in their surprise, were persuaded. One after another they signed the pledge and closed their stores, and poured their “poison” into the gutters, until within a week there was no more drink sold openly in the whole town. Encouraged by this remarkable success, the women of all the towns roundabout began to follow their example, and the revival spread in every direction until “saloon-keepers had been prayed out of town after town.” Temperance became, throughout the western and middle western states, a familiar subject of discussion, and the “Whiskey Power” began to be frightened. Ohio and Illinois seemed to be “going dry.” Pennsylvania and even New York were swept by the revival; and everywhere, from Maine to Oregon, the women began to work. Day after day they went on, tramping from saloon to saloon. Often they were treated politely, often they were shut out and abused; in the

big towns they were mobbed in the streets and sometimes imprisoned. But whatever happened, they "forgot everything but God," and went steadily on with their work.

"They sang their Crusade hymns to the John Brown battle tunes, and began for the first time to learn something of the depravity and wickedness of the cities in which they lived. And it was this learning, and not the uncertain conversions they effected, that made the Crusade an important moral movement. Its value was not that they drove out drink and "pointed sinners to Jesus," for often the drink came back in a few months, and the sinners forgot they were saved; but the value was this, that the women remembered the lessons of the Crusade, and taught them to their daughters.'

"The Crusade being over, the women who had led it formed an association that would give permanence to the work, which they called the Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

Woman's work went on winning after winning was made, culminating with the ratification of the Eighteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, thus placing the temperance cause under the protection of the fundamental law of our country.

How glorious this victory was may be seen in the following:

"Prohibition was not 'put over' by political wire-pulling; it was the result of overwhelming public sentiment. Three-fifths of our population were already living in 'dry' territory before the Amendment was passed; thirty-three of the forty-eight States had state-wide Prohibition. Moreover, no other amendment to the Federal Constitution was adopted by so many States (only two failed to ratify it) or by such large majorities in the legislatures. If the moral status of this amendment is questionable, one hates to think of the moral status of some of the other amendments! There is at present a natural wavering of public opinion, owing to disgust at the very incomplete enforcement of the law, to a vigorous campaign of anti-prohibition propaganda, and to the general increase in the spirit of license following the War. But in spite of the very considerable amount of talking being done by opponents of the law, the elections continue to show strong preponderance of 'dry' sentiment; and there is no doubt that if a popular referendum were held it would sustain the law." (The New Morality—Drake, p. 104.)

Questions and Problems

1. Discuss the statement: "Temperance is inseparable from a trained temper."
2. Give the scripture that promises protection from the "Destroying Angel."

3. How is Temperance related to temper?
4. Describe the Temperance movement previous to the organization of the W. C. T. U.
5. What woman, more than any other, is entitled to be called *The Pioneer of Prohibition* in the U. S.? Give reasons for your choice.
6. Contrast the forces behind our national temperance movement and the forces now behind it.
7. What has recently happened to justify the statement that "The Nineteenth Amendment saved the Eighteenth".

For further information see the article on Frances Willard in the "Champions of Liberty," in the M. I. A. Manual, published in 1927-1928.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Third Week in April)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR APRIL—ACTIVITIES OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

WHY THE LESSONS IN LITERATURE?

- I. Uplift. Literature brings to us:
 - a. The best thoughts of the best minds.
 - b. The most exalted feelings of the truest hearts. Professor Demmon of the University of Michigan used to say to his students, "When you think all that Tennyson thought and feel all that Tennyson felt, you may be said to read Tennyson with full appreciation."
- II. Reality. There is a correlation between literature and life.
 - a. Literature draws most of its material from life. Consequently it is a source from which we gain much knowledge of life.
 - b. Literature preserves the past. The Bible is a good example of this class of literature.
- III. Variety. Literature helps us to become acquainted with people in many walks of life and with inhabitants of many climes.
 - a. Literature reveals us to ourselves.
 - b. Literature makes us acquainted with types wholly unlike ourselves—persons with backgrounds entirely different from our own, thus furnishing us with much interesting material for self-study and for comparison with the aims and hopes of others.
 - c. Literature brings us to know certain varieties of life with

which we may never have actual contact. It thus broadens, deepens and immeasurably enlarges the horizon of our lives.

IV. Style. Literature furnishes us with thoughts and emotions written and spoken in the most effective forms.

a. Our choicest poetry is in this class. Much of our best prose and choicest drama is also included.

b. It is from this grade of literature that we obtain our quotable passages popular with writers and speakers. For example:

"Plato is a friend, Socrates is a friend, but truth is a greater friend than all."

"To be able to enjoy in memory your former life is to live twice over."

"As for the truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth forevermore."

"A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion."

"And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

"He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree."



LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in April)

JOHN GALSWORTHY

John Galsworthy, one of a group of brilliant British playwrights, was born in Coombe, Surrey, in 1867. His childhood was passed in a home of culture; his college education was obtained at Oxford, where he took a degree in law. The thought of his people was that he should follow law, but he became deeply interested in his fellowmen and very much aroused over the striking injustices of modern life; he therefore turned to literature, as law did not prove as much to his liking. He began his literary career with a group of novels, *The Man of Property*, *The Country House*, and *Fraternity* being among the best. In 1906, *The Silver Box* was produced in London; in 1907, *Joy*; in 1909, *Strife*, and in 1910, *Justice*. This group of plays established his reputation as one of the foremost writers of English drama of the day. *The Skin Game*, *Old English*, and *Loyalties*, are three of his later plays that have attracted a good deal of attention.

JUSTICE—BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Justice opens in the law office of James and Walter How. A young clerk by the name of Falder has changed a check, raising it from nine pounds to ninety. The officers have been brought in and Mr. James and Walter How, members of the firm, are discussing the matter. We introduce the dialogue where the officer enters.

Mr. James How says: Good morning, Mr. Cowley!

Mr. Cowley responds: Good morning.

Cokeson, an employee of the office (with stupefaction): Good morning.

Walter: What are you going to do?

James: Have him in. Give me the check and the counterfoil.

Cokeson: I don't understand. I thought young Davis—

James: We shall see.

Walter: One moment, father: have you thought it out?

James: Call him in!

Cokeson (Rising with difficulty and opening Falder's door; hoarsely): Step in here a minute.

Falder (Impassively): Yes, sir?

James (Turning to him suddenly with the check held out): You know this check, Falder?

Falder: No, sir.

James: Look at it. You cashed it last Friday week.

Falder: Oh! yes, sir; that one—Davis gave it to me.

James: I know. And you gave Davis the cash?

Falder: Yes, sir.

James: When Davis gave you the check was it exactly like this?

Falder: Yes, I think so, sir.

James: You know that Mr. Walter drew that check for nine pounds?

Falder: No, sir—ninety.

James: Nine, Falder.

Falder (Faintly): I don't understand, sir.

James: The suggestion, of course, is that the check was altered; whether by you or Davis is the question.

Falder: I—I—.

Cokeson: Take your time, take your time.

Falder (Regaining his impassivity): Not by me, sir.

Falder makes an attempt to lay the blame on Mr. Davis, another member of the firm, who has left on an ocean voyage. It develops that the nought was added to the nine in the counterfoil on Tuesday and Mr. Davis had sailed on Monday, so that it was apparent that he had not done it.

James: In the face of the evidence presented do you still deny that you altered both check and counterfoil?

Falder: No, sir—no, Mr. How. I did it, sir; I did it.

Mr. James How, the elder member of the firm, who is a keen defender of the law, despite his son's suggestion that this is Falder's first offense and his quotation of Shakespeare's famous lines, "the quality of mercy is not strained," insists on Falder's arrest. As Detective-Sergeant Wister goes toward Falder the latter recoils.

Falder: Oh! no,—oh! no!

Wister: Come, come, there's a good lad.

James: I charge him with felony.

Falder: Oh, sir! There's someone—I did it for her. Let me be till tomorrow.

Act II gives us the court scene. We have here one of the best court scenes in our literature. Mr. Galsworthy's training in law is evident all through. We are introduced to Ruth, the woman referred to by Falder at the moment of his arrest. When Ruth visited the office and Cokeson, the clerk, tried to keep her from Falder, she declared that it was a matter of life and death. Here are some of the things she said to Falder at that meeting.

Ruth (In a low, hurried voice): He's on the drink again. Will. He tried to cut my throat last night. I came out with the children before he was awake. I went round to you—.

Falder: I've changed my digs.

Ruth: Is it all ready for tonight?

Falder: I've got the tickets. Meet me at 11:45 at the booking office. Don't forget we're man and wife! (Looking at her with tragic intensity) Ruth!

Ruth: You're not afraid of going, are you?

Falder: Have you got your things, and the children's?

Ruth: Had to leave them, for fear of waking Honeywill, all but one bag. I can't go near home again.

Falder (Wincing): All that money gone for nothing. How much must you have?

Ruth: Six pounds—I could do with that, I think.

Falder: Don't give away where we're going. (As if to himself.) When I get out there I mean to forget it all.

Ruth: If you're sorry, say so. I'd sooner he killed me than take you against your will.

Falder (With a queer smile): We've got to go. I don't care; I'll have you.

Ruth: You've just to say; it's not too late.

Falder: It is too late. Here's seven pounds. Booking office—11:45 tonight. If you weren't what you are to me, Ruth—!

Ruth: Kiss me!

(They cling together passionately, then fly apart just as Cokeson re-enters the room. Ruth turns and goes out through the outer office. Cokeson advances deliberately to his chair and seats himself.)

In this conversation we get at the heart of the matter. Ruth Honeywill is the victim of the outrages of a drunken husband and she has told the story of her bitter life to Falder. Filled with sympathy he makes love to her and attempts to take her away from England where later they can become husband and wife and he can assume the responsibility of her family. This is the condition that brought about the temptation that caused Falder to change the check. Despite the plea of his attorney Falder is sentenced.

Falder is called up for sentence.

The Clerk: Prisoner at the bar, you stand convicted of felony. Have you anything to say for yourself, why the Court should not give you judgment according to law?

Falder shakes his head.

The Judge: William Falder, you have been given fair trial and found guilty, in my opinion rightly found guilty, of forgery. You are a clerk in a lawyer's office—that is a very serious element in this case; there can be no possible excuse for you on the ground that you were not fully conversant with the nature of the crime you were committing and the penalties that attach to it. The crime you have committed is a very serious one. I cannot feel it in accordance with my duty to Society to exercise the powers I have in your favor. You will go to penal servitude for three years.

(Falder, who throughout the Judge's speech has looked at him steadily, lets his head fall forward on his breast. Ruth starts up from her seat as he is taken out by the warders. There is a bustle in court.)

In act three we have the prison scene. Cokeson, the managing clerk, has been to the prison to visit Falder and is considerably upset at what he sees. He goes to the governor, or what in this country would be called the warden, of the prison, to make some suggestions in relation to Falder's treatment carried forth by the following dialogue:

Cokeson: I'm sorry to trouble you. I've been talking to the young man.

The Governor: We have a good many here.

Cokeson: Name of Falder, forgery. (Producing a card and handing it to the Governor.) Firm of James and Walter How. Well known in the law.

The Governor (Receiving the card with a faint smile): What do you want to see me about, sir?

Cokeson (Suddenly seeing the prisoners at exercise): Why! What a sight!

The Governor: Yes, we have that privilege from here; my office is being done up. (Sitting down at his table) Now, please!

Cokeson (Dragging his eyes with difficulty from the window): I wanted to say a word with you; I shant keep you long. (Confidentially) Fact is, I oughtn't to be here by rights. His sister came to me—he's got no father and mother—and she was in some distress. "My husband won't let me go and see him," she said; "says he's disgraced the family. And his other sister," she said, "is an invalid." And she asked me to come. Well, I take an interest in him. He was our junior—I go to the same chapel—and I didn't like to refuse. And what I wanted to tell you was, he seems lonely here.

The Governor: Not unnaturally.

Cokeson: I'm afraid it'll prey on my mind. I see a lot of them about working together.

The Governor: Those are local prisoners. The convicts serve their three months here in separate confinement, sir.

Cokeson: But we don't want to be unreasonable. He's quite downhearted. I wanted to ask you to let him run about with the others.

The Governor (With faint amusement): Ring the bell—would you, Miller? (To Cokeson) You'd like to hear what the doctor says about him, perhaps.

The Chaplain (Ringing the bell): You are not accustomed to prisons, it would seem, sir.

Cokeson: No. But it's a pitiful sight. He's quite a young fellow. I said to him: "Before a month's up," I said, "you'll

be out and about with the others; it'll be a nice change for you." "A month!" he said—like that!" "Come!" I said, "we mustn't exaggerate. What's a month? Why it's nothing!" "A day," he said, "shut up in your cell thinking and brooding as I do, it's longer than a year outside. I can't help it," he said; "I try—but I'm built that way, Mr. Cokeson." And he held his hand up to his face. I could see the tears trickling through his fingers. It wasn't nice.

The Chaplain: He's a young man with large, rather peculiar eyes, isn't he? Not Church of England, I think?

Cokeson: No.

The Chaplain: I know.

The Governor (To Wooder, who has come in): Ask the doctor to be good enough to come here for a minute. (Wooder salutes and goes out.) Let's see, he's not married?

Cokeson: No. (Confidentially) But there's a party he's very much attached to, not altogether com-il-fo. It's a sad story.

The Chaplain: If it wasn't for drink and women, sir, this prison might be closed.

Cokeson (Looking at the Chaplain over his spectacles): Ye-es, but I wanted to tell you about that special. He had hopes they'd have let her come and see him, but they haven't. Of course he asked me questions. I did my best, but I couldn't tell the poor young fellow a lie, with him in here—seemed like hitting him. But I'm afraid it's made him worse.

The Governor: What was this news then?

Cokeson: Like this. The woman has a nasty, spiteful feller for a husband, and she's left him. Fact is, she was going away with our young friend. It's not nice—but I've looked over it. Well, when he was put in here she said she'd earn her living apart, and wait for him to come out. That was a great consolation to him. But after a month she came to me—I don't know her personally—and she said: "I can't earn the children's living, let alone my own—I've got no friends. I'm obliged to keep out of everybody's way, else my husband'd get to know where I was. I'm very much reduced," she said. And she has lost flesh. "I'll have to go in the workhouse!" It's a painful story. I said to her: "No," I said, "not that! I've got a wife an' family, but sooner than you should do that I'll spare you a little my self." "Really," she said—she's a nice creature—"I don't like to take it from you. I think I'd better go back to my husband." Well, I know he's a nasty, spiteful feller—drinks—but I didn't like to persuade her not to.

The Chaplain: Surely, no.

Cokeson: Ye-es, but I'm sorry now; it's upset the poor young fellow dreadfully. And what I wanted to say was: He's got his three years to serve. I want things to be pleasant for him.

The Chaplain (With a touch of impatience): The Law hardly shares your view, I'm afraid.

Cokeson: But I can't help thinking that to shut him up there by himself'll turn him silly. And nobody wants that, I s'pose. I don't like to see a man cry.

The Chaplain: It's a very rare thing for them to give way like that.

Cokeson (Looking at him—in a tone of sudden dogged hostility.) I keep dogs.

The Chaplain: Indeed?

Cokeson: Ye-es. And I say this: I wouldn't shut one of them up all by himself, month after month, not if he'd bit me all over.

The Chaplain: Unfortunately, the criminal is not a dog; he has a sense of right and wrong.

Cokeson: But that's not the way to make him feel it.

The Chaplain: Ah! there I'm afraid we must differ.

Cokeson: It's the same with dogs. If you treat 'em with kindness they'll do anything for you; but to shut 'em up alone, it only makes 'em savage.

The Chaplain: Surely you should allow those who have had a little more experience than yourself to know what is best for prisoners.

Cokeson (Doggedly): I know this young feller, I've watched him for years. He's neurotic—got no stamina. His father died of consumption. I'm thinking of his future. If he's to be kept there shut up by himself, without a cat to keep him company, it'll do him harm. I said to him: "Where do you feel it?" "I can't tell you, Mr. Cokeson," he said, "but sometimes I could beat my head against the wall." It's not nice.

The Governor: This gentleman thinks the separate is telling on Q 3007—Falder, young thin fellow, star class. What do you say, Doctor Clements?

The Doctor: He doesn't like it, but it's not doing him any harm.

Cokeson: But he's told me.

The Doctor: Of course he'd say so, but we can always tell. He's lost no weight since he's been here.

Cokeson: It's his state of mind I'm speaking of.

The Doctor: His mind's all right so far. He's nervous, rather melancholy. I don't see signs of anything more. I'm watching him carefully.

Cokeson: I'm glad to hear you say that.

The Chaplain: It's just at this period that we are able to make some impression on them, sir. I am speaking from my special standpoint.

Cokeson: I don't want to be unpleasant, but having given him this news, I do feel it's awkward.

The Governor: I'll make a point of seeing him today.

Cokeson: I'm much obliged to you. I thought perhaps seeing him every day you wouldn't notice it.

The Governor: If any sign of injury to his health shows itself, his case will be reported at once. That's fully provided for.

Cokeson: Of course, what you don't see doesn't trouble you; but having seen him, I don't want to have him on my mind.

The Governor: I think you may safely leave it to us, sir.

Cokeson: I thought you'd understand me. I'm a plain man—never set myself up against authority. Nothing personal meant. Good morning.

The Chaplain: Our friend seems to think that prison is a hospital.

Cokeson (Returning suddenly with an apologetic air): There's just one little thing. This woman—I suppose I mustn't ask you to let him see her. It'd be a rare treat for them both. He's thinking about her all the time. Of course she's not his wife. But he's quite safe in here. They're a pitiful couple. You couldn't make an exception?

The Governor: As you say, my dear sir, I couldn't make an exception; he won't be allowed another visit of any sort till he goes to a convict prison.

Despite the protest made by the governor, the chaplain and the prison doctor, Falder comes out of prison changed very much for the worse both mentally and physically.

In act four he is given work by a man who understands conditions; but the other people learn of his past and make it so disagreeable for him that he cannot continue. Then he finds work again but loses it because of the difficulty of references. One day Ruth happens on to him in the park. She is so upset at his thin, emaciated look that she goes to his old firm and pleads with Cokeson to try to do something for him. There is a vacancy and Cokeson has hopes that Falder will be considered for the position. Walter, who has always been sympathetic to Falder, says: I think we owe him a leg up.

James: He brought it all on himself.

Walter: The doctrine of full responsibility doesn't hold in these days.

James (Rather grimly): You'll find it safer to hold it for all that, my boy.

Walter: For oneself, yes—not for other people, thanks.

James: Well, I don't want to be hard.

Mr. James How has Falder come up to the office and they talk matters over. He insists that if he is accepted again in their law firm that he must give Ruth up. Falder says he cannot;

that it is the one thing for which he looked forward to all during his imprisonment. He assures Mr. James and Walter How that nothing of an immoral nature has ever occurred between them. He says that if they had money she could get a divorce and they could be married, and he could take care of her. Mr. Walter How says that he thinks that he can furnish the money. When Cokeson visited Falder while he was in prison he told him that Ruth had asked about going back to her husband. When she entered the office this morning before Falder, Cokeson got her story. She said that her husband treated her worse than ever; that when he had broken her health he began mistreating her children and as she could not stand that she left him and made an effort to keep them by sewing. That although she worked until midnight she only made ten shillings a week, which is equal to \$2.50 in United States money, and that, of course, would not support her children. They were growing thin and were impoverished and as she had no one to turn to, her father having been very much displeased because of her marriage to Honeywill, her employer happened along and she accepted the situation as a means of supporting her children. She tells Cokeson that, whatever else she has done, she has been able to keep her children.

While Falder is insisting that if he had the money he could get a divorce and all would be well, there is something in the looks of the men who surround him that makes him suddenly aware that all is not right. Ruth promises Mr. James How that she will leave him alone. This does not add particularly to Falder's comfort. While Falder is getting some notion of what has happened to Ruth, Detective Wister happens in again, saying that Falder is only on parole and that for a number of weeks he has not made a report.

James: What do you want with him?

Wister: He's failed to report himself this last four weeks.

Walter: How d'you mean?

Wister: Ticket-of-leave won't be up for another six months, sir.

Walter: Has he to keep in touch with the police till then?

Wister: We're bound to know where he sleeps every night. I dare say we shouldn't interfere, sir, even though he hasn't reported himself. But we've just heard there's a serious matter of obtaining employment with a forged reference. What with the two things together—we must have him.

Mr. James How does what he can to shield Falder, but Wister takes him and Ruth faints. While they are seeking to revive Ruth, they note Wister and Sweedle are carrying some burden. Wister supplies the information by saying: He jumped. Neck's broken.

Walter: Good God!

Wister: He must have been mad to think he could give me the slip like that. And what was it—just a few months!

Walter (Bitterly): Was that all?

James: What a desperate thing! (Then, in a voice unlike his own) Run for a doctor—you! An ambulance!

Wister goes out. On Ruth's face an expression of fear and horror has been seen growing, as if she dared not turn towards the voices. She now rises and steals towards them.

Walter (Turning suddenly): Look.

The three men shrink back out of her way, one by one, into Cokeson's room. Ruth drops on her knees by the body.

Ruth (In a whisper): What is it? He's not breathing. (She crouches over him.) My dear! My pretty!

In the outer office doorway the figures of men are seen standing.

Ruth (Leaping to her feet): No! No! No, no! He's dead! (The figures of the men shrink back.)

Cokeson (Stealing forward. In a hoarse voice): There, there, poor dear woman! (At the sound behind her Ruth faces round at him.)

Cokeson: No one'll touch him now! Never again! He's safe with gentle Jesus!

The Problem of the Play

There is much irony in the title of this play. Galsworthy calls it "Justice," to be sure, but it is such justice as the law provides. Galsworthy would have us recognize that legal justice is not necessarily real justice, and he presents the case to us that we may judge for ourselves. Relief Society workers have been interested in the prison problem. Galsworthy presents a prison problem here. There is a good deal of discussion today about various phases of the law. This play is a good example of a wise saying that has come to us out of the past, that "the letter killeth and the spirit giveth life." Falder aimed to do a good thing but he does it in a bad way, and those who should be his helpers fail to extend the mercy which seemed rightly his. Ruth strives to take care of her children until Falder returns from prison, but meets an economic situation that makes the thing impossible, consequently she sacrifices her honor for the sake of her children, but she can see no other way out. Is she wholly to blame?

Falder when out of prison is required to furnish references in order to obtain employment. He is unable to do so and forges a reference. Is he solely to blame? The law is rigidly enforced by officers who do not feel that they are justified in taking into account motives. The result is that Falder is driven to his death and Ruth becomes a dishonored mother. Galsworthy intends that

his audience shall sympathize with both Falder and Ruth, hoping as a result that an attempt will be made to do something that will prevent men and women from being victimized as Ruth and Falder were, because of social and economic conditions.

The problem in this lesson takes the place of the usual problems and questions.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in April)

THE CHILD-STUDY COURSE

Lesson 13. Provisions for Mentally Superior Children.
(Based on Chapter 14, *The Child: His Nature and His Needs.*)

Since the preceding lesson which was devoted to the question of intellectual inferiority, it seems logical that we now consider the intellectually superior child.

This very able chapter was prepared by Dr. Leta S. Hollingworth, Professor of Education, Teachers' College, Columbia University. Dr. Hollingworth is a woman of unusual attainment; she has written extensively on the subject of special abilities and disabilities in school children.

A. How Many Children Are Superior?

Since the advent of intelligence tests it has been possible to compare the intelligence scores of school children in large numbers. Hundreds of thousands of tests in this country have yielded the following distribution of intelligence, which may be regarded as fairly applicable to most communities.

Distribution of Brightness and Dullness in Children

	I. Q. *(Intelligence Quotient)	Percent of All Children
Gifted	Above 140	0.25
Very Superior	120 — 140	6.75
Superior	110 — 120	13.00
Average	90 — 110	60.00
Dull	80 — 90	13.00
Borderline	70 — 80	6.00
Feebleminded	Below 70	1.00
		<hr/> 100%

*The Intelligence Quotient is derived as follows:

$$\frac{\text{M. A. (Mental Age)}}{\text{C. A. (Chronological Age)}} = \text{I. Q.}$$

For further information on mental testing see Lewis M. Terman, "The Measurement of Intelligence," Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston; or Rudolph Pinter, "Intelligence Testing," Holt & Co., New York.

It will be noted from the table that about twenty per cent of all school children can be said to be superior. As this superiority increases, the number and proportion of other children decreases. That is to say that while 13 per cent of school children may roughly be said to have an intelligence quotient of 110-120, yet only 7 per cent of children can be said to have intelligence quotients about 120.

Stated differently, this means that 20 out of 100 school children selected at random are of such superiority as to demand special educational facilities and guidance. Again this means that about six children out of the average hundred are of such superiority as to warrant even more flexible classification and more intensified guidance in the schools. The word "gifted," it will be noted, is usually confined to those whose intelligence quotient is 140 and above. This distinction, however, is so rare that it probably appears in only (about) two out of every thousand school children.

For reasons which Dr. Hollingworth makes plain, one should guard against assuming that every community will have intelligence distributed according to the above general formula. In this, as in all other forms of statistical generalization, it should be remembered that many small groups can be found in which the expected distribution does not appear. It is a statistical rule, applicable here, that such generalizations are valid in proportion as the number of children considered is large; and invalid in proportion as the group is small.

B. Terman's Study of Genius

A few years ago the Commonwealth Fund of New York City set aside a large sum of money for the study of genius. Dr. Lewis M. Terman, of mental-testing fame, was awarded these research funds in order to study the mental and physical traits of a thousand gifted children. These children were sought out from the school populations of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, and included all children with an I. Q. of 140 or above.

The method was to ascertain and measure as many other characteristics of these children as could possibly be determined—race, height, weight, school progress, play interests, character, status of parents. The results of this very interesting study* are

*"The Genetic Studies of Genius," Volume 1, Stanford University Press.

summarized in Dr. Terman's conclusions, from which the following extracts are taken:

"There is no shred of evidence to support the widespread

opinion * * * that the intellectually precocious child is weak, undersized, or nervously unstable."

"In a majority of cases the superior or gifted child is evidenced at an early age. Among the most commonly mentioned indications are intellectual curiosity, wealth of miscellaneous information, and desire to learn to read."

"A majority of (these) Children * * * had the advantage of superior cultural influence in the home."

It is evidently a rare experience for a gifted child to be given work * * * commensurate with his intellectual abilities."

"The one-sidedness of precocious children is mythical."

"The common opinion that intellectually superior children are characterized by deficiency of play interests has been shown to be wholly unfounded."

"The play interests of the gifted boy are above, rather than below, the normal in degree of 'masculinity.'" (Contrary to the popular view that a "bright boy" is necessarily a "sissy.")

"These (gifted children) surpass unselected children in tests of honesty, trustworthiness, and similar moral traits."

"One of the most astonishing facts brought out in this investigation is that one's best chance of identifying the brightest child in a school room is to examine the birth records and select the youngest, rather than to take the one rated as brightest by the teacher."

C. *The Guidance of Superior Children*

The last-quoted statement from Dr. Terman's conclusions, that superior children are apt to be unnoticed by the teacher, is very significant for parents and school-workers generally. This means that many superior children are not only unknown to their parents and their teachers, but are also inadequately provided for in the home and in the school. The most important corollary of these and other well-known facts in regard to superior children is that they should be given tasks and stimulation commensurate with their abilities.

It is a well-known principle that unless children are supplied with tasks which challenge their best and greatest abilities, they are prone to become disinterested and poorly adjusted. Many children of superior ability develop a distaste for school and for education generally, and later become delinquent, because of the failure of teachers and parents to furnish tasks which challenge their capacity.

There is another danger in this characteristic failure to stimulate superior children up to the point of their capacity, and that is in regard to what may be called the feeling or attitude of superiority. It does not take a superior child very long to discover the difference between his own ability and that of other children. If, throughout his school career, he is required to com-

pete with his inferior associates he will naturally develop a warped sense of his own superiority. If, on the other hand, he is placed in competition with children of his own mental ability, he will be less likely to develop this unwholesome attitude of superiority.

This brings us to a consideration of the best methods of dealing with superior children in the public schools. There are several ways by which this problem can be met by the forward-looking school system. The commonest method is for the superior children of a given age to be organized into a special group within the grade and labeled "Group 1," or "Section A," or "B". In this way the curriculum can be enriched and the teacher can supply tasks and furnish guidance to challenge the child's ability.

A second method, also very common, is to promote the child as fast as he completes the work of a given grade. While this scheme has many advantages, it has the serious disadvantage, especially in the case of pre-adolescent children, of super-inducing precocity on the social and sexual side.

A third method, the most superior of them all, although the most costly, is the method of individual instruction. At Winnetka, Illinois, for instance, all children are given an opportunity to travel through the school at their own rate. They are classified and promoted in terms of their ability in specific subjects, and not, as is usually the case in the public schools, in terms of their chronological or mental age.

Superior children should, of course, not be "crowded." Neither should they be held back and forced to mark time merely because the school organization is inadequate to cope with individual differences. That school system is best which, irrespective of method or organization, makes possible the maximum development of each child according to his general intelligence, and his special abilities or disabilities.

Questions

1. What are the signs of superiority in infants, children, adolescents?
2. Why is it that parents usually underestimate the superiority of their superior children?
3. What is significant in the fact that children who do well in school are larger and stronger than those who do poorly?
4. Do superior children tend to become superior adults?
5. How do you explain the fact that parents of superior children usually produce comparatively small families?
6. How do you harmonize the facts of individual differences with the theory of democracy? Criticize the proposition: "Schools cannot equalize children; schools can only equalize opportunity?"
7. What provision do the schools in your community make for superior, for very superior, and for gifted children?



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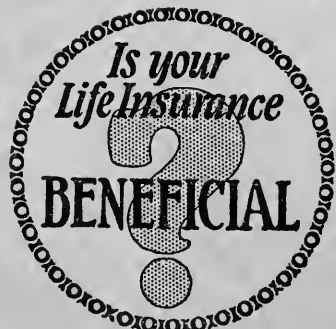
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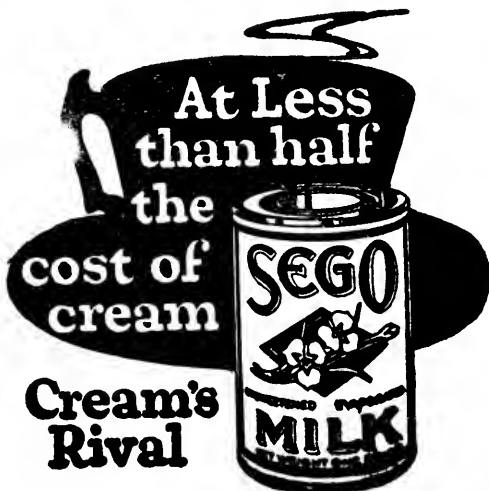


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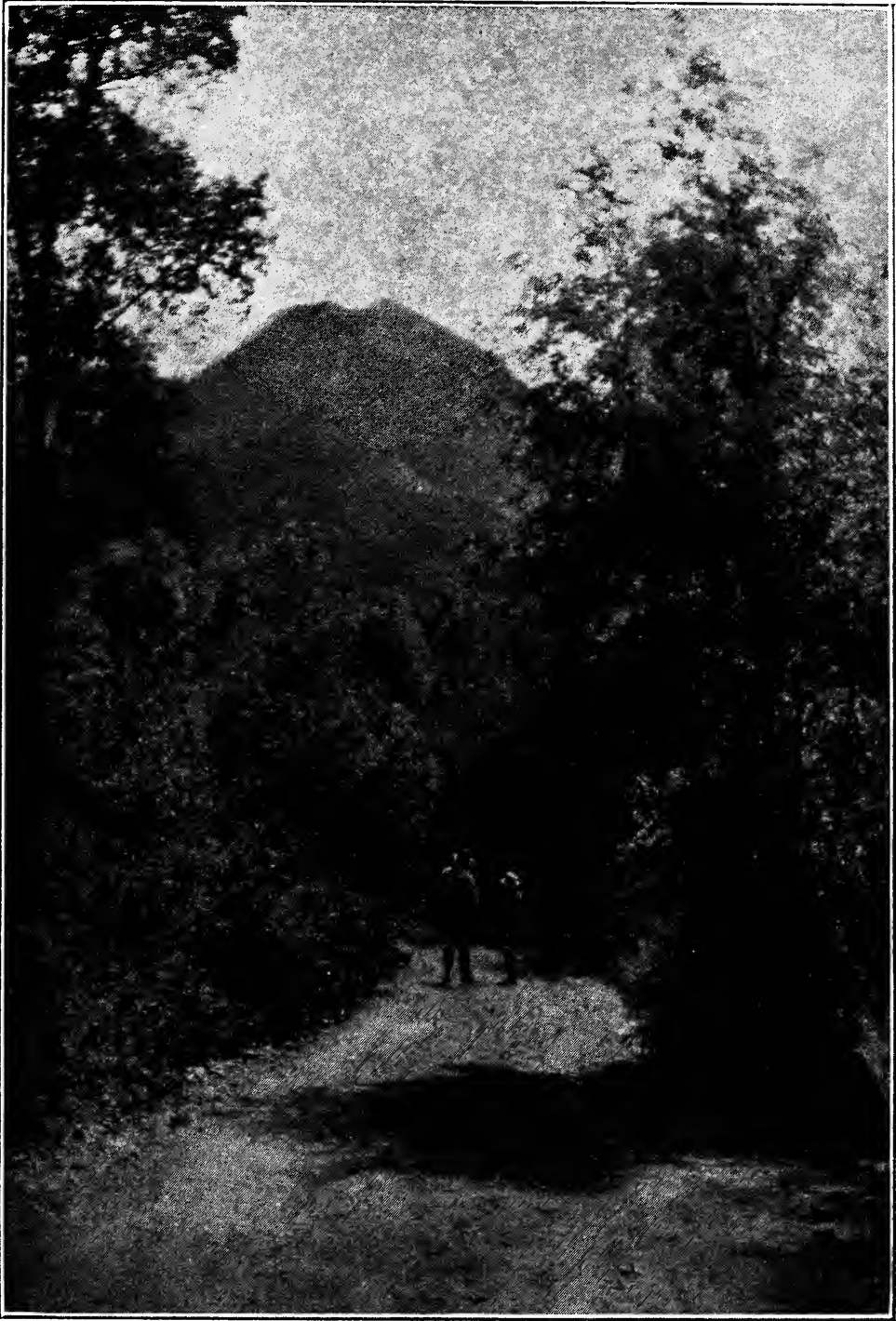
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MARCH, 1929

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THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVI

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Mary E. Richmond Philanthropist and Social Worker

By Amy W. Evans

On the second day of the new year of 1929, some of Mary E. Richmond's friends met in the hall of the Russell Sage Foundation, New York City. The meeting was held in her honor. They spoke of her personality and the qualities that made her the leader and the pioneer that she was in the field of social work. They told of some of her achievements and the depth and breadth of her influence upon the new profession she was instrumental in establishing. Many had known her for years as friend and co-worker.

MARY RICHMOND'S SMILE

As a keynote of the occasion the first speaker said, "There was a certain smile that Mary Richmond reserved for bombast and overstatement. Pretense, exaggeration, words instead of ideas, would always evoke it. And so we must be cautious today and not exceed the facts; to try for the 'just word' that so delighted her, remembering that wise and quizzical smile. * * * We are gathered here to celebrate the fact that she was our great leader; and to lift up our hearts and strengthen our resolve in the light of her memory."

HER WORK AND CHARACTER

Through her books she was our friend and the woman of our organization, who, as so many have done, have studied "The Good Neighbor," "Social Diagnosis," "What is Social Case Work?" These have been a light and a guide to our feet in our efforts to improve our social welfare work. Miss Richmond, who died September 12, 1928, in New York City, was born in Belleville, Illinois, in 1861. Her parents died at an early age, and she went to live with her grandmother and an aunt in Baltimore. There she graduated from high school but, because of straitened circumstances, was unable to continue her formal education.

HER HARD WORK IN YOUTH

When she was sixteen, she went to New York to a position in a publishing house, but received a mere pittance as a wage. Be-

coming ill, she returned to Baltimore, where she found work as a bookkeeper in a store and later in a family hotel. During these years she was a student, reading constantly. All her life she had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and ideas, and her reading was broad and varied. "She faced the bitter hardships of these early years honestly, and found her way out through hard intellectual work. She apparently never pitied herself, nor permitted fancy to smooth the rough edges of fact."

In 1889 the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore advertised for an assistant treasurer. Miss Richmond applied, because this work would take her out of doors, as it included the collecting of funds, and being physically frail she felt this would be good for her.

HER SOCIAL WORK BEGINS

"At once in her new work, she showed her characteristic keenness of perception and thoroughness. To be a good collector she must be able to interpret to others the work of the society. To interpret it well, she must have a first hand knowledge of the work itself." She soon became a friendly visitor, and that was the beginning of her social work. She was then twenty-eight years old. Connected with the Baltimore Society at that time were three notable men, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, a leading lawyer, and John M. Glenn, "a rare personality who had become blind in early manhood, but lived in activity and marked intellectual insight." These men were quick to recognize ability and keenness of mind and, gave opportunity and encouragement for their development. They soon became aware of Miss Richmond's powers. She became the secretary of the Charity Organization Society, receiving their support in her plans to bring system and effectiveness into the charity work. At that time the work was mostly in the hands of volunteers; but the thinking men and women among them realized that their methods of giving "charity" were not satisfactory. It took the vision and courage of Miss Richmond to venture out of the trodden paths in the field of social work and discover new and better ones.

WHAT SHE ACCOMPLISHED

John M. Glenn, director of the Russell Sage Foundation, so long her co-worker and friend, said of her, "The death of Miss Richmond will be an incalculable loss to the whole field of social reform; for in her we have lost a fearless pioneer. Since her entrance into the field of social work, she has untiringly blazed the trail in behalf of the individualized method of helping human beings out of trouble. Her insistence that solutions of people's problems can only be worked out, case by case, rather than by treating 'types' of poverty, gave rise to the generally accepted

term of 'social case work,' as a description of this particularized method of procedure."

SHE HAD MANY INTERESTS

Miss Richmond's interests in Baltimore went beyond her duties as secretary of the Charity Organization Society. She was interested in music of which she was very fond, and promoted concerts in connection with her church. She made a plea for good music in the public parks in summer.

In her church she was a Sunday School teacher, and led a class in the study of Shakespeare on a week night. She was very fond of poetry. As a member of a club of working women, she was their representative at their national conventions. Their welfare and their opportunities were of great concern to her. In the meantime she edited a paper called the "Charities Record," published eight times a year, and wrote her first book, "Friendly Visiting Among the Poor."

TAKES CHARGE IN PHILADELPHIA

In 1900 she was asked to go to Philadelphia and take charge of the Charity Organization Society there, which she did; and during her nine years there, accomplished a marvelous work. In that day financial support of all this work was placed on the executive's shoulders. After reorganizing the society she freed it from debt. She secured \$81,000 for a new Wayfarers' Lodge and raised an endowment fund of \$55,000. In order to do this she wrote thousands of letters, reports, and pamphlets. Her example in this work also was soon followed the country over, greatly to the benefit of social work.

"She led in securing the passage of Wife Desertion and Non-Support legislation, and in forming the Pennsylvania Child Labor Committee, which secured child labor legislation; in establishing the Juvenile Court, the Children's Bureau. She led in the Housing Investigation in 1905, and promoted the organization of the Housing Association. She set in motion the movement that resulted in legislation providing institutional care for feeble-minded women and children, organized public meetings to consider social legislation, aroused city officials to enforce the law against street-begging, and advocated schools of philanthropy for training in social work."

OTHER IMPORTANT LABORS

These are but a few of the things she accomplished in social reforms. Her skill and sound judgment were also effective in preventing development of many unsound projects. In 1909 she was appointed director of the Charity Organization Department of the Russell Sage Foundation in New York. This position gave her opportunity for study, writing, and teaching, thus making the

results of her years of experience in social work available for others.

During the war she aided in the work for soldiers' families and it was she who gave to this work the name of "Home Service." Many of the phrases she coined are common property, such as "Broken Homes," "Social Case Work," "Social Diagnosis."

PHASES OF HER WORK

Though she had no college degree, Smith College in 1921, conferred upon her the degree of Master of Arts "for her development of methods of social work which have given the scientific basis of a new profession." In her "Social Diagnosis" she systematized processes and developed a technique of social work which earned for her that honor. As a preparation for the International Conference of Social Work held in Paris in the summer of 1928, Miss Richmond's book, "What is Social Case Work," was translated into French. Her own answer to the question she gives is as follows: "Social Case work consists of those processes which develop personality through adjustment consciously effected, individual by individual, between men and their social environment." A French physician, who translated her book, expressed the opinion that it would be of great assistance to the social workers of Europe. Just before her death she completed her book "Marriage and the State" which is now published by the Russell Sage Foundation.

WAS HAPPY WHEN HELPING OTHERS

Those who knew her best say she was never happier than when she was giving to others the results of her study and experience. "She had the true professional spirit that the creation of one is the common property of the group," and down to the last day of her life she was receiving letters from people who tried to tell her how much she had done for them.

Rober M. Yerkes says of her: "Intellectually alert, diversified in interest, educated by practical experience more largely than by schools, yet deeply cultured by breadth, variety, and complexity of human relations, together with extensive reading, she was able to assimilate experience and to transmute it into beneficent service. Genuinely sympathetic, socially minded by training—if not by nature—quick in perception of significant relations, as also of humor and pathos; responsive, but not effusive, this sturdy and independent personality met the world and shaped it in conformity with her ideals. * * * From her personality and achievements we read: 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free;' and as a text of social service 'ye shall understand and understanding shall make ye kind.'"

SHE HAS NO SUCCESSOR

Another friend said: "About the things she believed in she could be arrogant; but about herself and her accomplishment she was humble. If she had to make her own summing up, I think it might have been in the words of one who was not the least among her literary loves. 'Blessed is he who has dropped even the smallest coin into the iron box which contains the precious savings of mankind.' * * * Personally, I refused to believe that Mary E. Richmond is dead. It is such as she who furnish all the proof I need of immortality. There could be no such cosmic wastefulness as to quench such spirits utterly. All those years of painful acquirement and outgiving, of rigorous self-discipline to the enlargement of her powers, cannot go to waste."

Frank J. Bruno, says of her: "It is ridiculous to think or to look around for a successor. The builders of trails through unknown wildernesses have no successors. They have followers, those who take up the work where the pioneers have laid it down. * * * * The passing of Miss Richmond further draws down the curtain upon a group of men and women that is rapidly disappearing, battle-scarred, courageous pioneers of whom we are likely to say in the years ahead of us, that there were giants in those days."

Spring is Here

By Jessie Sundwall

There's a lilt in the song of the robin,
 A tang in the sweet breathy air,
 And showing of green
 Over nature's great screen,
 Eree she showers her blossoms so rare.

There's a gay little perk to the bluebird,
 As he peens on the bronch of the tree,
 And the lambkins at play
 Have a more cunning way,
 As they gambol about carelessly.

There's a dash in the stride of the schoolboy,
 His cap at an angle is set,
 He owns, if you please,
 The world which he sees,
 A man with his battles unmet.

There's a glow in the blue of the heavens,
 More glint to the sunshine at morn,
 This message is breathed,
 The whole earth is wreathed,
 Proclaiming all nature reborn.

Women Legislators

By Annie Wells Cannon

The legislature of 1929 will differ in one respect from those of any other year in that nearly all the states have elected women members.

Since the Suffrage Amendment in 1920 there has been noted marked progress among women in almost every line of activity. The women have taken their enfranchisement quite seriously, and among the different groups or associations have endeavored to make a study of political science in order to intelligently use the ballot.

The result this year has been most gratifying, so much so, that according to figures compiled by the National League of Women Voters this last year, 1928, seven women have been elected to Congress instead of four, and 145 women now sit in legislatures in thirty-eight states.

Connecticut is the state that leads all others in women legislators, having one woman in the senate and nineteen in the House.

There is no question but that women make good legislators. They approach their task earnestly and generally speaking quite unselfishly. It seems to be their desire to serve the state as a whole, and help to bring about those measures that will benefit the people most, without regard to county boundaries or personal interests. While women naturally incline towards measures pertaining to social and educational questions, they are equally alert on any measure, and not often given to hasty or biased judgment. The records of Utah's women legislators show them to have given good and efficient service and many most beneficial laws in the statutes have been introduced and carried through to enactment by them.

It is therefore a safe conclusion that in the 18th legislature of 1929 the women will maintain the good standard of their predecessors and give excellent service to the state.

There are six women in the House. The largest number yet elected in Utah. Heretofore with two exceptions, once Weber county and once Utah county sending a woman representative, the women have all been elected from Salt Lake county. This year, 1929, Box Elder and Carbon counties each sent one, a fact which might seem to several a broader vision on the part of the electorate.

There are a number of important measures coming before the present legislature in which the women are particularly interested, principally a school for the feeble-minded, and the women of the state are anxiously watching the outcome. That the women legis-

lators may be assured of fine support from the outside the different clubs and organizations of women have formed a Woman's Legislative Committee, which meets regularly and by the appointment of committees, corresponding to the legislative committee, are watching the course of all measures and lending what aid is permitted by meeting with the different committees and expressing their views either for or against as the case may warrant. The influence this committee might yield is easily recognized when one considers the personnel consists of three members each, from all the womens organizations and clubs in the state, therefore much is expected and we predict much will be achieved by Utah's women legislators of 1929, backed as they are by so strong and intelligent a group.

The six women now sitting among the law makers are Mrs. Lucinda P. Jensen of Box Elder county, Mrs. Grace A. Cooper of Carbon county, Mrs. Anna T. Piercey, Mrs. Emily M. Carlisle, Mrs. Martha Purser, Mrs. Frank Page Stewart all of Salt Lake county. These women not only represent the constituency which elected them, but the women of the state have a personal interest in all they do for after all women are just beginning to grasp the reins in government and are the cynosure of all eyes. Men's mistakes may go unnoticed but women's are often times heralded as a reflection on the inability of women to meet great issues.

In preparing a brief sketch of the lives of these six women legislators the writer is happy in the thought that they will measure up to all that is expected of them in their arduous and trying position.

MRS. LUCINDA P. JENSEN

For the first time Boxelder county has sent a woman representative to the state legislature, Mrs. Lucinda P. Jensen of Bear River City having that honor.

Mrs. Jensen assumes her duties well-equipped and qualified for the tasks that lie before her, with a rather remarkable and varied record of public service and a home life that would be the pride of any woman.

She is the oldest daughter in a family of four of Mr. Chrest and Mrs. Mary C. Peterson and the granddaughter of those hardy and faithful pioneers who braved the unknown for conscience sake. Two of her grandparents came with the hand cart companies, one died on the plains, and one reached the valley of Salt Lake so pierced with arrow wounds received in an Indian skirmish that he never fully recovered. Her girlhood was spent on her father's ranch in the Bear River Valley. Her father died when she was fifteen years old, and from that time she became her mother's counselor and assistant in all that pertained to the ranch, in the

meantime attending school to glean knowledge from books as well as experience.

"Often," says Mrs. Jensen, "I recall my mother's anxious face at the window, watching for my return from school in the late afternoon as I made my way on horseback through a drifting snow storm. There is not much I do not know about horses and though now I drive a car I never presume to instruct others in that achievement, but when I see a man having trouble with a horse I want to take the lines from him and show him how to handle that fine domestic animal."

After the elementary schools she attended the Sacred Heart



MRS. LUCINDA P. JENSEN

Academy in Ogden and later the state university. At this time she became assistant and help to Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells in the office of the *Woman's Exponent*, so is not entirely a stranger to the readers of Relief Society periodicals. It was "Aunt Em" who encouraged her to tour Europe before settling down to her life's work, which she did for a year, thus affording a rather broader and certainly more finished outlook at the close of her school days. With this heritage and background she was well prepared for life's responsibilities and she chose the better part. She is the wife of Orson Jensen, a successful stock raiser and

business man of the Bear River Valley and they have six children, five sons and one daughter. The oldest son was one of the first missionaries to South America and the other children are pursuing their education in the University of Utah and county schools.

Though so active in public service, Mrs. Jensen is most of all proud of her home life. Well trained in all the excellencies of housewifery and domestic arts, her home reflects the talents and good taste of its gracious mistress. She has a passion for landscape gardening and when time permits indulges somewhat in china painting, being rather fond of ceramic art.

Mrs. Jensen has always been interested in Church, civic and business organizations and has willingly acted as teacher in nearly all the auxiliary organizations of the L. D. S. Church. She is an active member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and when president of that organization with her co-workers, secured the log cabin which was a part of the old Bear River Fort and had it repaired and placed on the public square where it now furnishes a unique museum for pioneer relics and is the first shrine in Box Elder county to the worthy pioneers.

Mrs. Jensen holds numerous offices among business organizations. Is president of the home and community department of the County Farm Bureau, president of the Home Economics Club, president of the Ladies' Woolgrowers of Northern Utah, and president of the Better Homes Committee. It was largely through her efforts that the services of a school nurse for the Bear River Valley were obtained; and she is always most happy to lend her time and talents towards any onward move for the benefit of the home and the community. Politically Mrs. Jensen is a Republican and is at present a member of the Republican state committee. She has received some very good appointments on committees for the House and is chairman of the Committee on Public Health.

MRS. GRACE AVERY COOPER

With broad business experience and a well trained mind Mrs. Cooper entered upon her legislative duties well prepared to meet the requirements and problems before her.

Mrs. Cooper though not a native Utahn has the interests of the state at heart and expresses herself as anxious to promote those projects which will be of most benefit to the community. She was born in Missouri where she received her education. She had thought at one time to follow a musical career and graduated from the state conservatory of music but later decided to take up journalism and when quite young worked as a reporter on the home paper.

After her marriage she and her husband came west where in both Colorado and Wyoming they both engaged in newspaper work. Thirteen years ago in 1916, they came to Utah and pur-

chased the controlling interest in the *Price News Advocate*, an independent paper which they published and edited together.

Six years ago her husband died and since that time Mrs. Cooper has continued alone the work the two had so willingly shared. Everyone knows it is no easy task to publish and edit a newspaper especially when one has all the responsibility, as well as the labor, but this brave little woman has carried on and won for herself the confidence and praise of the community to the extent that she entered the political campaign by the request of many citizens without regard to party though her political per-



MRS. GRACE A. COOPER

suasions are Democratic. Since coming to Utah she has been quite active in club work and being in the newspaper game naturally, much interested in public affairs. She is a member and past president of the Price Sorosis and through that a member of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. She is at present organizing regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution and active in the P. E. O. sisterhood and Eastern Star. For the third term she has been elected secretary and treasurer of the Utah Press Association and is vice-president for Utah for the National Press Association on education. Her House committee appointments are Judiciary, Public Printing, Enrolling and Engrossing.

Those who have followed the legislative work have found her earnest, industrious and willing. She realizes that her calling is to serve the people of the state and this she endeavors to do making a record of which she can look back upon with pride and satisfaction.

MRS. ANNA THOMAS PIERCEY

Mrs. Anna T. Piercey possesses a very signal distinction. She was a member of the legislative session which had to ratify the Susan B. Anthony or 19th amendment, and the speaker of the House courteously invited her to take the speaker's chair during the roll call.

Mrs. Piercey is the daughter of Professor Charles J. Thomas, the pioneer leader of the theatre orchestra and one of the earliest conductors of the Tabernacle choir. Born and raised in Salt Lake



MRS. ANNA T. PIERCEY

City in a cultural environment she early learned the value of education and self-advancement. From the little private school house, she went to the Brigham Young University at Provo of which institution she is a graduate. She is also a graduate of the Salt Lake City Kindergarten Training school and of the

normal department of the state university. She followed the profession of school teaching for five years during which time she also taught music.

Her husband died in 1908 leaving her with three little children to care for. At this bereavement she found much comfort in the knowledge she had acquired and could turn to use, to prevent any thought of dependency. Mrs. Piercey has had many varied experiences which have given her a broad and charitable attitude towards the needs of the people.

Legislation is not new to Mrs. Piercey. She has served in two previous sessions in both of which her service was quite marked. She is the author of the eight hour law for women, a law requiring two shifts to be worked within twelve consecutive hours and it is considered one of the best eight hour laws in the United States. She has also endeavored to amend the minimum wage law for women, and steered her amendment through the House only to have it defeated in the Senate. She now asserts that she will again take up this needed legislation in behalf of the working girl. She also hopes to be helpful in securing a state school for the feeble-minded and other matters of keen interest to women and children. In politics she is a most ardent Democrat and one of the founders of the Woodrow Wilson Club in Utah.

She is a member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, and acted as secretary for this organization during the Diamond Jubilee. She is also a war mother and gave fine service in connection with the Red Cross during the period of the World War. As a worker in the Traveler's Aid Society she has assisted and befriended hundreds of young women when they failed to meet friends or relatives and were left in the strange quandary of not knowing just what to do or where to go. Mrs. Piercey's experience in this and other welfare work is guarantee sufficient that she understands the needs of the working classes and will give all the support she can towards any measure that will reasonably insure assistance and protection in industry.

MRS. EMILY McDONALD CARLISLE

Mrs. Carlisle is a native of Utah. She was born on a farm in Salt Lake county, picturesquely situated at the foot of the Wasatch hills. As a child she revelled in the delight of a beautiful outdoor life; climbing the hills in the different seasons in search of wild flowers or following her brothers in search of game.

Robust, light-hearted, happy, she grew to young womanhood.

While the regular routine of life on a farm has its arduous cares and responsibilities at the same time it teaches many fine lessons in economy, thrift and perseverance and is not without its wholesome pleasures. Family life is more closely bound, and as

in the case of Mrs. Carlisle mother and daughter share an intimate relationship not only of heart, but mind, which makes and marks the future.

Her mother was extremely fond of reading and to her growing daughter read poems, stories and history, instilling in her mind a love for good books and ambitions for education.

Mrs. Carlisle is the daughter of Francis and Rozella Stevenson McDonald. Her forebears came to America in an early period and had part in conquering the land and establishing our con-



MRS. EMILY M. CARLYSLE

stitutional government. In like manner her grandparents pioneered the west and were among the founders of this commonwealth. Her grandfather Edward Stevenson was one of the First Seven Presidents of Seventy, and known far and wide for his untiring missionary service.

Mrs. Carlisle is a graduate of the Utah University and took a course in pedagogy at the Teachers College of Columbia University, New York. She has devoted much time to teaching, a profession she dearly loves. She also has given of her talents and knowledge very freely in the different auxiliary organizations of the Church and is at the present time president of the Relief Society of the Holladay ward.

In 1923 she became the wife of Harvey C. Carlisle in whose home she became a mentor and affectionate mother, to his little family bereft by death of their own mother. She has two lovely children of her own and claims, notwithstanding a busy public life, motherhood is the highest calling and should be the first consideration.

In the legislature she is a member of the Committee on Education, Resolutions and the School for the Deaf and Blind. Her purpose is to endeavor to promote good in all state departments and institutions.

MRS. MARTHA PAUL PURSER

Salt Lake county outside of the city is represented in the legislature by Mrs. Martha Paul Purser of the busy industrial center Magna, where the great refining plant of the Utah Copper Company is located. That she would be interested in the vital subjects that come before the legislature is certain, for the very atmosphere of her daily contact brings such subjects constantly before her.

Amidst the unceasing buzzing and whirring of machinery, the constant passing to and fro of heavily loaded ore trains, the regular changing shifts of workmen passing on their way to and from the mills, she performs her home duties and ponders over the necessities of the day. This daily experience would seem to qualify her for public service and she entered upon her duties with the thought uppermost in her mind to render good for her community and state.

Mrs. Purser was born in Mendon, Cache county and is a descendant of Utah pioneers. When she was a little girl her father moved to southern Idaho, being among the early settlers of that locality. The family had twice the experience of pioneer life, an experience which, however hard, enriches and molds character. She attended the public schools of Idaho and later entered the Ricks Academy at Rexburg from which institution she graduated. After her marriage to James Purser, in company with her husband she attended the Agricultural College at Logan, taking special courses in Kindergarten and child training. Mrs. Purser has always shown a desire to be of service to children and in her church activities has devoted much time to the welfare of the little folks. She has for many years been active in the Primary, and at present is president of that association in the Oquirrh stake.

Mrs. Purser has been, for some time, an active member of the Woman's Club of Magna, also of the Parent Teachers Association of which she is a past president.

Politically she is a Democrat and is at the present time Pres-

ident of the Woman's Democratic Club of Magna. At the Democratic caucus she was specially appointed to work in behalf of the new Kindergarten measure and the school for the Feeble-minded.



MARTHA P. PURSER

Her House Committee appointments are Public Health, Industrial School and Prison Removal. She has a most pleasing personality and expresses a desire to work harmoniously to build up or strengthen community life.

MRS. FRANK PAGE STEWART

While not Utah born Mrs. Frank Page Stewart has so closely allied herself with the interests of the state that her heart is here and she expresses in all her work a keen desire to serve her adopted state.

Born in the lovely city of Atlanta, Georgia, and most of her life spent in Florida, she brings a new atmosphere among the lawmakers; and, if it is as sweet and effective as her southern accent, she will surely win her way. She is a graduate of the Dunal High School and Draughns College of Jacksonville, Florida, at both of which institutions she later became a teacher. As a wife, and mother of two little girls, she is naturally interested in child welfare and education. While her first thought is the home, she has also found time to serve on numerous civic committees.

She belongs to a number of patriotic societies and has been president of the American Legion Auxiliary of Salt Lake City, also secretary of the State organization. Politically she is a Democrat and has been most active in each campaign since 1920.



MRS. FRANK PAGE STEWART

During the last four years she has held the office of assistant secretary of the Democratic State Committee.

A young matron of pleasing countenance and graceful manner, she claims no particular hobbies, and with an open mind is willing and anxious to help along any legislation that will be progressive and helpful for the community.

MY CANVASES

By Merling D. Clyde

I do not need a brush to paint
The wonders that I see,
I hang them all on memory's wall
And take them round with me.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Women and Peace

If women have been and still are interested in prohibition, they are still more interested in the abolition of war and the establishment of peace. Since the beginning of December, 1928, such names as Carrie Chapman Catt and Jane Addams have been very much to the fore because of their efforts to abolish war and establish peace. On January 15th a conference delegation met to discuss the problem of national armament reduction; as part of their program they marched upon the capitol at Washington and presented to Senators ten thousand resolutions of women's organizations, asking that they endorse the Briand-Kellogg anti-war treaty. This move was in support of the pact ratification. Mrs. Catt stated that the national feeling was squarely behind the treaty. She said that over ten thousand meetings held in forty-eight states had made this fact obvious.

Following the ratification of the Briand-Kellogg treaty we have an appeal from the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. At present they are asking in vigorous terms that the cruiser bill be defeated. These people contend that the building of fifteen more cruisers will make the treaty a sham and a hypocritical trick. If the bill is defeated, they believe we shall then start on the road of the new era which the Briand-Kellogg treaty has given the world; but if we build the fifteen cruisers, we shall renew the old race in armament and probably continue to perpetuate the archaic and wicked war system of the past.

In this editorial we are not arguing any case. We are merely seeking to present the fact that women in the United States are intensely interested in peace and will stand squarely behind any program for peace that appears feasible. It is natural that women should do this; for, as Mrs. Catt has pointed out in more than one of her public addresses, all the other struggles that women have made are lost if they are to be deluged in war, whose destructive agencies can mean nothing less than the sacrifice of civilization and the human race.

A tribute to Miss Jane Addams by Grace Hoffman White commends her attitude in this matter. It reads:

Though she has felt and mourned our human woes,
 She still holds laughter as a gift of God
 That turns the blade of those that would be foes
 And lives to know a time when wars shall cease;
 Her voice calls to the world "shake off the sod
 And know the love that is constructive peace."

Raffling and Games of Chance

As the Relief Society, more than any other organization in the Church, has interested itself in bazaars and as it is charged with the responsibility of meeting people's wants in many directions, and as it does seek means in various ways to meet these responsibilities, we wish to present a statement from the Presiding Bishops of the Church, concurred in by the General Board of the Relief Society, on raffling and games of chance. It has come to the knowledge of the General Board that sometimes wards have exhibited quilts to be raffled during a Sunday Sacrament meeting. Because of this report and others indicating that raffling and games of chance are being indulged in, we are publishing a statement that we think should make our attitude entirely clear.

"RAFFLING, GAMES OF CHANCE, ETC.

"Reports have been received from time to time that, in some instances, at ward fairs and other ward entertainments, raffling and other games of chance have been conducted. The argument used in favor of these contests is that such games are common in the business world and that the purpose for which they are employed is a worthy one.

"In order, however, that the position of the Church may be clear, we are quoting herewith from instructions given by President Joseph F. Smith and by President Heber J. Grant, which expresses the attitude of the church authorities. President Smith said, 'Raffling is a game of chance, and hence leads to gambling.' For that reason, if for no other, it should not be encouraged among the young people of the Church. President Young declared raffling to be a modified name of gambling and

said that 'as Latter-day Saints we cannot afford to sacrifice moral principles to financial gain,' and advised the sisters, through the *Woman's Exponent* not to raffle. President Lorenzo Snow endorsed and approved of these statements and I have often expressed my unqualified disapproval of raffling. President Grant says, 'I have always understood that our people were advised to raise their money for charitable and other purposes without indulging in raffling, where chances are sold. There is no objection to creating competition in various ways in ward entertainments in order to raise money, but the selling of chances on any article has been discouraged.'

"The spirit of gambling or taking chances for money is so rampant in the world at the present time that the moderating influence and example of the Church should be exercised in behalf of our young people toward resisting such temptations. We urge that the spirit of these instructions be followed in all ward entertainments, and that proper advice in the same direction be given all members of the Church."

Women in the Congress of the United States

The present complexion of the Congress of the United States, so far as the women are concerned, suggests Wordsworth's refrain put in the mouth of the little cottage girl, "O, Master, we are seven." It was facetiously remarked during the last campaign that about the only humor furnished grew out of the fact that the three women running for Congress were named Ruth, a statement justifying the notion said one American daily, that the next Congress would not be entirely ruthless.

The four women who were in the last Congress were returned. They are Mrs. Florence B. Kahn, born in Salt Lake City, representing the State of California; Kate G. Langley, born in Marshall, Madison county, North Carolina, representing the State of Kentucky; Mrs. Mary T. Norton, born in Jersey City, representing the State of New Jersey; Edith N. Rogers born in Sacco, Maine, representing the State of Massachusetts. To this number was added, as a result of the last election, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, of Miami, Florida, representing the State of Florida; Ruth Hanna McCormick, of Chicago, representing the State of Illinois; Ruth Baker Pratt, of New York City, representing the State of New York.

This is the largest number of women that have been in the Congress of the United States at one time. It is also true that the aggregate number of women in the state legislatures is greater than ever before. The women of the United States have had a hard struggle to obtain proper recognition in the law-making bodies of the land, but the situation as it presents itself today is at least encouraging.

Selma Lagerlof

Sweden's Most Noted Woman

By Clara J. Fagergren

Miss Selma Lagerlof is Doctor of Literature, Nobel Prize winner, and honorary member of several foreign literary societies. Most of her writings have been translated to English, French, and German; many of her books have been acquired for screen use; and several are used as text-books in schools. She depicts the life and customs of her native country; her masterful portrayal of old legends and traditions has helped to preserve Swedish history.

Her genius was recognized when she submitted a story in a contest conducted by a woman's magazine, "Indun." She won first prize, and the king of Sweden arranged that she be granted a year's leave of absence from her work as school teacher with all expenses paid, in order that she might continue her prize story, so that it could be published in book form. The result was the "Story of Gosta Berling," a romantic fantasy interwoven with weird tales, ancient folklore, and historical events against a setting of Swedish background. It was the book that eventually won for her the Nobel Prize.

Selma Lagerlof soon gave up school teaching, and devoted her time to writing; and now, after nearly fifty years' endeavor in the literary field, she is known to all reading classes. For the faithful manner with which she pictures life in Sweden she is revered and beloved by her people.

Being in Selma Lagerlof's country, it was but natural that we should desire to meet her. To this end we boarded the train at Upsala, and after a day's journey through a delightful landscape of unsurpassed scenery, we stopped off for the night in the town of Kil. At six, the next morning, we continued by steamer up lake Fryken to Marbacka, Selma Lagerlof's home in Vermland.

Most of the passengers on the boat were tourists from Denmark and Germany, on their way up north to view the wonders of the midnight sun. They were a jolly, prosperous lot, carrying kodaks and field-glasses. The men spent most of the time on board in the dining salon eating enormous quantities of food.

When our traveling companions learned our destination, they shook their heads doubtfully. Doctor Lagerlof did not allow visitors to enter her grounds. She even kept several guards

patrolling the premises to prevent curious people from taking pictures of her home.

We landed on a small bridge on the edge of a woodland, and the captain told how to find the shortest way to Marbacka:

"Follow the path till you reach the main road, then turn to the left and there you are."

The woodland path was bordered with thick hedges of raspberry bushes loaded with ripe fruit, and being only human we had to stop and pick what was within reach. The main road forked in several directions, however, so we sought information



SELMA LAGERLOF

at the nearest farm house. An old woman in home-woven dress and flowered kerchief on her head answered our questions.

"Yes, Selma Lagerlof was at home, alright, for only a few Sundays ago she had been to church. She had seen her only from a distance, but had never spoken to her, although a neighbor; for Miss Lagerlof was of a different class. The woman and her aged husband were struggling along with the farm, for all their children had emigrated to America where everybody gets rich.

We passed Svartsjo church, described in "Gosta Berling." The structure is like most country churches in Sweden, sub-

stantial, white-plastered, bare, and surrounded by grave mounds and iron crosses. It is from this section of the country that Miss Lagerlof got the material for her famous story; for here are found the estates, forests, lakes, and waterfalls she loves to tell about.

At first, with light steps and high spirits, we follow the winding road; but as we gradually tire, the distance to Marbacka seems interminably long. It is hours since we landed from the steamer; nevertheless, our inquiries meet with cheerful answers:

"Only a little way to the east, or west, or north," depending on the direction we faced. And it finally dawned on us we were in a country where a little jaunt of ten or twelve miles is considered a child's undertaking. We had been under the delusion that the distance to Marbacka could be covered in fifteen minutes.

A neat little place with blooming plants in the windows and the sign "Cafe" on the door beckons us in. Three girls, hair done up in braids and faces sprinkled with freckles, grin from an inner kitchen. There is no food in sight.

"Dinner won't be ready for an hour. The fire is out; and, besides, this is the girls' time off."

At the next place a woman with dough on her hands and flour on her nose invites us to a table spread with a fine linen cover, a work of art.

"Can we get something to eat?"

"Yes, but not food," came the startling answer. "It's too early for dinner; but I can serve fresh buns and milk."

Excellent. She brings a heaped-up basket of cakes and we eat as only famished people can eat, the whole family watching from respectable distance. Then we sense something is wrong. Good manners demand we take only a small portion, and here we are eating more than our share. The woman receives our money silently, hands it over to her husband, and resumes baking.

Refreshed and rested, we continue on. A thunder shower suddenly comes up, and we seek shelter from the driving rain under the nearest roof, which happens to be the district school house. The structure, a big, red-painted building, has four airy, well arranged class rooms downstairs and living quarters for the teachers up stairs. A trim woman teacher, detained for some reason during the vacation months, chatters sociably while we wait for the rain to stop.

The school children come within a radius of eight English miles, a good two-hour walk, often through deep snow in zero weather. In winter it's dark when school starts at nine in the morning; and dark when it lets out at three in the afternoon. Salaries for teachers do not run very high; but rooms, light, and fuel are furnished free, so that teachers with positions are lucky.

As suddenly as it had started the storm stopped, and in

radiant sunshine we again begin the search for the elusive Marbacka. The road branched off through a forest, with here and there a clearing for a tiny farm. Women worked in the fields with the men, while children tended flocks of sheep among the trees. The forest terminated into a wide plain of fertile meadows, and right before our eyes was the mansion of the best known woman in Sweden.

Marbacka is an expansive estate of many acres of rich farm land, a well-kept garden of hundreds of fruit trees, large grounds of flower beds and green lawns, and gravel walks. The home of the author is an imposing three-story structure with tile roof and wide verandas. Two toy cannons guard the entrance. A couple of showy peacocks strut about. A big dog disturbed from his sleep on the door-mat springs up and bays furiously. The front door is opened by a maid in stiffly starched apron, who looks us up and down questioningly.

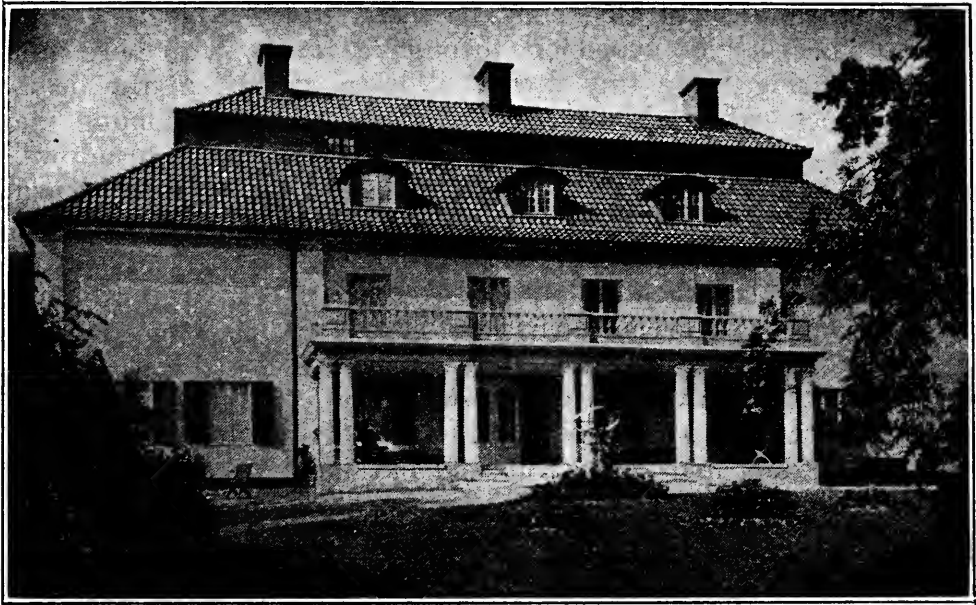
On a hastily scribbled card we explain we are visitors from America who will count it a great honor to meet the author of "Gosta Berling." A long wait. Finally the door is opened grudgingly and we are ushered into a vast and gorgeously furnished drawing room.

The big room is stately and formal. The floor is parquet oak, very slick and highly polished. Designs in blue stencil ornament the white walls, and an antique "kakelugn," fireplace, of glazed tile and intricate pattern takes up a good deal of space. The furniture is upholstered in canary-colored brocade. On a large round center-table are stacks of autographed copies of first editions of well-known writers. In one corner stands a grand piano draped with a cover of fringed silk. Some original paintings in sombre colors hang in the place of honor on the wall above a massive davenport. A radio of the latest pattern is placed near the door. Our curious inspection of the "salong" is interrupted by the entrance of Selma Lagerlof herself.

Miss Lagerlof is now over seventy years old. She walks with a slight limp, due to an accident a few years ago, when she slipped and fell on a railroad platform and dislocated her hip. Her face is broad and kindly with little mirth wrinkles at the corners of her blue eyes. The gray hair is combed back straight and pinned on top of the head.

"Please be seated." The invitation is given whole-heartedly, and right away we feel at home. Miss Lagerlof herself chooses a comfortable arm chair.

"So you're from America! That's a country I'm very much interested in and would like to see, were it not for the tiresome journey. Nearly everyone in this neighborhood has relatives or friends in the United States, and once in a while someone comes home on a visit, looking prosperous and happy. It is of course to



SELMA LAGERLOF'S HOME

be regretted that so many of our young people leave the country; but our resources are limited and land is hard to obtain, therefore one can't blame people for going where they can do better."

"Miss Lagerlof would enjoy the trip," we venture; "in America you would see so many things to write about."

"I don't need to leave home to find subjects to write about. I only wish there was time for me to describe the scenes I see every day right here in my own neighborhood."

And the great author looked out the window over the smooth fields and green woodland.

"All my life I have noticed scenery and admired nature where other people see nothing or are too busy with their work to lift up their eyes. The settings for all my stories are taken from these surroundings. I am told I have made Vermland here in Sweden famous by describing it. These places have always been here, only I seem to be the first one to discover their beauty.

"In my early days I taught school and I have always been interested in young people. Several of my books are now used in the schools. My 'Nils Holgerson's Wonderful Trip Through Sweden' has been accepted as geographical reader. I am convinced that Sweden has an inexhaustible source of information to draw from, both romantic and historical.

"Last midsummer I was invited to be present at the closing exercises in the public schools in Kiruna, the most northern city in Sweden; in fact, it's inside the Arctic circle. Although it was the end of June the leaves were not yet out on the birch trees, and the planting hadn't started. The growing season up there is about

six weeks, barely enough to raise a crop of hay, vegetables, and berries. However, the summers up north are a continuation of glorious daylight. On the other hand, down south in Skanie are crops of sugarbeets and tropical fruit. Truly a wonderful land! Where can you find another country like it?"

Asked if she had ever thought of getting married, she smiled in an amused fashion.

"No, I have never been married and it's too late in life to think about it now. It seems I have always been too busy with other things. In addition to my writing and correspondence I manage my estate and direct the servants about their work, and then I like to have a little time to read.

"I inherited this home from my parents, but I've had it enlarged and remodeled so that one would hardly know it from the old place. A heating plant has been installed; for these large rooms were never comfortably warmed by only fireplaces. Here in Vermland we have long months of very cold weather. Since the improvements were made I stay here the year round; before that I lived in the city of Falun during the cold season.

"No, I don't have much time to associate with the neighbors. Occasionally I go to church, for I'm a member of the Protestant faith and believe that every true citizen should have a good religious standing in the community. One needs a strong foundation to build on or the structure is liable to fall."

She rose slowly from her chair and adjusted a curtain. The visit is over. We are asked to write our names in the visitor's book, and Selma Lagerlof kindly autographs a book for us. Then she politely follows us out on the veranda and consents to pose for a snapshot.

"I'm pleased to know the people in America like me and read my books," she says in parting. "I have great respect and admiration for the greatest country in the world. After all, we are closely linked, for the bond of friendship is strong between us despite the great distance that parts us."

She stands a commanding figure in her long black dress fastened at the throat with a heavy gold brooch. She gives her hand formally at parting and wishes us well on the return trip. Outside of the high, grilled-iron fence, a party of summer tourists crowd to catch a glimpse of the author; and we feel lucky indeed to have had the privilege of meeting the most noted woman in Sweden.

History of the Emancipation of Women

By H. C. Singer, of Lethbridge, Canada

To woman it would seem that nothing is insurmountable, inaccessible, or unattainable. The barriers that confronted woman through the ages were numerous and gigantic, but to them not insurmountable. Education seemed to them inaccessible, and political status of equality with man, unattainable; and because these aspects seemed so, they were doomed finally to be rolled away. Not in a day, a year, nor in a generation, but in centuries yet to pass. No great strides were made during the hectic days of womens' hard fought revolution; but when the dust of the conflict had died down, out of the echoes of the blows struck came recognition to be given, and the first faltering steps of progress were achieved.

FORCES THAT HELD WOMEN IN SUBJECTION

It is surprising when one casts his view back over the scenes of centuries of history, to perceive how civil law, church dogma, and tradition-breeding superstition, have held woman in leash. Those into whose hands were placed the keys of refined education, and the replenishing of the world's population after war, disease and famine, were but chattels in the eyes of the law. Woman was the outcast, the breeder, before the Church; and but the spineless, the ignorant, the evil and the inferior, in the shady mind of tradition. It is not surprising that the progress was slow; the real surprise is that it started at all.

WHEN WOMEN BEGAN TO RISE

The rebellion of woman was bound to come. Flourishing Greece trembled at the first concerted women's movement lasting two centuries; and fast on its heels followed another in Rome. The former was for a political status; the latter, to gain some opportunity for education with political aims in the background. Before the young Jewish enthusiast was born in Bethlehem, woman had made two bold attempts to throw off the injustices put upon her sex and had thronged the Forum in Rome, picketing its entrances to petition their cause, much to the consternation of the Consuls. Success attended their efforts; and man, ever generous but condescending, paid them tribute by Cato the Elder, in an immortal oration, that praised the zeal but failed to sense the significance of the cause.

THE CHIVALRY OF JESUS

Came a young man from the East with a philosophy of equality, that could forgive even an adulteress. He commended in woman all virtues, admired her faith and charity, and uprooted the rank weeds of superstition. But he did not live to die old; for the choice was not Jesus the Christ, but Barrabas. Christianity overspread western Europe, but instead of unchaining women, it added temporarily to their fetters; for it bore with it the bitter view that because woman had been the instrument of original sin, penitence and obedience to the stronger sex were her portion in life.

WOMEN FREED FIRST IN ITALY

Centuries passed, with women still fighting for learning. As the Italian Renaissance flowered, the women of Italy developed also. Too swift to endure, success came. The Latin countries of France, Spain, and Portugal followed the example of Italy. Women stepped into the seats of learning, teaching in universities while men sat as students in the classes. Poets and authors, and doctors of medicine they became; and into the labyrinths of law they penetrated, till from their efforts in this latter sphere, rings down the ages the oration on "Mercy" by a real or fancied Portia. Were she but a conception of man, still his instrument was a woman, and in Italy, where woman's emergence had begun, these tributes to woman arose.

WOMEN RENOWNED IN FINE ARTS

In those times queens were renowned for their learning, were patrons of art, swaying for decades literature and painting. Convents for women and girls yielded forth educators and Mother Superiors noted for unusual talents as well as for piety. Long before Luther burnt the Papal bull, came the first whisperings of rebellion against the unacceptable edicts of the Church from a Mother Superior. Let those who doubt read of St. Theresa.

THE UNIVERSITIES REACTIONARY

Such success, however, was too rapid to endure. One by one the universities closed their doors to women, and by the end of the golden days of Renaissance, women stood on the steps of universities, knocking vainly for admission. From the very university where women had taught, the University of Bologna, the Faculty in 1377 sent forth the decree that impaled women again on the cross of superstition, erecting barriers against her that seemed permanent: "And whereas woman was the foundation of sin, the weapon of the devil, the cause of man's banishment from Paradise; and whereas, for these reasons all association with her is to be diligently avoided, therefore do we interdict and expressly forbid that any one presume to introduce in the said college any woman

whatsoever, however honorable she may be; and if anyone should perpetrate such an act, he shall be severely punished." Thus, from seats of learning, went forth the excluding edicts, which governments during the days of Catholicism rigidly enforced. Leaders of the Reformation held similar views. Under Protestantism, as well as under Catholicism, women were barred from entering universities in the quest for learning:

WOMAN IN EARLY AMERICA

The New World, which was to boast of liberty and equality, was discovered by a man for man's advantage. Although the discovery was financed with the jewels of a woman, Isabella of Castille; and on its soil women fought a never-ceasing battle in the quest for learning, out of the country that framed the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights, England, came echoes of a conflict made by the Women's Right movement, echoes that rumbled on the shores of America during the days of the American Revolution. Colonists from the old country brought the controversy with them, and here it gained in strength and purpose.

WHEN BOSTON TOOK THE LEAD

Since the early days, when the first settlers had built schools, the debate regarding female education had waxed strong; but ground was gained steadily by its supporters, although the subjects of instruction were very limited. In 1826 Boston opened a high school for boys and girls, on equal terms, but closed it two years later amidst the barrage of disapproval that was showered upon it. Then the girls too were permitted to study during the summer months only, when the boys were on the farms. Not until the college of Oberlin in 1853 opened its doors for both sexes, black and white, did the insurmountable barriers begin to collapse, and women again began to study and instruct. Oberlin was the first college to open its doors to women since the Church had closed them during the days of the Renaissance.

WOMAN FOUGHT SLAVERY AND ALCOHOL

When the early rumblings of coming war against slavery and alcohol were heard in America, women began the real fight. So insistent became the demands, to be seen and heard, that the opposition in genuine fright began an organized fight in the press, from the pulpit, and on street corners against the predicted invasion of women into the more masculine spheres of activity. Gradually women began their research into the law to seek reforms, and found that much of their opposition to women existed in custom only. Where it existed in law, such as in property rights, wages, guardianship of children, civil rights and voting powers, they came to the conclusion that the only means of redress lay in the vote.

To clear from the statute books old laws that denied them equal rights with man and to prevent the enactment of further foolish laws, became the objective and the platform that was to be their fighting ground for nearly three-quarters of a century.

DAYS OF LEADERSHIP BY WOMEN

Then came the days of real leadership, under Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Mrs. Sarah McClintock. Together they drew up the program of women's rights, began to organize in earnest. From their first convention held in 1848, Mrs. John Stuart Mill gathered her material that became the guiding hand in the wide organized endeavors of English women. Faster the campaign moved them nearer the goal in America, but faster yet in England. The long years of campaign are records of ignorance, bigotry, Church hostility, and the efforts of certain vested interests to support the opposition to the equality of women with men.

THE WORLD WAR BROUGHT EQUALITY

The years of the World War threw men and women together on an equal economic footing which, in all lands, welded together the ranks of women in patriotic endeavors. The freedom they attained during those hectic years gave them the taste of power that could be theirs. On the heels of peace, during the prevailing spirit of democracy, the nations of the world began to enfranchise women. Starting in 1918 in Europe, among the nations emerging from the War, it was not until August, 1920, that the women of America realized their aim in the political field—woman suffrage.

The success they have had since the franchise, and how they have used it, constitutes another story; but that they will exercise it to prevent tampering with the sanctity of the home, by certain interests, that they will aspire to abolish war, to foster education, and to make better conditions for labor and common living, cannot be disputed.

And is the battle over? Is earth yet as heaven? To woman nothing is unattainable, inaccessible, or insurmountable.

The Magazine extends its congratulations to Judge Florence Allen, formerly a native of Salt Lake City, on her recent reelection to the Supreme Bench of the State of Ohio. Miss Allen was reelected by a very flattering majority.

Notes from the Field

Reorganizations.

Within the new year two of the stakes have reported reorganizations in the Relief Society. On January 13, 1929, President Esther Thomas, at her own request, was honorably released as president of the Woodruff stake, this action being taken owing to the illness of her husband. Mrs. Harriett Spencer was made president, Mrs. Esther Warburton, first counselor, and Mrs. Isabel Johnson, second counselor; Violet Gerrard was retained as secretary-treasurer. These sisters constitute the new executive officers of the Woodruff stake. They are experienced Relief Society workers, and trained leaders.

While the news did not reach the office until the new year, the reorganization of Young stake actually occurred on December 9, 1928, when Mrs. Johanna S. Smith was released as president. Mrs. Smith's release was due to the fact that she would be away. She has given many years of service to the Relief Society cause. Mrs. L. Nettie Behrman was sustained as president, with Nellie D. Carter first counselor, Matilda T. McGee second counselor, and May B. Brady, secretary-treasurer. We congratulate these sisters upon their call to leadership. We feel that they will rise most efficiently to their duties.

Reports of the following successful and practical class leaders' conventions have been received:

Wasatch Stake.

At Heber, on November 3, 1928, a class leaders' convention was held in Wasatch stake under the direction of the three stake class leaders. A delightful session was held. There were about 80 ward workers in attendance, including all the officers from presidents to Magazine agents. Dr. Amos M. Merrill and Mrs. Stella Rich, from the Brigham Young University at Provo, gave lectures with demonstrations of better teaching methods. Musical numbers were furnished by the Charleston and Heber choirs. A splendid display of work suggestive of what may be done in the Work and Business Meetings of the Relief Society was arranged. At noon a luncheon was served by the stake board members.

Granite Stake

This stake also is stressing not only subscriptions to the Magazine, but its very general use. At the last Union Meeting special attention was given to this matter. The sisters were urged to use the Magazine in all its departments. The following slogan was adopted: "Read the Magazine from cover to cover, and repeat the reading of each lesson before the day on which the lesson is given."

Guide Lessons for May

LESSON I

Practical Religion and Testimony

(First Week in May)

INDUSTRY

Some Introductory Statements

1. Industry and civilization advance abreast on parallel lines.
2. Worklessness and worthlessness are close companions.
3. The two universal inquiries:
What shall I do to be saved?
What shall I do to make a living?
4. The joy of earning is second only to the joy of giving.
5. The highest form of charity is employment.
6. Industry is more than activity; it is activity directed toward productive ends.
7. We are instinctively active and intentionally industrious.
8. The activity urge may be a good self-starter, but it requires a duty-spur to keep us going.
9. Habits of industry in one direction aid in industrial achievements in another. The honor student is usually industrious at home.
10. Industry is the offspring of duty. It is published that the gypsy language contains no such word as duty.*
11. Idleness, ill-will, and ignorance, are three disgraces.
12. The abundance of our spiritual life depends upon the quality of our religious industry.

Selecting a Vocation

Passing from the indispensability of industry, we come face to face with the problem of selecting our field of work. The selection is known as choosing a vocation. In making this choice, some careful considerations are of the utmost importance. The major question, What shall I do to make a living? should be followed by these minor inquiries:

1. Is this vocation honorable?
2. Is it healthful?
3. Does it offer opportunities for advancement?

**American Magazine*, February, 1929.

4. Is it sufficiently compensative for current needs and possible saving?
5. Does it provide consistently for some leisure?
6. Is it within the range of any of my aptitudes?

All vocations that are helpful to the human family are honorable, and all industry that is hurtful to the race is listed in the book of fate as unfit to survive.

The greatest physical wealth of this world is health. There is truth in the aphorism that "He who needs health needs everything." In this day of sanitary safeguards, unhealthful vocations are not often found; but individual differences suggest that what might be healthful for one person might be unhealthful for another. Some people wilt in the sunshine of out-door labor, and others fade in the shade of in-door employment.

A vocation that makes man nothing more than a cog in a machine is to be shunned as a field where petrification of personality is certain. One must have the privilege of looking upward, with the possibility of climbing to the place of "more room."

Vocations that offer nothing more than a "hand-to-mouth" compensation are safe to shun. The impossibility of "laying something by" deadens the spirit of thrift essential to industrial hope and happiness.

This is an age of almost excessive leisure; and industry has no little trouble to keep free from the interference of recreation.

Captains of industry have demonstrated that recreation is one of its best allies, that leisure is one of labor's best friends. In the light of these two facts the great industries are fostering spare time activities in the form of athletic contests and avocational enjoyment. A vocation is indispensable for making a living; an avocation is desirable for enjoyment of leisure. Vocation and avocation are two main tributaries to the stream of abundant life.

The closer the vocation and the aptitude of the individual, the more joy-giving will be his or her vocational success. Out of a considerable number of definitions of success given by prominent men of our country, the following is accorded first place: "Success consists in doing what you like to do in such a way that you will not have to do something else to make a living."

No little of the grumble part of life is due to vocational misfits or industrial conflict in the life of the individual, and we are looking to the mental-test field for help in lessening this unequal yoking of work and worker.

The Psychological Corporation of New York City, has been signally successful in finding out where persons may succeed. The record made by this organization so inspired confidence in this scientific method of forecasting possibilities that a certificate of ability is taking the place of tedious tryouts and painful elimination.

Child Labor

It is an open question as to what extent children should be permitted to labor.

The general trend of public opinion seems to be in the direction of less labor and more supervised leisure for the child. This attitude is the outgrowth mainly of an oppressive and over-exacting treatment of children in factories, and of putting the products of child labor in competition with the output of adult labor. There is good ground, however, for believing that child labor in kind and quantity suited to the age and ability of the children would be decidedly preferable to closing the doors of industry against them. Surely the child is as well suited to some light work as it is to strenuous play.

Women in Industry

This is a problem of intense and world-wide interest. Freedom of "say" naturally calls for freedom of "do." Franchise equality becomes the forerunner of a claim for the industrial equality of women and men. One point in the controversy is fairly well settled, that of equal pay for equal work; but the question of equal opportunity for employment is under debate from the fireside to national legislative halls. The problem finds place in college classes; it blazes from books, rings from the lecture platform, and radiates from the daily press. As to the race benefits, the merits of its claims, time only can decide; but the nearby outcome of the issue is unmistakably indicated by the following findings of the Women's Bureau of Information (U. S. Department of Labor) published in the Book Folder for No. 5:

"Facts"

"The United States has over 8,500,000 women gainfully employed, more than one-fifth of them in manufacturing and mechanical industries.

"All but 35 of the 572 occupations listed by the Census employ women.

"One in every 5 wage earners is a woman.

"One in every 5 women is a wage earner.

"One in every 4 wage-earning women is married.

"One in every 11 married women is a wage earner.

"One in every 5 wage-earning women is under 20 years of age; 1 in every 5 or 6 is more than 44 years of age.

"One in every 7 or 8 is foreign born; 1 in every 5 or 6 is a negro.

"The majority of women workers, both married and single, contribute to the support of others, their earnings being an important factor in the family budget."

In this industrial avalanche the greatest danger signal is the possibility of having the home swept from the mother-love foundation, upon which it was first built and on which it has rested from the beginning. There is the fear that as women enter the field of industry, their incomparable profitableness as makers of men will be deflected to that of less value—the making of money.

The safety sign concerning industrial freedom for women reads, "The nature of the bird fastens it to its brood. There is no need of keeping its wings clipped to prevent its deserting the nest."

Industry and Education

The prophet, sage, and pioneer, said—"Education is the power to think, the power to act, and the power to appreciate." This definition includes the use of head, hand, and heart. In founding the University which bears his name, he specified that the school give opportunity for industry.

Among the most up-to-date ideas concerning college degrees is the thought that the document shall specify the vocational efficiency of the graduates or that it shall be supplemented by a special certificate of the holder's fitness for making a living.

Industry Wage Standards

The price of labor, like that of commodities, has been determined by supply and demand; and this basis of standardization still prevails in most countries. In our republic, however, the wage standard is coming to be the cost of living; not the cost of existence, but the cost of respectable living.

Many applicants for one position have no effect on the salary. Employers who underpay and employers who underbid for work face a fierce taboo.

The Religious Aspect

Industry is an outstanding characteristic of divinity. The creation was the result of the labor of the gods. (See Gen. 1 and Book of Abraham, 4.) "Six days shalt thou labor."

The whole life of the Savior was an object lesson in industry. One of the climaxes of his teaching was "*Work* while it is yet day." His was the vocation of a teacher and in it He never tired.

Paul's estimate of the idler is expressed in I Timothy, 5:8.

Modern revelations declare:

"Woe unto you poor men * * * who will not labor with your hands." (Doc. and Cov. 56:17).

"The idler shall be held in remembrance before the Lord."

(Doc. and Cov. 68:30). The complete text makes plain that the remembrance is to be an unfavorable one.

“Now I the Lord am not well pleased with Zion, for there are idlers among them.” (Doc. and Cov. 68:31).

“He that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garment of the laborer.” (Doc. and Cov. 42:42).

“The idler shall not have place in the Church, except he *repent* and mend his ways.” (Doc. and Cov. 75:29).

This last declaration makes voluntary idleness a sin.

Questions and Problems

1. Distinguish between activity and industry.
2. Discuss the joy-value of earning.
3. Explain the difference between a vocation and an avocation.
4. Give the six points of vital consideration in choosing a vocation.
5. Which is better, to have wages based on supply and demand or on standards of living? Giving reasons for answer.
6. Explain briefly the problem of “equal rights in industry.”
7. Give some of the most valuable findings quoted in this lesson of the U. S. Women’s Bureau concerning women in the industries.
8. Show wherein Brigham Young was a pioneer for industrial education.
9. Comment upon the harmony between statement twelve in this lesson and the scripture “Do the works and ye shall know of the doctrine.”
10. With praying as the first and work for the dead as the last, mention as many activities as you can that go to make up Latter-day Saint religious industry.
11. To what extent is the following in harmony with your desires:

May life eternal be my share
To work in my Redeemer’s care
With those I love eternal joy,
Progressive work in God’s employ.



LESSON II

Work and Business

(This topic to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in May)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR MAY—ACTIVITIES OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

WHY THE LESSONS IN SOCIAL SERVICE?

- I. To disseminate knowledge which will promote the well-being of children.
- II. To give reliable information regarding children, so that one may know "what is wheat and what is chaff" in our present day knowledge of the nature, well-being and education of children.
- III. To show how to interpret and apply to childhood and youth the results of study, experiments and investigation of recent years regarding the needs of childhood and youth physically, intellectually and morally.
- IV. To help mothers to lay the proper foundation for the development of their children—for the fashioning of their intellects, the moulding of their characters and the influencing of their physical growth.
- V. To help mothers to understand their children.
- VI. To help mothers to better understand themselves and the effect their own reaction has upon their children.
- VII. To show the importance of the closest cooperation between parents and children.

 MY CHILD

By Merling Clyde

Dreamer mine,
Thoughts that are thine
Echo back to my heart,
Bringing peace,
Sweet joys release—
Life's journey soon you'll start.
Near or far,
Where e'er you are,
Our souls can never part.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in May)

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

By Louis N. Parker

"Joseph and His Brethren," by Louis N. Parker, was produced both in New York and in London in 1913. This play is not a problem play. It is a pageant play, and as presented in His Majesty's Theatre in London under the able management of Sir Herbert Tree gave to us a pageant of Bible history that has seldom been equalled. We shall present the play where Joseph's brethren are discussing their father's seeming favoritism for Joseph. The two factions are just coming to blows when Reuben finds his way through and says:

Reuben: Peace—peace, I say!—I, Reuben, the eldest-born speak!

All: (Falling apart, and with respect) Reuben!!

Reuben: (Sternly) Are ye the brood of Cain, that each would have his brother's blood, on the day our Father Jacob hath set apart as a day of rejoicing?

Judah: Twice have I heard the day named as a day of rejoicing. What is the day?

Reuben: Have ye forgotten? Today Rachel's eldest-born cometh to manhood.

Judah: Joseph!

All: Joseph!—The dreamer—The upstart!

Reuben: I know now what new thing ye are banded in against Joseph; but I bid you beware. Our father loveth him as the apple of his eye. Today, ere we go to our flocks, he is to endue him with the robe of manhood. Tonight, when our labor is done, there is to be great feasting. Bring no sorrow into our father's house today. Moreover, Joseph hath dreamed a dream—

Gad: (With a mocking laugh) That is no new thing!

Reuben: (Sternly) Bridle thy tongue—for when did Joseph's dreams not come true? And now he dreamed we were binding corn in the fields, and, lo, his sheaf arose and stood upright, and, behold, our sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to his sheaf.

We now move to the wells of Dothan. The word has come to the brothers that a caravan is approaching from the East and they are making ready to spread their wares for sale. Each is proclaiming the virtue of his wares.

Zebulum: I have nought but melons.

Joseph: Surely, you will not give the weary strangers the milk and the melons without price. Our father, Jacob—

Simeon: Said I not he came as a spy?

Judah: But thou, Simeon, wherefore layest thou thy store where the strangers may not see it?

Simeon: Ho! Wilt thou teach me to barter? I tell thee, these will be first seen. And when the strangers say, what are these? I shall answer, These be gifts for my sweet brother, Joseph.

Joseph: Why, then, I'll take my gifts now; and thank thee!

Simeon: Fool! Thinkest thou I mean what I say?

Joseph: Can a man say one thing, and mean another?

This controversy over the sale of goods furnishes the excuse for the brethren to pounce upon Joseph and place him in the well. Simeon describes this well by saying that "this pit is deep, and there are evil things within it. The sides are smooth, and we have no rope. If he fell in, by mischance—he could not crawl out, nor could we have him out; and ere we fetched help, the things in its depth would have made help of no avail."

Finally the caravan arrives and in it is the Lady Zuleika. She has been purchased that she may become the wife of Pharaoh's general, the Lord Potiphar. When Judah hears this he says: "The lady Zuleika—I have heard strange tales of her beauty—and her wisdom."

Zuleika is very much taken up with the wares of the brothers and exclaims: Buy all their wares at their own price.

Joseph's voice is heard from the pit in a sort of chant.

The Lord my God; the Almighty God,
He shall lift me out of the mire.

Judah: (Starting) What is that?

Dan: It is Joseph! He is alive!

Issacher: If the strangers hear him—!

Joseph's voice:

They digged a pit for me and cast me in,
But I shall arise and confound them,
For my God is the only God,
The gods of the strangers are stocks and stones:
But my God is Almighty!

Zuleika's Voice: (Angrily) Who mocketh at my gods?
Who singeth of a God that is greater than mine?

Ani: (Who has come to the dried well and is peering into it)
There is one in the well—

Zuleika's Voice: Have him come forth!

Ani: He standeth among serpents—

Zuleika's Voice: He standeth among serpents? Have him forth quickly!

Zuleika's Voice: He mocketh at my gods. Strip him and slay him!

Heru: Well said! At last we shall have sport for our money.

Judah: (Angrily) Ye cannot slay the lad!

Joseph: (Calmly) Ye cannot slay me.

Heru: Can we not? (To a slave) Show him the knife.

Joseph: God will deliver me, for He is not a lying God as yours are—

Zuleika's Voice: Slay him!—I will wash my hands in his blood.

Heru: (To slave) Make ready.

Judah: See how he faces them!

Levi: (Veiling his face) I cannot look upon this.

Zuleika's Voice: Wait!—I would see!

When Zuleika sees him she becomes so deeply enthralled by his beauty that she says: Lo! I sought a gift to bring to my lord Potiphar, and I found nought. Here is what I sought. Thou, buy this lad of his brothers, and I will give him to my lord to be his slave.

Then we go back to Jacob's tent where they are assembling to celebrate the fact that Joseph has come of age.

Judah: Father, thy blessing!

Jacob: Where is Joseph?

Judah: Where should he be, but safe in thy keeping?

Jacob: I sent him to see whether all was well with you.

Again Jacob says: Why tarriest Joseph?—And Reuben?—where is my first-born?

Rachel cries to Simeon: Son of Leah, where is my child?

Levi: Behold, father, the maids and men grow impatient.

Jacob: Can we begin without Reuben and Joseph?

Levi: They will be here anon.

Jacob: Begin, then; but I am troubled.

As the festivities go on Jacob pays tribute to Rachel.

Jacob:

For, lo! I stood by the well at mid-day,
 And Rachel came thither with Laban's sheep;
 And when I beheld her, I loved her.
 I served Laban seven years for Rachel:
 Seven years of my life I gave for Rachel:
 And Laban gave me Leah to wife.
 Leah was tender-eyed:
 But Rachel was beautiful and well-favored,
 And yet another seven years I served Laban for Rachel.
 And Rachel was my wife, and I loved her.
 But Rachel bare me no son.
 Other sons I had, but my beloved was not their mother.

Then God remembered Rachel
 And she bare a son and called his name Joseph.
 And tonight we are gathered to do him honor,
 To do him honor whom I love with uttermost love,
 For he is come to man's estate.
 I made him a coat of many colors,
 To be for a sign of his dignity:
 Red for courage, and azure for wisdom,
 Green for prayer, and white for purity.
 And all his brethren are here with gifts;
 And ye are here with your songs and dances—
 But Joseph tarries—Joseph is in the storm—
 (He drops the harp, and stands with extended arms)
 Joseph! Joseph! my beloved! Where art thou?

(With a hideous rattle of metal rings the curtains at the back are torn asunder. There is a blinding and prolonged quiver of lightning, and in it, fierce and terrible, stands Reuben. All turn to him with a gasp of horror.)

Reuben: (Holding up the coat of many colors) This have I found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no!

(Jacob reaches for it with inarticulate cries, and falls forward on his face. There is a terrible crash of thunder and sudden pitch darkness. A great wail of mourning is heard, and the curtain falls.)

In a later scene we have Joseph asking to go forth to war with Potiphar. Potiphar has promised Joseph his freedom on his return from war but says: Now, Joseph, I crave a boon.

Joseph: My Lord—! Do with me as thou wilt.

Potiphar: Fighters I have as the sands of the desert, but no friend I love as I love thee! Ah! thou shalt lose nought by granting my request. Lo! I make thee lord of my household while I am at the war, and whatever is mine I put in thy charge. Maidens and men, ye hear?

Heru: We hear and obey.

Potiphar: But chiefest, I commit to thy keeping the lady Zuleika. Joseph—Joseph—watch over her as though thou wert myself.

Joseph: As thou leavest her, my lord, so shalt thou find her.

While Potiphar is away the famous temptation occurs. Before Zuleika matures her plans a charming little scene takes place between Joseph and Asenath, his sweetheart.

Asenath: Thou holdest me afar off.

Joseph: Let me speak of serious things.

Asenath: Is not love a serious thing?

Joseph: It is of love I speak.

Asenath: I cannot hear thee so far away.

Joseph: I cannot speak when thou art nearer.

Asenath: Oh, speak quickly, then.

Joseph: Tomorrow at dawn my lord returneth, and I shall be free. My first errand will be to thy father.

Asenath is hardly out of the way when Wakara, the handmaid of Zuleika appears, and the following conversation occurs:

Wakara: Joseph—Joseph!

Joseph: Who calleth.

Wakara: Tis I—Wakara.

Joseph: What is thine errand?

Wakara: The lady Zuleika hath news of my lord's return.

Joseph: I sent her the news.

Wakara: She biddeth thee come to her, to tell her more.

Joseph: There is no more to tell.

Wakara: She commandeth thee to come.

Joseph: Tell thy mistress I am on guard. I may not come.

Wakara: Thy mistress commandeth thee, her slave.

Joseph: Not hers, but her husband's. I will not come.

Wakara: I cannot carry so rough an answer.

Joseph: Speak it gently; I have no other.

Zuleika having failed with her first message sends Wakara with another. When she was leaving Joseph after her first errand, she came across some persons who were plotting against Pharaoh's life. Zuleika catches at this point and sends a message that brings Joseph.

Joseph: My lord made me overseer of his house. I rest neither by day nor by night.

Zuleika: I know thy zeal for thy lord. I ask why thou scornest me?

Joseph: I hold my lord's wife in highest honor. Tell me now what thou hadst me hither to tell me?

Zuleika: Had I ought to tell thee?

Joseph: And Wakara said my lord Potiphar was in danger.

Zuleika: Wakara was dreaming.

Joseph: Is that not true? Then I take my leave.

Zuleika: Wait. There was another matter. But I cannot remember.

Joseph: My lord's return?

Zuleika: Ay, perchance.

Joseph: All is ready.

Zuleika: Ay—thou hast toiled by day and night. Take this ring for reward.

Joseph: (Refusing it) I need no reward.

Zuleika: So proud and scornful—yet a slave?

Joseph: Forgive me. Farewell.

Zuleika: Nay, I am not angered. Nay, thou shalt not go. Art thou not in some sort mine? I saved thee from horrible death.

Joseph: I have not forgotten.

Joseph: That touch—! Where else have I felt it?

Zuleika: Thy lips are parched—

Joseph: I thirst!—I thirst!

Zuleika: Drink—beloved!

(She bends over him and kisses him long on the lips. Suddenly, with a cry of intense horror, he breaks away from her.)

Joseph: The serpent's kiss! Hah! Now I remember! Thy sinuous limbs—I saw them in the well! Thy shimmering hair—so the serpents shone as they writhed!—Thy flaming eyes—so theirs flamed in the darkness!—Thy fingers about my throat—so they coiled about me!

Zuleika: Beloved, thou art frenzied!

Joseph: Ay, and my frenzy hath dragged me to shame! How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?

Zuleika: What is thy God to me? I cling to thee! I clutch thee!

Joseph: Farewell!

(He dashes out. Zuleika is on her knees clutching the cloak he has left in her hand. After a moment's stupor she rises to her full height. She raises her hands, grasping the cloak in her left hand and her dagger in her right, to the goddess.)

Zuleika: Smite him, thou! Slay him! Art thou a goddess and canst not blast him? (With a sudden revulsion she clasps the cloak to her breast) Nay! I love thee! I love thee! (She sinks on the couch in a frenzy, and stabs and slashes the cloak with her dagger.) I would this were thy heart! I would I had let thee rot in thy well!—(Another change) Thy lips! Thy lips! (She presses the cloak frantically to her lips.)

Potiphar comes back and proclaims Joseph a free man. He is in the midst of bestowing other rewards for all of his careful work when Zuleika, almost hysterical, presents Joseph's outer garment as proof of her claim that he has insulted her. Zuleika accomplishes her malicious design and Joseph is cast into prison. While there he wins the friendship of the keeper, becomes acquainted with the chief butler and chief baker, and learns why they were cast into prison.

Imhotep: I have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it.

Joseph: Do not interpretations belong to God? Tell me thy dream, I pray thee.

Imhotep: In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; and in the vine were three branches: and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes: and Pharaoh's cup was in my hand; and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand.

Joseph: This is the interpretation of it: The branches are

three days: yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place: and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand after the former manner when thou wast his butler.

Imhotep: Oh, friend, thou hast filled my heart with joy!

Joseph: But think of me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house: for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews; and here also I have done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon.

Imhotep: By thy God and my gods I swear, not a day shall pass, but I will have thee forth with great honor.

Serseru: My Lord—the interpretation was good—I also have dreamed—give me comfort.

Joseph: Conscience alone can give comfort; but speak.

Serseru: I also was in my dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head; and in the uppermost basket there was all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head.

Joseph: This is the interpretation thereof: The three baskets are three days. Yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee.

Then we have the meeting of Pharaoh and the wise men.

Pharaoh: Are the priests and sages here as I commanded?

Tehuti: O, King, they await thy word.

The priests and sages are unable to interpret Pharaoh's dream and Imhotep recalls the fact that Joseph interpreted the dreams of himself and the baker correctly. Joseph is called for and Pharaoh relates his dream.

Pharaoh: In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river; and there came out of the water seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored; and they fed in a meadow; and, behold, seven other kine came up after them; poor and very ill-favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness: and the lean and the ill-favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine; and when they had eaten them up it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill-favored, as at the beginning. So I woke.

Pharaoh: And I saw in my dream; and, behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good; and, behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east-wind, sprung up after them: and the thin ears devoured the seven good ears! And I told this unto the magicians: but there was none that could declare it unto me.

Joseph: God hath shewed Pharaoh what He is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years, and the seven good ears are

seven years: the dream is one. And the seven thin and ill-favored kine that came up after them are seven years; and the seven empty ears blasted with the wind shall be seven years of famine. This is the thing which I have spoken unto Pharaoh: what God is about to do He sheweth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout the land of Egypt.—And then shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be remembered in the land by reason of that famine following; for it shall be very grievous. And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass!

Joseph having been tested completely before the court and not found wanting is rewarded by Pharaoh.

Pharaoh: Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art: Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled; only in the throne will I be greater than thou. Joseph art thou no more, but I will call thee Zaphenath Paneth, the prince of the days to be. See! I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. Bow the knee!

All: Hail, prince of life!

Then follows the scene of the brothers with their father, Jacob, in Palestine.

Reuben: The food we brought out of Egypt is all spent.

Asher: My children, and my children's children clamor for bread.

Reuben: It is the curse of God for the evil we did unto Joseph.

Levi: Now we must go down to Egypt a second time.

Serah sings in the wilderness.

Serah:

I sit alone in the wilderness,
 My children are perishing around me
 Mother, mother, they cry,
 We hunger, we are a-thirst,
 Cry not to me, O children,
 Cry to the captain of Israel!
 As for me, I am dried up;
 My heart-strings are rent asunder,
 Even as I rend the strings of my harp!

Jacob: Who singeth? Is it thou, Serah, daughter of Asher?

Serah: Father, it is I! My child is dying!

Jacob: Joseph, my beloved, is dead; and Simeon is a captive in a strange land.

Serah: But we, the living, are an-hungered.

Reuben: All the seed of Israel will surely perish.

Jacob: Go again; buy us a little food.

Judah: The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, Ye shall not see my face, except your brother, Benjamin, be with you.

Jacob: Me have ye bereaved of my children; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take away Benjamin, whom his mother died in bearing: all these things are against me.

Reuben: Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee.

Jacob: Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother?

Levi: The man asked us straitly of our state, and of our kindred, saying, Is your father yet alive? Have ye another brother?

Issachar: Could we certainly know that he would say, Bring your brother down?

Gad: The man knew all things: for though the city hath ten gates; and we went in, each of us by a separate gate, yet he knew all our going and coming.

Zebulum: He is called the Revealer of Secrets.

Judah: Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go; that we may live, and not die, both we and thou, and our little ones.

Serah: Israel! Israel!

Judah: I will be surity for him; of my hand shalt thou require him. If I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame forever. For except we had lingered, surely now we had returned this second time.

Jacob: God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your brother, and Benjamin. If I be bereaved, I am bereaved.

Joseph prepares to meet his brethren. The door on the left is thrown open. Finally Joseph introduces his brothers to the crowd. Asenath, his wife, comes forward bringing Joseph's little sons, and Simeon and Benjamin.

Joseph: Behold! These are my brethren from the Land of Canaan. Shew them like honor as ye shew unto me!

Reuben: Now must we hasten to Canaan to tell our father the great news.

Joseph: Nay, but ye shall abide here, and send for your wives and your little ones; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours.

Judah: Our father yearneth for Benjamin—and for thee also he hath grieved all the years that thou was lost.

Joseph: Throw wide the gates!

(All the enclosure at the back is removed. The gardens are full of an excited throng. Through the crowd comes a procession of Canaanites, men, women, and children; in their midst, Jacob, borne on a litter high on the shoulders of eight bearers. Joseph awaits the entrance of the litter, with Manasseh on his left hand and

Ephraim on his right. Asenath stands a little behind, all with their backs to the audience. The Brethren, at the sight of Jacob, have cried: "Jacob! Our father! Israel!" and have made room for Joseph and his group to stand alone. The litter is set down, being so built that when it is on the ground Jacob is very nearly upright.

Joseph: Great Israel! Behold thy son! (He rushes to his father's arms.)

Jacob: Now let me die, since I have seen thy face! (He rises with out-stretched arms, inspired.) Joseph is a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall; the archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and persecuted him; but his bough abode in strength and the arms of his hands were made strong, by the hands of the Mighty One of Jacob, even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee, and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the breast and of the womb. The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills; they shall be on the head of Joseph, and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.

(All stretch their arms out to him in the soft afterglow of the sunset.)

Joseph: He raiseth the poor from the dust; from the depths He lifted up the needy. Oh, Lord of Hosts, happy is the man who trusteth in Thee!

Problems of the Play

This play has no problem such as the other plays have. It is, however, an excellent example of the triumph of good over evil. It also brings into bold relief a righteous man who many centuries ago believed in a single standard of morality. The story of Joseph is conceded by our best critics to be one of the greatest stories in all literature.

Questions

1. Which one of the brothers does Parker use as a villain?
2. Do you think this story has been enriched by following the Bible narrative as closely as it is followed? If so, tell why.
3. Discuss the lines that the author puts into the mouth of Rachel. Does he make her say the thing she would be likely to say?
4. Comment upon methods of trial and punishment in ancient times and in our own day.
5. Compare Zuleika with Lucretia Borgia. (See poem "Lucretia Borgia's Feast," page 481, September, 1928, *Relief Society Magazine*.)

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in May)

THE CHILD-STUDY COURSE

Lesson 14. Adolescence.

(Based on Chapter 15, "The Child, His Nature and His Needs.")

In this chapter we come to grips with the age-old problem of adolescence. The material summarized for us here is a digest of the rich experience of Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, formerly of the Northwestern University Medical School and a frequent contributor to the literature of the adolescent period, its problems, regime and hygiene.

The materials presented by Dr. Hall in this chapter are sufficiently clear and comprehensive from the standpoint of medicine and traditional psychology, so that we shall not attempt here in this lesson outline, any elaboration. We shall, in the following paragraphs, call attention to some important yet neglected phases of the subject. This is done by way of supplementing the material contained in the book.

Some Neglected Phases of Adolescence

Most analyses of this period of human growth deal with the physical and the so-called psychological characteristics, only. The authorities on the subject have limited themselves to a description of such things as changes in height, weight, voice, the sudden maturing of the so-called social instincts, the rise of sex consciousness and what Dr. Hall in this chapter calls "reciprocal sex behavior." Students of the subject seem to have limited themselves unconsciously to an analysis of the physical and mental changes which are quite apparent during this period. The point is that few, if any, studies are available showing the changed *social* situations that affect adolescents at different periods of time.

Assuming that our problem here is to explain and therefore control the behavior of adolescence in the year of grace, 1929; and assuming that behavior is a result, not merely of the capacity of the human organism for response, but also of the nature of the stimulus, it follows logically that we must take account of all those external (social) influences which "condition" (i. e., modify) the responses of the individual.

Environment Must Be Considered

Let us consider an analogy from the physical world. All of our readers have undoubtedly heard of the simple experiment in physics from which it appears that if two objects of different weights—say a stone and a feather—are allowed to drop through a vacuum they will fall at the same rate and reach the ground

together. Yet under ordinary conditions—due to the resistance of the air—the stone falls faster and reaches the ground sooner than the feather. What is the meaning of this fact? Just this: that to account for the behavior of any object, we must take into consideration not only the nature and quality of the object, but also the nature and quality of the medium or environment in and through which the object behaves. The inference for behavior-study is probably clear, viz., that if we would understand human behavior, we must understand not merely the physical and mental structure of the human being (i. e., its *capacity* for response or behavior), but also the nature and quality of the environment and the outside stimuli which evoke, condition, and therefore modify the responses of the human being.

Stated concretely, this means that in order to understand adolescence, or any other period of life, one must also take into account the nature and quality of the world or environment of the individual. It is not enough, for example, to discover that during adolescence the boy's heart increases rapidly in size, that he suddenly becomes awkward, self-conscious; lacking polish and social grace, etc. We must take into account and understand the influence of current ideas, customs, folkways, conventions, etc., which permeate his social world during the time he is growing up and is stepping, so to speak, on the threshold of adulthood.

Youth Adopts the Behavior of Others

It is not these sudden physical and mental changes from childhood to adulthood, detailed by Dr. Hall and others, which give parents the chief concern for adolescence today. As a matter of fact, parents are usually prepared for these rapid physical and mental changes. What present-day parents are most disturbed about, however, is the ease with which youth nowadays adopts the social and moral behavior-patterns of so-called alien groups. Take the concrete example of smoking. What gives most "Mormon" parents concern in this matter is that in spite of good home-training, hours of devotion to Sunday School work, etc., their children—many of them—smoke with impunity. The same thing might be said about intoxicating beverages. Why is it? Is it because adolescence is a period of natural perverseness? Is it because the home, the Church, and the school have failed in their duty to teach the harmfulness of these and other habits or "ways" of life? Or is it largely due to the powerful—unusually powerful—nature of the social patterns which prevail in the environment of adolescents today? It is our opinion that the so-called waywardness, moral laxity, and alleged perverseness of modern youth is due primarily to this last-named situation.

Conditions Are Rapidly Changing

Two things of importance might be said on this point further. In the first place there never has been in the history of the world such a shuffling, such an intermixture of cultural and moral stand-

ards, as exists in American life today. The recency of this intermixture will be appreciated when one is reminded that within the memory of most of our readers, our social order—particularly in the Church—was once characterized by a homogeneity and a singleness of pattern which amounted almost to an insulation against the inroads of the behavior and moral patterns of the “outsider.”

In the second place, many of the things which modern youth are presumably addicted to are defined as wrong by their parents, but are, in their own minds, at least, merely innocuous folkways. Take, for instance, the current use of cosmetics. The majority of adolescent girls today use cosmetics in some form or other. If, however, the adolescent girl thirty years ago had used cosmetics as freely as does her daughter today, she would have been regarded as “fast” and more or less immoral, for the simple reason that, as a general rule, only the “fast” and immoral girl (except, of course, people of the stage) used cosmetics, and parents today are unconsciously applying the attitude of thirty years ago to the situation as it exists in 1929. The same thing might be said in the case of cigarette smoking. The young man, and certainly the young woman, who, thirty years ago, used cigarettes, stamped himself (or herself) as a member of a liberal, Bohemian, or even *risque* class.

The New Freedom of Youth

But since cigarette smoking has been popularized and extended—due, by the way, to modern business methods—it is incorrect to assume that the use of the cigarette today is as immoral as it was a generation ago.

This simple fact, unfortunately, constitutes a serious stumbling block to our well-intentioned efforts to deal with youth in the modern world; we unconsciously apply to youth today the moral standards of a generation or so ago. They will not work.

It seems not too much to say, therefore, that a most fruitful field for further inquiry, in any attempt to understand and constructively motivate the adolescent of today, is the realm of these economic and socio-psychological forces. (This is not meant to depreciate, at all, the importance of the physical and mental characteristics of adolescence.)

For the Further Stimulation of Thought

1. What are the distinguishing characteristics of pre-adolescence, adolescence, and adulthood?
2. When should a boy and a girl normally reach puberty?
3. Should pre-adolescent children be put in the same grade as older adolescents? Why? or why not?
4. Is it possible that children adopt vulgar sex expressions because of our failure to provide them with the correct and dignified terms for anatomical parts and bodily processes?

5. What does Dr. Hall mean by the "wood-and-water-loving period of pre-adolescence?"

6. When should sex instruction begin? By whom should it be given?

7. Why is it wrong to attempt to control self-abuse in the child by "threatening" him with insanity?

8. Is it possible that many adolescents go to extremes in the use of tobacco, liquor, etc., in order merely to assert their independence of their parents?

9. Is it wiser to keep adolescent boys and girls from smoking, drinking, etc., by not letting them see smoking or drinking in others (or reading or hearing cigarette advertisements) for instance, or by developing within them a certain moral immunity, so that they might live in a world of cigarettes, liquor, and other harmful things, yet still be immune to their influence?

10. To what extent can a community, even a state, resist or control the tremendous influence of the economic forces which are at work in American life today? Does it not seem necessary or feasible, in order to counteract these modern tendencies, to employ the same ingenuity and resourcefulness in promoting "the 'Mormon' way of life" that is now employed in launching a new brand of cigarette, for example?

A Reverie

I am a child,
 And all is spring
 Birds and butterflies awing;
 All in nature seem to sing
 For happiness.

The scene is changed;
 The time is June.
 The roses bud and burst in bloom;
 Sweet fragrance bathes the silver moon
 And lovers dream.

The dream's come true;
 The harvest's come!
 The ripened fields; the happy home!
 Serenely calm 'neath heaven's dome,
 Smiles Autumn time.

Winter and age—
 But 'neath their shroud
 Rest flowers, the birds, the bees, the crowd.
 All nature in sweet sleep is bowed
 Waiting for Spring.

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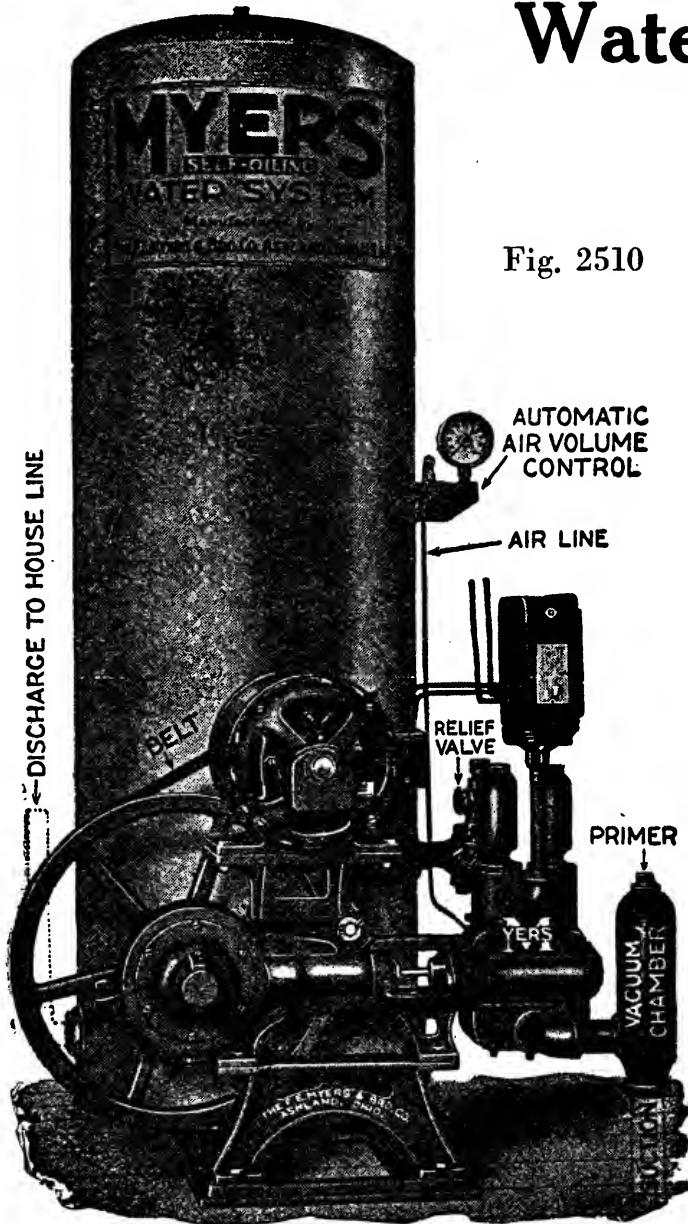


Fig. 2510

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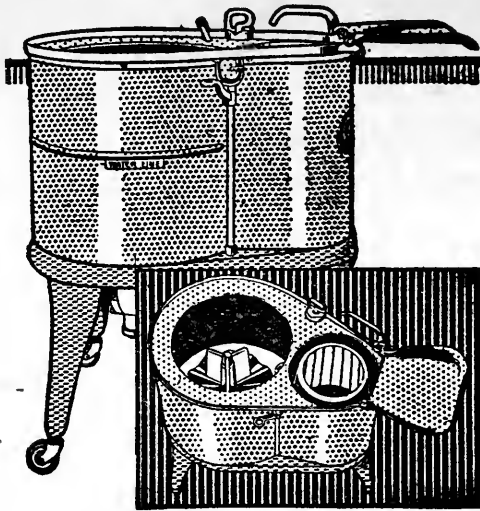
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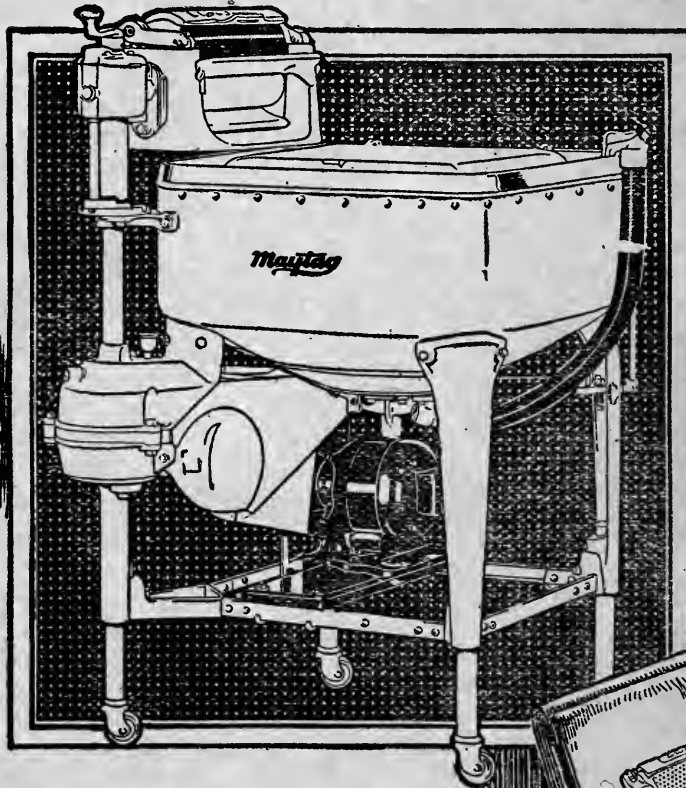
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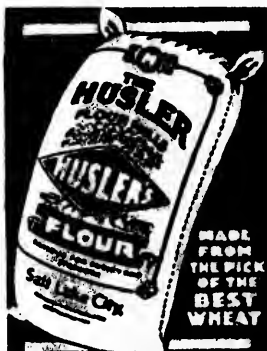


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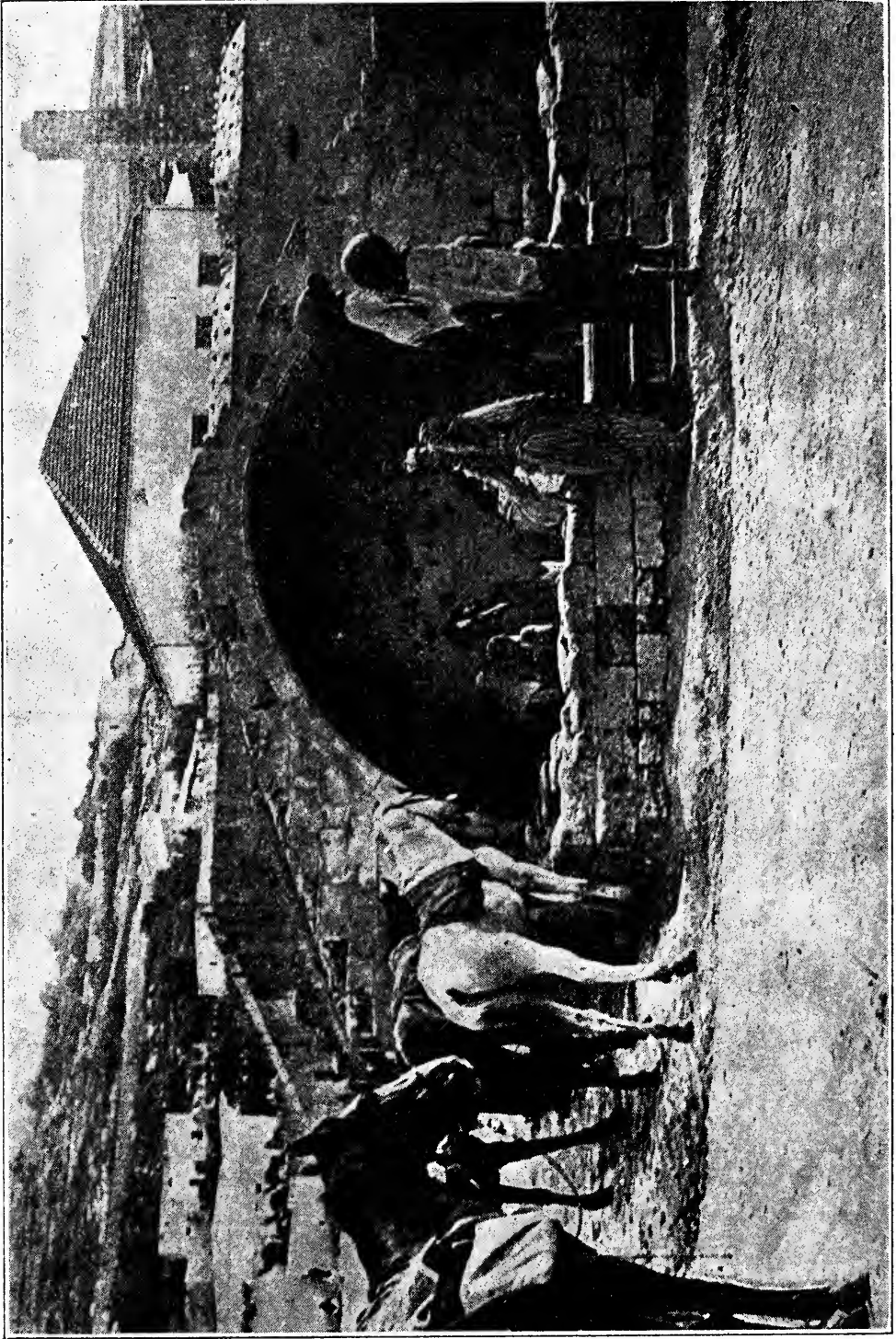
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VOL. XVI

APRIL, 1929

NO. 4



THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN, IN NAZARETH

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVI

APRIL, 1929

No. 4

My Ideal

Third Poem to Receive Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxe,
Snow Poetry Contest

By Mrs. Elsie Parton, New South Wales, Australia

No canyon grand or mountain peak,
Bright flow'ry dell, or willowed creek,
No eerie scene where fairies bathe
'Neath mossy banks in forest glade
Holds my ideal.

It is not held in silver note
Of music sweet, from singer's throat.
Nor setting sun, whose crimson hue
Splashes like blood the western blue,
Holds my ideal.

But wrinkled cheek, once bright and red,
Now pale and worn, its bloom long fled,
Dear toil-worn hands, once smooth and white.
That always guided me aright—
Holds my ideal.

Battered with time and years of care,
With faltering step and silver hair;
Deep-furrowed brow o'er eyes that shine
With tender love as they meet mine—
Holds my ideal.

Earth's greatest heroes pass away;
Kingdoms vanish in a day;
But high where nothing can compare
My mother stands exalted there,
As my ideal.

The Letter and the Spirit

By Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve

“The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.”—1 Cor. 3:6.

How prone we are, when studying the Scriptures or other sacred teachings, to tie ourselves down to the letter of what has been written or spoken, regarding too little the Spirit that indited it and is alone capable of interpreting or making it plain. “Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,” says Paul—referring of course to the natural eye, the natural ear, and the inability of such organs to see or hear heavenly things. “But,” adds the Apostle, “God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.”

As an example of the letter requiring interpretation by the Spirit, let us first consider this passage from Genesis: “So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them.” (Gen. 1:27.)

To the casual reader this might imply that God is both male and female—a bi-sexual being. But we know better, having been correctly taught. We know that God is “an exalted Man” who “sits enthroned in yonder heavens.” (I quote from the Prophet Joseph Smith.) The male, not the female of the human species, is in the image or likeness of the Eternal Father. But,

“In the heavens are parents single?

No; the thought makes reason stare.

Truth is reason—truth eternal

Tells me I’ve a Mother there.”

So says the poet-prophetess, Eliza R. Snow, in her immortal invocation to the Eternal Father and Mother. What is that glorious hymn but an example of the Spirit interpreting the Letter?—the Spirit of Truth—the “secret something” that whispered to her of her heavenly origin.

It was in the image or likeness of the Eternal Mother that woman was created. The Creator was speaking of man in the generic sense—mankind—when He said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.” “The man is not without the woman, nor the woman without the man, in the Lord.” Wedded, they are as one, the two together constituting the unit of the race.

A too rigid adherence to the letter of the Mosaic Law,

and a bigoted contempt for the Gospel or Higher Law, caused the Pharisees and Sadducees to reject the Messiah. They professed to revere Moses and the Prophets, but being without the Spirit that illumines and gives life to the letter, they failed to see clearly the meaning of the Mosaic Code and the Book of Prophecy. For instance, they thought it a sin to do any work on the Sabbath day, and found fault with the Savior for healing the sick on that day. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," He told them, and further confounded and angered them by declaring: "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day,"—meaning, of course, if necessary, as when food is prepared "in singleness of heart," to sustain the body while keeping the Sabbath or otherwise worshipping the Lord. To paraphrase His own illustration: If an ox has fallen into the ditch and needs instant help, it is lawful to extend that help, even though it be on the Sabbath day.

These and like teachings, reflecting the highest wisdom and the soundest common sense, sealed the doom of the sinless Son of God. His enemies invoked the letter of the law against the One who had given that law ages before, and because He, by the Spirit, now taught a higher law—the time being ripe for it—He was condemned and crucified.

Next, let us take the case of the Christian Church in the early centuries after the age of the Apostles, when uninspired teachers, aiming to interpret the letter without the Spirit, led the flock astray. Among other things, they misinterpreted the Eucharist or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "Eat—this is my body." "Drink—this is my blood." So the Savior is represented as saying of the bread and wine blessed by Him and given to his Apostles on the night before his crucifixion. But is it a true translation? When Jesus introduced the same ordinance among the Nephites He was more explicit, saying "This shall ye do in remembrance of my body" and "in remembrance of my blood which I have shed for you." (Book of Mormon—3 Nephi 18:7-11.) A clearer idea of the Sacrament and its purpose is thus given.

But suppose He did say to the Apostles: "This is my body and my blood"? The Spirit that was in them made plain the Master's meaning. He could not have meant that the bread was indeed his body, or the wine his blood; for his body was then intact, unbroken—He was speaking to them out of it. And his blood was in his veins, yet unspilt. His true disciples, in all ages, when partaking of the Sacrament worthily, receive of his Spirit, which is the food of their spirits, the power by which they grow and become strong. But they do not chew his flesh nor drink his blood. If He really said, "This is my body,—this is my blood," it was only a short way

of saying what He intended. He was not speaking literally; He was using a metaphor, an implied comparison, a common custom with Orientals.

But after the Apostles had departed, and uninspired leaders arose, the opposite or literal view was taken, and by their faulty interpretation millions of souls have been misled. We can and should respect their sincerity, but we cannot accept or approve their doctrine. It is always right to be sincere, but sincerity is not always right.

Another case in point. John the Apostle wrote, or is supposed to have written: "No man hath seen God at any time." (John 1:18.) How are we to understand that, granting it to be a correct translation?—for we are under no obligation to believe even the Bible except in-so-far as it has been translated correctly. Did not Adam see God? Did not Enoch walk with God? Did not Jehovah appear to Abraham? Did not Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu and seventy of the Elders of Israel go up into the mountain and see the God of Israel? The Bible says so, and modern revelation confirms it. Did not the Apostles see Jesus Christ, in whom "dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily?" Was He not "the Word that was God" and was "made flesh" and dwelt among them, that they might see Him? John himself declares it (John 1:1, 14); and yet is made to say, in the very same connection, "No man hath seen God at any time."

What then? Shall we cling to the letter of that one statement, and ignore all that went before it, both history and doctrine? Why, it would tear out the foundations of the Christian religion. It would blot out all the Gospel dispensations and destroy every hope of salvation. No, let us put life into the dead letter, and make it read as it ought to read. And how ought it to read? Moses virtually decides, the question in saying:

"Now mine own eyes have beheld God; but not my natural, but my spiritual eyes, for my natural eyes could not have beheld; for I should have withered and died in his presence; but his glory was upon me; and I beheld his face, for I was transfigured before him." (Pearl of Great Price—Moses 1:11.)

Thus the wrinkle is smoothed out. "No man"—with his natural eyes—"hath seen God at any time." Or, as our own revered Prophet puts it: "No man hath seen God at any time in the flesh, except quickened by the Spirit of God" (Doc. and Cov. 67:11)—which means precisely the same thing.

In Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" Shylock demands the literal fulfillment of the bond that Antonio has forfeited, and insists upon his "pound of flesh, to be by him cut off near-

est the merchant's heart." Portia, pleading for Antonio, entreats the Jew to be merciful. "Upon what compulsion must I?" he asks. Then Portia:

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd:
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

This plea, so sublime in letter and in spirit, having failed to melt the hard-hearted money-lender, Portia next reads into the bloodthirsty bond an interpretation so literal that it completely baffles the cruel and vindictive schemer, takes him in his own snare, and rescues the merchant from his peril. It was a triumph of letter over letter, one might say. But it was also a triumph of the Spirit.

There are times, however, when the Letter almost crowds the Spirit off the platform. Here is an instance. A pious father was taking to task his little son for uncharity; the boy having angrily expressed himself over some wrong, real or fancied, done him by another. "You shouldn't talk that way about your little playmate," said the father, "haven't you thought how you might heap coals of fire on his head?" "No," said the boy, "I hadn't thought of it, but it's a peach of an idea." The young Shylock!

Many things are implied that are not expressed; what is told being suggestive and inclusive of the untold. In the revelations of God given to the Church in these days, the chewing or smoking of tobacco is inhibited; but that does not leave morphine unbanned. The "dope fiend" is also a breaker of the Word of Wisdom. Again, the excessive or untimely use of "the fowls of the air" for food, is discountenanced; but the fowls of the barnyard, though unmentioned, are not omitted, but are included by implication. Gluttony is a vice, as well as drunkenness, no matter what the gourmand gorges himself upon. All excesses are hurtful to health, whether or not they be "nominated in the bond." All are infractions of divine law, the intent of which (as in human law) should

always be weighed and considered—not the letter alone.

In “seeking for wisdom out of the best of books,” as we have been commanded, we need the Holy Spirit as an interpreter, lest we blunder and go astray. The letter, alone, is an insufficient guide. Like “faith without works,” it is dead.” But the Spirit cannot err. The letter, with the conflicting interpretations put upon it, is responsible for disputations and contentions, against which we are solemnly warned. By the letter we are divided. By the Spirit we see eye to eye, and are made acceptable to Him who has said: “Except ye are one, ye are not mine.”

Le Printemps

(The Springtime)

By Brooks Kairn

I dipped with eager pen to write of spring
Then thought me of the cynic's grating words,
“How now, another poetaster bent
On gushing of the bumble-bee and birds?”

“Write on!” a milder voice bade teasingly;
“For poesy was born of such as this—
Of stream and tree—the morning's early glow,
Cold loam's awakening at Springtime's kiss.

Sing on with words to match the lark's clear note—
In lines full patterned to the bluebird's wing,
Imprison tulip's grace within your rhyme
And joyfulness of warbler's caroling.

Weave deftly golden strands of prismic light
In this, your tapestry. Let there be hint
Of brooklet's dashing play on mossy rocks—
The green of pristine leaf caught in Sol's glint.

Attune this theme you'd pen of brighter days
To fragrance of the dew-pearled mountain flower,
Blend carefully your verse to fleece-blown cloud
Revealed in cameo on turquoise bower.

All these, and more. String then your modest lyre;
Seek out the kindred pipes of elfin Pan;
Send forth this gladsome melody of Spring—
Rejoicing in a wise Creator's plan.”

What it Means to Understand Religion

By A. C. Lambert

“Until man becomes either a lotus-eater or a God he will believe and pray and worship. So long as man remains man, ‘who partly is and wholly hopes to be,’ he will be incurably religious.”

So long as men refuse to turn their backs on the great adventure of living; so long as men refuse to admit that fear cowardice, and self-seeking can permanently dominate personality; so long as men refuse to turn their faces from the search for good, which is found in the life of God revealed to men—just so long will religion remain.

For religion is the way of spiritual self-fulfillment. It is the way in which men find the ultimate significance of life’s practices and beliefs when life and the world are interpreted as a whole. Though religion has been most variously defined, its continuing reality as a human experience and an integral part of human living must be recognized.

Demonstration of the validity of the fact of religious experience comes through examination of the observable experiences and practices of human beings. Demonstration of the *value* of religious experiences is found in the feeling life of innumerable human beings. Demonstration of the ultimate truthfulness of religious doctrines and practices comes through (1) acceptance by individuals and groups of revelations from God, and pronouncements of those authorized to speak for God, (2) recognition of their consistency with other accepted truths empirically established, (3) recognition of their demonstrated power to reconstruct human lives and human institutions in directions universally recognized as “better” and good, and (4) their felt value to the individual. Any one of the four methods gains strength when supplemented by all the others.

The ultimate key to a real understanding of any religion is to feel it. That means more than to secure a knowledge of its doctrines, its theology, its ritual, its ethical and moral precepts, its ecclesiastical organization and machinery, its sacred shrines and its temples; for these, though inherently necessary, are but the body of the religion, and not its life-blood; its externals, not its reality.

A religion to be understood and to be appreciated as a

driving power to spiritual self-realization must, in some degree, be experienced. Really to understand a religion one must put himself in the place of the believers and practicers of that religion. He must have been troubled as they have been troubled. He must have struggled for spiritual light and growth as they have struggled. He must have felt God's presence as they have felt it. He must have risen through belief from sin and despair as they have risen. He must have suffered as they have suffered. He must have conquered as they have conquered. Short of this, no one may adequately understand a religious system or a great religious life.

But with understanding can come appreciation of religion as a fundamental and natural expression of life. With understanding comes less bitterness in criticism of dogma and practice. With understanding comes more intelligent toleration and cooperation between individuals whose creed, ritual, and symbols take different forms.

Ultimately, truth is individual truth. Many truths of religion may be demonstrable truths; and in order to be universally or generally accepted, they must be such truths. Empirical method is one method of demonstrating truth, and it has proved its value and place as an instrument and a creation of human thought. But ultimately, truth in religion, like truth in knowledge, is felt truth. Truth and knowledge come to be demonstrated, accepted, and depended upon, by reason of the general and continuing uniformity in the way human beings think and feel about it. Let men not delude themselves in thinking that they think beyond thought.

It is, therefore, perhaps true that much of religion must remain sacredly intimate and individual. That fact need not weaken the fundamental significance of religion as a general human experience and a valuable possession for group preservation. Rather it should make men think more deeply on their own true selves, perchance to learn anew the worth of faith in human life, perchance to learn again that truth itself has many sides, that values have no meaning unless felt by human souls, and that striving after God brings light and life and hope, and in the end makes better men. In learning of all this, we come more adequately to understand religion.



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EDITORIAL

The First Editor

On the 8th day of April, 1929, Lula Greene Richards will commemorate her 80th birthday.

She was the first editor of the *Woman's Exponent*, and the Magazine rejoices to be able to congratulate her at this time. She began her editorial duties before her marriage and continued them for a short time afterwards. Ever since the day when she turned her work over to Emmeline B. Wells, her writings have appeared in Church magazines.

The ability to do things artistic may develop in children in different lines of art. This was true in the case of Robert Browning and his wife Elizabeth Barrett Browning who were poets; their son is a sculptor. Mrs. Richards has sons with literary ability, those who write both prose and poetry, but perhaps her best known son is Lee Greene, a well known painter, particularly of portraits.

We congratulate Mrs. Richards on the fact that her 80th year finds her in reasonably good health, with exceptional mental vigor for one of her advanced age; also with an amount of optimism that is truly refreshing. She has undoubtedly known trials. One of her refinement could not escape suffering yet she loves her fellow men, she loves her Father in Heaven, and in this age of skepticism when everything is being questioned,

the Gospel lamp is the guide to her feet. She has joy in the testimony of the divinity of Christ and the sure knowledge of the Resurrection; as, to use her own words, "she draws nearer to the fullness of His peace."

The Seventieth Birthday of President Clarissa S. Williams

The Magazine rejoices to be able to congratulate President Clarissa Smith Williams on her seventieth birthday, which falls on the 21st day of April, 1929. On that day the hearts of thousands will turn towards her in appreciation of her kindly ministrations extending over a very active and useful life. In the minds of those who know her best, memories, sweet and precious will arise, evoking from the hearts of all her friends tenderness and love. They will wish that, as the days come and go, she may be a special charge of divine providence; that her health may be good, her happiness secure, and that, in the mercy of heaven, no good thing may be withheld from her.

Showers, showers, of blessings we would call down upon her. We commend her at all times to the loving care of the Most High, who knows the righteousness of her heart and what a benediction her life has been to all among whom she has labored. May it be our Father's will to extend her life as long as she finds joy and satisfaction therein, with her children, her children's children, her many friends, and this good earth upon which her lot has been serenely cast.

Mrs. Jennie B. Knight Honored

The President's suite in the Hotel Utah was the scene of another festive occasion on Wednesday, February 20th, when a dinner was given to honor three Board Members, but particularly to take note of the services of Sister Jennie B. Knight, first counselor to President Clarissa Smith Williams during the period of her presidency and now a member of the General Board. The committee consisted of Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter, Mrs. Emma A. Empey and Mrs. Amy W. Evans. Corsage bouquets were placed at the covers of Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, Miss Alice L. Reynolds, and Mrs. Inez Knight Allen, in recognition of the cordial welcome and hospitality extended to Board Members during the recent Leadership Week held at the Brigham Young University.

The dinner was arranged especially to give the Board Members an opportunity to express appreciation to Sister Knight. To this end, all the Board Members paid her tribute

and were exceedingly happy for the opportunity. Some did it through the medium of stories which were part of Sister Knight's history, and some through tributes to her sterling qualities. The dinner was arranged by Mrs. Emma A. Empey and presided over by President Louise Y. Robison. It was an occasion of festive cheer and good will.

Mrs. Knight was presented with a book in a beautiful leather cover resembling Roycroft work—a book that can be used by her for her notes when she goes out to conventions or on any occasion when she wishes to use it. The presentation speech was made by Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter, who in fitting words expressed the appreciation of the Board to Sister Knight and their devotion to her.

The Centenary of the Organization of the Church

We are just one year from the centenary of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It will be the privilege of all organizations connected with the Church during the next year to demonstrate what the output of this great spiritual movement has been. This demonstration may be carried on in many ways. Art is one of the mediums of expression: it is possible to employ art in public addresses, poetry, essays, dramas, music, painting, sculpture, pageantry, as well as in exhibitions of scientific, industrial and economic achievements. This year may be one of assembling and of arranging many things, to the end that all shall be in readiness for the centenary in April, 1930. The Relief Society will have its place and in a variety of ways be able to demonstrate and review the story of its growth and achievements, establishing thereby its worth as a great welfare organization.

Editor's Note

Mrs. Julina Green is the author of the poem, "A Reverie" which was published in the March number of the *Magazine*. It is regretted that her name did not appear with the poem, as its author.

Retrospect

Lula Greene Richards

Looking backward through the vista
Of both fair and cloudy weather,
Shades and sunshine are uncurtained,
All the varied line along.
But with trusting hearts and faithful
As we love and work together,
So far the light and right have soared
Above the dark and wrong.
And instead of doleful dirges
Or a doubtful—which or whether—
Eighty years of life have proven
Like a cheery, helpful song.

Why? Because a little prayer to God
Is the earliest recollection.
My gratitude for parents such as mine can never cease.
Taught from infancy to prize and love
Christ's glorious resurrection—
My time of birth reminding
Causes reverence to increase.
Now my children and grand children
With their loyal, sweet affection
Crown my eighty snows and summers
With unmeasured joy and peace.
O—I thank Thee, Heavenly Father,
For continued blest protection—
And, withal, as often needed,
Thine unerring, kind correction—
Drawing me, Thy daughter, nearer
To a fullness of Thy peace.

The Ugly Duckling

By Estelle Webb Thomas

II.

December 25—or 26—1 a. m.—Just slipped a bath-robe over my night gown to keep from freezing, and a cap over my marcell to keep from spoiling it (the things are expensive), and am sitting up in bed to write till I get sleepy, which time isn't far distant.

Quite an interesting Christmas day for a lone, lorn Ugly Duckling!

After my light lunch, I put on my new tan suit, and made a few calls as per schedule. Had several invitations to stay with people, but declined them all as I want to rest and relax this holiday and not be obliged to wear my pleasant expression all the time—too much like school.

When I reached home in the early dusk, I found a funny old creature camped on the front step, who said that she had been over three times, and the last time "jest set down to wait till I *did* come!" She brought a little note from Mrs. Douglas, next door, saying that she was a good friend, though a recent one, of mother's; and as her son had told her that I was all alone in the house, she had taken the liberty of asking me to dine with them this evening.

Mrs. Douglas proved to be a delightful old lady and put me at my ease at once, especially as the son was not present at first. As she made no reference to our little escapade, I presumed he had not mentioned it. He came in from the street in a few minutes and greeted me pleasantly but formally as the old servant came in to announce dinner. They are the sort of people who can be entertaining, and still make a guest feel interesting and at his best, too. When dinner was over, Mrs. Douglas begged to be excused, as she invariably retires immediately after dinner, and she "was sure Donovan would do his best to entertain me." I was surprised to see "Donovan" unconcernedly lift the old lady in his arms (I had noticed that she was very lame), and after asking me to excuse him for a moment, walk calmly and easily up the stairs with her. He was back immediately and suggested that we "step out" as the evening was still young. So we saw "Charlie's Aunt," played by a bunch of High School kids in the H. S. Auditorium. Mr. Douglas suggested a dance afterward—there was one in progress at Daly's Movie Palace, but I

felt he had sufficiently atoned for his last evening's *faux pas* and said I had rather go home. I preferred to walk too, for the night was clear and starry and beautifully white with snow.

Mr. Douglas hesitated after he had said "Good-night," and asked if I wouldn't let him start my fire before he left. I hadn't intended having a fire, but no one will ever know how relieved I was at having someone go in with me and turn on the lights. Goodness knows, I'm not a coward; but there's something about going into a dark, empty house—! Well, the upshot of it was, that we passed a most interesting hour before the fire, with some of mother's fruit-cake, and my home-smoked cocoa for refreshment. When he finally left we had a good many side-lights on each other's history and felt quite like old friends.

December 27—Had lunch today with Sally Turner, who used to be the class niddy, but who now has me bested by the possession of a cute little house, a set of new furniture, and a husband. This latter appeared to be something she has picked up at a bargain sale—cheap; but she is satisfied, and fairly exuded pity at my unattached state.

"You'll never know what happiness is, Daisy," she gushed, till you have a loving husband and a dear little nest of your own."

I was trying to walk this off when I ran plump into Mr. Douglas, hurrying along with a pre-occupied frown on his brow and a suit-case in his hand.

"Why the savage expression?" he asked by way of greeting, though I had not known I was showing my vexation so openly. "Only an over-dose of the sunny side of life," I replied, trying to look more amiable than I felt.

"Come with me and I'll give you a view of the seamy side," said my new friend, taking my arm and turning me gently about as he spoke, "Only I'm late and in a pow'ful hurry, as Janet says; so if you don't mind we'll have a walking contest! That is," he added, "unless you have other plans."

I was curious about his "seamy side" of life until he explained that he is a doctor, newly arrived and trying to build up a practice by unfailing interest and promptness.

As old Dr. Halley has no financial necessity for work and has become so cross and crochety that people would almost rather die by themselves than disturb his nights, I foresee a successful future for young Dr. Douglas in our town and told him so. He seemed pleased and told me he had had a chance to take over his father's practice in a large Eastern town at the time of his recent death, but had decided to come west for the sake of his mother's failing health, and sincerely hoped he would be able to make a "go" of it.

The Doctor's mother came too, and while he attended the "flu"

patients to whom he had been making daily visits for a week, though there was nothing in it for him but getting a practice established, his mother explained, she descanted on the perfections of her handsome son; much to his discomfiture, I could see, when he caught the drift of her confidences. Running down presently on the subject of Donovan, she began to ask me a few polite questions. Mother and the professor called, and mother had been in a number of times; but they had been in town only two months, and knew so few people? She asked about my sisters, and my name.

"Margaret!" she repeated, when I told her, "Why, that is the name of the girl Donovan is going to marry! Do you hear that, Don? You'll enjoy calling Miss Wallace Margaret, won't you, dear?" I hastened to explain that I am always called Daisy; and Mr. Douglas remarked a trifle dryly that he had hardly got to the stage of calling me Margaret, yet.

As most of his visits were to flu patients and the doctor advised us to stay in the open air, I learned something of Margaret, the fiance. She was the daughter of an old and valued friend, and it had been the desire of Donovan's father's heart as well as of Margaret's father that the two should eventually marry. The engagement had made Donovan's father very happy, coming as it did during his last long illness, when he was worrying about Don's future, and when Margaret was so kind and attentive to the bed-fast old friend.

Don had been inclined to be a trifle wild—not bad, of course—just gay and reckless; but his father's death had sobered him wonderfully and he had become as steady as his father himself, and as thoughtful of her.

I rather hoped the doctor would come in when he brought me home, but he very formally took his leave at the front door. Perhaps the thought of the absent fiance is haunting him, and he feels he shouldn't be so nice to every Ugly Duckling he meets. I confess the absent Margaret rather spoiled the picture for me, and I'm going straight to sleep and not weave a single romance around a tall dark-eyed young doctor with an interesting name.

January 1—I threw the diary in a corner when I finished writing last time and only resurrected and dusted it off again tonight to finish recording this episode before going back to school tomorrow. The day after my last entry the doctor was called out of town, and didn't get back until last evening. I passed several very dull days calling and receiving callers, dining with friends and going to movies, and wishing heartily for the time to come when I must go back to work. Janet came over to ask me to dinner with Mrs. Douglas yesterday, and volunteered the information that the doctor is gone and his mother was lonely. I

was really relieved that the doctor was away. I had thought he was purposely avoiding me, and felt furiously angry at myself at snapping up so eagerly the little crumbs of companionship he had offered me, as if I never had had any attention before. But since he was gone I could go to dinner with his mother without any sacrifice of pride; so to please her I got myself up in my very best bib and tucker and went over early, resolved to be as amusing as possible and try to pay some of my debt of gratitude for their kindness. But dinner was barely commenced when in walked Dr. Douglas! How dreadful I felt! The conceited thing had been so cool to me that last evening, and now to find me hanging around his mother, as if waiting meekly for him to return, was too provoking! I hurried home as soon as I decently could, but the doctor insisted on coming with me, and seemed rather offended when I refused to let him come in and make a fire.

I told him I was leaving on the six-thirty train, and intended going straight to bed, and really enjoyed his unmistakable look of disappointment. So that's the last of Dr. Donovan Douglas, so far as I am concerned, and after tomorrow my contacts will be with the Primary Department of the Green Valley school and Mr. Dixon, principal of same.

January 5—Mrs. Lowell's Up-Stairs Left-Hand' Bedroom.—Well, back again, ready to deal out knowledge in large doses to my young hopefuls. Arrived cold and weary last evening at nine o'clock in a veritable blizzard. Quite a price to pay for the privilege of spending Christmas all by myself in a deserted house! but that is unkind. The Douglasses made it as pleasant as possible, and contrary to my last statement in my diary, I hadn't seen the last of Dr. Douglas, on New Year's night.

When I came down the steps in the dim, gray early morning there stood the Doctor's car with the Doctor in it, waiting to drive me to the station. I felt an over-whelming sense of obligation and tried to tell him so, but he only smiled and replied with a look in his handsome brown eyes that made me turn my own away, that perhaps I could return the favor sometime. There was no time for conversation for we were barely in time, but as Dr. Douglas hurried me into the car and my suit-case after me, he asked if he might write. So there's that to look forward to when the children get too dumb, and life looks too drab.

January 8—One week of the second semester gone. The children were little fiends after their week of merry-making, late hours, and too much candy. I should have sent the whole roomful in to Mr. Dixon en masse, I was so provoked one afternoon, if he had not looked so harassed with his own set of young ideas.

I have been so busy with my own private problems that Mr. Dixon had failed to make much impression on me before; but today I got to wondering what his story is—perhaps something

interesting enough for one of my romances. For that's my secret ambition. I'm trying to write—and making a sad failure so far. I believe I might be able to accomplish something at it if my time were my own, but if I get out of bed just teeming with bright ideas the school-bell is sure to ring disgustingly early; and by the time I am free again, every bit of inspiration has fled. Then if I plan a quiet evening at my scribbling, Mrs. Lowell is sure to get up some sort of "Do," and insist on "teacher" coming down to be the life of the party. But I am not going to give up till I find, like Joe, whether "genius burns" or not. Still, if I devote all my spare time to this Journal, what is to become of my "literary career?"

Haven't heard from "anybody" at home, but had a letter from mother saying that Lisbeth is much better, and she and the professor will be home in another week.

Easter Thoughts

Elsie E. Barrett

Glad Easter Morn'. Break forth in song!
Sing praises to your King!
The clouds of doubt have rolled away,
And death has lost its sting.

How soul-inspiring just to think
That Jesus died for me;
So wonderful to have the thought
That He'll provide for me;
That He has risen from the tomb
For such as I—robbed death of gloom.

O Jesus, help my faith to grow,
Help me to feel my debt;
Though I can never, never pay,
Help me, lest I forget.

Elvira Lathrop

By Fay Ollerton

Elvira Lathrop did not go back to the store that afternoon before Thanksgiving. She hurried back and forth in her adobe house with its lean-to, getting the rooms cleaned in preparation for her absence tomorrow. Alone she still had the stooped gait of a woman whose head had first leaned forward in expectancy, then drooped with resentment, and later grown careless. She was a spinster in a town of almost unanimously married women, and she had grown to show a surface acceptance in her kindly timid eyes of being the butt of Red Water's jokes on feminism.

The Co-op's superintendent, Hans Nielson, knew that the next day was the yearly gathering of the Lathrop clan, and that Elvira would value the extra time. He could, she realized, be generous when it did not inconvenience him, and there would be few customers that afternoon; they would be home cleaning turkeys and chickens, baking pumpkin pies, and dusting rooms only opened for great occasions.

"I feel like maybe you would want this afternoon to make a potato cake," he teased, showing his yellow teeth.

She nodded back, pleased in spite of her dislike for the sleek little superintendent. She did not like his patronizing smile; every time he spoke she felt more poignantly than ever her thin spinsterhood, now growing into its forties; and her fight to retain her self-expression in the little sage-brush town with its red streets and its open contempt for any unwanted woman. Yet, she was flattered about the potato cake. His mention showed that the town recognized her supremacy in one line usually dedicated to wearers of the ring.

Every person must have some reason for existing, outside of the mere routine of eating and sleeping, something no matter how small that he feels he can do better than his fellows, that he can use as a barricade against the forces that would level him with the rest of his creatures. Potato cake was Elvira's weapon in Red Water's battle. No wedding supper, no pioneer day celebration, canyon outing, or woodhauler's banquet was complete without this cake. Not another woman in town could compete in the rich, moist brownness and delectable flavor of her masterpiece. Husbands invariably called for more. Often they turned to their wives with: "Why can't you make cake like this? I wish you'd get Elvir's receipt."

And their failure to get the recipe was in no way due to their lack of zeal. They had tried, after Elvira had first produced her

triumph, but ineffectually. All she told them was that a friend of hers in Salt Lake had obtained the recipe from an English aunt. The shy woman had found the sweet pleasure of excelling and she guarded her secret well.

If Red Water's housekeepers had been more in touch with the world that lay beyond their sagebrush trails and low, red hills; if they had subscribed for women's magazines now becoming practical, or even bought cook books, they might have found a potato cake recipe similar to Elvira's, but they went on handing down cooking rules from mother to daughter, and exchanging methods over back fences and at Relief Society quilting bees. Some of the wives, spurred on by their husbands, had taken recourse to experimentation; their delvings into the realms of science were sorry failures. Because their "menfolks" liked the cake, they called for it on every occasion, and Elvira would come home, her tight little heart that was carefully schooled against emotion, warmed and expanded. At such times she would chat brightly with her taciturn brother, Ward, who was a bachelor.

"You ought to have been there, Ward," she would say to the tall, spare man sitting in front of the box stove with his stockinged feet resting on the red checkered tablecloth; "they had some right nice speeches and music, and the supper was real good."

Ward would lift his somber eyes from the semi-weekly he was all week reading to say in his halting voice: "I'm glad, Elvira, that you enjoyed it," and relapse into silence again; but he knew that someone had been exuberant in his praise of the cake.

It meant a great deal to his sister, this family reunion. Some twenty years ago Elvira's skin had been smooth and clear and faintly touched with pink; her light brown hair had curled over her high forehead instead of being drawn back in its tight grayness, and she had been in love with Eric Kelner, now married to her cousin, Delia Lathrop. There had been no formal announcement; that was not Red Water's custom even now in the beginning of the second decade, but the town had known there was something serious between the two. Had he not taken Elvira to Sunday night Mutuals for two years past, ever since she had returned from the Academy at Provo, to care for her declining mother? And had he not been seen walking home from Lathrop's on wintry days with books that Elvira had loaned him? Summer evenings, too, when the fragrance of freshly cut alfalfa and garden flowers vied with the sage and rabbit brush for supremacy in the breezes, they had gone buggy riding in the weedy and brush-lined streets towards the meadows on the south, or to the East canyon. And Elvira, who had been working in the Co-op store for a year, was known to be putting away material for sheets and tablecloths. This last alone would have been proof sufficient for any

town; and in Red Water no one left his back door ajar but the neighbors knew the reason.

There had been hints among the friends of the young couple of a fall wedding; Bishop Bradford, dead these eight years, had winked at Elvira after Sacrament services one Sunday, and told her a recommend was waiting on his secretary. Perhaps the wedding would have taken place at October Conference, when the town dignitaries and three or four pairs of nearly-weds rode in their "white tops" to the nearest railway station to spend a week in the city, dividing their time among the Temple grounds, the State Fair, and the show houses, had it not been for Delia Lathrop. Delia's father had been one of the few Lathrop men to move to another part of the State, and his oldest daughter had returned for a visit. She was plump, rosy-cheeked, dark and inviting of eye, with a tongue that never failed of a beginning word, or a quick retort. Against Delia's vitality and robust voice, Elvira had shrunk into a pale and unobtrusive shadow whenever the two cousins met in the round of summer dances and parties. The quieter girl had not noticed Eric paying any particular attention to Delia until the night of the Fourth dance. According to custom the whole town, babies and grandfathers, were at the "opery house," dressed in their best, and Delia was radiant in her tarlatan gown, cut a little lower on the shoulders than the fashion of Red Water permitted. She was much sought after, surrounded between dances, and never sitting once on the hard benches. Eric had danced with her three times, and with Elvira watching had taken her to Aunt Louisy Matson's place, where starchy ice cream and home-made root beer were served on the porch and lawn.

From her seat against the wall, Elvira's cheeks had turned from blanching to burning when she saw them return. It was a direct insult, her young man leaving the dance hall with another girl, and at the height of her timid rage, Elvira had left the dance hall alone, and her lover in willing hands. Later she blamed Delia entirely. How could gentle, awkward Eric, who had lived more among the hills and books than with women, protect himself from a bold girl with full, red lips and a powder dusted nose—Aunt Sarah Lathrop, hostess to Delia, had whispered that damning fact! And in her stupid pride, Elvira had continued to leave her lover with the visitor.

Not knowing how to forget, or to substitute, which is much the same thing, Elvira had grown thin, gaunt-eyed, and more retiring. She was already looking old when next spring Eric returned with Delia from April Conference, and took her to live in his new home. Elvira's present had lain alongside of the rest of the Lathrop clan's, and several people remarked on the extravagance of giving a linen tablecloth to a mere cousin. As time passed, it pained her to see that Eric no longer had time to read, or to

think of the school plans they had talked about. He was a busy man now, working his small farm, doing odd jobs of hauling freight and loaning out himself and team to keep Delia supplied with the silk dresses she demanded; her pantry piled with materials for her bounteous table, and later providing for the regularly increasing Kelnars. It did not heal Elvira's wound any to see the ample Delia each year becoming more sharp tongued. She felt too keenly for Eric, unnecessarily stooped and worried looking, and she was growing thinner and worn herself.

Yet there were times when she could do something for her old lover and she eagerly anticipated these occasions. There was the annual birthday party for Aunt Sarah, now grown feeble, the Lathrop weddings, the holidays with their interchange of family dinners, and the Thanksgiving reunions, where Eric always sought her for a few minutes of desultory talk, and ate prodigiously of her potato cake.

"No one," he often said, "can make such good cakes as you. Elvira. I just wait for these dinners to come," and turning from the glowing spinster to his wife, "Delia is a good cook, but her cakes can't come up to these."

Elvira cherished these compliments, even though she knew they were his futile attempts to cover old sorrow, and enjoyed Delia's retort that, "she'd get that receipt or bust." The secret was too much a part of the spinster's self ever to be disclosed now.

The coming family reunion was the one oasis in an otherwise arid and disappointing year. Ward, a few years her senior, had been more crippled with rheumatism than was his wont, and had had a hard time harvesting his small crops and hauling in the winter wood from the cedar and pine-covered hills. Wool had shot down in price, until their tiny income from it would not pay for the magazines Elvira subscribed for. The brother was growing more dependent upon her: he had few pleasures, and it had been years since he had mingled in the town activities other than to attend Sacrament and Priesthood meetings.

To make matters worse, Elvira was having trouble with her left leg.

"You're on it too much. You ought just to sit down and do nothing else for months," old Dr. Dunn had told her. "If you aren't careful, you'll have some serious trouble soon."

She knew, too, that Hans had seen her slight limp, and was only waiting for some slacking in her work to take on a younger, prettier girl.

"You're not so spry as you used to be, Elvira," he had said only a few days ago. She knew he had in mind his wife's sister, a strong young thing, and pretty in a blousy, coarse way, and who wanted a chance to clerk; but he would not dare to discharge the older woman without some serious reason. The Lathrops were

too strong in the community; though they were letting their stock in the co-operative store slip to enter other ventures. Frightened, Elvira had worked when she should have been home asleep. She wondered now as she scurried around in her low-raftered, whitewashed kitchen and gathered her cake materials about her, if Hans had given her the free half-day so that he could report her inability to work full time.

Orderly as always, Elvira placed the ingredients in exact amounts on her brown oilcloth tablecover, and started creaming the butter and sugar. She had no more than begun her strokes when a rap sounded on the kitchen door. Because her hands were dusted with flour, she called, "Come in."

Panting and robust, Delia Kelner stood in the doorway, an old brown coat thrown hurriedly over her pink gingham dress. "Hello, Elviry," she called, loudly excited. "I saw your smoke and knew you was home, because Ward is in the cattle pasture. I been waiting to tell you the news!"

"What news?" Elvira paused in her creaming. She knew Delia's ways. She was more worried how she could get rid of her cousin, or take her into the front room. The potato cake was too much in evidence.

"What news is right, Elviry," the cousin declared, not a whit dampened by the response. She seemed all the more pleased for a chance to extend her climax. She opened her eyes in an attempt to be mysterious, and sat down uninvited in Ward's congress chair. Elvira waited, her hands fluttering helplessly about her work.

As if she would burst if she contained her story longer, Delia leaned forward and said in a stage whisper, "Esther's home again, and she ain't alone! She's got a fourth husband, and they say," here the informant lowered her voice, screwed her eyes into a semi-closing, "they say she's going to bring him to the reunion tomorrow!"

She was not disappointed in her climax. Elvira dropped her cake spoon, her eyes and mouth opened wide, and had to catch her gold-rimmed spectacles with trembling hands. "Great Scotland!" was all she could say at first. The spinster was not given to expletives.

Esther was a second cousin by marriage, the result of a Lathrop's mesalliance; she was the one unfettered spirit in a long line of staid, emotion bound, and duty thinking citizens that made up the family of Lathrop. Her first husband had died, and six months after his funeral, she had married a young Lathrop who was in the early stages of rebellion against the conventions of his family. But, true to his heritage, he found life with the irrepressible Esther unbearable, and quietly divorced her after two years of misery. Not daunted in any way, Esther had married

again; this time she did the divorcing herself, and in a day and town where a woman divorced once had as well wear a scarlet letter. Unable at last, to stand the town's and the Lathrop's steady rebuffs, she had gone to a coast city. The mention of her name was always a flagrant signal in Red Water, and her return with a fourth would not diminish the gossip.

"When did she come?" the now thoroughly alert Elvira demanded of the righteous Delia.

Delia removed her coat, preparatory to a lengthy stay. "Why, she come on the stage last night," she began in her high, discordant voice, her deep flesh glowing; while Elvira, all caution forgotten, went on with her creaming, a high spot of color in her sunken cheeks. It had been a long time since she had had a chance to forget herself in a choice bit of gossip.

"Eric was up at the post office this morning, and they come right in for their mail. She was just as brazen as anything, introducing him right and left to her 'old friends.' Cousin Tom's wife was there too, and Eric had only started telling me, when she run in with more news. She said that Esther was bragging she'd walk into the Lathrop reunion and give 'em the surprise of their lives." Delia folded her lips into a pudgily tight line. She was the essence of satisfied virtue.

By the time she was through with all that she had heard and surmised, the cakes were in the oven and the fire adjusted to their needs. She arose still bristling with importance. I got to be getting on. Old lady Henry's bedridden this week, and I know she'd like to hear about Esther, and then I've got to get home and get supper for Eric and the rest of the family. He's been hauling hay to the cattle pens all day and he'll be hungrier than the threshers." She took up her coat, this time taking care to run her arms through the sleeves. The short November day was fading into a gray evening and the air was chilly. "I'll be seeing you at the Relief Hall when the womenfolks bring over their vittles," she called good-naturedly from the back stoop, and energetically waddled around the graveled path to the unpaved sidewalk.

Elvira watched her from the front window, puzzled to see the cousin turning towards home instead of Mrs. Henry's.

"I expect she's decided to let the old lady wait," she thought, letting her eyes rest on the dried branches of the still trees. She felt quite kindly towards Delia. Outwardly they had kept up appearances, true to Lathrop traditions, but the old rancor had kept them from becoming intimate in spite of their living but two blocks apart.

Later, when the first glow of the gossip had worn off, and she sat in the darkening twilight with the singing kettle, waiting for Ward to return, she wondered if Esther's sudden appearance

would detract from the coming of her favorite cousin, John Lathrop. John was the son of Jedediah, the oldest member of the clan, and had gone East, to New York, and become so noted in his law profession that his name sometimes appeared in the metropolitan papers. He had come all the way across the continent with his wife, whom none of the family had seen. The cakes had baked without a flaw, and the little spinster was content in her anticipations.

Elvira was one of the first to meet at the Hall. She knew that the women depended on her to help with the arrangements and the cooking. They said she was right handy at fixing the flowers—mostly potted plants—and telling the men where to put the chairs and rugs; then there was the paring of the vegetables, making room for the turkeys, and the dishes, and she didn't have any children to bother her. As she scurried around on her sore leg, helping to place the horsehair sofas, the buttoned leather lounges, and the nondescript rocking chairs, she could not forget her cakes. Her pride in them was almost undecent. Each year she tried to make a different icing. This time the smooth, white surface had an "L" with flourishes in every direction. With that "L" there could be no mistaking her cakes!

About one o'clock the families began to assemble. The older ones and a few of the youngest had been to the Thanksgiving services in the Meeting House. The Lathrops were a large and important part of the town, and they all bore the marks of their English and Scotch-Irish ancestry. In their number was Charles K., bald and rotund, and president of the one bank. He drove up in his car, the second one in the town, with instructions for his son Frank to spare no gas when errands were to be run. Then there was Ralph K., also of the older generation, who was stake president and had invited both his counselors and their families. Bishop Madsen had been invited, too, because David Lathrop, just returned from a mission and newly married to Red Water's belle, was his first aid. Lean and lanky Rod, standing six foot two in his bare feet and more typical of the clan than Charles, was there, looking as if the weight of his great sheep herds was more than he could bear. And that was Howard, by the door. Howard was a younger one and taught school at the State University. All the town was proud of Howard. Wasn't that Ellen, the only business woman in the family, walking in with her husband? She lived in the capital city also. The wives were noisily in evidence; mostly plump they were, except the older Lathrop girls, flushed and energetic. The sunbrowned husbands of the Lathrops stood about, abashed in their Sunday clothes, for all the world as if they were not yet used to contact with the powerful clan. There was no sign of Esther and her fourth. The women glanced apprehensively at the door and

smiled disappointedly at each newcomer, but she was forgotten in the coming of John.

John was the one Elvira had gone to the Academy with. There was a hush over the laughing, back-slapping crowd at his entrance, then a pleased little burst of welcome, and after that everyone talking at once. With him was his New York wife, whose accent they would never forgive, nor cease in their talk about her stylish clothes. John was tall, distinguished, with the straight Lathrop nose and dark hair. He had always had part of the gracious dignity that was so evident now, and his pleasure at being home was not feigned. She wanted to rush to him, but her self-consciousness held her back. At one time he had been her only confidant, and he knew of the plans she and Eric had made: Eric was to live with the cousin, and Elvira was to supply part of the slender cash needed at that time for an education. Her cousin's sympathy—he was one of the few Lathrops who could put his emotions into words, was the only help she had accepted. She hated to have him see her a faded part of the background, only made welcome because blood ties were no slight thing; yet she had to speak to him some time. There he was, smiling in her direction. She broke through the crowd, a thin wisp of a gray cloud in a whole sky of spreading thick ones, aware that her best silk dress was years behind the styles, and that some of the younger Lathrops were snickering at her timid stride.

She was the only unmarried woman in the lot, and after her painful greeting with John was over, she retreated to the kitchen to help with the salad, salt vegetables, baste turkeys, and count silver. There was just one joyous thought—that when dessert time came she would have her reward. Eric, with an awed smile, was talking to John. She wondered, as she set the silver, what the two had to say, and if the lank farmer regretted he had not gone the path with the sophisticated lawyer.

Two tables, concocted of lumber and trestles, ran the length of the long hall. Every Lathrop, large or small, was seated in good natured confusion. Old Jed headed the table, and Ralph, in his dignity as stake president, gave thanks. His prayer was long and laden with platitudes, and there were unstifled yawns from the set home from high school before it was finished. Elvira and Ward were seated next to Delia and her sprawling family, and near enough to hear John reminisce with the banker. The two lone members ate with hearty appetites, their eyes opened wide as if to retain the excitement and genial contact until a quieter day. After the soup came turkey, roast pork and beef, chicken smothered in flaky tan crust, salads and vegetables, with the dried corn Lathrop women spent August days in preparing, shivering jellies, pickles and yellow rolls, all shot with the lemon

glow of the sun drifting through the newly washed Relief Society curtains. For dessert there was squash pie, piled with whipped cream, plum pudding, and heavily iced cakes, with a special treat of bananas and grapes brought from Salt Lake by John.

Elvira was animated with pride when she saw her two cakes, cut in small pieces, the "L" still visible, and topped with red rose buds that had come from Provo only this morning. Eric's voice, made content by the food and companionship, was heard asking if he might have cake before pie or pudding. Happily flushed, she pushed one of her platters his way. Before she could see it reach its destination, John called to her from his seat near the head. Something had reminded him of an experience at the Academy and he wanted to share it with her.

"Do you know, Elvira," he half shouted above the buzz of Lathrop talk, "that I saw the same Fanny Davis who had a room at our place in Provo on Fifth Avenue a week ago."

Flattered, Elvira chatted back, anxious to know why Fanny was in the East, but at the same time straining an ear for Eric's comment. She hoped, too, that John would hear and take pieces for him and his wife.

"She and her husband," John was explaining, his long, white fingers stretched on the linen cloth, when she heard Eric addressing the group at large.

"Yes sir," he was saying, "Delia beat Elvira at her own game. She got the receipt to the potato cake, got it made, and you'd better taste it before you go on to the pie."

In a daze Elvira looked at the chocolate mound disappearing on Eric's plate, then back to her platter with its festive roses and untouched pieces; and back to Eric's proud gaze and Delia's triumphant one. There could be no mistake; in front of him was a chocolate cake, on a platter not her own and dressed in brown icing. Slowly the color receded from her face and the life from her eyes. They became old and tired and she dared not lift them from her plate. Her work-hardened fingers clutched at the handkerchief in her lap—she wished the table had a leg she could lay hold to; but she wished more that she could disappear, under the board table, into the kitchen, out the side path, or any place just so she did not have to sit here and pretend to smile. The relatives were talking and laughing now, asking Delia how she managed to get the recipe.

Even before Delia began her willing explanation, Elvira knew. It came to her in one clear picture how Delia had watched every move in the cake making. "Fool!" she called herself, to be caught that way. Anyone who knew anything about measurements could tell from the array, and she had been slow in mixing the batter; slow while she listened to Delia gossip!

All props to her shrinking self were being torn from their

groundings, and in a few minutes she would be standing there naked and quivering to face the ruthless Lathrops. Her face was the color of wood ashes and her chin was beginning to tremble. In an attempt to appear at ease she glanced around the table and saw Eric, all the merriment gone from his face. His hands fumbled with the bright silver, while his eyes beseeched her to understand that his part in the downfall had been unwitting. He had meant only to have a little joke. She felt sorry for him, but she could not summon assurance to her eyes.

"And I," Delia went endlessly on, "didn't think of it till I got out to the gate and started for old lady Henry's," ("Liar," Elvira wanted to scream. The cousin was not telling the whole truth; she had used the gossip as a pretext for coming when she felt certain the cake was in the making); "and then the idea struck me, and I rushed home. I got the thing made before Eric come home for his supper, and I defy any of you to tell it from Elvira's own. And what's more," she finished with intentioned malice, "if any of you want the receipt, you can have it for the asking!"

In the laugh that followed, the spinster, regardless of questioning eyes, or knowing giggles, and the Lathrop tradition of never disclosing feelings in public, slipped away from the table and out of the nearest door. There were three blocks between the Hall and her home, and she ran them without a coat in the thin, cold November light. Few persons were on the street, but these she did not see. Her aching leg was forgotten until a sharp reminder from it stopped her near the gate.

Once home she slipped off her best dress, only half conscious of a new rip in the carefully darned armhole. She started a fire in the box stove of the sitting-room, and with elevated leg took up her knitting; it always soothed her, and Ward wanted his woolen socks for winter. As the needles clicked she wondered if they had ceased talking and snickering over her sudden exit. Soon it would be time for the men to go home for hurried chores, and after that the program would change attractions. There would be music, such as her starved ears seldom heard: Lizzie's oldest daughter who was studying "voice" in Salt Lake would sing; Hardy Jones, known all over the West for his violin playing, would give repeated encores, and the Lathrop male quartette would sing "Lucky Jim" and "Happy Days." After that would come dancing, old-fashioned quadrilles and reels that Elvira would love to have danced. Also there would be waltzes and fox trots and two steps as a concession to the youngsters.

Yet she was glad that she was away from it all, the pitying glances, the stinging wit, and the condescension of persons who would be kind, "because poor Elvira, she's not got a soul but Ward, and he's no more company than a sheep."

When she could knit no longer, she turned on the light to

read, but the pages blurred and her thoughts would revert to the afternoon. Eyes on the red-checked cloth, she rocked, thinking, thinking.

Soon she might lose her place in the store, and that would mean help from the relatives, maybe Eric and Delia.

"Never!" she hissed to the crackling fire. The shame of Delia's disclosure came to her in hot waves, making her clench her teeth and shudder. It was not the loss of the recipe that troubled her so much now, it was the degradation of being laughed at, made a joke before John and the clan assembled; and it was Eric to whom she had given all fidelity who had bared the loss of her pitiful secret. She was worse than Esau, for he at least had received a meal. She felt a sickish feeling in the pit of her stomach, but she sat there rocking.

If Ward had only not arranged with the Hansen boy to milk the cow, she might have had something to do. But as the twilight deepened the comfort of familiar things came to her: The faded rag carpet, the walnut and marble mantle with the loud ticking clock that had been hauled across the Plains, the homely furniture made in the days of Red Water's co-operative manufacturing, and the looped curtains of Nottingham lace.

Past skill with the needle was recalled. "I do believe I could pick it up again, if I have to quit my job. It would help my leg, and Charles' wife is always after me to make her a dress." Once the banker's wife came, others would find the way. Perhaps they would compensate in part for the life and gayety she would miss at the store. She'd be glad to get away from Hans anyway. Clarity and peace were returning. Even if Ward did become crippled, they could rent out the farm, and still have enough to feed them.

When Ward came in after eleven o'clock, she was sitting quietly, knitting. He was as inarticulate as ever, but as he awkwardly took the cane-bottomed rocker on the other side of the box stove, his fumbling gestures betrayed his desire for words.

Twice in the same day she felt sorry for men. "Did you have a nice time?" she asked, trying to keep the tremor out of her voice that had sprung up at Ward's sympathy.

"Yes." He struggled to tell her how he had enjoyed the old friends, the hours of forgetting himself. "Some of the girls even asked me to dance a reel with them," he boasted deprecatingly.

Elvira knew the sad figure he had cut, with his stiff legs, long hair and rusty blue suit, but she only said, "I'm glad," and tried to smile.

Stirring in his seat, Ward looked at her hopefully, then relapsed into a tense silence. They sat there, she rocking, and only the loud ticking of the clock, the roar of the newly stirred

fire disturbed them. Her eyes were suspiciously bright; her thin lips closed like a vise.

"We ought to be getting to bed," Ward suggested, breathing heavily, but neither moved.

Suddenly he sat erect in his chair. He relapsed again, but the start had been made. "It was a mean trick of Delia's about the cake," he blurted out, the words tumbling over each other in their unaccustomed speed. "There was a lot of people thought the same, though they didn't say so at the table, because they was afraid of her tongue. John's wife come right up to me and she says, 'Tell your sister that was one of the most delicious cakes I have ever eaten!'" He was surer of himself now, a pride entered his speech and a faint reminder of Mrs. John's softened r's and shorter vowels. "'John and I are going to call on her tomorrow night, after the store is closed, if she will permit us, and if she would let us have the recipe, I'd think it was the kindest favor'."

He wiped his brow and went on, not noticing that his sister's eyes were gleaming with the first of the held-back tears. "And during the program Eric came up, too, kinda nervous, to tell me he didn't countenance his wife's actions. He said he never in the world would have said what he did, if he'd a knowed Delia was going to say what she did. And besides," Ward was almost winded now from the effort, and there were beads of moisture on his lean face, "he said her cake wasn't near as good as yours."

Elvira's tears halted him now, and he watched her, embarrassed at their volume.

She was shaking from chin to toe, but it was good to know that Eric understood; that Delia had not dulled all his old kindness. She was glad, too, John remembered and would come. Not many of the Lathrops would be favored with such a visit.

"It don't matter none," she told her helpless brother, as she gathered up her scattered knitting. She carefully wiped her eyes and nose while Ward closed the stove draughts and locked the doors. The tears were stopping now; the relaxation that comes with their outpouring was beginning to be felt. "It don't matter none," she repeated, "besides," a light broke over her face, and the tired lines faded, "I got that pineapple conserve recipe that no one's ever tried before. I guess that'll hold Delia when I spring it at the Relief Society bazaar this coming December!"

Without calling goodnight, for that would have been sentimental foolishness, they turned off the lights and went into their cold bedrooms.

Pioneers'

WHEN WEST WAS WEST—OWEN WISTER

By Lais V. Hales

"When West Was West" is a recently published book of nine short stories written by the well known American writer Owen Wister. Mr. Wister knew the west in all its glory. Born of Quaker parentage in Philadelphia in 1860, he, like his beloved friend Theodore Roosevelt, came west in 1885 for his health. He stayed for several months on a Wyoming ranch. This was the only one of many visits to the west where he fished and hunted to his heart's content. He came to know intimately the landscape, the soldiers, the cowboys, and the Indians. He learned to love this country dearly, and felt that it was too little appreciated; so he began to write sketches and short stories about it. Today he is one of the best known, best loved, and most read of the present-day American writers of the west. "When West Was West" is a monument to the old West, a west which he knew when it was really west.

In theme the stories are very different, but Mr. Wister writes equally well of the varied phases of pioneer life. To show the scope and variety of the book, as well as its bearing on pioneer life, we should like to speak especially about four of these stories.

"Bad Medicine," the opening story in the book, gives us a colorful picture of the Indian, who played so important a part in our pioneer life. The story deals with a visit to Yellowstone Park in the early days of its history. Against this background Mr. Wister portrays the Indian with his fears, his superstitions, and his reticence. We feel the elemental quality of the red man. "Did this descendant of wars and wildernesses know the centuries dividing us that his quietness mysteriously conveyed. With his drooping-headed, saturnine animal, he seemed to share some intimate lore of nature that I and all white men were shut out from." As he casts himself into the crater we feel still more strongly how close to nature he is and how little we understand him.

"The Right Honorable the Strawberries" is the story of the son of an old English title, young, handsome, likeable, who came to the West and captured the heart of the upright cow-puncher Chalkeye. In the relationship between the Englishman and the American we see the difference between the Old World and the New. The fathomless reticence of the English coupled with the startling Western freedom of speech—freedom as to their incomes, their families, their gaieties—is deep beyond all American understanding. How could Chalkeye, with his freedom where the Englishmen is silent, understand Strawberries. How could he know "that the true aristocrat always is the best democrat, because he is at his ease with everybody, and makes them so with him." Yet, between the two, grew up a friendship which

prompted Chalkeye to give his life for Strawberries, and brought Strawberries back to Drybone long after all others had left it. In Chalkeye we have one of Mr. Wister's best characterizations.

One day Rudyard Kipling and Owen Wister were returning by train from Washington after dining with their mutual friend Theodore Roosevelt. They were talking "shop," and Wister told the story of a disaster that occurred at a certain military post as a result of the annoyance caused to a certain lively-minded captain by the length of a certain chaplain's hair. An Apache, carefully rehearsed by the captain, played his part in the story. Kipling found the story so good that he said it must be written and entitled "Absalom." Years later Mr. Wister wrote the story and it is included in this book under the title "Absalom and Moulting Pelican." Colonel Steptoe McDee, a Southern gentleman, is a commanding figure, strong, alert, and intelligent. Broken-hearted over the outcome of the Civil War, he comes to the West and meets Randy, a typical Western boy. The warm friendship between these two of such varying ages and traditions is one of the finest things Wister has portrayed.

Tragedy has always followed in the wake of the railroad. "At the Sign of The Last Chance," the closing story in the book, tells of the tragedy wrought by the railroad to an old inn where the coaches changed horses or stopped for meals in the good old days. Just a few old men playing a listless game was all Wister found on his last visit. He thus describes it: "I had begun to see those beards long before they were gray; when no wire fence mutilated the freedom of the range; when fourteen mess-wagons would be at the spring round up; when cattle wandered and pastured, dotting the endless wilderness; when roping them brought the college graduate and the boy who had never learned to read, into a lusty equality of youth and skill; when songs rose by the camp-fire; and the dim form of the night herder leaned on his saddle horn as under the stars he circled slowly around the recumbent thousands; when two hundred miles stretched between all this and the whistle of the nearest locomotive.

"And all this was over. It had begun to end a long while ago. It had ebbed away slowly from these now playing their nightly game as they had once played it at flood-tide. The turn of the tide had come even when the beards were still brown." To Wister, "the requiem of the brown and golden beards, their romance, their departed West, too good to live forever, was finished."

All nine of the stories comprising this book are unusual. The vivid characters, the spontaneous wit, and the excellent description that comes of personal observation make this book good and wholesome. One feels the broadness and generous tolerance of the author and realizes "that when one lives out of doors and takes account of the sky and the clouds, and the quiet earth, one lives hard, it may be, but one lives true."

Books

Married Sweethearts

Somehow I feel that when the average reader picks up "Married Sweethearts," by Alfred Osmond, and especially if he knows the author to be a poet, he will suspect that he is to read something mildly sentimental in praise of wedded home life; and he may be inclined to lay the book aside with the thought "A good book surely, which I shall read some day when I get more time." But let this reader open the lids of the book and he will not read it at some other time but right away—at once, scarcely laying the book down after he has begun it. For the entire story is gripping, and holds the reader with fascinating interest from first to last. The story is a succession of real thrills; and while it does contain many fine sentiments well expressed, it never slops over in this respect but brings in the sentiment with skill and ease just where it belongs. The book deals with bandits, robbers, murderers, outlaws, sweethearts, married and unmarried, captured and uncaptured. For the outlaws capture some of them; and the record of their adventures forms a series of pictures comparable with the best Indian stories of former days. There is a good deal of shooting, of combats, of adventures in the mountains amid snow and storms, among wolves and savage men who know chiefly one thing well—how to shoot with deadly effect and to do so upon slight provocation. Thus the book is one that makes a strong appeal to both youth and strong natures, who love action and tense scenes and situations. With all this the book is yet true to its title. While it contains the required materials of dramatic plot and the hairbreadth escapes which hold any reader's interest, it also sets forth the higher beauty of the spirit and the dominant part which the spirit takes in governing the actions of normal and abnormal men and women. It is a love story throughout with several sets of lovers, and so has the charm of romance for all those not too old to remember the glorious days of youth and for the youth who is just about to experience these delights. At the same time there is running through the tense and exciting narrative, like a golden vein in a layer of quartz, a religious philosophy of life and of the power of love to redeem men and women from even their lowest and most deeply fallen estates. That the author can make his book preach a sermon while relating the incidents of thrilling adventure is a high tribute to his genius and ability as both philosopher and story teller. The book is filled also with description of the beauty of western mountains, yet there seems to be little description in it since the scenes are a vital part of the drama itself, not being brought in for the

purposes of descriptive writing. The characters, too, follow the Homeric rule of acting and speaking for themselves, so that there is not much need to label them as this or that type of human being. Each one is a true and distinctive species of the human race, and each describes himself mainly by what he says and does. The story is laid somewhere in Utah, at a not very distant day, in a village near the mountains; it has many characters of plain, average people. The home life of several couples is set forth with a trifle of exaggeration, as if in order to make sure that readers shall see the point. Of the heroines there are quite a number—Nell Foster, Lily Williams, Samantha Wolf and Vera King, all being conspicuous, and each taking a rather heavy part. The men are Sunny Brown, Badger Wolf, Hen Fox, Dave Holmes, Butch Cassidy, the notorious western outlaw, and several of his men. Nell Foster is kidnaped and carried to robbers' roost in the mountains, not for a ransom, but for a test of her supposed love for an old sweetheart Stanley Black, whom she had dismissed a year or so before. She is remarkable but rather less so than the obscure girl, Lily Williams, married to slovenly but good hearted Vern Williams, who is untidy and uncultured. Lily goes in search of her kidnaped friend, Nell. She is guided by the mail carrier for the robber, who turns out to be of first magnitude as a man of iron and of honor, and accompanied by Sunny Brown, a young man of the village not in love with anyone, who at length becomes a real hero and falls in love with an ideal woman, the picture of his own fancy. He finally meets her in these mountains with the usual result. Nell discovers that her discarded lover had no hand in her abduction but that on the contrary he has become a man of high ideals and lofty character, writing a book on the philosophy of life. The story ends right, and is a good one.

Pioneers

Peder Victorious—O. E. Rolvaag

“O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient; full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, Western youths, see you tramping with the
foremost—

Pioneers! O Pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond
the seas?

We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the
march,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

This is the theme of O. E. Rolvaag's new novel "Peder Victorious," which is a sequel to his first great pioneer novel, "Giants in the Earth." It is a tale of the second generation of Norwegian pioneers on the Dakota Plains. In Mr. Rolvaag's first novel the conflict was that of man and the prairies. In this novel it is that of parents and children. Especially is it the story of the struggle between a strong, dominating, backward-looking mother and her gifted, forward-looking son. They are antagonists as to language, religion, and attitude toward life. But Peder is victorious for "fresh and strong" the world and its problems he seizes, and carries on the march of the pioneers.

In a small sod hut on the Dakota prairie one Christmas Eve, a son was born to Beret and Per Hansa. In pure thankfulness and because the child was born with "the helmet," Per named him Peder Victorious, much to the disgust of Beret, who felt that here on the pitiless prairies no one could be victorious, for the evil must sooner or later get us all. While Peder was very small, Per Hansa wandered off into the prairie, never to return alive. After the cruel and, to all outward appearances, senseless death of his beloved father, Peder grappled with the problem of God as an all-loving and all-powerful entity. It seemed queer to him that "He who could do all that He wanted, and wanted only that which was good, couldn't get people to do what He wanted." His mother Beret had built up within him a supernatural reality, and the only suggestion he got from her was that God acts as he does in order to try people. As Peder pondered it all, he wondered why grown people were always ready to cry. He decided that "the greatest thing on earth must be to make people happy—so full of joy that they had to laugh—that's what he wanted to do." Here he and Beret came into serious conflict, for to her all happiness was sinful. She had forgotten that it is God who causes all life to flower, and who puts both good and evil into the hearts of men. She could not understand that God is good and that he sanctions love, joy, and happiness. Beret wanted Peder to enter the ministry, but she drove him away from it with these strange ideas. Peder became a farmer instead of a minister.

Beret was very sad as she watched the Americanization of Peder. As he assimilated the English language in the place of the language of his father, she lost hope. Here in America

the Norwegians were gradually casting away all that they had brought with them from Norway. After all had been taken and there was nothing but the body left, what then? Was it possible for Norwegian hearts to beat in a medium so alien? Must it not eventually mean death to them as a race here in America. "But could a common sparrow take the meadow lark's song?" Was the minister right when he said that in twenty years not one word of Norwegian would be heard in America? With these thoughts, Beret fights her progressive son as he grapples with the problems of becoming an American. Thanks to his father's pioneer spirit moving within him, Peder keeps looking forward, and takes over to the full his "New World inheritance."

These are the things we find of most importance in this fine new book. Here, as in "Giants in The Earth," we discover what critics have called faith in the nobility of the human spirit. Peder fights the problems of his generation with just the same fine spirit that his father fought the prairie. Mr. Rolvaag gives us a truthful picture of the differences of the old and the young in any generation. He treats the attitude of each generation with the same sympathy and respect. Of the religious attitude of the Norwegians here in America he says, "A people's soul had begun to stir. That which the mind—in some hidden cove of a Norwegian fjord, or on some lonely island far out where the mighty sea booms eternally—through centuries had conceived of religious mysticism, and there shaped so as to fit the conditions of life, now sought a natural expression on the open reaches of the prairie."

Naturally, we do not find so many fine and varied pictures of the prairie as we did in "Giants in The Earth." But we feel keenly the effect of it on the characters of the book. "From eternity the prairie had lain here, lapping sun and drinking moisture, and had peered up into an endless blue sky, brimful to running over. At evening it had listened to strange tales told by the twilight breeze * * * "Human habitations lay far apart upon the open stretches—miles apart in places. One could not borrow warmth from the other here. Through the cold grayness they seemed to huddle up, to crouch low over something, as if jealously guarded."

Notes from the Field

South Sevier Stake

On September 9, 1928, at 2 p. m. a South Sevier Stake Relief Society class leaders' convention was held in the Elsinore ward chapel with more than 80 stake and ward officers in attendance. A talk "Teachers and Better Methods of Teaching" was given by Brother Harold Anderson. A discussion of the lesson was held, and then department work was carried out. It is believed that much good will result from this convention.

Pocatello Stake (Meadow Ward)

Meadow ward is small, but seemingly alive to opportunities



MEADOW WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

in Relief Society work. The ward is a winner in stake contests, and boasts of 100% annual dues paid last year.

Grant Stake

The closing session of the Grant stake Relief Society class leaders' convention was held in the form of a banquet on November 15, 1928. President Winnifred B. Daynes presided. Speakers of the evening were Elder David O. McKay, President Louise Y. Robison, and President Joseph J. Daynes. The hall was beautifully

decorated with the Fall flowers, and the Relief Society color scheme of white and gold was used on the tables. About 450 guests were present, including Elder and Mrs. David O. McKay, the Stake Presidency, High Council, Bishops, and other ward officers. President Louise Y. Robison, past President Clarissa S. Williams, and other members of the General Board were present. This progressive stake has also made an enviable record in its Magazine subscriptions. The stake itself gave as a prize to the ward having the greatest number of subscribers per capita, ten subscriptions to the Magazine. This went to the Southgate ward, of which Mrs. May Fromeyer is the agent. This ward shows an enrollment of 42 members in the Relief Society, with a subscription of 48 to the Magazine. It is fine missionary work when non-members of the Relief Society become subscribers to the Magazine. The next ward to win distinction in this activity was the Whittier, with Mrs. Emily A. Jones as agent. The enviable record made here is that of an increase from 18 to 80 subscribers within two years.

Alpine Stake

Special attention is called to the very beautiful and appropriate memorial to Annie C. Hindley. This is a most unusual and constructive manner in which to do honor to a noble woman whose life was devoted to service for her sisters. On October 25, 1928, the official dedication exercises in honor of the project were held in the Alpine stake tabernacle, with President Maud D. Christensen of the Alpine stake Relief Society presiding. The Annie C. Hindley memorial shelf, which occupies two ceiling cabinets on each side of the entrance door of the public library in American Fork was thrown open to the public. This valuable collection numbers more than 308 books, which will be most serviceable to the women in the work that was so dear to Mrs. Hindley's heart. The public is cordially invited to visit this library. No finer testimonial could be given, and we congratulate the sisters of this stake on this fine accomplishment. We are sure that the volumes in the library will be invaluable for reference and for entertainment. The General Board took great pleasure in adding to this collection. The invitation is still open to those who may wish to donate books in memory of Mrs. Hindley. We feel that a work has just begun here that will be most notable in its development and of lasting benefit to lovers of truth and admirers of Mrs. Hindley.

Franklin and Oneida Stakes

Relief Society officers of the Franklin and Oneida stakes cooperated in conducting a pleasant and profitable class leaders' convention on September 22, 1928. Representatives of the presidencies of these stakes, one advisory High Councilman, some prominent educators, and 102 officers of the Relief Society were in attendance. The work of the chorister was ably outlined, and

what careful work can do was demonstrated. Professor John E. Marsden discussed the subject "Better Methods of Teaching and Better Teachers." It is felt that the class leaders were greatly benefited by this talk. An exemplary lesson was developed in each of the three departments, theology, literature, and social service. The music was furnished by the ward Relief Society members. Two beautiful quilts, work done by the Oneida stake board of Relief Society, were exhibited. Franklin and Oneida were one stake formerly, so the luncheon and social hour which followed the meeting was greatly enjoyed in making new acquaintances and renewing old friendships.

St. George Stake

A most inspirational and instructive class leaders' convention was held in connection with a flower show and pageant in the St. George stake Relief Society. Members came from all parts of the stake. Fifteen associations took part in the day's activities. In spite of the severe droughts and extreme heat of the past season, the flower show exceeded all expectations. The artificial flowers showed skill and art in execution. In the morning session departmental work was conducted. In the afternoon excellent talks were given by J. Wm. Harrison and Sister Verna Cox on "The Relief Society as a Teacher," and "Religion in the Home." Musical numbers were furnished by Enterprise, Toquerville, and St. George wards. At noon, in the St. George cafe, a delicious luncheon was served to 80 officers. To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Relief Society in St. George, a pageant was presented in the College Auditorium. The parts pertaining to the stake were composed by Sisters Zora Jarvis, Roxie Romney, and Alfa McGregor. The pageant presented the seven General Presidents of the Relief Society impersonated by local members. This was followed by the five "Dixie" presidents. The closing part represented the present stake president, Sister Josephine J. Miles, with her ward presidents: The ladies all dressed in white; the ward presidents kneeling, each holding a gold streamer connected with a staff held by the stake president as she stood, connecting the past stake and the General Presidents, who made up the background. Excellent choruses furnished appropriate singing for the pageant.

Morgan Stake.

Morgan stake feels that a very successful Relief Society year has been completed; that the ward presidents and aids have been capable, enthusiastic leaders. On October 30, 1928, an inspirational convention of the Stake Relief Society was held, when effective talks along the lines covering most of the Relief Society activities were given. More than 200 workers were in attendance at this gathering, and much educa-

tional and spiritual work reflecting the scope of the whole organization was put over. The musical program for the occasion was one of the outstanding features.

Moapa Stake.

The aged sisters, shown below, are members of the Overton Relief Society, and have spent many years of active service in the work, holding places of responsibility. The youngest of the group is 71 years of age, the oldest 88. They are still active and faithful—all honor to such groups whose life is a testimony of high idealism. Last June the stake took up as



a project, "The Open Door," and learned the songs in the music practice period during the remainder of the year at the regular Relief Society meetings. A few group practices finished the preparation. Each Relief Society took responsibility for two pageant scenes; the stake board and one other near-by group joined, making in all five groups who worked harmoniously together for the successful presentation of the pageant. The president feels that much good has come from the effort, and it was also a financial success. There were many obstacles to be overcome but a very successful presentation of the pageant showed what unity of effort and determination to accomplish certain objectives may do.

Maricopa Stake.

Some very interesting experiences come into the work of the Relief Society in the Maricopa stake. Not the least of this is the work among our Lamanite sisters. In February the Papago ward was reorganized; a native sister, Martha Manuel, was selected to be the president. A very fine spirit of mutual helpfulness pervades the work of the organization in this stake; the stronger wards seeking to help those who have greater difficulties in Relief Society endeavor.

Guide Lessons for June

LESSON I

Practical Religion and Testimony

(First Week in June)

LOYALTY: ITS MEANING AND NECESSITY

Loyalty is faithfulness. In its highest form, it has behind it confidence, respect, and love. Inner loyalty is a mental *attitude* of enduring faithfulness that holds out against approach of all impulses leading to desertion of accepted principles, espoused causes, adopted ideals, or worthy persons.

Outer loyalty is conduct in keeping with inner loyalty. It is faithfulness expressed in word and action. It is good will in operation toward an objective.

There is more character in full loyalty to a fable than there is in part loyalty to a fact. Disloyalty cannot be transmuted into any form of goodness. Out of loyalty to an error may develop power for loyalty to truth. In his conscientious persecution Paul was loyal to the light he had; and this loyalty made him the fighter of the good fight, the winner of the life race, the keeper of the faith. His loyalty was true in both cases; true to an accepted error, true to a discerned truth; true to a foe, true to a friend.

Loyalty is love's most precious gift; it is friendship's final proof; it is humanity's strongest lifting lever.

Endurance faithful to the end,
Links up the man to God as friend,
Earth loyalty of day-by-day
Illuminates the heavenly way.

Loyalty and Law:

Jesus declares his loyalty to law and to the prophets who had proclaimed it. He points out the relative value of *word* loyalty and *action* loyalty. See Matt. 5:17, 18, 19.

That he had regard for the civil law is plainly set forth in Matt. 22:17-21.

Christ's loyalty to law was shown to the wife of Pilate in a dream. In the face of a multitude of accusers the Roman Governor pronounced the "Man of Galilee" not guilty, reminding the mob that he and Herod, the King of Judea, agreed as to verdict of innocence, and thus making it unmistakably clear that Jesus had been loyal to the laws of the Kingdom of Judea and to those of the Roman empire. (Luke 23:13, 16.)

In the 12th Article of Faith the Latter-day Saints proclaim to all the world that true to the faith includes loyalty to law, a loyalty that consists of "obeying, honoring, and sustaining," by living the law, defending the law and backing up the enforcement of the law. The constitutional law of any country has first claim upon the civic loyalty of everybody in that country be they citizens or visitors. (See 12th Article of Faith.)

Loyalty to One's Word of Honor or One's Covenants:

A word of honor to stand by righteousness is an aid to the elevation of standards, but a word of honor given in support of evident unrighteousness is conspiracy against human happiness; there is no honor in a pledge of that kind. Such a promise is conceived in dishonor, born of dishonor, and kept with dishonor. It is one of the most tragic forms of disloyalty. One's word of honor is a part of one's sacred self; it cannot knowingly be given to degrading causes without taking the giver downward. An oath of office is one of the highest words of honor; it cannot honestly be taken without an inner loyalty to the law.

Loyalty to one's word of honor lifts one's self respect and wins the respect of others.

Loyalty to Causes:

The espousal of some great cause is essential to an abundant life, and loyalty to a great cause develops greatness of character. The greatness of an individual or of a group is measurable by the greatness of the causes espoused or the projects projected by them and by their loyalty to these causes in the carrying out of the project. The lasting lifting power of loyalty to a good cause is immeasurable. From such loyalty came freedom, and through such loyalty the era of good will shall come, when the "Goddess of right and the Champion might shall meet at the altar of love." The causes constantly calling for loyalty are freedom, education, temperance, peace, health, justice, tolerance, purity—all included in the great cause of Christianity.

Loyalty to Ideals:

Ideals are character rainbows. As we approach them they move on, but their lure is lofty; if we turn our backs upon them they are no more to us. For the soul that is loyal to an ideal there is no deluge.

My rainbow stood on the top of a hill
 And beckoned me to the golden till;
 I climbed, and it sped to the mountain-side,
 All I had gained was a vision wide;
 I was left in the shadow.

My rainbow lured me higher still,
 I climbed and felt the climber's thrill;
 My rainbow fled to the mountain top,
 I climbed, I would not, *could* not, stop—
 Thank God, I said, for my rainbow.

Family Loyalty:

"Blood is thicker than water"—yes, and it should be. "I came to my own," said the Savior. The close-knit families are the enduring ones. The family tree is under the special protection of every member. Family loyalty forbids hacking it with the hacker's envy or cutting it with tongues of slander. Cousins cannot speak evil of each other without a rebound of their depreciation of each other's values.

Sisters-in-law do themselves and their children a good turn when they take good care of the reputation of each other. Family loyalty increases the sun-kissed output of the family tree. Better brag a little on one's brother than to belittle him; for the more belittling, the bigger the burden of a relative. Family loyalty will foster family friendship and develop family love. Notice the family member who is full of family loyalty, and usually he or she is the center of family confidence, admiration, and good will. The lack of loyalty in a family points to domestic decline and is a signal of the approach of unfitness to survive.

Family loyalty is not limited to praise of good qualities; it goes over into the field of helpfulness. Members of a family should be as glad to lift on the unfortunate as they are to share with the fortunate members. Charity should not only begin at home, but should be loyally followed up within the family circle; and the helpers should know that it is harder to be helped than it is to help. Family loyalty fights the wolf of want; holds back the hand of hate. It finds means and ways for home happiness and kindred friendship. Its limitations are bounded only by higher loyalty, of which loyalty to righteousness is the highest.

Religious Loyalty:

This form of loyalty includes loyalty to the beliefs and the ideals for which the Church stands and to the Church leaders. It is a loyalty that suggests the slogan, "Everything to boost and nothing to belittle." No religion is so complete nor any ideal so perfect nor any officer so infallible that improvement may not be thought of and spoken about in a build-up spirit; but all of these are too sacred to be made the object of fault-finding with destructive disloyalty behind it. In this age of unlimited religious freedom, consistency suggests that people should not belong to a Church to which they cannot be loyal

in their works. Church loyalty leads to doing one's "bit" for the Church; not only the little bit, the "get-by" bit, but the "full-share" bit—the share indicated by the *law of the Lord*. For a religion without belief *in* and obligation *to* God is nothing more than a social organization and is not entitled to the name religion. Religion is the application of theology; and theology is a code of beliefs concerning God and his relation to man.

The life of Job was more than an example of patience; it was an example of perfect loyalty; for while his patience did not prevent him from speaking of his birth as an event to be regretted, his loyalty to the Lord led him to exclaim: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." (See Job 10:18, 19-13:15.)

Questions and Problems

1. Into which topic of this lesson does the last part of the final stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner," fit?
2. Arrange in the order of their claim upon our loyalty the following named causes: freedom, temperance, justice.
3. Explain what is meant by inner loyalty.
4. Give evidence that the life of Jesus was an object lesson in loyalty to law.
5. Show that the Latter-day Saints are particularly committed to this form of loyalty.
6. Name some men and some women to whom fame and honor have come through their loyalty to causes.
7. Mention two or more great causes that are calling for the loyalty of Americans, and tell which you think is entitled to the most immediate attention.
8. Explain what loyalty to an ideal means to you.
9. What limitations should be put on family loyalty?
10. What habit in conversation proclaims one's loyalty to the Church? What habits advertise one's disloyalty to his religion?
11. Present evidence to prove that Job's loyalty was greater than his patience.



Work and Business

LESSON II

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in June)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JUNE—ACTIVITIES OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

WHY THE CHARITY COLLECTION?

- I. To provide, by helping those who need that help, an opportunity for an expression of appreciation for our own blessings.
- II. To avoid the prayers of widows and fatherless ascending against us.
- III. To offer, in disaster, bereavement, sickness, a means of support for the unfortunate.
- IV. To supply means to educate or otherwise to aid some people to help themselves.
- V. To train each member of every household by encouraging him to put by and contribute a small amount each month to help others.
You may find it useful to learn the amount contributed per family in your Ward during the past year.

It would appear that some of our literary class leaders, and some other people deeply interested in the literature lessons, have not yet learned that it is impossible to obtain a copy of "Joseph and His Brethren." The entire edition has been exhausted, and the book dealers are unable to obtain any further copies of the book.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in June)

THE DOLL'S HOUSE

By Henrik Ibsen

Henrik Ibsen was born March 20, 1828, at the little seaport town of Skein, where one may purchase a good deal of silverware, for which the Norwegian market is famous. Ibsen came of Scotch, Danish and German descent. His early years were spent in penury. When he was fifteen years of age his family moved to Grimstad, a town of eight hundred inhabitants. In 1850 he went to Christiania, now Oslo, to prepare to enter the university. Having had the good fortune to meet Ole Bull, the great violinist, he was called to be theatre poet at the modest little national theatre at Bergen. There he remained until 1857. From Bergen, he later found himself again in Christiania, where he remained until 1864. While here, he acted as theatre poet for the Norwegian Theatre in Christiania. Ibsen had been writing plays since his Grimstad days. After his return to Christiania, he devoted himself actively to writing. After many efforts, he obtained a grant of money for traveling. His way led to Italy, and now for twelve years he was away from his native country, spending part of the time in Rome, part time in Munich, and part time in Dresden. By 1875 his European fame was established. He returned to Christiania for the remainder of his life. He died in 1906. His contribution to literature was that of a playwright, as he never wrote a biography or even a preface to his plays, nor did he enter into business or other public affairs, but devoted himself solely to writing.

It has been said on good authority that *The Doll's House* is the greatest of Ibsen's plays. Thomas H. Dickinson says: "With *The Doll's House* begins Ibsen's gallery of enfranchised women. Ibsen's distrust of the majority of average men had its complement in his faith in the superior man. And it is among the superior men that he places women. From his earliest playwriting he had treated women as of a superior order of humanity, superior in intuition, in steadfastness, in unselfishness."

In *The Doll's House* Ibsen gives us the story of a woman who had been trained for entertaining in her father's home, who had been petted within the home and sheltered from the world outside of the home. She married a business man who accepted her very much on the same terms as her father had

done before him—as a play thing. Finally, she was brought face to face with a very serious situation. Her husband was ill, the doctor told her in confidence that if he were not taken to another climate, he would lose his life. She had no money and knew that her husband was averse to borrowing money. She promised to obtain her father's signature to a note for a loan, but her father died before the signature was obtained, and she forged his name. Then, having obtained the money and thereby having provided the means whereby her husband's health was restored, she set to work to make the money in such little ways as were at her command. She copied manuscripts, deeds, and such like. Finally, in order to get the time, unbeknown to her husband, she told him that she was locked from him, hour after hour, preparing things for the Christmas tree. Finally, on Christmas Eve, she said the cat got into the room and destroyed all the things she had made.

Difficulty arose between Nora's husband, Torvald Helmer, and the man from whom Nora had borrowed the money. His position was threatened at the bank where Helmer had been advanced and he wanted Nora to use her good offices to keep him in the place. Nora protested the thought of her having any influence with her husband, but Krogstad said he had known her husband since his school days and thought he was as susceptible as other men he had known. Nora was so optimistic over her husband's future that she did not think it necessary to be in any way especially considerate of Krogstad. Nora finally assured Krogstad that it was really not in her power to help him. Krogstad replied, "Because you will not; but I have the means of compelling you to help me." Nora said, "You don't intend to tell my husband that I owe you money?"

Krogstad: Hm! Supposing I were to tell him?

Nora: It would be scandalous of you (*with suppressed tears.*) This secret, which is my joy and my pride, he shall not learn in such a vulgar, blunt way—and from you, too. You want to put me to the most terrible annoyance.

Krogstad: Only annoyance?

Nora (*hotly*): But just do it; the consequences will be worse for you than anybody else; for then my husband will see clearly what a bad man you are, and then you certainly will not keep our post.

Krogstad: I asked if it were only domestic unpleasantness that you were afraid of?

Nora: If my husband gets to know about it he will, of course, pay the rest without delay; and then we have nothing more to do with you.

Krogstad (*stepping a pace nearer*): Listen, Mrs. Helmer.

either you have rather a weak memory, or you don't know much about business. In that case I must get you to go more deeply into the matter.

Nora: How will you do that?

Krogstad: When your husband was ill, you came to borrow £300 of me.

Nora: I knew nobody else.

Krogstad: I promised to find you the money.

Nora: And you did find it.

Krogstad: I promised to find you the money under certain conditions. You were just then so excited about your husband's illness, and so anxious to get hold of the money for your journey, that you probably did not think twice about the difficulties it involved. It is therefore not superfluous for me to remind you of them. Now, I promised to find you the money in exchange for an acknowledgment which I drew up.

Nora: Yes, and I signed it.

Krogstad: Very well. But then I added a few lines whereby your father became security for the debt. Your father was to sign this.

Nora: Was to? He did sign.

Krogstad: I had left the date blank; that is to say, your father was to insert the date on which he signed the document. Do you recollect this, Mrs. Helmer?

Nora: Yes, I believe. * * *

Krogstad: Thereupon I gave you the piece of paper that you might send it to your father. Is not that so?

Nora: Yes.

Krogstad: And of course you did so without delay; for within five or six days you brought me back the acknowledgment duly signed by your father. Then you received from me the sum promised.

Nora: Well, to be sure; have I not paid it back punctually?

Krogstad: Very fairly; yes. But let us return to the matter we were speaking of. You were in great trouble at the time, Mrs. Helmer?

Nora: I was indeed.

Krogstad: Your father, too, was very seriously ill, I believe.

Nora: He was on his death-bed.

Krogstad: And died soon after?

Nora: Yes.

Krogstad: Now, just tell me, Mrs. Helmer, whether by any chance you happen to recollect which day he died—which day of the month, I mean.

Nora: Father died on the twenty-ninth of September.

Krogstad: Quite correct; I have made inquiries about it. That is why I can not explain a remarkable circumstance (*draws from his pocket a piece of writing.*)

Nora: A remarkable circumstance? I do not know. *

Krogstad: The remarkable circumstance, dear Mrs. Helmer is, that your father signed this acknowledgment three days after his death.

Nora: What? I don't understand.

Krogstad: Your father died on the twenty-ninth of September. But just look here. Here your father has dated his signature October the 2d. Is not that remarkable, Mrs. Helmer? (*Nora is silent.*) Can you explain that to me? (*Nora continues silent.*) It is also striking that the words "October the 2d" and the year are not in your father's handwriting, but in one which I believe I know. Now this may be explained by supposing that your father forgot to date it, and that somebody added the date by guess work before the fact of his death was known. There is nothing improper in that proceeding. But it is the signature of his name that my question relates to. And is it genuine, Mrs. Helmer? Was it really your father who with his own hand set his name here?

Nora (*after a short silence throws her head back and looks defiantly at him*): No; it is I who wrote papa's name there.

Krogstad: And are you aware, moreover, that that is a dangerous admission?

Nora: Why? You will soon get your money.

Krogstad: May I be permitted one more question: Why did you not send the document to your father?

Nora: It was impossible. Father was then dangerously ill. If I had asked him for his signature I should also have had to tell him what I wanted the money for. But in his condition I really could not tell him that my husband's life hung by a thread. It was quite impossible.

Krogstad: Then it would have been better for you to give up the journey abroad.

Nora: That was impossible, too. My husband's life depended on that journey. I could not give it up.

Krogstad: But did you not consider, then, that it was a fraud on me?

Nora: I could not take any heed of that. I did not care in the least about you. I could not endure you on account of all the hard-hearted difficulties you made, although you knew how ill my husband was.

Krogstad: Mrs. Helmer, you have evidently no clear idea what you have been really guilty of. But I can assure you it was nothing different from this, nor worse than this.

that I once did, and that destroyed my entire position in society.

Nora: You? Do you want to make me believe that you would have dared to do a courageous act in order to save your wife's life?

Krogstad: The laws inquire little into motives.

Nora: Then we must have very bad laws.

Krogstad: Bad, or not bad—if I lay this document before a court of law you will be judged according to the laws.

Nora: That I do not believe. Do you mean to tell me that a daughter has not the right to spare her old father, on his death-bed, care and worry? Do you mean to say that a wife has not the right to save her husband's life? I don't know the law precisely, but I am convinced that somewhere or another the law must contain leave for me to have done such things. And you don't know it—you, a lawyer. You must be a bad lawyer, Mr. Krogstad.

Krogstad: I dare say. But business—such business as ours here—I do understand; you believe that? Very well. Now, do as you please. But this I do say to you: that if I am turned out of society a second time, you shall keep me company.

Krogstad leaves Nora's home very much disturbed, and later writes a letter to her husband telling him of the whole affair. Nora knows that the letter is in the box, and she does everything to draw her husband's attention away from it. Finally, after their return from a ball, where she has danced the tarantella with surprising effect, he takes the letter from the box. Nora has had a romantic, idealistic attitude toward her husband, and she believes that when he learns of her trouble, he will be so grateful to her for having provided the means that saved his life, that he will take the whole responsibility on himself to protect her. Imagine her surprise when Helmer says to her: "Do you know what is in this letter? * * * You miserable creature—what have you done?"

Nora: Let me go. You shall not suffer for it; you shall not take it upon yourself.

Helmer: Don't try any actress's tricks (*shuts the door to the hall.*) Here you shall stay and abide my judgment. Do you comprehend what you have done? Answer. Do you understand it?

Nora (*looks at him fixedly, and says with heightened expression*): Yes. Now I begin to understand it quite.

Helmer (*walking round*): Oh, what an awful awakening! During all these eight years—you who were my pride and my joy—a hypocrite, a liar—ay, and worse, worse—a criminal. Oh! what an abyss of unloveliness it implies! Ugh! ugh! (Nora

is silent, and continues to look fixedly at him. Helmer continues standing before her.) I ought to have guessed that something of the kind was sure to happen. I ought to have foreseen it. Your father's low principles—be silent!—your father's low principles you have inherited, every one of them. No religion, no morality, no sense of duty. Oh, how bitterly punished I am for ever having winked at his doings! I did it for your sake; and this the way you reward me.

Later, Krogstad sends a letter to Helmer which says that he has destroyed the evidence and it will not be produced against her. Then Helmer exclaims in his selfishness: "I am saved! Nora, I am saved!" And Nora asks, "And I?" and he says, "You too, of course."

Helmer does not understand the shock he has given his wife. She asks him to sit down, telling him she has many things to talk over with him.

Helmer (*sitting opposite to her at the table*): Nora, you make me anxious. * * * I don't in the least understand you.

Nora: Just so. You don't understand me. And in the same way I have never understood you, till tonight. No, don't interrupt me. Only listen to what I say. * * * This is a breaking off, Torvald.

Helmer: How do you mean?

Nora (*after a short silence*): Does not one thing strike you as we sit here?

Helmer: What should strike me?

Nora: We have now been married eight years. Does it not strike you that tonight for the first time we two, you and I, husband and wife, are speaking together seriously?

Helmer: Well; "seriously," what does that mean?

Nora: During eight whole years and more, since the day we first made each other's acquaintance, we have never exchanged one serious word about serious things.

Helmer: Ought I, then, too have persistently initiated you into difficulties you could not help me by sharing?

Nora: I am not talking of difficulties. All I am saying is, that we have never yet seriously talked any one thing over together.

Helmer: But, dearest Nora, would it have been any good to you if we had?

Nora: That is the very point. You have never understood me. * * * I have been greatly wronged, Torvald. First by father and then by you. * * *

Nora: Yes, it is just so, Torvald. While I was still at home with father, he used to tell me all his views, and so of course I held the same views; if at any time I had a different view I concealed it, because he would not have liked people

with opinions of their own. He used to call me his little doll, and play with me, as I in my turn used to play with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house. * * * Here I have been your doll-wife, just as at home I used to be papa's doll-child.

Problem

Nora thinks that there must be something wrong in a world where a woman may not be permitted to save her husband's life. She knows that she has been punished severely for doing the natural thing, and so she wonders what is the matter with the laws. At least, she has learned one thing, that if a woman is to have freedom to do the good that is within her soul, she must understand her world. So she leaves Helmer with the children. She rather accepts his verdict that she is not prepared to make them the mother they should have or to make him the wife he should have until she has learned more of her world.

The Doll's House is a satire against keeping a woman in ignorance, or the old belief that a woman is all right provided her husband is well informed. The husband may be in the condition Helmer was in, so near to death's door that he cannot be communicated with, and the father may be on his death-bed, or even dead, as Nora's father was at the time she needed his help. Ibsen has been careful to give us a situation where both the husband and the father are unable to give the woman advice, and as a consequence, she disobeys the law and becomes liable to a severe penalty because of her ignorance, which this time means a lack of knowledge of the law.

Questions

1. What opportunities offered women of today make it possible for them to keep out of Nora's difficulties?
2. Do you think Nora was justified in feeling that she should be trained to be a real companion to her husband?
3. What characteristics of Torvald Helmer made him shrink from assuming Nora's guilt, as she believed, at first, that he would?
4. Do you think it was natural for Nora to refuse to be friendly with her husband after he had spoken to her the harsh words that he did speak?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in June)

Lesson 15. Present Status of Our Knowledge of Education.
(Based on Part 3, "The Child, His Nature and His Needs.")

(Note: One of our colleagues has suggested that our reference to smoking in last month's lesson on "Adolescence" is apt to leave a wrong impression in the minds of some readers. Lest this should happen, we hasten to amplify the statement in Lesson 14 which seems possible of misinterpretation.

On page 171 of the *Magazine* for March, 1929, we make the following statement:

"But since cigarette smoking has been popularized and extended—due, by the way, to modern business methods—it is incorrect to assume that the use of the cigarette today is as immoral as it was a generation ago."

To this we would add the following qualification: "This, however, is not meant to imply that its use is not as harmful now as it was formerly. We believe that cigarette smoking is just as physically harmful now as it ever was, and that it should be combated by every intelligent means at our command. Perhaps a better way to present this statement would be to say that since cigarette smoking has been popularized and extended—due, by the way, to modern business methods—it is incorrect to assume that the use of the cigarette in the world, today, is as immoral as it was a generation ago."

In affirming our belief in the Church stand on this point, we can do no more than call attention to the revelation given through Joseph, the Seer, at Kirtland, Geauga County, Ohio, February 27, 1833, which reads:

"And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill. * * * And all saints who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments, shall receive health in their navel, and marrow to their bones, and shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures; and shall run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint; and I, the Lord, give unto them a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."—Doc. and Cov., Section 89, Verses 8 and 18-21.)

A. The Gap Between our Knowledge of Education and our Educational Practice

This chapter (16), written by John J. Tigert, formerly United States Commissioner of Education, discusses a problem that is little understood and still less appreciated by the average American citizen. The discrepancy between educational needs and educational practice becomes apparent when one considers the failure of the public school (a) to systematically train for

character development, (b) to deal with the sex life of the child, (c) to cope with the problems of vocational guidance and vocational education, (d) to prepare children for the constructive use of their leisure time, and (e) to train them for citizenship.

B. The Reasons for a Gap Between Educational Theory and Practice

Obviously, the main reason for a gap between educational theory and practice is the fact of social change. Schools can hardly anticipate social change, at least as they are organized at present. The very best they can do at the present is to keep abreast of social change. The more education becomes formalized, on the one hand, and the more rapid is the social change on the other, the wider, of course, becomes the gap between educational needs and educational practice.

The author of this chapter has analyzed very effectively the main reasons why practice lags behind knowledge in education. To this list, however, might very well be added two or three other more or less related causes. In the first place, education has not been characterized by the superior leadership that has characterized, for instance, commerce and trade. Other things being equal, young men and women will more often choose business, law, medicine, etc., in preference to teaching. The reason for this, of course, is not hard to see. The financial rewards in such fields as medicine, business, law, etc., are far more attractive than in education. This condition is largely responsible for the lack of leadership which in general has characterized educational work in this country, at least. The result is that education has been deprived of a good deal of the vision and vigor that it would otherwise possess.

The limitations of educational practice are, of course, somewhat of a reflection of our prevailing social attitudes and something of an indication of the relative importance of our social values. In the United States, particularly, commerce and trade have assumed supreme command of our life and thinking. Education, character and other "higher wants" inevitably suffer when our values become thus reversed. (This, of course, is not meant to disparage commerce and industry. The implication is, merely, that education and other non-profit-making enterprises which promote the "good life" will have to be more liberally subsidized in order to compete with modern business in attracting men and women of superior ability.

C. Education is Becoming a Science

An activity is scientific when it reduces the element of chance and substitutes precision and certainty therefor. A subject is

scientific when it is characterized by rules or principles which are objective and verifiable; that is, when whoever applies them will obtain uniform, predictable results. The reason for this scientific movement in education is the need for eliminating waste and increasing efficiency of the educational process in general. Concretely, this scientific tendency is producing a re-examination of many procedures and traditional practices which are at present the very warp and woof of school work. The re-examination of the curriculum, for instance, and the re-classification of pupils, are cases in point.

One of the most definite evidences of this scientific tendency in modern education is the highly successful practice of measuring the results of instruction. It is no longer necessary, for instance, to guess at the effectiveness of a teacher's instruction in the matter of reading, arithmetic, writing, spelling, geography, composition, etc. Objective tests, yielding quantitative scores are now used systematically in most modern schools in these and other subjects.

In addition to the tendency of teachers' colleges and a number of the wealthy school districts (e. g. Winnetka) to set up laboratory schools for the purpose of trying out new ideas in education, there has developed a tremendous interest in educational research and investigation. The larger school systems employ assistant superintendents and other administrative heads who are highly trained in the technique of research.

These and other concrete applications of the scientific spirit and the scientific method in education will, in a short space of a few years, guarantee a more efficient system of education; one which is more likely to keep abreast of contemporary social life than has ever been true in the past.

For the Further Stimulation of Thought

1. Why does public education "necessarily lag behind" social life?
2. What reasons other than those mentioned by the author and in this lesson can you give why practice lags behind knowledge in education in your community,
3. Should a state superintendent of public instruction be elected or appointed? Why? How is it done in your state?
4. What are the provisions of the Smith-Hughes Act? How has your state participated in the provisions of this law?
5. What, according to Tigert, has been the greatest drawback to the success of vocational education?
6. Is a complete reorganization of the public schools needed?

Why? How should this change be brought about? What part and responsibility have a local community in such a change?

7. What is the difference between the German and the American system of public schools? To what extent has the German system of education influenced our own?

8. Why do pupils drop out of school in your community? Has a careful study of this subject ever been made by your local school officials?

9. What is a junior high school? What are its advantages and limitations?

10. Wherein is it correct or incorrect to assume that the application of scientific method will alone close the gap between educational theory and educational practice?

Hills

By Christie Lund

God, make me as the hills—
Strong, to endure
The cold,
The bitterness of winter's ruthless winds.

Give me the character
To stand
Unmoved, unweakened
By the friendly summer sun.

Give me the courage
To face adversity—
Flaunting my colors high,
Like hills when summer dies.

Yet, more than all
Give me a glad, young heart
That, spite of winter snows,
And summer suns,
Looks up and sings
As the eternal, flower-strewn
April hills.

April

By Susan T. Jennings

April, why are you so brashy?
So coquettish? Almost trashy!
Why, your rain is like the dew,
With the sunshine flirting through.

Throw the household in a pout;
All dressed up, then can't go out
'Cause its raining. 'Pears you tease
Like you'd rather, 'stead of please.

Folks sit down to take a rest—
Take their wraps off—think its's best—
Suddenly there comes a shout:
“Why the sun is coming out!”

Yet your mission, April dear,
To the world is very clear;
For it takes opposing forces,
To accomplish nature's courses.

Warming sunshine, softening rain,
Purifies for that great pain;
Purifies for that great birth,
Of the wondrous growth of earth.

Laughter, sorrow, pleasure, pain;
Toss your sunshine, cast your rain;
Fill your mission, April dear,
Favored month of all the year.

Favored month for birth of Him,
He who died to save from sin;
For His church established too—
April, hail, we honor you!



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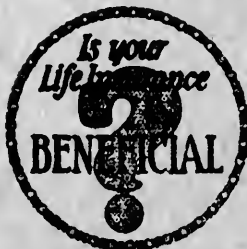
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THE PIONEER MOTHER

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The Pioneer Mother

AVARD FAIRBANKS' TRIBUTE IN STONE

By Jennie B. Knight

What serene yet powerful beauty! What determined yet restful strength! What vigorous yet graceful loveliness! What a mother!

Such are the thoughts that find echo in the hearts of the children and grandchildren of that heroine, "The Pioneer Mother", as they gaze with fascination upon the artistic representation. The grateful appreciation for such a character carries over to the man responsible for so accurate and so beautiful a portrayal of "The Pioneer Mother," the man who understands and appreciates as they do, but who is also able to express his appreciation through the sculptor's fingers and the artist's soul. The man is Avard Fairbanks.

"He has the soul of an artist, his vision and his hands are good and faithful servants, and his taste is sound and safe * * * His genius is not an explosive, consuming fire, but instead is a comfortable, steady flame that illuminates and permeates, and endures." Thus does America's eminent naturalist, W. T. Hornady, describe for us the sculptor.

We claim Mr. Fairbanks as our own because he was born in Provo, Utah, March 2, 1892, the son of J. B. Fairbanks and Lily Anetta Huish Fairbanks. The father, a man of sturdy New England stock, is regarded as one of the leading landscape painters of America. The mother was a woman with an understanding heart and an appreciation of her husband's and children's talents: no sacrifice was too great for her if it was for their advancement.

The genius of Avard was manifested early. At the age of twelve he completed his first piece of sculpture, in the form of a rabbit, which was exhibited in the Utah State Fair. The next year he followed his father to New York, where both of them pursued

their professions. The boy began work in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, studying the examples of sculpture there and working also in the New York Zoological Museum. The young prodigy was soon recognized in the magazine and newspaper world, the result being that he was offered a special scholarship in the Art Students League of New York, where he was soon happily enrolled as the youngest student in attendance. The following year the scholarship was re-offered; and it was then, at the early age of fourteen, that the work of Avard was accepted by the National Academy of Design.

R. Stuyvesant Pierrepont, prominent banker on Wall Street in New York, writes: "I have known Mr. Fairbanks and have seen him off and on since he was fourteen years old when he did a sculpture of my baby daughter, which I understand was exhibited in the Paris Salon."

The next year of this eventful period, Avard returned home and attended high school at the L. D. S. U. in Salt Lake City. He did not remain long at school. At the age of sixteen we find him enrolled in the Ecole Nationale Des Beaux Arts, the French Government Art School. While in Paris he attended also the Ecole Colrossi and Ecole La Grande Chaumiere. When seventeen years of age, in recompense for effort as well as ability, his work was accepted in the Great Salon of Paris.

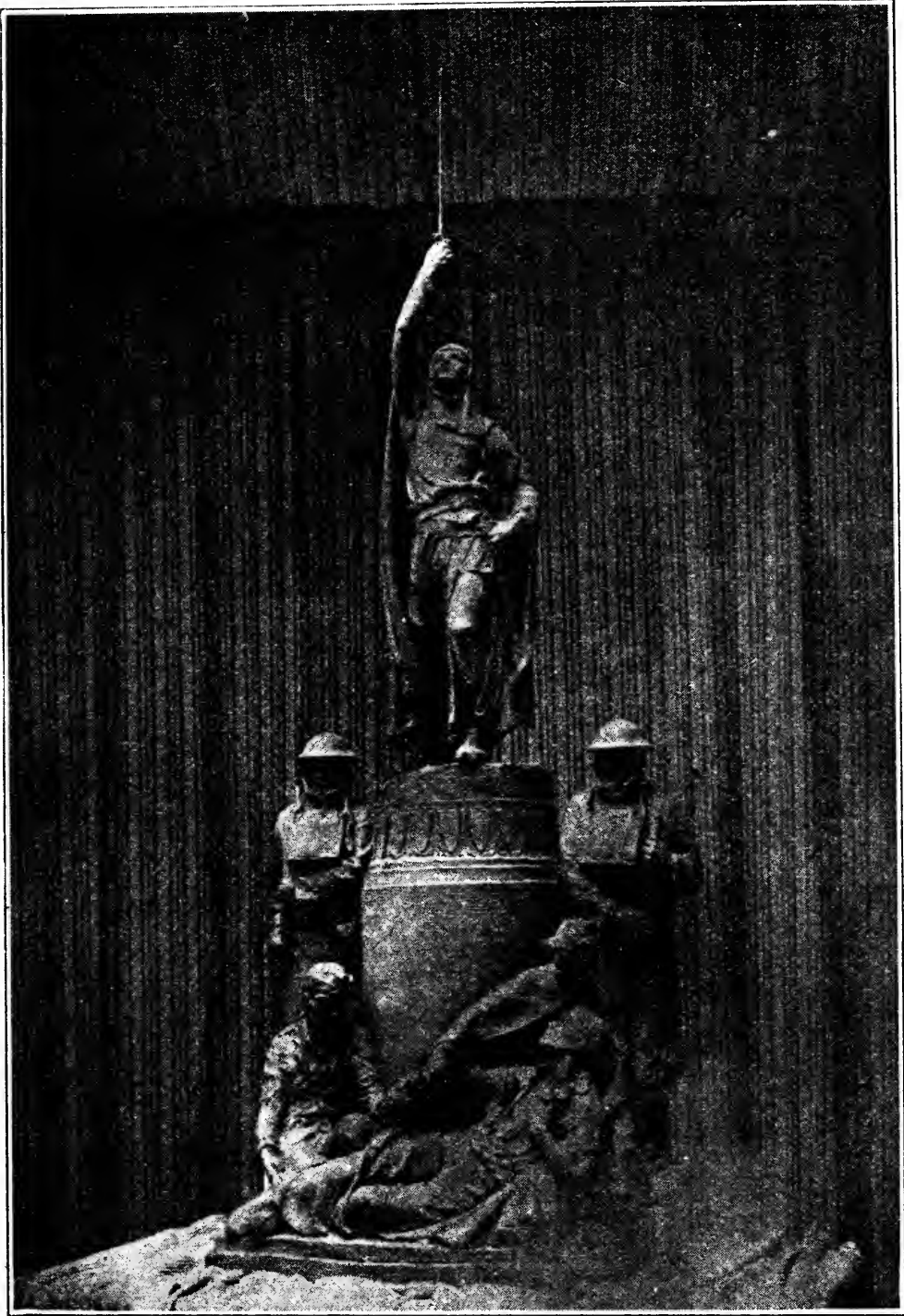
The outbreak of the war disturbed this unusual progress, and Avard returned home to engage once more in his liberal education.

About this time, two and a half years of his life were spent in Laie, Hawaii, where he and his brother, J. Leo, fulfilled a commission to do the sculpture work of the Latter-day Saint temple. It is related that while accomplishing this piece of work, Avard was besieged by and fell victim to a queer little fellow known as cupid. When twenty-one years old he was married in Honolulu to Beatrice Maude Fox of Salt Lake City. Today they are the proud parents of four stalwart sons.

Upon his return to Utah, Mr. Fairbanks joined in the service in the S. A. T. C. of the University of Utah.

After the signing of the Armistice he entered his professional field of sculpture. One of his first undertakings at this time was the heroic size statue of "The Doughboy of Idaho". At the completion of his work on "The Doughboy", C. C. Moore, Governor of Idaho, asserted that "We who personally know this splendid character, ability, and energy, predict for him a brilliant future in his chosen field of endeavor."

His twenty-third anniversary found him enlisted as assistant professor of Art in the University of Oregon. While thus employed he asked for a one year's leave of absence, which he



THE RIGHT SHALL PREVAIL
NINETY-FIRST DIVISION MEMORIAL

utilized in working for and receiving his B.F.A. degree from Yale University.

In 1927 his ability and character were again recognized and he was given a grant by the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation to study in Italy. At the expiration of the scholarship, which occurred recently, he returned to Seattle, Washington, where he has been commissioned to make the 91st Division Memorial, a piece of work now under construction. Since his return he has also received the appointment to head a newly created Department of Sculpture in the University of Michigan.

Avard Fairbanks has not yet reached the summit of his artistic achievement. Such authorities as W. Frank Pairdy, one of America's greatest art critics, says: "I am very definitely of the opinion that if the United States is ever to express itself in a voice of its own in sculpture, it will be through men like Fairbanks; men of about his age, and men of his consecration to the highest ideals of art, and men of his supreme industry * * * And I know of none of richer promise along these lines."

Motherhood

By Annie G. Lauritzen

Sweet motherhood, gift most divine
Of all God's gifts to womankind;
Sweet motherhood, dear motherhood,
So lightly prized, misunderstood,
The brightest jewel in earthly crown,
Fairer than fame or rich renown.

Sweet motherhood, the birth of all—
The great, the mighty, and the small;
A mother's hand has shown the way,
That childish feet might never stray;
At her kind breast the babe was fed,
And at her knee its prayers were said.

Sweet motherhood; no other joy
More pure, more dear, with less alloy.
Even angels look with envy rare
Upon the mother's face so fair.
The babe, our God's most precious gift,
Should human hearts to heaven lift.

Sweet motherhood, which bears the pain,
That spirits may their bodies gain—
Unselfish love and sacrifice,
That first began in paradise.
All hail the mothers, queens they are,
In God's vast kingdom none so fair.

The Childless Mother

By Estelle Webb Thomas

For her, who by inscrutable decree
Of The Omniscient One, has been denied
The fulness of a woman's destiny—
A mother's hopes and fears, a mother's pride—

From whom the gift supreme has been withheld,
Whose heart must grieve for that it ne'er has known,
Whose eager arms no little form have held
With ecstasy one feels but for her own—

Who glad would barter worldly wealth and fame
For that small title scorned by many another,
She who would feel exalted by the name—
So sweet on trusting baby lips—of "Mother,"

But questions not the wisdom of His ways,
Accepts with meekness what her God hath willed,
And seeks to fill with service all her days,
E'en though her soul's desire be unfulfilled.

And, lacking those whom she may call her own,
Has love enough for every child she knows;
Within whose lonely heart through pain has grown
An understanding of their childish woes—

For her, the childless mother, on this day
That glorifies the humblest mother's lot,
A word to drive her loneliness away—
A sheaf of blossoms, or a tender thought.



MRS. KATE MONTGOMERY BARKER

Mrs. Kate Montgomery Barker

By Alice Louise Reynolds

Mrs. Kate Montgomery Barker comes to the General Board with a unique background and experience. She is the wife of Professor James L. Barker, head of the Modern Language Department at the University of Utah, and, as such, has shared his valuable experiences abroad. It is probably true that no other man in the Church has devoted as much time to study abroad as Professor Barker, and during part of this time in foreign lands his wife has been with him. She first went to Europe in 1906, the year of their marriage, and since that time has spent seven years in Europe, where she took advantage of opportunity for study, both in the University of Neuchatel, Switzerland, and in the University of Paris, France.

Mrs. Barker is the daughter of Nathaniel Montgomery and Nancy-Clark Montgomery, both of Scotch extraction. Montgomery Castle, mentioned by Burns in one of his poems, was the ancestral castle of her father's people. Also, on her mother's side, she is connected with the great manufacturers, J. & P. Coates, located at Paisley, Scotland. She was born in North Ogden, Utah, and there she spent her early girlhood days. Her father was a successful farmer, with such a knowledge of law that the people around called him Judge Montgomery. He was a man possessing exceptional powers of analysis, and of a quick and alert mind. Mrs. Barker has inherited her father's mental alertness. Her mother was a woman of tender nature, kindly in attitude towards those with whom she came in contact, and very much devoted to her home and children. Her home was a center of hospitality, and through many years she made welcome a host of friends. Mrs. Barker has inherited her mother's tenderness and solicitude for her children; and, with her husband, possesses the spirit of hospitality so apparent in the lives of her father and mother.

After her early training, she entered the Ogden High School. Here her record for scholarship was one of the highest in the school. Her husband often remarks, jokingly, that one thing he has against his wife is that he never could keep up with her in high school. Her grades were always higher than his, so he says. She tells the story of being ill in her district school days, and of going out to meet her sisters returning from school, so anxious was she to know the grade that had been given the pupils. When she asked about them, the answer came, "You got the highest grade in school, except one, and that was James Barker, who received one-half a point more than you." After graduation from the Ogden High School, she taught school for four years, and was teaching

in Logan the year of her marriage, which occurred May 30, 1906.

At that time, Mr. Barker had been teaching foreign language in the Ogden High School, having prepared himself for this work by study in the University of Utah, and a three-year mission that brought him in contact with both French and German. At once they set sail for Europe, as Mr. Barker had in mind college work.

They have three children, two daughters and a son. Nancy, the eldest daughter, is assisting in the Modern Language Department at the University of Utah, teaching French and Spanish, as she pursues her college course. Margaret, who is still in the L. D. S. High School, is also efficient in French; and the youngest member of the family, a son bearing his father's name, bids fair to maintain the family reputation for linguistic achievements.

Since her marriage, Mrs. Barker has been connected with university circles and has taken advantage of this connection in the college centers in which she has resided. The years 1906 and 1907 were spent in Europe, as also were 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927. She knows pre-war and post-war Europe in a way that not many have been privileged to know it. Foreign languages are not usually easy for an American to learn. The United States is so isolated from other countries that the background of its citizens does not afford the opportunities, common in Europe, for acquiring other tongues. Mrs. Barker's friends have been astonished at the rapidity and accuracy with which she acquired the French language. I do not know that she ever studied it formally, but from her constant contacts with French people, from the companionship of her husband, and from taking note of what he taught the children, she has acquired a reading and speaking knowledge of French that makes her at home among French-speaking people; and it enabled her to carry on her work in the universities of Neuchatel and Paris, where practically all the lectures are delivered in French.

Since Mrs. Barker's return from Europe, she has been active in various literary organizations that have as their object the culture of their members. She is at present a member of the Faculty Women's Club of the University of Utah, and of the Author's Club. Since 1927, she has been on the stake board of the Relief Society of Liberty Stake, where, as stake supervisor, she has had the direction of the theology work.

Mrs. Barker is frank and open in her conversation and dealings. She dislikes sham and pretense, and detects it in others, as it were, by instinct. She is a good thinker and expresses herself with clearness, both in her private conversation and in her public utterances. She is intuitively sympathetic and tender towards people who are unfortunate or handicapped. She is of a mental and emotional make-up that naturally brings the best that is in her to the fore, especially for the succor of those who need relief. Tender of heart, keen of mind, and devoted to persons or causes that she

deems worthy, she brings to the great Relief Society cause an acumen of knowledge and a breadth of sympathy that will, at all times, be helpful in furthering its two major objects—relief and education.



MRS. EFFIE HUTCHINGS MARSHALL AND TRIPLETS

The triplets shown in the accompanying picture, Rachel, Ruth and Ross, are the children of Mrs. Effie Hutchings Marshall of Minersville. At the time of their birth, July 31, 1927, the mother was secretary of the Relief Society in the Minersville ward. They are fine, healthy babies, and were about ten months old when this picture was taken. There are five other children in the family.



MRS. MARCIA KNOWLTON HOWELLS

Mrs. Marcia Knowlton Howells

By Mary Grant Judd

In the days when Merry Widow hats were all the vogue—twenty-five years ago to be exact—a group of light-hearted girls spent a fortnight at Brighton in Big Cottonwood Canyon. The Grant Cottage had just been completed, and they were allowed to be its first occupants.

Towards the conclusion of the house party, Brother and Sister Grant arrived, and, as was their custom, took a lively interest in all that transpired. They enjoyed getting better acquainted with the girls; and when the guests had returned to the city, their hosts gave it as their opinion that the cabin had housed an exceptionally fine group of young people. They discussed this one and that, and then I remember President Grant's saying something to this effect: "Of course we are partial to our own, so we will leave them out; but of all the other girls, I was most impressed with Marcia Knowlton. She gives promise of being an exceptional woman."

He did not know that at just about this time, in a patriarchal blessing, Marcia had been promised that she should be a leader among women. I doubt if he may even recall his words for, during the intervening years, he has seen little of the girl who so impressed him. But my association with her has been very close and I have remembered. And now, with the calling of Marcia Knowlton Howells to the General Board of the Relief Society, the words of my father, spoken somewhat carelessly at the time, appear to me almost in the light of prophecy.

The subject of this sketch was born May 28, 1888, in Farmington, Utah, the daughter of Minerva Richards and Benjamin Franklin Knowlton. Her father died when she was very young, leaving the entire care of herself, one brother, and three sisters, to her mother. Sister Knowlton is a descendant of the early pioneer Richards family, whose history at Nauvoo is so closely interwoven with that of our Church as to be almost inseparable. She is a true gentlewoman, dignified and refined. Though quiet and somewhat reserved one feels nevertheless that she has been a tower of strength to her fatherless children. Her faith in the gospel has not wavered; and though her responsibilities have been many, she has found time to take an active part in the Church.

Her daughter is but following where the mother has led; for Sister Knowlton, at the age of seventeen, was made secretary of the Davis Stake Relief Society at the time of its organization. For twenty-five years she gave continuous service, her last position being that of stake president.

The home over which she presided, the home where Marcia

was reared, was one of order and spirituality. The loss of the father seemed to knit the family closer together. Between the mother and children in that home there grew a deep and sacred love. Here, both night and morning, family prayers were said, the law of tithing observed, the Sabbath properly enjoyed, the Word of Wisdom rigidly adhered to. In short, the simple laws of the Gospel were here taught by both example and precept.

Came a day when Marcia left her mother's home to start a new one of her own, but so potent had been the mother's teachings that the daughter could not forsake them even if she would. She had said that if at times her own inclinations might have led her to follow the easier way—the way of the crowd—the thought that it would pain her mother has deterred her.

For thoughtfulness of others is one of Marcia's outstanding attributes. If I were to try to put into words that something which distinguishes her from other individuals, I would say it is the *quality* of her generosity. She gives herself. Wherever you see her she is helping. "Let me do that," she says, in her pleasant way; and so willing does she seem that her friends appreciatively accept her proffers. She is generous with her time, doing more than her share when called upon. She is generous in her thoughts of others. Because she is not one of those persons who is passively good, she is tolerant of the failings of her acquaintances; and where there is good to be found, she is generous in her praise. She enjoys giving sincere compliments. Modest about her own talents, scarcely admitting that she has any, she greatly admires the accomplishments of others.

I might put it in another way and say she is genuinely unselfish. If working in a successful group, she is apt to give most credit to the other person. This in itself is a form of generosity; for we all like praise, whether we are willing to admit it or not. She never tries to attract attention to herself or to be "the center of the stage." In her makeup there is no jealousy. On the contrary, she gets keen enjoyment out of the good fortune of others. She is sympathetic. It seems to be her second nature to visit and help those in trouble. She is hospitable. Her husband, Dr. Thomas J. Howells, and herself have a wide circle of friends who are always made welcome in their pleasant home. Marcia is fun-loving, young in appearance and spirit, kindly, approachable, in short, a charming hostess.

If one adds to these likable personal qualities the fact that Marcia is a good executive, a tireless and enthusiastic worker, and has the background of a splendid education, one may readily see that she is well qualified for the position to which she has been called. Her schooling comprised attendance at the public schools of Farmington, the L. D. S. High School, and the University of Utah, the whole being rounded out by four years of teaching. In 1921, in company with her husband and young son, she took a

trip around the world—a liberal education in itself. Always interested in Church work, she has served as a local or stake worker in Sunday School, Primary, Religion Class and Relief Society. At the time of her call to the Relief Society General Board she was acting as first counselor to Sister Elizabeth C. Williams of the Salt Lake stake.

Her president pays her this glowing tribute: "There is nothing too good to say for Sister Howells. She is a splendid executive, efficient, dependable, and one of those rare individuals who assume more than their share of responsibility. In our deliberations as a presidency, she was frank to give her opinions though they might differ radically from our own; but once a decision was reached, she readily fell in line, setting her own views aside. I admired her for this. We were loath to lose her, but felt it an honor to have her chosen to her present position."

I hope that many of you who read this sketch may know the happiness of meeting Marcia Knowlton Howells. It will enrich your experience as it has done mine. In our high school days I formed a high opinion of her character; and during all the years of our friendship, she has not disappointed me. No, not once.

A Cook Book from Garfield Stake

The Garfield Stake Relief Society, under the direction of the stake board, has compiled a very useful and attractive cook book.

This reminds us that in the olden days co-operation had not been thought of in relation to cooking. If a girl happened to be born into a home where the people were good cooks, she stood a very good chance of being a good cook herself. If, on the other hand, her people did not know how to make good bread, or to cook other things properly, that was her inheritance in the cuisine art. But nowadays, through co-operation, practically all women who are ambitious in this work can learn the best way to cook. The project put over by Garfield Stake is a movement in co-operation.

The book gives a variety of recipes, that will be useful to anybody desiring to combine tasty and delicious foods. To people who have a sweet tooth, the number of recipes for cakes and cookies will give general satisfaction. We compliment and commend this stake on this activity. Many stakes have done the same thing at other times, so that the Relief Society has a reputation for spreading good news in the art of cooking.

The Inauguration

A Letter by Mrs. Vera S. King, President of Relief Society at Washington, D. C.; wife of Senator William H. King

To the Editor,
Relief Society Magazine:

When you asked me to write a letter on the inauguration, I feared that by the time my letter reached you everyone might be surfeited from reading about even so momentous an event. I am delighted, however, to submit a few of my impressions from the Senate Gallery, as perhaps being a little more intimate than even the regular reporter might give.

Preparations and Weather

For weeks before the fourth of March the town began taking on new activities. There was a sub-current of excitement felt everywhere, the city being literally house-cleaned and made bright and shiny for the expected visitors. The shop windows took on a new magnificence. The hotels were overflowing with persons coming from all parts of the country, eager to be assured of accommodations.

The weather through February, as so often happens this far South, was delightful, giving a promise of spring by its mellow warmth and soft sunshine. The more adventuresome blades of grass were beginning to show green, causing the entire city to desire to desert the irksome duties of remaining indoors and to join forces with those who were preparing for the "big day."

How tempting it is, on a sunshiny afternoon, to stroll through the beautiful Lafayette Park just in front of the White House! On this particular day in February I was taking this walk and caught my first glimpse of the stand being built for the new President to review the parade. On each side the skeletons of immense bleachers were going up over every available square foot along the avenue, from the White House to the Capitol, so that visitors might witness the events in comfort.

A Momentous Occasion

Partaking of the excitement of the preparation, and standing there with the view of the White House obstructed by this scaffolding, one could not help but wonder at the emotions of those within the historic building. The man who for more than four years had wielded authority greater than most kings and rulers of this world now exercise, would depart under the stone arches a plain American citizen; and the man, now to wield that power,

would walk under the portico as the thirty-first President. At that moment, a friend of mine from the Italian Embassy passed, leaving with me a thought that made a deep impression. "Do you not feel the gruesomeness of it, Madam King?" he asked; "the inmates of that house forced to witness, day by day, the building of the scaffold that will eventually behead them."

I smiled at this dramatic statement, feeling that he did not understand political and social phenomena that exist nowhere else in the world—conditions that should make the heart of every American citizen beat with pride; for in this symbolism of the President and his surroundings are represented the wishes and desires of a mighty people; and at the same time, never for a moment is he to feel that power is personally his, but that it is his for only a little season, as the servant of the people.

Ladies of the White House

Mrs. Coolidge has so endeared herself to everyone whose privilege it was to know her that she will leave in the affections of the people a place very difficult to fill. The Senate ladies, over whom she has presided as Honorary President, gave in her honor their final luncheon, at which she was presented with a magnificent antique desk—the thing, her secretary told us, she wanted most.

Bought in Alexandria, Virginia, it is a lovely specimen of early American furniture, about three hundred years old. At the same time Mrs. Dawes was presented with four handsome silver candlesticks. She was kind enough to say they were just what she wanted, as it was always necessary for her to borrow those belonging to her daughter.

Mrs. Coolidge made the most gracious response, with a little history and description of the various desks she had used throughout her life—a kitchen table with a broken leaf in college days and on to the White House, and finally this one, which would be hers the rest of her life. I should like to pay tribute to this splendid woman of sterling character, in every way an example as first lady of the land. There were no dry eyes in the group when she said goodbye to us.

Incidents of Moving

Several amusing incidents have been told of the Coolidges moving out. It seems that they have been deluged with presents, from solid silver plates—gifts from the cabinet—to ten-gallon hats from the cowboys. How is the little house in Northampton going to hold them all? The President, with his dry wit, has said to his wife that if she took all of her clothes with her, the family would have to live in the closet and hang their clothes in the room. He also called to one of the movers on the van, "Don't try to put

all those things in the house, or they will stick out through the windows."

When the bleachers were all finished and the inaugural stands completed, the trees fairly bloomed with a strange fruit of microphones, while crowds of visitors thronged the streets. There were flags from practically every window, bunting in red, white, and blue, uniforms mingling with civilians, shiny top hats, and sombre frocked coats; bands playing, the Marine Band and the Navy Band, and many more; aeroplanes flying overhead, noise and excitement everywhere for the "big day."

A very amusing cartoon appeared that morning in one of the Washington papers, showing everybody in the best of spirits, happy and contented, except the weather man; he was hanging his head in bitter shame, for he had predicted rain for the afternoon, and most unfortunately that prophecy came true.

Arrival of the Guests

Even for those who had passes, the problem that morning was to get to the Capitol early; for the streets flowed and overflowed with the multitudes. Only two cards were issued to each Senator for the Senate Gallery, as the space there was limited. So my father and I were among the fortunate ones that day. The exercises were to begin at eleven o'clock, the Vice-President to take his oath of office at twelve noon. The delay in assembling gave us an opportunity to study the galleries and pick friends and acquaintances. Many Utahns were assembled in that distinguished gathering—Mrs. George Sutherland, looking very dignified and charming; Mrs. Cardon and Mrs. Harold Smoot; our own Mrs. J. Reuben Clark, and on the floor of the Senate, Mr. Louis S. Cates.

At eleven o'clock Vice-President Dawes called the Senate together for the last time. At this moment, Miss Trumbull, fiancée of John Coolidge, came into the Senate Gallery. A few minutes later Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Hoover arrived together. Mrs. Coolidge was dressed in a new beige costume with a becoming hat to match. Her face wreathed in smiles, she radiated her usual graciousness, bowing and nodding to friends on all sides. She made her greetings with an occasional wave of the hand. Mrs. Hoover wore plum color, most becoming to her white hair. With their arrival, the gallery arose and stood until they were seated.

At 11:56 the diplomatic corps was announced, led by Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador. The foreign diplomats in bright and colorful uniforms made a great spectacle with their gold braids and medals. Next came the membership of the House of Representatives, led by Speaker Longworth. In a few minutes the entire chamber rocked with applause when Mr. Curtis arrived and seated himself at the side of the Vice-President. There was

an immediate hush when President Coolidge and Mr. Hoover entered, to be followed by another outburst of applause, the entire body of the Senate standing. Vice-President Dawes then delivered his farewell address, administered the oath of office to his successor and left the dais. Vice-President Curtis, alert after his thirty-four years of service, assumed his office with a sharp bang of the gavel. The Senators were then sworn in for the Seventy-first Congress by the new Vice-President.

The Oath of Office

Shortly after noon, Herbert Hoover became President of the United States. The oath was administered on the East Front of the Capitol by Chief Justice of the United States, William Howard Taft: "You do solemnly swear that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of your ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Those time-honored and impressive words, uttered in a firm voice by the Chief Justice, and the solemn response, "I do," by President Hoover, were heard by thousands in a down-pour of rain and by tens of thousands over the magic of the radio. Around the new President, on a specially constructed platform, stood Calvin Coolidge, honored throughout the world, now but a private citizen, the chief officers of the Government, and representatives from all nations.

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge then left for the Union Station, dividing the interest with President and Mrs. Hoover, who were escorted to the White House.

The procession that followed proceeded along historic Pennsylvania Avenue, which had been changed from an ordinary thoroughfare to a court of splendor. Twenty thousand persons composed the parade, with a display of aircraft overhead.

Luncheon was served at the Executive Mansion for the chief actors in this drama. Later, they were escorted to the Court of Honor before the White House, from which they witnessed the parade. Washington, famous for its parades, is famous, also, for its manner of handling them. This big panorama moved forward without disorder, taking about three hours to pass a given point. Beginning with General Summerall, our sixth general, ranking with Washington and Pershing, it was a magnificent spectacle of methodical marching, crack units. Indians from the West, who were supposed to march, but were forced to ride to protect their gorgeous regalia, were followed by contingents of Governors and their aides.

The Grand Committee Ball

After so strenuous a day the President and his Lady spent

a deservedly quiet evening in their new home. The public who were gathered to honor them this day were not so inclined and a group of public-spirited Washingtonians conceived the idea of having what they called an inaugural charity ball, knowing what the attitude of the people would be. Upon former occasions the inaugural ceremonies ended with a magnificent ball in the evening. In later years, however, this custom has been departed from, with only a ceremonial ball under appropriate committees.

Two tiers of boxes, each selling for \$100 and more, were arranged around the huge auditorium. Through the center leading to the stage an aisle was roped off through which visiting Governors and their aides were escorted. The ceremony, accompanied by appropriate martial music, was stirring, the presentation of the Governors lasting for an hour. Promptly at 11:15 the Vice-President and his party arrived; amid thundering applause, he and his Lady were accompanied to the stage. More than eight thousand persons were on the floor that evening, and the pressure of the crowds made movement well nigh impossible. But, as the carnival spirit of gaiety prevailed, no one seemed to mind the mighty concourse. With flags and streamers the hall was a riot of color. Bands played continuously and a gorgeous array of gowns were worn. To me the most impressive sight of the evening was the magnificent troupe of Kaw Indians who had journeyed from their homes to do honor to their Brother who had so honored their tribe. Dressed in their holiday finery of white skins and colorful feather bonnets, they were splendid specimens of humanity, both men and women. They were the outstanding bits of picturesqueness of the evening, and when a powerful young Indian brave mounted the stage and stood beside his famous kinsman and, in a thundering voice, sang the "Star Spangler Banner," I am sure that everyone felt the evening well spent. And so ended the Inauguration Day, March 4, 1929.

Lines of a Young Mother to her New-Born Son

By Alice Sessions Willardson

Little mite,
 Son of mine;
 Soul so white,
 Pure, divine.

Come thou far,
 Son of mine?
 Want to stay
 For all time?

Little stranger,
 You're my love!
 Come to me
 From God above.

To My Mother

By Constance Quayle Cannon

Gracious, gallant, tender, true—
Those are things I love in you.
Laughing, loving, calm, and kind,
My ideal in you I find.

Peace you carry in your heart,
And you use it to impart
Strength to others, till it seems
You bring courage, hope, and dreams.

Mem'ries of you are a shrine
Burning in this heart of mine
Till its gleaming, golden light
Guides me safely through the night.

And at last 'tis this I pray
Striving, yearning, day by day:
Somehow, somewhere, may I be
Nearer your nobility.

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EDITORIAL

President Hoover's Prohibition Pronouncement

Throughout the land there is joy and rejoicing because of the prohibition pronouncement of President Hoover in his inaugural address, delivered March 4, 1929, in the city of Washington, D. C.

Carlton M. Sherwood, in an article, "Prohibition's First Real Chance," says: "At last prohibition has a vigorous and outstanding defender in the person of the President of the United States. Since its inception, prohibition has needed moral support from the White House. This it has not had in the past in any real sense. Prohibition has succeeded exceptionally well despite this lack, but with such support it would have succeeded immeasurably better.

"In the ten minutes following his inauguration, President Herbert Hoover said more in support of the great national policy of prohibiting the liquor traffic than has ever been said by any President at any time. He did not evade. He recognized the issue. He put it first in his inaugural. As though to give redoubled emphasis to the message to his countrymen, at the close of his inaugural oath, he leaned over the Bible and kissed the well known eighteenth verse of the twenty-ninth chapter of Proverbs—'Where there is no vision, the people perish, but he that keepeth the law, happy is he'.

"In our judgment, Herbert Hoover will do again and again what he did in his inaugural address in bringing the vital import-

ance of this question to the mind and heart of all the people. In his first message, President Hoover drove home the fact that 'it takes two to make a bootlegger', to use the searching phrase of Professor Horace D. Taft, brother of the Chief Justice of the United States. Already there is a new conscience abroad in the land on the matter. Many more or less neutral individuals, who were left cold by appeals of temperance bodies or lesser personages, have caught the implication and challenge of the President's inaugural appeal. He undoubtedly will need to speak several times, emphasizing one phase and another of this question. He begins by urging obedience because it is *the law*. If he continues, he will need to emphasize obedience not alone because it is the law, but because it is a *good law*. Both emphases are important."

It is a source of gratification to all people who really believe in prohibition to know that President Hoover has already indicated that he expects to have Congress transfer the prohibition enforcement bureau from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice, under the Attorney-General. As it exists at present, the authority is divided. Placing prohibition in the Department of Justice, will give to it a unity that has been lacking in the present system.

"No one can imagine," says Mr. Sherwood, "Herbert Hoover tolerating either corruption or inaction in the prohibition bureau or any other branch of the government."

But with all of Mr. Hoover's qualifications and desires, he cannot accomplish this great work alone. It behooves all government officials at Washington to stand squarely behind the President in this matter, and then, back of official Washington, should come the united support of all honorable men and women throughout the United States. It is our supreme chance to show to the world that the spiritual leadership we have assumed in this matter can be realized. We are in hearty accord with Mr. Sherwood when he says: "What, then, is the duty of those citizens who believe in prohibition? First, to trust and believe in President Hoover and give him a fair chance to start on this matter. Next, not to overwhelm him with advice or to criticise him too quickly on minor matters. This does not eliminate friendly criticism on vital matters, but it does preclude hasty and petulant criticism on trivial questions. He may not always do the wise thing, but it is our conviction he will always do what he believes to be the right thing. Let us 'have faith in Herbert Hoover'."

Utah Provides for the Care of the Feeble-Minded

Congratulations to Relief Society workers, to the Utah Society for Mental Hygiene, and to all others interested, on the passage of the bill in behalf of the feeble-minded. The \$300,000 voted will make provision for a training school, urgently needed

in this State, as well as for other things that have become increasingly necessary for the best care and advancement of the feeble-minded. A special commission has the work in hand, and will look after the location of the school and other matters. Utah now joins the procession of States. She has reduced by one the number not making adequate provision for their feeble-minded, and has added to the long list of States that have recognized such provision as a necessity for the welfare of their unfortunates.

Who can measure the strength that the Relief Society brought to this great cause? To those who assisted by carrying petitions to signers, that the presentation might be forceful, we extend our compliments and appreciation. A very important piece of work has been ably put over by the Relief Society. To add to its efficiency, President Robison has given it much personal attention; and the Legislative Committee of the General Board—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, Mrs. Inez K. Allen, and Mrs. Ida P. Beal—spent many hours during the different sessions of the legislature, soliciting the support of members.

Utah Law Prohibits the Advertising of Tobacco and Cigarettes

Relief Society workers all over the Church will approve the new law that takes from the billboards of Utah all advertisements of cigarettes and tobacco. To be sure, we have the decision of the Supreme Court of the State to reckon with before we are entirely sure that this measure may become law. We trust that it will not be found unconstitutional.

Few if any other branches of business put more money and more art, coupled with a good deal of cleverness, into advertising than do the tobacco interests. Seeking to win the youth of the land, they have placed their advertising at such points along highways that it is impossible for people to traverse them, either by train or car, and not notice their impudent appeals. To have this advertising material removed will mean much to the morale of the State, for in the guise of beauty, advertising that is destructive to both mind and body is paraded by those interested in the sale of tobacco. Not only does the use of tobacco violate the laws of health, and the revealed Word of Wisdom, but it makes impossible a clean, sweet home.

We regret exceedingly that a similar bill failed in the Idaho legislature. It passed the Senate, but was defeated by a few votes in the House. We would suggest to the Relief Society workers of Idaho that they take an interest in this matter, and that two years hence they send to their law-making body, people who will foster this very desirable measure.

We congratulate the members of the Utah legislature on this sensible piece of work.

Absent

By Camilla Woodbury Judd

*Why are the little birds so glad today,
Filling the air with music sweet and clear?
Can they be telling us that it is May,
And Mother's Day, dear heart—and you not here?*

*Why do the roses bloom so rich and bright,
Wafting their fragrant incense far and near?
Why does the sunshine fall so warm and light,
Upon this day of days—and you not here?*

*Why is the sky so blue, the earth so fair,
As to your grave I come, with flowers and tears?
Dear heart, is it because you're happier there,
Where May Eternal glorifies the years?*

Mother-Heart

Nelle Allen Talmage

There was once a child who lived in a castle-like house with tall narrow windows. Here he lived very much by himself. He had food, shelter and raiment, yet he always felt hungry and thirsty and cold. The days were long and dreary, although in a child's life they should flit by like pretty butterflies in a field of clover. It was because She had gone!

The yard below was inviting; but when the child reached it, he was lonelier than before. You see She had gone away!

And so, day after day, he mourned; but when the cool darkness drifted into his room and the friendly moon came to keep him company, he dreamed the dream that brought her back to him.

Often in early summer he had walked with her in the garden;—the garden, bordered with fragrant alyssum, bedded with tulips and hyacinths,—filled with the homey, little, shrinking violets and sweet-faced pansies. Upon latticed fences, honeysuckle climbed, making the air fragrant with its perfume. The flowers were dear, familiar, modest ones; but the loveliest of all was the clump of Madonna lilies, their tall, green stalks crowned with dazzling white blossoms—as tall and pure and fair as She had been. Often the child touched them, and worshipped the beauty and sweetness of the blossoms. He seemed to nestle on her breast!

There were trees in the garden, large, spreading elm trees, and a grove of tall, young aspens. The birds in the trees twittered and sang, and seemed to be telling him of the happy days he had spent with her. All this came back to him in his dream at night-fall.

Then there was He—big, strong, busy man. He left so early in the morning for some mysterious place in the city. The child had been there once on the cars, and had been frightened by the clacking of automobile sirens, shrill whistles, and the noise of the trains overhead. He did not like it, and his dreams of the garden and Her were much more lovely than his thought of the great man in the big city. Yet he loved this man, his father. He came home early in the evening before She had gone and romped with him. Sometimes he came with her to tuck him in; She was always there. But now he stayed later in the big city, and seldom did the child see him.

But one evening, just after the child had gone to bed, he came into the room just as he used to do. He had lost the sad look in his eyes and the child knew that some great news was to be told him. Expectantly he held out his arms to his daddy.

"My little son!" he said as he folded the boy to him. "My

little son! Your eyes are the same heavenly blue,—your hair—
Her glint of sunlight.”

The child nestled closer.

“Do you miss her, child?”

“More every day, Daddy. I see Her smile on the pansy face; I see Her eyes in the violets; I hear Her voice in the song of the birds; I smell Her fragrance among the mignonettes. I see Her in the Madonna lilies. I love the garden because it tells of Her.”

The man crushed the boy to him; then letting him loose said, “She was an angel, son,—and God needed her to help Him. We’ll always know that and remember Her that way. But the great and all-wise Father does not want us to mourn and be unhappy. He has sent another angel to care for us and love us. Some day soon I’m going to bring her here to be a mother to you. There are mothers who bear and mothers who rear, and blessed is the woman who takes some one’s else child to her heart. Great is her love and exalted shall she be!”

And the father bowed his head. The child could not remember hearing his father talk this way before.

“Is it all right, son?”

“It is all right, father.”

That was all—but, in the darkness, strange fears came on him. He had heard stories of cruel stepmothers—and a stepmother was what she would be. Would she walk in the garden under the spreading elms—among the strong, young aspens? And the violets, the pansies, and the honeysuckle—would they greet her? The Madonna lilies—no! she might enjoy all the rest of the garden, but the little heaven among the lilies was for Her who had gone away!

And he fell asleep.

The next morning he wakened early and wondered, “Today, will she come?” But the day passed and the next and the next. Weeks passed, and then one day the house was in a bustle. Flowers in all the vases; curtains, shining white, hanging stiffly from the poles; sounds of baking and smells of cooking. Today was the day for He had come into the child’s room and kissed him to wakefulness, and whispered, “Today she comes, son,” and then had gone out.

The child was dressed in his little linen suit and told to keep clean and not to play rough. They need not have said that, for the child had ponderous thinking to do, and he climbed into the big chair. There he remained. Then it seemed as if She who had gone, stood by him and smiled. How like a lovely Madonna lily she looked! Yes, this other she who was coming might have anything in the garden but the lily. That was sacred to Mother!

The horn of the car! The housekeeper and the maid and even the cook came strangely quiet into the hall.

The child uncurled himself from the chair and stood in the doorway. He should see her before she saw him and then he could tell.

His father's happy laugh!

A low sweet voice as she greeted the servants!

The child stood motionless looking up into her face. She was coming toward him—a flush on the cheek—a smile in her eyes.

She stopped and opened her arms!

The child walked into them! He was no longer hungry and thirsty and cold. He was warmed and fed by the Mother-love in her face! Neither said a word. A warm embrace and a long look—a parting.

Happy, he started for the outdoors without a kiss for his father. He knew now! His father started to call him back—but the other mother motioned, No.

"Strange child!" said he.

"Wonder child!" said she. The mother in her knew!

Out into the garden went the child, straight to the clump of Madonna lilies. It was early season, but one tall green stalk was crowned with a dazzling white blossom.

The child broke the stem.

Reverently he carried it into the house and gave it to his new mother!

Gifts of Spring

By Grace Ingles Frost

I sit in the shine of the benign sun,
And let all the golden glory of it
Fill my soul.

The greening grass is carpeting my feet,
Great outstretched boughs nearby form haunts of shade;

And blossoms there are blowing everywhere,
Lilacs and the bride's own graceful wreath,
And tulips, crimson as the lips of her I love,
Are here.

My being thrills with rapture of the scene.
Each quivering, rejuvenated leaf
That sways to gentle rhythm of the breeze,
The red-breast calling blithely to his mate,
The gurgling brook that smoothly flows along,
The music of the wood-dove's fluted song;
These are the gifts that spring brings unto me.

The Face in the Mirror

By Elizabeth C. Porter-Rissanen

Lita, wheeled from the operating table at the maternity hospital after her baby was born, resembled one of the effigies on the tombs at Westminster, so still was she, so like alabaster. A great peace enveloped her; she only wanted to rest. The long torture had drained her of sensation: she was numb. It was after the woman had been purified by the fiery ordeal of motherhood that the husband usually came forward and kissed her on the brow. But Joe was not there. Where was Joe?

That question had harried Lita's mind for the past three weeks. Her young husband had not come home from his work one night, and he had never been seen or heard from since. So certain was she that some harm had befallen him that she had taken his description to the police station. The desk sergeant had smiled skeptically at her, as if lost men were not an unheard of thing. Someone had remarked that the men who disappeared were usually the ones who wanted to. But they didn't know Joe. She clipped an item from the paper about an unidentified man being found dead, taken to the General Hospital, and afterwards cremated. What if something like that had happened to her Joe? The uncertainty of it kept it mulling in her mind like a puzzle that cannot be solved.

So the young wife had come to the hospital alone. She had overheard a conversation relative to herself.

"She thinks that he will come back," giggled Maggie Gulliver.

"Why?" asked Mame.

"Oh, she thinks that he's been injured or kidnaped or something. You remember Annie Godowski? When her husband found out that she was going to have a baby he went and left her. After she had given the baby away and gone back to her job in the candy factory, he came back. She said that he wasn't mean to her—he just went and left her."

"Like to see me take a man back when he had quit me once!" said the strong-minded Mame. "When I'm through, I'm through."

A chill had struck Lita's heart. Did women really regard men like that? Not in her stratum of society. Joe had restless Viking blood in his veins; he had always been a wanderer. It had proved his love for her that he had given up his much vaunted freedom for it. All her instincts assured her that Joe

was all right, that he could be depended on, that he would stick. If a woman couldn't depend upon a man at such a time, what good was he?

When Lita was settled in the cool comfort of her bed, the words of the Latter-day Saint hymn book came to her mind:

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow."

After a while they brought the baby, smelling of fresh linen and talcum powder.

"He's a pretty baby," the nurse assured her, as she gave him a drink of water, via a bottle.

Lita had her reservations about this as she surveyed the red wrinkled visage. (Afterwards, when she saw the others, she conceded that he was the best looking of the lot.)

"He has darling hands;" she touched one tiny clenched fist.

With the miracle of the baby before her in her dawning mother-consciousness, she remembered the words of a woman lecturer that she had heard a short time before.

"Love," the psychologist had declared, "is the greatest thing in the world. It can create life itself."

During the noon hour some of the husbands—who were privileged visitors—came up. Again Lita had a desolate feeling.

But then she had her baby, while Wilda Bennett, the girl in the next bed, had lost hers. She lay now with her crimson kimona thrown across her shoulders like a silken poppy. When the nurse brought in an armful of roses, she told her to throw them out.

Wilda, a product of the cabarets, and filled with some of the false concepts of the age, had viewed her approaching maternity as a trap in which she had been caught. But when they took her dead baby to be buried in the cemetery in the rain, she cried all night. She wanted her, warm in her arms. Her breasts ached and her heart hungered for the child she had not wanted.

How different was the older woman on the other side of Lita in the ward. She gloried that she had passed on the torch of life and was planning to build the rest of her life around her precious baby.

Some commotion was caused by the arrival of the wealthy parents of Bernice, who came to take the girl mother home. Bernice, a modern flapper, had married a boy friend instead of the older gentleman that her father and mother had picked out for her. With the advent of the grandchild, she had been forgiven.

The afternoon sun lay across Lita's bed. The air bore

the scent of eucalyptus, pine, and the distant breath of the sea. Below, in some dusty looking palms, mocking birds twittered. A green parrot, perched in a fig tree, screeched "Grandma." Across the street, against a yellow wall, red cannas ranged themselves like an army with banners. Beyond was a splotch of purple—bougainvella. An acacia tree was in bloom.

Someone had said that her baby had been born on Hallowe'en. It was the last day of October; and the contrast between this flower-decked city of southern California and her mountain home, came to her mind. In the valleys of the mountains the harvest had been gathered and stored for the winter. The grain was garnered and threshed. Apples were picked. Even the gorgeous autumn leaves of City Creek canyon would be gone by now, and the maple trees shivering in their bareness. The tang of frost was in the air. The brave people of the mountains prepared for the advent of winter.

She recalled a Hallowe'en party of her girlhood, when they trailed the table with blackberry leaves, and had chicken, pumpkin pie, and black currant jelly. They had cut faces out of apples and given a live black cat for the prize. They had rescued raisins from an alcohol flame, and, gathering around the fireplace heaped with blazing logs, begged the "witch" to tell their fortunes. (These had come true as much as such things generally do.)

The girls had gone into a dark closet, one at a time. Each lighted a candle and beheld over her left shoulder the man she was going to marry. The game had been concocted from the old superstition that on the night that hobgoblins walk, a girl might really view such a phenomenon.

Lita glanced into the mirror of her dresser. Her eyes opened wide, for there over her left shoulder was the lost Joe! A wan-looking Joe with a bandage over his head. He stood at the back of her bed.

She cried out, but it was no apparition; for presently the real flesh and blood Joe knelt by her side and buried his head in her breast. Her arms went round him. A great contentment filled her. Joe had come back as she knew that he would.

"My Lita!" he murmured, as he kissed her hungrily.

Her hand rippled the blond hair.

"What hurt you, Joe?"

"Auto, I guess. Must have struck me. Concussion of the brain. Didn't know anything for a long time. Just got out of the hospital. Went to Mrs. Morris's, and was nearly crazy when she said that you had come here. You're all right?"

"Sure. You must see the baby, Joe. It's a boy."

"Baby! How old is it?"

"A few hours. It was born this morning."

"Oh Lita!" He took her in his arms.

Invisible Servants of Mankind

By Thomas L. Martin, Agronomist, Brigham Young University

In the soil there are a great many invisible servants of man. Among these are numerous little green bodies known as algae, which save nitrogen and ammonia for plants, add valuable gases to the soil, furnish oxygen to prevent certain plant diseases, absorb moisture, and help the soil and the plant to produce when drought comes during periods of low rainfall.

THE LIFE OF THE SOIL

These tiny servants have not always been known. In fact the science involving the study of soil algae is a most recent one; and the part that such organisms play in the economy of the soil is not all known yet.

What are these soil algae? They are microscopic plants with various forms. When viewed under the microscope, they remind one of little kidneys, links of sausage, small intestines of animals, pieces of asparagus, piles of coins, yeast bodies, or coiled springs. In describing the various forms, one may use an almost unlimited imagination. These plants are green, containing chlorophyll, as do all the regular plants of field and garden. Chlorophyll, as you probably know, is a substance used by all green plants in making starchy foods. The carbon dioxide of the air and the water of the soil are acted upon by sunshine, which has passed through this green coloring matter, thus making starch. This starch material, made by the algae, constitutes part of the organic matter so badly needed by soils.

IMPORTANT WORK OF SOIL ALGAE

It is estimated by investigators that there are about twenty-five to thirty hundred thousand of these algae in an ounce of average soil. This means that an acre of soil six inches deep, or about what is usually stirred in plowing, contains about ninety trillion organisms, a number so large that the imagination fails to comprehend it. When one considers the important work these tiny algae do, even if present in such enormous numbers in the soil, one must take an attitude of wonderment. They are not all active, however. They may be found at the surface of the soil, where they are responsible for the green tinge noticed at the surface of some of our soils. When in a bad physical condition, soils do not contain so many algae as do those in better condition. In fact, the more the soil is worked, the more organic matter it has in-

corporated, and the better it is plowed, cultivated, and rotated, the more plentifully these organisms develop. It is a good thing to encourage the growth of these organisms for they add to the soil certain material that is needed for good crop production.

The following are some of the soil benefits derived from soil algae: Western soils are replenished with the organic matter they lack as a source of energy for bacteria. Nitrogen bacteria, essential to good plant growth, are supplied with large quantities of energy from the algae. Soil algae draw upon the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere and the water of the soil; then, with the aid of the sun, they make starch, which contains sun-energy. These starch bodies are later worked upon by the nitrogen bacteria. Thus, by aid of these algae, nitrogen and humus are added to the soil.

ALGAE PRODUCE THE PRECIOUS NITRATES

It is claimed by the Colorado experiment station workers that the nitre spots of Colorado, spots where the nitrates accumulate in such large quantities that they become alkaline in their effects, are due to nitrogen-fixing organisms. Some people criticize these workers for claiming that these nitre spots are due to bacteria rather than to alkaline accumulations; because, say the critics, from where would come the energy necessary to do so much work? The Colorado workers answer that the energy—the starch materials furnished by these algae—may easily be the source of the nitrogen bacteria. Be that as it may, students of soil algae feel sure that these green bodies aid in producing much of the organic matter needed by bacterial and growing plants.

Nitrogen and ammonia are often in the soil in a form that is easily lost if growing plants do not use it immediately. The soil algae draw upon this easily lost nitrogen material and hold it for the plant to use later on.

Certain diseases of plants flourish in the absence of oxygen, a disease of rice being very noticeable. In the regions where rice is grown, it has been found that if these little soil algae are encouraged to grow, the oxygen that is given off at the time the starch is being made by the green chlorophyll, mixes with the water in the spot where the rice disease is developing and kills the germs. It may be that these soil algae are responsible, in at least a small way, for the freedom from disease among our ordinary plants grown on fertile soils where many soil algae are found. There are other reasons why plants resist disease a little more effectively on fertile soils than on non-fertile ones; but the algae probably accomplish much of this result.

Soil algae absorb water quickly and lose water slowly. They even take advantage of the dew in the early morning, and in this

way increase the water of the soil. They may thus help the soil to be carried over short periods of drought.

ALGAE AS SOIL-MAKERS

Another interesting thing about these little organisms is the fact that they are among the first agencies to attack rocks and start the decomposition which finally results in soil. We are told that after the great volcanic outburst of Krakatoa in 1883, the first organisms to attack the cinders were these microscopic algae. Algae are jelly-like and absorb much water. When they died, they remained attached to the cinders, thus providing a basis of organic material upon which other organisms of a higher nature could work. Finally, large plants grew, and broke the rock-substance to pieces.

It is really remarkable how many interesting bits of nature are at work. Our knowledge of the everyday world is indeed very limited. Particularly is this the case regarding the soil world. A little information at times regarding this all important substance, the soil, the stuff upon which all life depends, will not be unimportant if only to develop an appreciation of it. However, there is a practical phase to most of the important activities in nature. Consider the algae working for us. They are present in great numbers, and like the bacteria, they want man to make conditions favorable for their growth. They demand better cultivated soils, fall-plowed lands, well-manured soils, and crop rotations. The more we prepare the ground for plant growth, the more favorable it is for them. And if they are there and healthy they will do their part in making the farmer's crop a profitable one.

A Carnation

By E. Heloise Merkley

Have you, O Florist, a carnation here,
 That's fair enough and sweet enough to tell
 My message unto her I love so well?
 One blossom, white and pure, for mother dear,
 Erect and tall and strong to symbolize
 The strength she's given me: yet dainty, so,
 And tender like her gentleness I know,
 With fragrance, sweet as love from her dear eyes.

One blossom, white as her pure spirit's truth
 And beautiful as her soul's radiant youth,
 And richly green and strong of leaf and stem,
 The petals holding in the heart of them
 This tribute that my dumb heart aches with here,
 All reverence and love, for mother dear.

Ordinary Mothers Make an Extraordinary Meeting

By Alveretta S. Engar

The wide-awake bishop of the ward sat on the stand in Sunday School, looking over the vast congregation, many of whom were mothers (as it was a special Mother's Day program), and deliberately selected from the group five mothers to give talks in the evening service of the regular sacrament meeting.

At the evening meeting he said he thought mothers should take part in the meetings oftener, as when they were assigned to do anything it was prepared well and thoroughly; and though they were curtailed somewhat in public speaking, they amply made up for it at home.

The first speaker was the mother of a family of little folks. She wondered if the bishop's words would stand unquestioned in her case, for what with preparing the meals for the family, tending to the needs of the children, supplying the demands of father, and entertaining company since Sunday School, she had managed to steal about five minutes time in which to prepare her talk. She was happy in her motherhood and was thankful that her mother did not decide she had all the children she could care for when her family numbered five or six, or seven or eight, or nine or ten, or ten or eleven; otherwise, she would not be here to bless us with her presence. She read several poems from Edgar A. Guest, appropriate for the occasion.

A young mother, addressing the interested congregation, said that when she looked at those aged mothers who have been so loyal to their calling, she was proud of her motherhood and received daily inspiration from her mother's picture. It hangs over the kitchen sink, where so much of her time is spent.

Then, a pioneer, a mother of sixteen children, arose, and related some of her experiences. She said, "When I was married, it took us four days with an ox team to go from here to Salt Lake. When we got home, we didn't have much of a home, nor much to go into it. We carded the wool, spun the yarn, and made our clothes. I had to make my husband's suit, too. It sure looked nice. When we went to a dance, sometimes the men had one pant leg up over their high topped boots, and one down, but we sure had a good time. I have had sixteen children and I am proud of them. I have been fifty-four years getting them off to school. If you should have gone to the door of our garage this morning and looked in, you would believe my children love

me, for there was a fine new car with a bow of ribbon stuck on it for Mother's Day."

A little mother gave the following testimony with a decided foreign, though highly pleasing accent:

"About twenty-five years ago, in Dresden, Germany, when I was just a young girl, I was very ill; the missionaries were around me praying that I might get well. The final word came that in order to get better, a change of climate was necessary; and then I realized the full extent of a mother's love, for a few months later my dear mother began packing up things for her only daughter to be sent seven thousand miles away, perhaps never to see her again.

"The day finally came, with the promise to return in ten years. My mother had pretty brown hair; but the day I left I noticed that there were streaks of gray, which made me realize what my mother must have gone through to let her only daughter go. I came out here, was happily married in the temple, and always planning when I could return to my mother. At times I would get quite homesick, so we would go up on temple hill, overlooking this beautiful valley, and would dream of the time when I could go back; and oh! what a happy reunion it would be. But, sorry to say, ten years later, when I was going to return, sadness had come into my life. My dear companion was taken, and I had three little children to take care of.

"On the day I was married I met a missionary who was also going to be married. We became life-long friends, and instead of returning myself to see my mother, I saw this couple going on a pleasure trip to Germany. I had sent a letter telling mama when they would start and on which steamer they would go; I also told her that they were tall, thin, dark people like the majority of Americans. My mother has a little flower store; there she sells the most beautiful roses, which she gets from Italy the whole year round. When this couple opened her door, she knew them for she named them by their names! and with tears in her eyes my dear mother welcomed them as she would have done her own daughter. I never shall forget the day when this couple came back. It was in the evening and I had just put my little children to bed. While the travelers were telling me of their wonderful trip, it seemed as if I was living my childhood days all over again; and now I am going to tell you something, my brethren and sisters. I sat there listening; and the tears—no, they were not tears, it was water that was streaming down my face, for the longing to see my mother was so great.

"All hopes have been given up of ever returning to see her, but the Lord works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, for the visit which I should have made years ago, I am in hopes

will be made by my son when he is called on his mission to my homeland, and our daily prayers are that the dear mother, who tearfully waved goodbye to her only daughter, may be kept well and strong to shower her mother-love upon her grandson."

The two remaining mothers related incidents in the experience of rearing their children, in which they had been led and assisted by faith in an overruling Providence, in directing them in the path, which, so hard to climb at the time, had later proved to be the successful one.

At the close of the meeting, young people and old felt that they had been banqueted at a spiritual feast.



MARY ANN DAVIES HEMSLEY AND
SEVEN DAUGHTERS

When less than sixteen years of age, Mary Ann Davies heard the "Mormon" elders in South Wales. She was later baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. Soon after her baptism she worked in ice water up to her elbows to earn money to come to Zion. While working in the home of Orson Pratt's son to earn money to help her parents, her brothers and sisters, to come to Utah, she met Richard Hemsley. Later they were married in the Logan Temple. She is the mother of fourteen children, ten girls and four boys. She knows what some of the hardships are in clearing sagebrush land and developing a new country. Besides helping to educate and rear her family in the path of righteousness, she has helped to support her husband and four sons in the mission field. The picture shows Mrs. Hemsley and her seven daughters now living.

Speaking of Girls

By Harrison R. Merrill

When I was a boy I was unsophisticated enough to believe that the dainty manner in which that tantalizing curl hung down on Mary's forehead or protruded from the corner of Josephine's cap was entirely accidental. I know better now.

Charming girls are made as well as born; in fact, I think they are mostly made. And I don't mind that in the least, provided the job of *making* is well and artistically done.

The Associated Women's Organization of Brigham Young University, directed by Miss Caroline Eyring, president, and Miss Audrey Ostlund, vice-president, has been attempting, through a series of programs during the year, to assist B. Y. U. girls to de-



MISS CAROLINE EYRING



MISS AUDREY OSTLUND

velop charm of personality. I like their ideas, for they are beginning, not with the curls and other exterior decorations of the young lady, but with the interior decorations of the skull—the brain. They believe that the quality called charm must have its roots deep if it is to continue under close acquaintance to be charm.

The climax of this drive for personality will come on May 3, Girls' Day. An elaborate program, which will begin with the Girls' play on the evening of May 2, and end with the Girls' Day ball on May 3, has been prepared. One of the features of the occasion will be the banquet at noon on Friday, May 3, when eight

ladies chosen for their charm in various fields of activity will be special guests of honor.

These guests are: Alice Louise Reynolds, chosen for her intellectual charm; Elsie C. Carroll, for her sympathy; Jennie Brimhall Knight, for her culture; Stella S. Harris, for her companionable understanding; Sina Holbrook, for her home interest; Achsa Eggertsen Paxman, for her public service; Lydia Candland, for her cheerfulness; and Margaret Summerhays, for her artistic development.

This activity on the part of these young ladies organized at Brigham Young University leads me to believe that they know the value of the mythical thing Mrs. Glynn named IT and that they are out after IT. After all, no amount of form or color or curls can make up for that internal light which shines out of the eyes and speaks from the lips; therefore I am of the opinion that the young co-eds are on an interesting trail which eventually will lead them up to beautiful living.

I am only sorry that the women have become the stronger sex. They work so assiduously for personal feminine charm, and do it so openly, that they have "sold" the idea to many of the young men who, instead of attempting to become more masculine and more commanding, have aped the ways of their sisters and have become perfumed and powdered shadows of their progenitors.

Speaking of girls, I am convinced that they will continue to rule the world. From the back seat it may be, or from the home possibly, but rule it they will, at least all of the world really worth while.

The Stork

By Mrs. Grace Woodbury

He's a queer old bird; he seems to thrive
In climates everywhere;
Be it hot or cold, or damp or dry,
He doesn't seem to care.
From Canada to Florida,
From Seattle to New-York;
He flies and flies, yet never tires—
This queer old bird, the Stork.

You'd think that when the day was warm,
And other birds were out,
That then would be the time he'd flap
His wings and fly about.

But no; I've often noticed that
When he's out for a lark,
Delivering babies 'round to folks,
He'd rather have it dark.

Some days, oh, how his bill does ache!
His wings are tired, too;
Of babies yet to be bestowed,
There still are quite a few.
'Tis then he doubles up his load,
And hurries like the winds;
That's why it is some folks get left,
While other folks get twins.

Of course, this stork is rather old,
And his habits seem quite set;
His memory may be faulty, too;
Quite often he'll forget
That 'twas the shortest while ago
He called on you; and then
He'll up and bring another one—
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

It's funny how the poorest folks
Are honored by this bird.
He keeps a bringing babies round,
Till he's brought them 'most a herd
Of the nicest kind of boys and girls,
With smiles and joy and health;
He wants to make it up to them
For being short on wealth.

Today we bring the honor due
To this welcome, generous bird;
For over Nichole's happy home
His flapping wings are heard.
He is coming with the springtime,
With the Robin and the Wren.
Let us make his welcome royal, so
He'll be glad to come again.

The Arrow of Chance

By Henry F. Kirkham

Jupiter, the chief god, slowly paced the golden room that looked forth upon the glories of Mt. Olympus. That his meditations were not productive of pleasant thoughts, was evident by the cynical glance he bestowed upon the others—the assembled lesser gods.

Quoth he, "Nobody takes any stock in our pretensions, these days. Mars and Mammon are the only ones that really earn their salt. I ought to close out the corporation and shut up shop, for all the good we accomplish. But ere I do, I am going to have one more fling at omnipotence."

Reaching for the great bow of Diana, he dipped a silver arrow in the sacred fire. He then walked to one of the giant windows of the glittering palace, fitted the arrow to the bow, and, with a merry laugh, launched the missile into space.

Higher and higher, the shining arrow sped, throwing a trail of flame like some bright shooting star. Higher and higher, until, as a single point of light, it disappeared within the blue vault of heaven.

Who, in that little village, nestling by the fair country-side of an Irish dell, could have even dreamed of the strange fate that thus drew nigh from the silent space of night?

Patrick O'Rooke was almost moved to tears as he pondered on the sad state of his love affairs. For not only was Patrick the butt of all the village wits because of his trick of day-dreaming; he was, also, afflicted with a certain unreadiness of speech, which rendered abortive all his attempts to wax eloquent in his attempt to win the heart of Mary Malone. Not that Patrick lacked charm in the eyes of the fair Mary. His curly hair and manly bearing could not fail to make an impression upon any romantic girl. But how could she openly surrender her love to one who was uniformly derided?

Now, this strange awkwardness of demeanor was altogether foreign to Irish traditions. Patrick's mother stoutly maintained that the whole trouble arose from Patrick's habit of roaming the nearby woods, when not hanging about the hut of the fair Mary. Certainly the sylvan denizens who live therein, watch for just such chances to ensnare the unwary and win them for the forest ways.

Moreover, Patrick was in no wise troubled while wandering amid the woodland settings he so dearly loved. Not at all. Each

flower, each tree, each purring brook, spoke to him in the language of poetic fancy. The unnatural inhibition, which ordinarily dried the flow of his spirits, faded away in the solitude of his kingdom of dreams. Indeed, a perfect flood of delightful imagery often filled his being, in which he wove airy pictures of manful conquest untrammelled by the painful limitations of his usual life. Did this, in truth, prove the fairy spells for which his mother contended?

But, alas! in the company of his kind or more especially in the presence of his enamorate, all these enchanting powers vanished completely. He could not voice the words of love he so longed to express; he could only stutter in the manner of one who has lost his wits,—a manner that invited the laughter of others and the embarrassment of his beloved. Hence the doleful appearance of Patrick as he contemplated the state of his fortune in the list of love.

To make matters worse, there had entered those same lists one other suitor for the hand of Mary; no other, in fact, than Tim Flinn, the son of the richest man in the little Irish village. Also, Tim possessed all that Patrick did not in the matter of speech; and, in addition, Tim promised Mary the luxury of material things not in the power of poor Patrick to give—the visions of his woodland fancies, notwithstanding. However, there were some who claimed that the intentions of Tim Flinn were anything but honest. Perhaps the virtuous Mary sensed this state of affairs, for she would give but scant comfort to Tim's ardent quest.

Still, there was no telling what might have been the outcome of this unequal contest in the long run. The probable result of it was wormwood to the soul of Patrick. It drove him oftener to his kingdom of romance. There he could bend fate to a softer outline than the cold facts presented. In this delightful realm he could expel his hated rival with a jest, or sing such songs of love that not even a siren could resist. It is even related that, moved by the sight of fairies dancing in the moonlight, he was inspired to compose a tender bit of verse, which he tucked beneath the door of Mary. But unfortunately he overlooked the necessary signature, so that Mary credited the effort to the ready Tim, who made no attempt to set Mary right, you may be sure.

Yet, in spite of all these set-backs in his suit, Patrick clung steadfastly to his purpose. He had an inward conviction that in some mysterious way there would come a day of triumph—a day of vindication that would wipe away all the months of humiliation in one glorious victory. He knew that Mary really loved only him, could he but assert himself after the manner of other Irish people. He felt that for the transformation a sort of miracle was necessary, and continued to hope against hope that the miracle would presently happen.

And happen it did! happen, moreover, under the most weird of circumstances—co-incident with the natal day of the renowned St. Patrick, after whom the faithful Patrick was himself named. Of course the birthday of the Saint was justly celebrated in Ireland and in no place more joyfully than in this same Irish village. After the religious ceremonies, a fine ball was always on the program. To this ball came all the lads and lassies, dressed in their best finery; for it was truly a splendid opportunity to improve the affairs of the heart, and St. Patrick himself was reputed to have had a fondness for all true lovers. Perhaps, in a measure, these facts account for the miracle that came to pass; albeit, the heathen gods seem to have had the major share in the results.

It was customary, in this village affair, for all the young men and women to attend the ball separately. Consequently, a number of the swains, including Tim Flinn, had arranged to meet at a certain place near the crossroads and repair thence, jointly to the ball. But Tim, who, though he openly flouted the suit of Patrick, secretly had strong misgivings as to its outcome, had prepared a plan for this occasion that looked to the complete overthrow of his rival. It consisted of a clever snare that would make Patrick his own victim and executioner at the same time.

At a dark spot, previously selected for its muckiness, he caused to be planted a stout stake, attaching thereto a small rope with plenty of slack. Presently to this spot came Patrick, dressed in his best suit of clothes and lost, as usual, in a romantic dream in which the good St. Patrick and sweet Mary Malone were exquisitely blended.

He was greeted by the conspirators effusively, "Hullo," shouted Tim. "You're just in time for a bit of sport. We've all agreed to run a race to the meeting house. The first one gets his pick of the lassies for the dance. I've been hearing that you're after boasting of your fleetness of foot. Now, here is a fine chance to show the lads and get Mary Malone for the first dance."

It so happened that Patrick was rather proud of his ability as a foot-racer. The note of scorn in Tim's voice decided him promptly to accept the challenge. Of course, while he set himself for the race, one of the party slipped the noose of the rope about his ankle. Naturally, while Patrick started well enough, he came to a rapid and ignominious end. With a crash that shook the breath out of him and a splash that covered his only decent suit of clothes with mire, Patrick landed full in the murky spot that had been so craftily designed for the purpose. With derisive shouts of laughter, Tim, and the rest of the plotters, sped away in the darkness, leaving the luckless Patrick to extricate himself as best he could.

Patrick had certainly touched the valley of despair. He had,

in truth, scarcely the spirit left to untie the rope that had been the cause of his downfall; for how could he now in his mud-bespattered garments, present himself at the ball. Still, the thought of his beloved Mary in the arms of his hated rival was the most bitter blow of all. It really seemed to him, as he lay stretched upon the damp earth, that life was a huge mockery, after all, and that henceforth nothing was worth while.

But, as Patrick thus bitterly meditated, out of the blackness of the night loomed a bright point of light. Like a splendid shooting star and with a humming note of exquisite beauty, the strange object darted downward, swift and sure towards the prostrate form upon the ground. In vain Patrick, noting the direction of its flight, sought frantically to avoid it. Squirm as he would, the descending missile followed, until, with one sure dive, it smote poor Patrick full in the breast.

Here, however, we have the strangest story ever told! Although transfixed by a great silver arrow, Patrick did not experience the slightest pain or discomfort. On the contrary, from the very moment of the impact, he thrilled to the very center of his being with such an access of bodily vigor and such a surge of exalted emotions as no mere mortal had ever known before. Indeed, he was almost suffocated by the tide of new sensations that encompassed him about as a golden cloud. All trace of diffidence, all awkwardness of demeanor, all impotence of language, vanished before the wave in the space of a moment, to be replaced by a sense of god-like power. He was full, nay, saturated, by the sacred fire from that far Olympus. Jupiter himself would have been satisfied with the results had he been present to observe the transformation.

With a cry of joy, Patrick leaped to his feet. More than this, he actually bounded several yards in the air to show his disregard of human limitations. He surely did cut a fascinating and unusual figure, for the outward metamorphosis had been as complete as the inward change. Gone were the mud-bespattered garments, replaced by as quaint a combination as could be well conceived—a sort of compromise between an Irish king and an ancient Grecian sovereign, the blue coat and green vest of the one and the purple robe and sandals of the other. In short, Patrick, the erstwhile village simpleton, had suddenly become akin to the gods themselves. He had entered, in fact, within the very portals of his kingdom of dreams.

In the midst of his wild capers, Patrick remembered both the ball and the Machiavellian work of his enemies. Now, indeed, he would have his revenge! What a sad awakening lay in store for Tim and his friends, could they but have seen the transformation of their victim. That the time of their rejoicing was near to an end, Patrick resolved as he plucked forth the arrow and held it aloft as a sort of scepter. With this resolve he sped, or rather

flew, towards the place wherein the conspirators in high glee awaited his appearance.

And you may be sure that the confusion was thorough and complete when, in place of the woe-begone and dilapidated half-wit they had been posted to expect, there stalked into the ball-room this most amazing creature—Patrick, to be sure, but oh! so magnificent a Patrick! No trace of timidity, no hint of restraint, marked his regal bearing as he strode through the dancers with the assurance of the manner born. Never before was so strange a spectacle seen in all Ireland.

The music of the fiddlers came to an abrupt end as Patrick made his weird progress towards the huddled group wherein stood the astonished Tim, the fickle Mary reposing on his arm. Patrick gave Tim but one withering glance of scorn, "A fine little joke you played on me, Tim Flinn," he chuckled, "but I know a better one. Out of my sight, you rogue, and may the devil fly away with you." Legend has it, too, that at this command, Tim fairly flew out of the window with some dark shadow at his heels. At any rate, he was no more seen thereabouts.

Moreover, legend further affirms that Patrick didn't stop at the discomfort of Tim. Not a bit of it! "On with the dance," he shouted, seizing Mary around the waist and swinging her high in the air. The rest of the dancers, under an enchantment they could in no wise resist, followed suit. Even the fiddlers fell beneath that mad spell, so that they played the wildest music that ever was heard. Wilder and wilder, they fiddled, and higher and higher the dancers danced. Indeed, they were, for the most part, nearer the ceiling than the floor. Finally they all whirled out of the room into the outer air, and so, on to the Fairy Ring in the woodlands, the beloved abode of Patrick's dreams.

There, under the silver moonlight, they continued the weird steps of the ballroom. It is said that they were even joined by those sylvan creatures so dear to the heart of all true Irishmen. Here, also, Patrick whispered sweet words into the willing ears of Mary Malone. Marvelous words they were, too, filled with all those delightful poetic fancies which Patrick had longed so vainly to express.

Perhaps they all might have been dancing beneath the moonlight to this day, if some of the older folks, left behind, had not bethought themselves of the good Father, and got him out of his cozy bed, and had him say the words that broke the unlawful spell. At any rate, presently, the bewildered dancers came trooping back from the woodlands. That is all but Patrick and Mary.

Many contend that they dance there still. Others hold that they later paid a hurried visit to that same good Father, and thence across the seas to the fair country of America. But this is sure—Patrick had come to his Triumph at last!

Pioneers

A LANTERN IN HER HAND—BESS STREETER ALDRICH

By Lais V. Hales

Bess Streeter Aldrich has written another pioneer novel. Her mother and father, who were pioneers of Iowa, were full of the experiences of those early days. Mrs. Aldrich was steeped in an "atmosphere of reminiscences of river floods, storms, drought, ox-team trails, log cabins, and snow drifting onto beds."

One day Mrs. Aldrich remarked to her very aged mother how sorry she was that her mother had endured such a hard life in youth. Her mother replied, "Save your pity. We had the best time in the world."

Suddenly it occurred to Mrs. Aldrich that she ought to write a novel embodying just that spirit—the hardships sustained by "courage and love and a sense of humor." So she wrote "A Lantern in Her Hand," which she says she would have written even had she known that not a single copy would be sold. It is her bit in honor of the pioneer mother.

Abbie Mackenzie was born in 1845 in the little village of Chicago, moving with her parents to Iowa, when she was eight years old. A combination of solid Irish and Scotch aristocrat, she had the physical attributes of the peasant and the mental traits of the aristocrat—"the warm heart of the Irish and the steadfastness of the Scotch."

In 1862 Will Deal went to fight for President Lincoln; and Abbie realized, as she said goodbye, that her heart went with him. When Will returned, they were married and went to Nebraska to live. Days of untold hardship and misery followed. But when spring came on the Nebraska prairie, Abbie went happily about her work, "one baby in her arms and the other at her skirts, courage her lode-star and love her guide,—a song upon her lips and a lantern in her hand."

Hard years filled with dreams, disappointments, disillusion, now followed. Then appeared the little school house and unpainted church; and the wagons now came west never to return to the East. Other children came to Abbie and Will; and as they grew, Abbie relinquished her many dreams and lived again in her children. In the promise of her children's accomplishments, she forgot her own disappointments. Then, one day, Will quietly died and the light seemed to pass out of her life.

She recalled what Will had said of death when John was so dangerously ill. To him death was natural—"wild geese flying over—cattle coming home—birds to their nests—leaves to the winter mold—the last sleep. They were all natural; and yet of

them all, we feared only the sleep." When she had told him that she couldn't stand it if he were taken away, he had replied, "Yes, Abbie girl, you could. It's the people who have loved and then lost their love—who have failed each other in some way, who couldn't stand it. Nothing could take away the past from us. If I were taken, I would go on with you, remembering all you have been to me."

And now Will was dead. After dark days and nights of doubt, hope and belief triumphed. Will came to seem very near and helpful. Time went on; there were years of almost uninterrupted success, and there were years when the "crops were still-born in the womb of nature."

Abbie's children, growing to manhood and womanhood, went out into the world to live their varied lives. One day Abbie sat down to write of her feeling during all these hard years on the prairie, only to find that she must relinquish this dream along with the many others. The things she wanted to say, she could not. So she went about her home—the home that she and Will had so fondly built, making it more beautiful for the home comings of her children. For, thought Abbie, an old home ought to "stand like a mother with open arms."

At seventy, Abbie didn't feel narrow, even though she had hardly been out of her own yard. She felt broad; for had she not "seen cathedrals in the snow on the Lombardy poplars, the sun set when the clouds had been piled on the edge of the prairie?" She had married, borne children, and looked into the face of death; and when you've experienced all these things, your spirit has traveled far although the body has been confined.

As Abbie thought about it all, it seemed to her that "love was a light that you carry. At first, childish happiness keeps it lighted; and, after that, romance. Then motherhood lights it and then duty—and maybe after that, sorrow. After that, service lights it." To Abbie, love was a "lantern in the hand of women."

Shortly before Abbie died, her children all gathered at the old home. Far into the evening they sat and talked. In their midst, "rocking and smiling, sat a little old lady who had brought them up with a song upon her lips and a lantern in her hand. All the years she had cooked, patched, and washed for them, she had dreamed dreams; and her children were fulfilling these dreams. They were doing all the things she had wanted to do and couldn't. Not only for her children, but, like all other true pioneers, she had dreamed dreams into the country. She had dreamed the towns, the cities, the homes, the factories, the churches, the schools, and they were all here now. And as Abbie looked back, she found that "some of the realities seemed dreams * * * * but the dreams, the dreams seemed all real."

One day something happened to Abbie Deal. Late in July on

a late afternoon, "while suppers cooked and children of the north end of Cedartown played 'Run, Sheep, Run' in her yard, old lady Deal died. A neighbor woman found her lying across the foot of the bed, fully dressed, while the slice of meat which she had been cooking, burned to a crisp."

This is Bess Streeter Aldrich's new story. It is told just as her other stories have been told—with simplicity, with beauty, with appreciation for the humble things and thoughts of life. Though Mrs. Aldrich senses fully and portrays truthfully the tragedy and soul-breaking hardships of pioneer life, her books are optimistic and uplifting. We feel that pioneer life was good and full of rich reward for those who lived it, provided they were full of cheerful courage and sturdy faith. Abbie Deal was the ideal pioneer woman and

"Because the road was steep and long,
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon her lips a song
And put a lantern in her hand."

Cross-Sections of Utah History

Among all the books, dealing with past events, that I have read in years the liveliest is "The Romance of an Old Playhouse," by George D. Pyper—an account of the rise and history of the famous theatre recently torn down in Salt Lake City, to make way for modern business.

The book begins, solidly enough, with a calm, lucid statement of the religious background to the romantic history that follows. There is "Nauvoo the Beautiful," the "Drama of the Plains," and a chapter on the Old Bowery, in which the very earliest plays were enacted. Then comes an account of the Social Hall, with its reminiscences of quaint grand balls and stirring dramas, the programs reproduced. The Camp Floyd Theatre and then Bowring's soon lead up to the building and dedication of the famous playhouse, "the cathedral in the desert," the Salt Lake Theatre.

There follow chapters of absorbing interest, each a history complete in itself, and each a faithful cross-section of the life of the times which it portrays. Here are the early players—the Irwins and "Brigham's big ten," his ten lovely daughters who appeared as fairies in a celebrated play of the times. Great actors—George Pauncefort, Maude Adams, Julia Dean Hayne, and others—form the chief subjects of successive chapters. George D. Chaplain in one place remarks that he gave to Janauschek, who was his ideal actress, a little dog, which he said had been given to him by Mrs. Scott Siddons. "At Janauschek's death,

the dog came back to me and I have it yet, but it doesn't run about much now, because it's stuffed." Such homely incidents without number make the book invaluable.

We have often been told of late that the best history is that which gives the most vivid portrayal of the daily lives of the people, rather than of kings, battles, and politics. Judged by this standard, "The Romance of an Old Playhouse" is first-class history. Every chapter is a cross-section of the past not merely complete in itself, but filled with interesting incidents of both the plain and the remarkable people. Humor and pathos are so mingled as to keep the reader passing from smiles to tears, and to hold his attention with the magic power of actual, often dramatic, pictures of life.

Open the book where you will, and it offers a new set of incidents fairly tingling with animation and reality. In the entire 342 pages, there is not a dull chapter. The sayings of great men of the time; the wit and wisdom of philosophers, the comment of musicians, actors, actresses; the parts they took, the history that their names and acts reveal; the numerous comic episodes; the deep and touching emotion; and withal, the unmistakable air of sober truth that permeates the entire volume—these are elements that impart to the book a thrilling interest and a moving actuality that hold the attention and stimulate the imagination. Here one gets clear and definite images and ideas of just what the people thought, did, and hoped in those earlier days.

I find it impossible really to review the book, for it contains so many diverse histories. But it is the sort of volume that one likes to pick up at odd moments, and to read anew, as "with laughter and with weeping still is the story told" of how well the people of this region managed to live throughout all the days of "the hard times."



Notes From The Field

Norwegian Mission.

The following interesting message comes from sisters in the northern land: "Of course the work here is difficult at times, because everything must be translated; nevertheless we are doing our best to follow the outlines and instructions sent to us from the General Board. These helps have been greatly appreciated by the organizations and the northern sisters are most willing at all times to adopt the suggestions made in the *Relief Society Magazine*—a fact that has encouraged very much the missionaries." Last Spring



OFFICERS OF NORWEGIAN RELIEF SOCIETY

one of the branches put on the little play, "Past Echoes and Present Pep." While there were many difficulties, the production as a whole was greatly enjoyed, and was followed by the request that it be put on again. Norway missionaries are so few that it is seldom any pictures from Norway are printed in Church magazines. The following is an exception:

There are now thirteen missionaries for the whole of Norway, three of whom have been there over two years. In order to maintain the work, unusual efforts have to be made; and more missionaries who have had experience in the organizations at home are needed. These sisters urge that those who are going to Norway to take charge should have as thorough an understanding as possible of Relief Society and Genealogical work. In this field there are wonderful opportunities for advancement. The

people are interested in the Gospel, and attend the meetings regularly. In the Oslo branch there are between fifty and sixty strangers who attend the Sunday meetings, and about forty who come frequently to the Relief Society meetings. Certainly Norway is a promising field for activity.

Danish Mission.

"On our Annual Day, March 17, 1929, we had the first Relief Society conference ever held in the Danish mission. During the past three years we have held socials in the evening, with appropriate programs and refreshments in honor of the anniversary event; but this year a conference, with afternoon and evening sessions, was held in all the organized branches. A uniform program was carried out, many strangers present expressing surprise at what they had seen and heard. Members furnished all numbers on the program, developing their subjects far beyond the expectations of the missionaries. The mission motto for the year is 'Peace in Our Homes, Relief Society, and Branches.' This motto was adopted at our mission presidents' conference in Paris last September, and makes peace in all its phases our main subject. The first organization at home and here in the mission, the purposes and aims of the association, social problems and how the sisters can best help deliver the gospel message to the world—these were among the subjects treated.

"The Danish sisters were elated with the success of the organizations, not only in Denmark but throughout the Scandinavian mission. The reports given show clearly that the Relief Society is performing a notable work. Owing to local conditions, methods here are different from those in Zion. Relief Society meetings are held each Friday evening. The sisters conduct the meetings, but many strangers, especially men, are usually present. In conformity with the spirit of the country and with its well developed program of education, Gospel subjects are taught and reading is conducted before large classes, the great majority of the group taking part. The program gives little opportunity for social and literary work; but is balanced with musical numbers and readings. Twice monthly, sewing meetings are held, where subjects pertaining to health and morality, the observance of the Ten Commandments, the Word of Wisdom, and matters pertaining especially to Relief Society work are discussed. On the second Monday of each month a report meeting is held. To conduct the meetings more nearly in accordance with the plan outlined for those at home would be difficult because new members are continually coming in, requiring instruction from the beginning."

German-Austrian Mission.

From this mission field comes a most inspiring program of activity. During the past year the records of all Relief Society

organizations have been put on a uniform basis. The aim of each organization is to have a history of the Relief Society from the beginning, and copied in the new roll and minute book. Interest is wide awake and enthusiasm manifest. This year's course of study consists of: first week, Book of Mormon, readings and testimonies; second week, work and business; third week, nutrition; fourth week, literature. "In searching for the best and latest material for the lessons on nutrition," writes Sister Valentine, "I have met a number of prominent doctors who are writing on this subject. Among them is Dr. M. Vogel, Director of Nutrition in the Hygiene Museum at Dresden. In conversation with him I told him about the Word of Wisdom, which was given to our Church in 1833. He became interested and asked for an article about it. An article was prepared and sent to him. In December we received a copy of *Hygienischer Wezweiser*, quite a select monthly magazine published by three noted doctors as literature for the museum. This number contains our article. We made leaflets of the article, one of which I am inclosing. Dr. Vogel has asked for the information concerning the fruits of teaching the Word of Wisdom; we are glad, of course, to prepare it for him. In connection with our nutrition lessons, we are using a booklet written by him. The work of the visiting teachers will be emphasized here in the coming year, keeping in mind the message that Sister Widtsoe gave each Relief Society, that of maintaining peace in the home, the Relief Society, and the branch. To assist the visiting teachers a teachers' visiting book was printed during December."

BROKEN TOYS

By *Mary C. Martineau*

They lay before me, on the floor,
 Their precious broken little toys,
 And consternation looks at me
 From saddened eyes—my little boys.

We gather up and try to think
 That maybe they can mended be,
 Though some, I know, e'en at a glance,
 Have done their last to furnish glee.

And as my little fellows sleep,
 My mind counts up my joys of yore
 That mended are; but some too late
 Were loved, and never come the more.

Relief Society Annual Report

1928

Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

FINANCIAL ACCOUNT

1928

CASH RECEIPTS

Balance on hand January 1, 1928:

Charity Fund\$ 32,066.88
General Fund 121,978.07
Wheat Trust Fund 17,749.77

Total Balance, January 1.. \$171,794.72

Donations Received During 1928

Charity Fund\$ 90,284.18
General Fund 123,736.33
Annual Dues 22,697.68
Other Receipts 66,098.98

Total Receipts \$302,817.17

Total Balance on Hand and
Receipts

\$474,611.89

CASH DISBURSEMENTS

Paid for Charitable Purposes...\$100,836.76
Paid for General Purposes 136,206.72
Wheat Trust Fund Remitted to
Presiding Bishop's Office.. 3,194.63
Annual Dues Paid to General
Board and to Stake Boards. 25,835.85
Paid for Other Purposes 32,328.48

Total Disbursements \$298,402.44

Balance on Hand December 31, 1928:

Charity Fund\$ 32,872.28
General Fund 128,737.85
Wheat Trust Fund 14,599.32

Total Balance, December 31. \$176,209.45

Total Disbursements and
Balance on Hand

\$474,611.89

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

ASSETS

Balance on Hand December 31, 1928:

All Funds	\$175,620.19
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishop's Office...	402,127.14
Other Invested Funds	59,752.72
Value of Real Estate and Bldgs.	237,608.21
Value of Furniture and Fixtures.	61,687.31
Other Assets	26,333.40

\$963,128.97

Stake Board, Cash Balances on December 31, 1928	28,148.84
Other Assets	51,476.32

\$ 79,625.16

Total Assets

\$1,042,754.13

LIABILITIES:

Indebtedness	\$ 1,164.33
Balance Net Assets	961,964.64

\$963,128.97

Stake Board Indebtedness	202.54
Balance Net Assets	79,422.62

\$ 79,625.16

Total Net Assets and Liabilities

\$1,042,754.13

STATISTICS

MEMBERSHIP:

January 1, 1928:

Executive and Special Officers..	10,377
Visiting Teachers	20,658
Members	31,371

Total Membership, January 1. 62,406

Increase:

Admitted to Membership During Year	8,107
---	-------

70,513

Decrease:

Removed or Resigned	7,125
Died	838

Total Decrease

7,963

62,550

Membership:

December 31, 1928:

Executive and Special Officers....	10,463
Visiting Teachers	20,948
Members	31,139

Total Membership, Dec. 31 ..

62,550

The total Membership includes:

General Officers and Board Members	21
Stake Officers and Board Members	1,018
Mission Presidents and Officers	77
Number of Stakes	101
Number of Missions	27
Number of Relief Society Ward Organizations	1,452
Number of Visiting Teachers' Districts	10,623
Number of L. D. S. Families in Wards	105,772
Number of L. D. S. women, non-members, eligible	32,419
Number of Relief Society Magazines taken as reported	24,570
Number of Executive Officers Taking R. S. Magazine	5,445
Number of Meetings held in Wards	53,137
Number of Stake Meetings Held	1,964
Number of Stake and Ward Officers' (Union) Meetings Held	952
Number of Ward Conferences Held	1,171
Average Attendance at Ward Meetings	24,775
Number of Visits by Visiting Teachers	700,131
Number of Families Helped	17,550
Number of Days Spent With the Sick	52,796
Special Visits to the Sick and Homebound	189,593
Number of Days Spent in Temple Work	133,362
Number of Bodies Prepared for Burial	2,535
Number of Visits to Wards by Stake Officers	5,032

COMPARATIVE FIGURES FROM RELIEF SOCIETY REPORTS

	1926	1927	1928
Paid for charitable purposes	\$ 96,017.19	\$100,105.39	\$100,836.76
Total or present membership	61,627	61,820	62,550
No. of Relief Society Organizations..	1,528	1,558	1,452
No. of <i>Relief Society Magazines</i> taken..	23,220	23,575	24,570
Days spent with sick	51,249	52,613	52,796
Special visits to sick and homebound..	185,007	189,302	189,593
Families helped	13,695	16,762	17,550
No. of visits by Stake Relief Society			
Officers to Wards.....	4,511	5,002	5,032
No. of visits by Relief Society Visiting			
Teachers	688,154	686,605	700,131
No. of days spent in Temple Work ..	122,031	129,368	133,362

DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERSHIP OF RELIEF SOCIETY

STAKES		MISSIONS	
Arizona	2,100	Australia	77
California	1,368	Canada	146
Canada	1,309	Europe	4,787
Colorado	424	Hawaii	965
Idaho	7,982	Mexico	163
Mexico	185	New Zealand	501
Nevada	566	Samoa	308
Oregon	208	South Africa	54
Utah	34,904	Tahiti	231
Wyoming	1,979	Tonga	104
Total Membership in		United States	4,189
Stakes	51,025	Total Membership in	
		Missions	11,525

Total Membership in Stakes and Mission.....62,550

(NOTE: In the foregoing report all funds are held and disbursed in the various wards, with the exception of the annual membership dues.)

Mausoleums

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In our modern time the Pantheon at Paris, and Westminster Abbey, are notable examples.

The story of the lives of the Pharaohs was brought vividly home to us by the discovery of their marvelously preserved bodies in their royal tombs.

In olden times and in Europe, this beautiful type of burial has been reserved for the rich and the great. It remained for American engineering enterprise to bring it within the reach of the masses.

Now Salt Lake is to have a Memorial Mausoleum—a beautiful home for those we love—a community tomb wherein the body of a loved one is laid away in its own private vault, or crypt—in its entirety, as in life—to come forth in the first resurrection, after perhaps centuries of perfect preservation—even as kings of Egypt are being found, just as they were buried four thousand years ago. How beautiful! Could any one do more for the one he loves? Hardly!

Combined in this mausoleum will be a majestic dignity, an original beauty, a permanence and a temple-like structure, which will be unsurpassed—a fitting home for those who have lived well here—impressive—a cathedral of pure beauty, of noble solemnity, of restful dignity—yet, with no air of offensive pride. It is rich, even in its suggestion, yet involving no extravagant expense. It is in keeping with the desires and needs of this community and with the wishes of those who sooner or later will rest there. For those in life who have been accustomed to the best, only the best is appropriate at life's close—the Memorial Mausoleum.

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just as they were buried four thousand
years ago. —how beautiful! —could one
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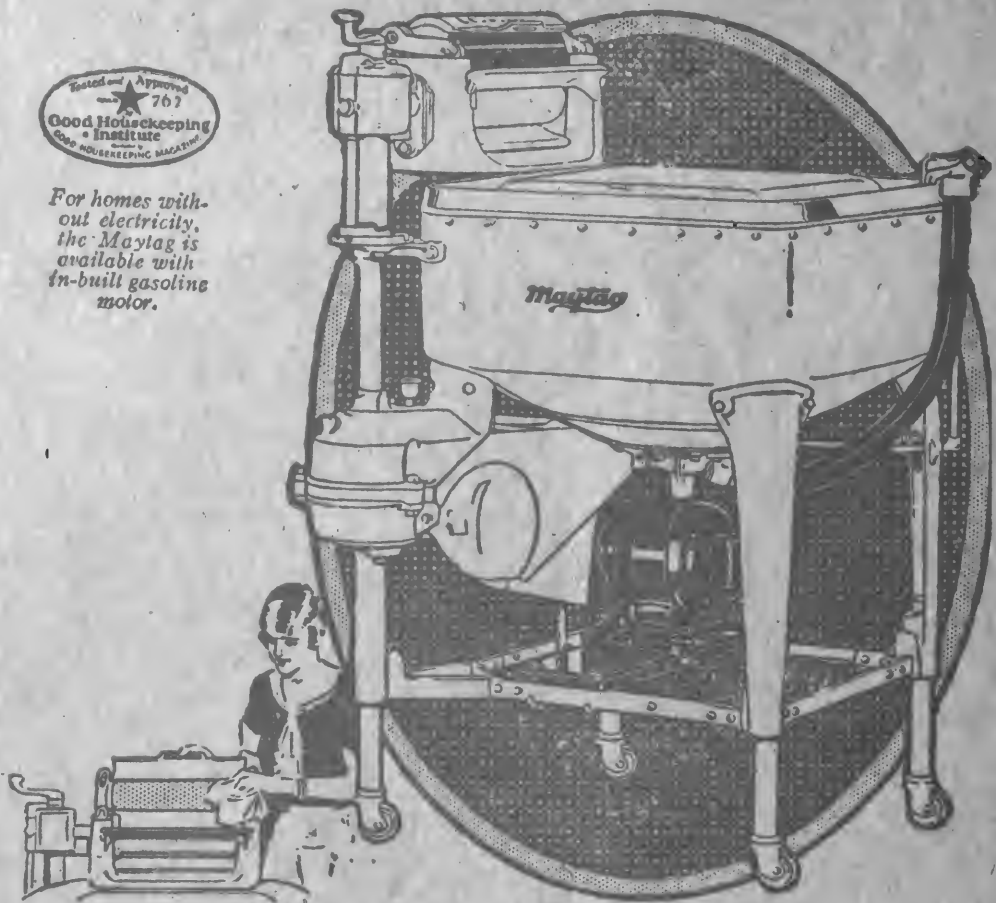
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June
1929

Vol. XVI
No. 6





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| No. 3—Ribbed med. wgt. cotton, bleached. Our all season number | \$1.90 | No. 8—Ribbed heavy wgt. unbleached cotton and wool. Our 50% wool number..... | \$4.25 |
| No. 4—Ribbed heavy wgt. unbleached cotton. Our double back number..... | \$2.25 | No. 9—Ribbed med. wgt. wool and cotton. Our light weight winter number..... | \$4.75 |
| No. 5—Part wool, ribbed unbleached. Our best selling wool number | \$3.00 | No. 10—Ribbed light weight men's and ladies' summer garments, new and old Style | .75 |

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The Relief Society Magazine

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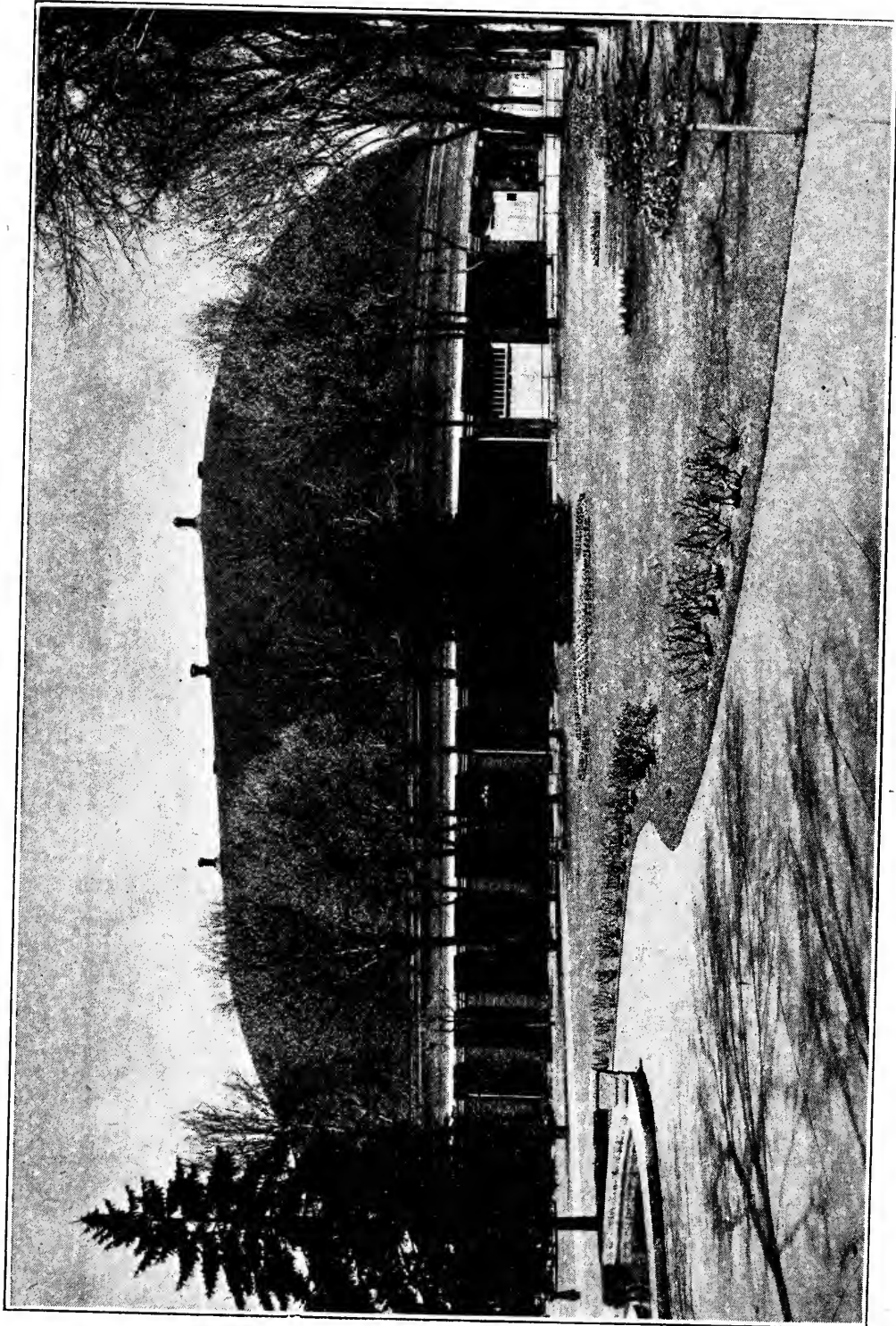
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JUNE, 1929

NO. 6



THE TABERNACLE AT SALT LAKE CITY

Where the general sessions of the Relief Society Conference were held, April 4, 1929. Records of the organization show that Relief Society conferences of April 7, 1891, and October 7, 1897, and the Jubilee celebration, March 17, 1892, were held in the Tabernacle. It will doubtless be the policy to hold the general Relief Society conference sessions here in the future.

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVI

JUNE, 1929

No. 6

Relief Society Conference

Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

The Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints held its annual conference April 3 and 4, 1929, in Salt Lake City, Utah. President Louise Y. Robison was in charge, presiding over the general officers' meeting and stake presidents' meeting, and both general sessions. Eleven meetings were programmed, also the presidents' breakfast, the reception in honor of President Clarissa S. Williams, and the meeting of the mission presidents and former presidents.

The conference opened with the general officers' meeting on Wednesday morning, for stake officers, board members, and mission presidents, the attendance being perhaps the largest that the Relief Society has yet had. The program as printed and distributed to the various stakes was carried out in every detail. Representatives from 99 out of the 101 stakes, and 5 missions were present. The roll call showing the following representation: General Board members, 19; stake and mission officers, 561, including stake presidents, 99, counselors 117, secretary-treasurers 55, other board members, 285; mission presidents, 5; making a total of 580.

The seven department meetings were held on Wednesday afternoon, with capacity audiences participating.

For the first time since October 7, 1897, the Relief Society general sessions were held in the Tabernacle. This was not the usual practice at that time so that in holding the conference in this building, the Society is inaugurating a new policy to be followed hereafter. Ushers, provided by the six city stakes—Ensign, Granite, Grant, Liberty, Pioneer and Salt Lake, gave excellent service in meeting the people and handling the large number in attendance. The music was excellent. Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Eward, director of the Relief Society choir, and Miss Edna Coray, organist, did their usual fine work; besides there were special numbers from the stakes, and from local artists, and two of the

tabernacle organists, Edward P. Kimball and Alexander Schreiner.

The reception on Wednesday evening, a most delightful affair, was held in the beautiful auditorium of the Bishop's Building, tastefully decorated for the occasion. Here the host of friends and Relief Society workers had the opportunity of meeting again with our dear former president, Clarissa S. Williams, and also the new president, Louise Y. Robison, the First Presidency, other Church officials, and members of the General Board. Able committees managed this affair, the city stake presidents acting as hostesses.

One of the most successful meetings of the conference, the presidents' breakfast, was held on Thursday morning at the Hotel Utah. It took the form of a round table discussion of important problems confronting Relief Society workers.

With a record-breaking attendance, the inspirational and instructive department meetings contributed strongly to the high spiritual uplift that pervaded the entire conference proceedings.

Officers' Meeting

Morning Session

President Louise Y. Robison

My beloved sisters: If I only had words to express my gratitude to you this morning I am sure it would be something greater than anyone has ever done; but I trust that you can sense my appreciation, as well as that of my counselors, the secretary and the General Board, for your loyalty and support.

From the time we were called last Fall, messages have continued to come in, expressing loyalty and love. We cannot tell you what this means to us in carrying on the work, and we can only pray that you will have the same fine support from your ward workers that you have given to us.

I am sure you are missing Sister Williams this morning, just as we are. You will be happy to hear that her health is much improved. The reception in her honor will be given here on this floor, but we shall have the board room open downstairs, and we ask you just to make yourselves at home. Our hostesses tonight will be the city stake presidents.

We recognize conspicuously among the other outstanding things that you blessed sisters have done this winter, your fine co-operation in pushing needed social legislation. Throughout the State of Utah the sisters were asked to circulate petitions to be sent to the legislature asking for a home for our feeble-minded. The response was wonderful. We have been told by prominent people, and by the officers of the Mental Hygiene Society, that had it not been for the Relief Society's efforts, this piece of work

could not have been accomplished; and we desire to thank you heartily.

Our message to you today, my dear sisters, is that we are trying just as hard as we know how, to carry on the work that has been established so beautifully by our mothers and the former leaders in Relief Society. We have all confidence that you will do your best, in your individual stakes. If there is anything with which the General Board can help you, we shall be most happy to co-operate. Call on us; make this your headquarters when you are in Salt Lake. Come in and talk your problems over. No problems are too small; they are all big, if you are interested in them. In part we realize what the sisters have accomplished; but I think only our Father in heaven knows the full extent of your work. We have gratifying figures and splendid reports, but I believe the real spirit of Relief Society work is never recorded. I think that the angels of heaven are the only ones to keep the record of what is being done.

A matter of business that has not been brought before the people for some time has now reached a point where we should like to call the attention of the president, and especially of the sister on the stake board who has charge of the *Magazine* work, to the order blanks that we send to the wards, without charge. Encourage the sisters in the wards to use these blanks accurately, and to note any change of address. If they write down when the subscriptions are to begin, we keep them on file and they are of great help to us. Many fine advertisements appear in our *Magazine*. If those who write in from out of town to any who advertise with us, or if you are in the city and are making purchases, it will help us and strengthen us greatly if you will mention that you saw the advertisement in the *Relief Society Magazine*, and I believe you will be given better attention as well.

Reports coming in from many of our stakes inquire about holding meetings on Tuesday night with the other auxiliaries. In some of the stakes our officers have been perplexed and annoyed by these inquiries. Now, sisters, we have the word from the Presiding Bishopric that the Relief Societies are not to hold their meetings on Tuesday night unless it suits their convenience.

During this conference, the general theme for the conference will be the up-building of our homes; and I feel that it is a mistake even to have Church duties conflict with our work for better homes.

Since there is a full program this morning, I just want to pray that the blessing of the Lord will be upon this audience, that the beautiful prayer offered by Sister Eleanor J. Richards may be realized by all. I humbly ask that the Lord will protect our loved ones at home, and that He will be with us here, that we may receive the things that will be for our best good.

ANNUAL REPORT

Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

It is my great pleasure, sisters, to give you a brief statement of the annual report for 1928. Reports from the various stakes and missions have been duly received and carefully audited. The statement that I shall make concerns simply a very few of the outstanding features; the report in detail will be furnished you in the *May Magazine*. When one is engaged in a special piece of work, her attention naturally centers there; never before have I appreciated what the work of the secretaries of the various stakes and missions of the Relief Society organization really means. I thank sincerely all those fine secretaries who have so splendidly co-operated with the general office in this important labor.

The summary shows the total balance on hand, January 1, 1928, to be \$171,794.72; total receipts during 1928, \$302,817.17; total balance on hand and receipts, \$474,611.89. The amount paid for charitable purposes was \$100,836.76; the total disbursements were \$298,402.44, leaving a balance, December 31, 1928, \$176,209.45. The total assets amount to \$1,042,754.13.

Number of ward conferences held, 1,171; teachers' visits made, 700,131; visits to the sick and homebound, 189,593; membership, 1927, 61,820; 1928, 62,550, an increase of 730. The membership includes 10,463 executive and special officers, 20,948 visiting teachers, and 31,139 lay members. The average attendance in 1927 was 22,590; in 1928, 24,775, an increase of 2,185. The amount paid for charitable purposes in 1927 was \$100,105.39; in 1928, \$100,836.76; an increase of \$731.37.

As I have said before, we appreciate the secretaries, and hope to be of all possible service to them.

MRS. CAROLINE S. HYDE :

Former President, Australian Mission Relief Society

In standing before an audience of this kind, I feel very weak, as it is something I am not used to. But I know by the audience that the spirit of the Lord is here, and I am grateful to have the privilege of reporting the Australian mission.

Australia is a very beautiful country. There are many fine people there, and we have five Relief Society organizations fully organized, and although our membership is small, a good work is being done by the sisters there. Many of our members have to travel long distances in order to get to their meetings, and though transportation is very easy with the electric trains, street cars and bus system, yet travel takes much time and is expensive. In Australia, owing to scattered conditions, we have no visiting teachers, and one of the presidency or a sister takes one day a month for

visits to worthy sisters who are not able to attend Society meetings.

The five organizations of the Relief Society are located in Adelaide, Hobart, Melbourne, Perth, and Sydney. The distances between these towns is from 600 to 1,700 miles. The Relief Society mission president generally makes her visits during conference time so that she may have the privilege of traveling with the mission president. When we remember that Australia is larger than the United States, with about seven million people, it would be about the same as traveling from New York to Los Angeles, and holding conference half a dozen times during that distance.

The sisters are taking up the lessons in the *Magazine* in their meetings, and they appreciate them very much, especially the theology lessons. Many of the women are young in the gospel and young in the organization, and they take a great deal of interest in the lessons.

A short time before I left, there was a call from the children's hospital for a donation from all the churches, several hundred articles being wanted. The hospitals in Australia are kept up by donations, and make only small charges for service. One of the elders, operated on for appendicitis, was in a hospital for two or three weeks at a cost not exceeding \$30.

The Relief Society in Western Australia made several articles and sent them to the children's hospital. Favorable comment was made, and not long after that, they were asked to join with other organizations in a bazaar and to share in the proceeds. The president of the mission thought this co-operation would be a very splendid thing because the Latter-day Saints would be able to reach a different class of people, and put their work and some of the principles of the gospel before them. These two little charitable acts have done a great deal of good, but a bitter feeling toward our Church still exists.

TEACHER TRAINING MEETING

*Report by Mrs. Hazel N. Boyack, President,
Big Horn Stake Relief Society*

It is indeed a pleasure to stand before you this morning, and I wish to bring to the General Board and to the sisters in this conference love and greetings from the Relief Society women of the Big Horn Stake. We want you to know we are one with you in heart and in the aims and purposes of this wonderful organization.

My theme this morning is the teacher-training class; I have been asked to speak on the way we carry it on in our stake. I think it a very progressive step in our organization. There are three points I should like to mention: first, it gives a personal touch to the visiting teachers' work that it has lacked before; secondly, it gives them a little added training; and thirdly, because

of the great number that this department can reach (in our stake 38% are visiting teachers), it enables this department, if carried on as it should be, to stimulate every member of our organization. In the Big Horn Stake the winter has been severe, the thermometer going thirty and forty degrees below zero, and we have had much snow. In spite of that handicap, our work has improved every month. During January four out of nine wards reported 100%; the rest were up in the nineties. During February six out of the nine had 100%. One ward has had 100% for fifteen months—a remarkable record.

One other thing that I think has contributed much to the teachers' work is the visiting teachers' testimonials, with the ward presidents as hostesses. They serve perhaps a three-course luncheon, have snappy toasts and good music, and get a short response from each visiting teacher. These teachers go away with a determination to reach 100% in efficiency. This plan has worked very well, and the teachers feel that they are being noticed.

*Report by Mrs. Julia E. Parry, President, North Weber
Stake Relief Society*

Having tried the new teachers' plan for the four months, we feel that it would be a splendid thing to have the sisters attend the one o'clock meeting for the inspiration that comes from these wonderful lessons. In our four city wards we have great success, some of the wards reporting 100% in attendance; but in the country wards it is different. In a farming community there is always a dinner to get for the men who are working and for the children who come in from school; therefore it is impossible to get the sisters to the one o'clock meeting. They are trying it out, and they think it a wonderful plan, but the hour that has been set is a little inconvenient. As a result, their attendance has not been so good. They feel that the discussion they have on the teachers' topic is very helpful, and their meetings have been some of the very best we have attended. We received strength and encouragement by meeting with the teachers and seeing the splendid faith they have in their meetings. They all feel the responsibility when we discuss the lesson. We do feel that this is a wonderful plan, but we are not satisfied with the way we are working it out. We feel that possibly we will have to change our hour. We feel that the teachers' work is one of the best, and we have willing women in our stake. We desire to support the General Board. We feel their sweet, lovely spirit towards us, and we enjoy meeting with them. We receive strength from them when we come to conference. We have the desire in our hearts to do all that they ask of us. We feel that the sisters with whom we work are very lovely and desire to do all that is asked of them.

Work and Business Meeting

*Report by Mrs. Achsa E. Paxman, President,
Utah Stake Relief Society*

In Utah Stake we collect our charity fund probably a little differently than most of you do. Some years ago a community welfare department was established in our Relief Society. Twice a year, in April and in October, we make collections. Each ward is assessed according to its population and financial ability to pay. Last year our assessment for our sixteen wards was \$4,860 and I may say that we always get 100% in, because the rich ward helps the poor ward.

The work is handled from stake headquarters. Each ward has a social worker, or the president handles the social work and reports to the stake headquarters, and the money is distributed from the stake headquarters to the various social workers or presidents. Of course, our bishops aid in determining the help that should be given in the various wards.

No money comes in on the second Tuesday of the month, that being taken care of previously. Our teachers give only their teachers' topic in the homes, and investigate what the needs are, which they report to the president. About four years ago there were some who felt that a program should be arranged for this second Tuesday. This was done and was called the special activity program.

In September, the stake presidents of the Primary and the M. I. A. gave topics, telling what they hoped to do for our boys and girls. Many mothers are not acquainted with what their boys and girls are doing. The attendance in Primary and Mutual has increased through co-operation with the Relief Society. In October a Kensington was given, each member sewing for over-burdened mothers. In November the special activity program related to the spirit of Christmas and Christmas foods. In December the topic considered was how a mother may assist in habit formation and in the sex problems of her children. This topic was given at one of our group sessions. We divided our sixteen wards into five groups and a physician gave the instruction. The wards enjoy coming together, seeing sisters from other wards, and hearing a good program. It is a very good advertising medium for the Relief Society, bringing sisters who had not attended regularly. We planned another general sewing day in January; in February, a travelogue of foreign countries, each ward procuring someone who had traveled abroad to give the talk. In March we considered trees and birds, this topic being previously given in union meeting by two professors from the Brigham Young University. The topic for April was home improve-

ment and practical hints on home furnishings. In May, the book *The Fundamentals of Prosperity*, by Roger W. Babson, will be reviewed.

This is the fourth year we have tried this plan. You will notice that we arranged for two sewing days during this year's program, which must be just as well planned as the program for any other day. Our stake this year has made 192 quilts, 37 woven rugs, and 447 miscellaneous articles.

*Report by Mrs. Lettie T. Cannon, President,
Pioneer Stake Relief Society*

I am happy to tell you how we put over the Work and Business Meeting in our stake. Of course we take it from an entirely different angle than does the Utah Stake. To me there are two main divisions of the work and business day—the business part, and the work part combined with the social. In the business part of the meeting we have our opening exercises and our preliminary program, which I feel is a very necessary part of the work and business day, because in the business meeting we have not a great deal of business to transact. I would not have this program for the work and business meeting exceed thirty minutes, as the women are anxious to get to work, and feel that every minute taken from their work is a loss. Nearly all the wards quilt. The women enjoy this as it lends the community spirit. Eight women usually comprise a quilting group, so that we must provide something for the other women to work on. In our union meeting we make suggestions of work, which the presidents carry into their wards. There should be two or three activities prepared for the work meeting, which is one of the most fundamental meetings we have for creating a community spirit. It requires preparation. Every detail must be planned ahead of time. When the women come, the sister in charge organizes them, every woman being taken care of immediately and started to work. Social contact for the women is important. While we work we can visit and learn to honor and respect each other.

One organization is typical: There was one quilt; twenty other women were making painted candles and artificial flowers. In another group, five or six elderly women were visiting, talking over old times, not working but getting social contact. In one ward at a most successful work meeting, there were nine members; two of the women were cutting up old stockings to make a cushion for the elders administering the sacrament to kneel on, and another for the bishop's chair. Others were unravelling old sweaters to be crocheted into an afghan. All were looking to see what could be done to help the community.

Officers' Meetings

(Afternoon Session)

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Jennie B. Knight presided, assisted by Mrs. Cora L. Bennion and Mrs. Ethel R. Smith

Mrs. Cora L. Bennion, chairman of the committee on theological lessons, in presenting the course for the ensuing year, stated that next year, 1930, marks the centenary of the organization of the Church. The committee therefore felt that a fitting course would be one devoted to a study of the *Book of Mormon*.

In listening to reports from the mission fields we learn that the missionaries are distributing many copies of the *Book of Mormon*, giving much time and labor to bringing this valuable book to the attention of people in the world.

Many testimonies from members of the Church emphasize the importance of the *Book of Mormon* and its teachings. We feel that our members will enjoy a study of the gospel doctrines that are found within this book, as it explains the gospel in great simplicity.

Dr. George H. Brimhall, who has written the theological lessons for the past ten years, was introduced by Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, who said that he had been her teacher for over fifty years, and that so far as she was concerned, he was the greatest teacher she had ever known.

LOYALTY

Dr. George H. Brimhall

First—Be loyal to the great objective of all teaching, *leading others to learn*. Not what the teachers do, but what the class is led to do is the measure of success.

Second—Be loyal to the lesson outline. Supplement it, condense it, and expand it, but don't discard it; for in so doing you foster depreciation, which is always depressing to the student, if not discouraging. Loyalty to outline is loyalty to the organization that furnishes it. Study the outline with a view of making it sparkle.

Thrd—Be loyal to the rights of class appointees. When a member of the class has been assigned a part for special preparation the teacher will see to it that the member has recognition in the lesson presentation. There is program ethics just as there is road ethics or banquet ethics or business ethics.

Fourth—Be loyal to the spirit of inquiry. The spirit made of Joseph Smith a student on his way to become a seer. Encourage inquiry, not speculative inquiry but truth-seeking inquiry. Adam was not afraid to ask, Why men must be baptized?

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Miss Alice L. Reynolds presided, assisted by Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine and Mrs. Kate M. Barker

MISS ALICE L. REYNOLDS

Member of the General Board

The thought behind the literature lessons of the past six months has been that of emphasizing social problems that are, or may be at any time, part of the consideration of a social worker. We heard of one ward that asked a specialist in literature about *The Devil's Disciple*. This specialist promptly asked, "Why read *The Devil's Disciple* if you are going to consider Shaw?" This, of course, was a natural reaction born of a purely literary point of view, but it implies a course which would upset the whole purpose of the drama lessons.

The Devil's Disciple was selected primarily for two reasons: first, it furnishes a situation where we have a self-righteous daughter of New England Puritanism entrusted with the care of a child born out of wedlock. Many of us have the Puritan background and might be tempted to treat a child just as Dick Dudgeon's mother treated Essie. Dick Dudgeon, who is called "the devil's disciple" is the only person who really has any consideration for the child.

The second point to be emphasized is brought out in a speech of Dick's when he says to the minister's wife: Your husband is a good man, but I fancy he is good because you have helped him and treated him kindly; and it may be that I am a bad man because I have been treated unkindly. That is a lesson in environment.

Again, turning to Galsworthy's play, *Justice*, we have a number of social problems presented. There is the motive for the crime, the matter of the prison, and what is to be done with a man who has served a prison term and is back in society.

It presents also the situation growing out of Ruth's attempt to care for her children and the discovery that it is impossible to do so on the ten shillings a week which she receives for sewing. All these problems were of concern to Mr. Galsworthy, who was trained for the practice of law, but who has preferred to present the injustice that frequently grows out of following the law.

The Yale Review of October, 1921, has this to say of John Galsworthy: "His work is notable for its economy of words, its breadth of social sympathy and deep pity, its sharp perception and extreme sensitiveness." Perhaps we have no other modern playwright who has given so much intelligent attention to social problems as has John Galsworthy. For this reason we selected one of his plays.

Joseph and His Brethren is a pageant play, replete with beautiful pictures taken from the Biblical story of Joseph, who was sold into Egypt. It is not intended to present a social problem, but merely to bring before the organization a wholesome play which draws its material from the Bible—a play richly laden with beautiful passages and scriptural teachings.

PROFESSOR HARRISON R. MERRILL

For the coming year in the department of literature, it has been decided that a study of literary biography will be both profitable and entertaining to our readers. At least nine biographies will be selected and prepared for study. Since they are to serve as literary studies as well as accounts of worth-while lives, these biographies will be selected with great care.

This decision has been reached in a rather logical manner. In our own day men and women who really are splendid writers are giving much attention to the writing of biographies and autobiographies. It was thought, therefore, that it would be more profitable to read a well written, fearless, yet sympathetic biography of a real person than it would be to read the biography of a fictitious character such as is found in the best novels. That is, the committee feels that it would be fully as enlightening to read the life struggles of an Abraham Lincoln as it would be to read about the supposed struggles of a Henry Esmond or a Silas Lap-ham.

This very decision, however, suggests the method to be used in the study. In the first place, the literary form of the biography itself should receive attention; and in the second place, the character of the person about whom the biography was written should be considered.

Each month in the *Relief Society Magazine* will appear a review of one of these books written up in lesson form as a guide not only to the teacher and to the person who gives the lesson, but to all who desire to read the biographies selected. An attempt will be made to have these lessons complete in themselves. Many readers, however, may prefer to read the entire, original biography.

In an early *Magazine* will appear the names of all the biographies that are to be studied. It is suggested that the class leader study her class membership carefully and make her assignments early, in order that the person who presents the lesson may have time to read and actually study the biography she treats. In this way the lecture may take the form of a first class book review, and deal with the literary charm of the biography as well as with the character it portrays.

Biographies are usually a little more expensive than ordinary books, because their distribution is rather limited. Wherever it is practical, therefore, the local town library should be induced to

secure the books in advance. Librarians usually welcome suggestions for the purchase of books, since the library is maintained for the use and pleasure of the people who support it.

In towns where there are no libraries, some of the sisters may perhaps be willing to buy one or more of the books; or, possibly, a library fund may be secured by individual contributions to it or by public entertainments, for its benefit.

The Deseret Book Store in Salt Lake City maintains a traveling library service from which books may be had at a nominal cost. In some cases, it may be possible to induce the company to place these books in a town library for the use of members of the Relief Society.

If the books cannot be secured at all, our readers will have to rely wholly upon the lessons written for the *Magazine*. The best lesson work cannot usually be realized in this way, for it is through contact with the authors of the biographies that adequate estimates of the characters are to be had.

A definite attempt will be made to keep the lessons on a plane which will give them an appeal for all classes of women.

The reading of such preparatory books as "What Can Literature Do for Me?" by C. Alphonso Smith; "The Interpretation of the Printed Page," by Clark; and "The Study of Prose Fiction," by Bliss Perry, will be helpful to those who direct the class work and to those who review any of these books.

Editor's Note:

The use of these books may be had at many public libraries.

The Deseret Book Company will carry the biographies, but we wish it understood now, as formerly, that the purchase of these books is optional with the organizations.

VISITING TEACHERS' CLASS LEADERS DEPARTMENT

*Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter presided, assisted by Mrs. Nettie D.
Bradford*

Mrs. Baxter explained briefly the purpose of the teachers' demonstration in the different homes, and Mrs. Bradford gave the place of the woman as hostess in the home. The value of the teachers' message was discussed at some length. Mrs. Emmaretta G. Brown, President of Granite Stake Relief Society, presented able arguments in favor of the printed message, while Mrs. Mary E. B. Fitzgerald first counselor in East Jordan Stake Relief Society, gave an excellent defense of the oral message carried by the teachers on their visits. Both were fine examples of the logical and consistent thinking through of a problem.

SOCIAL SERVICE CLASS LEADERS DEPARTMENT

*Mrs. Inez K. Allen presided, assisted by Miss Sarah M. McLelland
and Mrs. Marcia K. Howells*

MENTALLY SUPERIOR CHILDREN

Dr. Dorothy B. Nyswander

Today I am to talk upon a subject which has been of primary interest to people in general, to educators and to psychologists, for some hundreds of years. Plato was one of the first persons that we know of to become interested in this problem of the child. He set up some very simple tests to pick out the superior child from the rest of the children of Greece. That was the beginning of mental testing; and though an experimental attitude toward children entirely disappeared during the middle ages, we still feel the effects of Plato's discriminations in our attitude towards superior children today.

Brilliant Children Become Leaders of Men

One of the most prevalent beliefs that I have encountered is that most of our brilliant men today are mediocre as children and did not do very good work in school. If we should make an investigation of the American and British men of science, German men of science, and men of letters in these three countries, we should find that they have been exceptionally bright from earliest childhood, and that the majority of them did excellent work in high school and in college. The one who does not do exceptional work in school, and who does not show signs of brilliance in childhood, is the exception.

We should realize that brilliancy is something characteristic in the young child and in youth, not something sporadic, but something consistent. However, many children who do not show these signs of brilliancy may fail to do so because of lack of opportunity, because they have been brought up in a rural community which did not offer advantages for bringing forth the superior mental equipment which they possessed. When the boy who has been brought up in a rural community goes to college, he becomes interested in his work, and shows signs of brilliancy which were dormant in his home town. That does not mean that this boy was stupid as a young boy, but only that he failed to get interested in the work the rural schools gave him.

Bright Children Do Things Their Own Way

Another common error is that genius and insanity are linked together. I have known parents of a brilliant child to be concerned about his sanity. There are just as many people who become insane from a mediocre background; that is, there are no

more people of genius who become insane than come from other ranges of mentality.

But the brilliant child refuses to be circumscribed by convention, refuses to see the importance of all behaving according to a given social pattern; whereas the child who is less brilliant does not observe that most of us behave after a commercial pattern. Most of us do not resent the fact that there are certain laws which we must all obey for the good of society.

Many parents have a child who is much more clever than they are; and this child, being so clever, wants to be an individual who does not wish to conform to the rules of society. We see that time and time again, but on the other hand we see the same patterns of behavior demonstrated by children who are feeble-minded, and by children who lack intelligence to appreciate the rule. The point I want to make is this, that the superior child alone is not the only type of child who refuses to abide by the laws of convention, and by our social laws. Hence the importance of his training in the home and school where he is taught to appreciate and to understand the laws of society, and where he is shown that the best good for himself and the best good for society can come from his observance of these laws. Where you fail to teach this to the brilliant child, he builds up habits of his own and becomes a social rebel.

Intelligence Differs in Quantity

Sometimes we think of the brilliant child as absolutely different from other children; but when you study intelligence in children, you find that the thing children differ in is not in the quality of their intelligence, but in the quantity. They are not different. Any one child is not different from another in mind, but simply in his large degree of intelligence; and so, we discover in training the superior child, we should use the same type of training in the home for actual habit formation that we use for all the rest of the children.

The superior child is not a different person; his mind works in the same way, but a little faster. He learns more quickly, gets insights into situations more readily than other children do; but the same attitude should be taken toward him as toward the other children.

Some people have supposed that children who were bright when they were little, turn toward mediocrity when they get older. What is the trouble with a judgment of that kind? In the first place the child may only have appeared to be bright when he was little. Unless you have a scientific analysis that the child is bright, you must be very careful in your judgment. Many a school teacher has been deceived by the looks of a little child sitting down in the front row. The little child looks so bright, and especially the lit-

tle girls, who learn to smile at the teacher. That is what many children learn, and teachers are deceived by appearances.

School Studies May Be at Fault

The other thing that may happen is this, that a bright child is not interested in any of the school work. That happens time and time again with children who are very superior in their intelligence, yet who do mediocre work in school. The failure is that of the school to call forth their intelligence. Another thing that makes adolescent children appear dull or stupid is the fact that they are having emotional streaks and social streaks, which keep their minds from doing their school work. That is something which all parents should recognize. During adolescence we may get a sporadic type of work from children which is not consistent. That type of problem we meet most often in high school work.

Another thing that enters into this problem of the superior child is our frequent failure to distinguish between the ability of the child to do mechanical work and creative work. Often a child with mediocre intelligence is able to do excellent work in arithmetic, in spelling, in memorizing music; such a child may also do beautiful copy work, and may excel in doing all these things; yet he may not be of superior intelligence, nor a child of genius. These things which I have mentioned are mechanical.

The Mark of Genius

The thing that distinguishes is creative ability. The child of genius, of superior mentality, is able to create something of his own, to do something else than copy what others have done. We can distinguish this quality in very young children. In putting things together in a new way, or attempting to do something in a new fashion. In drawing animals or making up words such as have never been used, the child uses creative power. Not many of us have children who have this ability. About one child out of ten is classified among superior children, and about one child out of a hundred is classified among the children of genius. There we get the distinction. Many of us have a child who is one out of ten; but it is a very exceptional thing to find a child who is one out of a hundred.

Value of Intelligence Tests

Dr. Termain at Stanford University is now making a follow-up study of one thousand children of genius. I have had the privilege of being a student in part of this work. The tests were made on these one thousand children of genius nine years ago, and research facts have been given to Dr. Termain to enable him to follow up just what is going to happen to these children. Twenty-five years from now we shall know much more about what a high

intelligence quotient means than we do now. At present we are not quite sure what a high quotient means. It is correlated with learning power, but what has it to do with social ability? What will these children of genius do as leaders of people, in the business world? These are questions to be answered through the research of Dr. Termain.

In studying their physical assets, we find that children of genius are above the average in height, in weight, and in all health measurements. We sometimes find frail bright children and healthy bright children, but the average health of bright children is above the average of the normal group. They play just as do the normal children, but their play takes on different characteristics. They are less fond of group play; they are always trying to change the rules of the game; they have creative minds; they ask, "Why should we stick by those old rules?" When the rest of the group refuses to have the rules changed, they find it more interesting to play by themselves. They have interest in hobbies and books. The superior child reads perhaps ten to fifty times as many books as does the child of inferior intelligence; and they are books that give them instruction—travel books, nature books, tales of discovery. They like to read stories about great men, also to read magazines that tell them how to construct things.

The Scientific Attitude

By virtue of this intelligence test, we have a more scientific attitude toward the differences in children. Five years ago we were not able to distinguish between these children in their ability to learn and in their tendency to achieve greatness; we could not tell; the best thing we could do was to look at them and their school credits. Parents are not able to tell anything about the brilliance of their children, because they do not know enough children to compare them with. I have heard very bright children described by their parents as not very clever; the standards of the family were so high in achievement that they had no way of comparison. The parent is least able to discriminate; the school teacher does it a little better because she has many children to compare.

Not a Measure of Emotions

But the intelligence tests have many weaknesses. They do not measure emotions, trustworthiness, honesty, nor any of those fine traits that are necessary in children. Because a child has a very high I. Q., it does not mean that he is going to be a leader of men. If he develops bad study habits, he will be lost to society. Some parents think that because their child is above the average in intelligence, they have nothing to worry about. That is not true. Habits of work, industry, temperament; habits of sympathy, of understanding, of leadership, must be learned. This is something

to remember when you hear criticism of the intelligence test. All the intelligence test does is to measure the ability of the child to learn; but it does this rather effectively. I should prefer a child who is of average intelligence, with fine habits of personality and industry, to work with me, to be one of my students, to be my secretary, to be one of my associates, to one of superior intelligence without these traits. These things must balance against each other, and we must understand them when we come to evaluate children.

What to Do With Gifted Children

Just a word on the matter of the education of gifted children. What shall we do with them? There are various methods for training them. In some schools we put them in groups and we call it the superior group. When we do this, and the children know that it is the superior group, we sometimes get harmful results, not only as respects the development of the other children, but harmful results also to the children who are actually superior. The system is a good one when it is properly worked out. I know, because I have been part of a school system in which we had children classified according to their abilities, none of the children knowing they were in a superior group or an inferior group. In other schools, they give rapid promotion. There is no one general rule that can be set, or used, since each child presents a different problem. Some children, physically and socially mature, may be advanced half a year, and, with a little extra teaching, put in another group; but many bright children are not developed socially and physically to cope with the children of the advanced groups; so that special promotion in many cases does serious harm.

Make Special Study of Each Case

Each case should be a special case to be handled by itself; in no school system should a fixed rule be made. What seems of most benefit at the present time is to give bright children an opportunity for self expression; to give them books, stories, hobbies. The bright child who can do the required work in school, can have a collecting hobby of cards or stamps, or he can build up a system for himself. If a child is not given something to do, he will get into bad social or mental habits.

This problem of educating the brilliant child is one that cannot be neglected. Our object is to give him an education that will make him a leader, because from the superior children must come our leaders, since creative work is possible only by them. There are such children equipped mentally for real leadership. In some parts of this country we do have to contribute funds for the study of music and art for the brilliant student, but we have not yet made communities interested in furthering the intellectual achievement of a brilliant child in their midst by giving him advanced college or professional work.

SOCIAL SERVICE CASE WORK DEPARTMENT

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman presided, assisted by Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Mrs. Annie W. Cannon, Mrs. Amy W. Evans

The subject considered in this department was Social Case Work. It was discussed as follows: (a) Definition and Scope, Mrs. Amy W. Evans, member of the General Board; (b) Essentials of a Family Plan, Counselor Amy B. Lyman; (c) Case Presentations, Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon and Mrs. Emma A. Empey, members of the General Board, and by Mrs. Lyman. The object of the meeting was to gain a better understanding of family problems and of how to help people out of difficult situations.

WHAT IS SOCIAL CASE WORK?

Mrs. Amy W. Evans, Member of the General Board

Case work is difficult to define, but all the cases cited this afternoon will lead towards a definition.

Social work has several different forms. First, social reform, which aims, through educational work and social legislation, to improve conditions in the mass. Obvious results of social reform are better working conditions, such as the eight hour law, minimum wage, protection of life and health in industry, and child labor laws. Better health conditions come from protection of the water supply, milk supply, from pure food laws, public health movements, tuberculosis campaigns, and better housing. These improvements result from social reform. Programs for the right use of leisure time provide further benefits.

One important form of social endeavor is group work. It includes settlement houses, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, our Bee-Hive girls, and similar movements.

Social research is a form of investigation which makes original discoveries in any field of social work and re-interprets facts for use in these various fields.

Case work deals with the individual who is striving to effect a better adjustment between himself and the world in which he must live. Case work requires insight into personality, which it aims to develop and change in the right direction; it must have insight also into the resources, dangers, and influences of the social environment of those in need.

Case workers must have the closest association with families in order to help them in times of crisis and strain. There is no phase of family life that the case worker does not consider. Our organization comes into contact with thousands of families and with all types of family situations. Though case work is old, yet the systematizing of its processes is comparatively new. These

processes have been developed out of past experiences of social research through case work.

Social reform has grown largely out of case work, as case workers come in first-hand contact with the needs and bring them to the attention of society.

Mrs. Evans then cited a case illustrating her points.

ESSENTIALS OF A FAMILY PLAN

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman

Mrs. Lyman stated that the object of social work is to conserve families—to save and preserve them, to raise human life to its highest level; it is not merely to give relief. The giving of relief may or may not be necessary, but if given and wherever given, it should be in connection with a plan to remedy the whole situation and not merely to relieve the condition momentarily. It is often possible to relieve a situation without giving any money relief whatever. Other instances may require temporary relief only; and there are instances where the disability is permanent and where aid must likewise be permanent.

A plan is an organized scheme for the care and betterment of a family. Before an efficient plan can be created, careful study must be made. Such a plan involves gathering all available information concerning the health, finances, family relations, school life, and history of the family's past adjustments. Just as a doctor must know family history and habits to help him in diagnosing a medical problem, so must the social worker have information in order to diagnose and solve an economic problem. The doctor can't make a good plan if he doesn't know the details. Neither can the social worker. Mrs. Lyman stressed the importance of giving no relief except emergency relief, unless it is part of a plan.

Two examples of treating families were given—one in which there was no plan, and the other in which there was a carefully worked out plan, based upon a knowledge and understanding of actual conditions.

Some of the disadvantages of giving relief without a plan were pointed out as follows: danger of either neglect or giving more assistance than is necessary; the family is wrongly judged; the family's standards of living are lowered; nothing is done to remove underlying causes; the ward is unable to estimate accounts.

Advantages of giving relief to further a plan were listed as follows: the family is not neglected nor over indulged; the underlying causes of dependency are corrected or removed; there is a closer understanding between ward and family; the standards of the family are bettered, not destroyed; the ward is better able to estimate accounts.

GROUP AND FAMILY COUNCILS

Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, Member of the General Board

Having been a Relief Society worker all my life, I know the problems that confront you, and how much in need we are at all times to secure any system that will make the work more satisfactory. I love the Relief Society work and workers, and am interested in you all. The sisters who have addressed you this afternoon have mentioned some things that we have neglected. One is, we have not realized that, as taxpayers, we are entitled to assistance from the state, county, and city in our work; and we have not co-operated enough with them, nor taken advantage of the opportunities in our midst. We have not such places as settlement houses; but there are centers where foreign women and others are instructed in certain things and Americanization work is carried on.

Then there is the State Department of Rehabilitation. It is surprising how few take advantage of this splendid work. You have just heard Sister Lyman tell the story of the boy who lost his limbs and artificial ones were obtained for him; then he was referred to the State Department of Rehabilitation, under whose supervision he was trained to be a telegraph operator, and finally received fine remunerative work. This department does a splendid work, but how many of our women have taken advantage of this?

It is my privilege to present a case to illustrate one form of our work, that of group work, and to show how through the council a case may be settled without any particular expense. So often we neglect to bring families together sufficiently, where if we did they might solve their own problems. The case I am going to present is the case of a Sicilian family; not local, though it might happen in mining districts. A Sicilian woman, widowed nine years, was found living in damp, dark quarters with a little daughter eleven years old. The mother, who could not speak English, was suffering from rheumatism. The little girl was pretty, and left to her own desires, was found wayward and a truant from school. Here are two problems for the social worker—the gentle care and comfort of the mother and the proper care and discipline of the daughter. This case was under the direction of the social worker for one and one-half years before it was settled. It was finally worked out with visits back and forth between relatives and other children, which made a much happier condition in the family life. But it was mainly through the efforts of the group and the bringing together of the family and co-operating and counseling with them, that so much good was done at such a minimum of expense.

Among us we have similar problems and cases. It is not a

good plan to separate families. In the case cited it was better to put the girl under the care of a younger woman, than to have her in her own home; but as a general rule it is not a good plan to separate families.

In all our Relief Society work I hope that none of us lose the real spirit of our calling. I think, in spite of all the technique that we can bring into our ministry in trying to heal the sick and care for the needy, we should aim to unite the intelligence of the mind with the sympathy of the heart, and keep the spirit of the Lord in our work. The knowledge of good well done is happiness.

CHILD-PLACING

Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Member of the General Board

Mrs. Empey discussed briefly the problem of child-placing and presented a child-placing case. She stated that there are a number of reasons for taking children from their homes, but no home should be broken up because of mere poverty. Immorality, venereal disease, drunkenness, or feeble-mindedness on the part of the mother are sufficient causes for the removal of children from their homes and placing them with agencies qualified to take care of them. It isn't a hard matter to give a child away, for there are always plenty of people who want children. But great care should be exercised in the selection of a home for dependent children. The social worker should determine the family's reasons for wanting the child, and their plans for its education and future should be taken into consideration. The attitude of the other children, if there are any, toward another child coming into the family, should be known, also the make-up of the household, the health of the members, and their relations to each other, the family finances, their standing in the community and neighborhood, and their church affiliations. Good placement should provide a dependent child with the best possible chance of well-being and development.

There are four kinds of homes for children—the free home where people are willing to take a child and care for it free of charge; the boarding home where people are paid for the child's care; the working home where the child is old enough to earn his board; and the adoption home, where children are adopted.

No one, not fully qualified by training and experience, should undertake this important work.

TRANSPORTATION CASE

Mrs. Lyman discussed a transportation case, showing the bad results from shipping a homeless man from one community to another at great expense to the agencies involved, and without bettering the condition of the man or making him satisfied.

SUMMARY OF DISCUSSION

Mrs. Evans gave a brief summary of the discussions. She felt that in all the cases cited the good of the individual was the main consideration. Personal assets, the family resources, and the individual resources have all to be discovered and marshalled for the benefit of the one in need. The Savior spent his life among those who were unfortunate, saying that the whole needed no physician. In our efforts to help one another we are helping to strengthen the chain of humanity; but we must remember that the chain is no stronger than its weakest link. In trying to strengthen the weak links in our social chain, we are rendering a great service. We should always keep in mind one of the fundamentals of social case work, which is that we should minister to the strength of the people and not to their weaknesses. We can judge all of our work by that fundamental. If we are helping people to become stronger and to attain a higher plane of living through our efforts, to that extent we are doing a good work.

National Conference of Social Work

Mrs. Lyman, who is President of the Utah State Conference of Social Work, announced the meeting of the National Conference of Social Workers to be held in San Francisco from June 26 to July 3, to which all social workers are invited.

CHORISTERS' AND ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT

Mrs. Ida P. Beal presided, assisted by Mrs. Elise B. Alder

Mrs. Afton L. Langton took the subject, "What Have You Accomplished with the Ten Minutes Allowed for Weekly Community Singing Practice?" Emphasizing the urgent need of singing practice and the selection of songs that correlate with the lessons, she urged that the chorister be thoroughly prepared in advance, so that the practice can be put through in ten minutes.

Mrs. Pearl K. Davis argued that it is a wonderful accomplishment to have the sisters memorize the music. In a demonstration of teaching and developing the song, she pointed out that the chorister should proceed carefully, thoroughly, and teach a few songs thoroughly rather than to rush rapidly through many songs.

MUSIC IN THE ORGANIZATION

Professor Edward P. Kimball

When Mrs. Beal said that we ought to know how important music is in our church activity, the question runs through my mind, after twenty-five or thirty years of experience, do we really

know? We are playing music all the time, and if we are to get the real value out of it, it is not enough just to participate. We know how to run an automobile if we own one; but if something goes wrong, how many know how to fix it? Well, music is a good deal the same. We can all participate; but how many really know the music?

The subject of music is so large that I can hope to strike only the high places; but if anything is to be added to religious services by music, it will not be by mere participation. Music, no more mysterious than language or washing dishes, must have a place and purpose in your organization. Its purposes are three: entertainment, worship, and recreation; and it should be instructive in all three of its phases.

When we are singing spiritual songs, we should sing them with the same spirit with which we pray. After one has heard a piece, he should be richer in soul than before. People learn to sing by singing, as they learn to spell by spelling.

In my own teaching I find that there are three things necessary—interest, progress, and practice—all closely related. If a pupil makes no progress he loses interest, and if he loses interest he will not practice. If you keep your organization singing, not just casually, but with a purpose in mind, until you are proud of it, then you will keep your practice moving and insure progress and interest.

Professor Kimball gave a fine discussion and demonstration of part singing and time beating.

General Session

(Thursday Morning)

SALT LAKE TABERNACLE

President Louise Y. Robison

We are most happy to greet you here this morning under such favorable conditions. It seems to me that the women of the Latter-day Saints should have more gratitude than anybody else in the world for the restoration of the gospel. You know at the time the gospel was restored women had very few privileges, in an educational way, or in a financial way, or even in the home. But when the gospel was restored, and our Father in heaven graciously gave that revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith for Emma Smith and the women of the Church, it seems to me that it opened the door for women in every direction, and here this morning the Church Authorities and the Presiding Bishopric have kindly allowed us to use this magnificent building in which to hold our meetings.

In reading magazine articles and in hearing lectures many of us are truly shocked to hear of home conditions throughout the world—that people are getting away from the home atmosphere and those fine high ideals which the Latter-day Saints have always had. Today we thought it would be profitable to speak about our homes, as I believe the women of this Church will be called upon to uphold the standards of real home living; for we believe that home life will exist in the hereafter. Grateful for the children whom our Father gives to us, our best efforts should be to make of these children the fine, splendid men and women that we should like to contribute to the Church and to the world. Yesterday our meetings dealt with outline work; today the time will be spent in trying to instill into our minds the things that will help us in our homes. Latter-day Saint women should have homes where the spirit of God resides, and from which we may give to the world boys and girls who are clean, pure, and honest. Elder Melvin J. Ballard, when going to the South American Mission, took with him pictures of the mountains; but when he got to South America, he found that higher mountains than ours were there. He took pictures of public buildings, but found in South America finer public buildings than ours. He took also a picture of a group of fine boys (and I think he might have taken an equally good picture of girls), saying, here is a group of young men who are morally pure, who have never tasted liquor nor tobacco; and such a picture as that South America could not produce. Now, if the women of this Church can give to the world, not only a hundred or a thousand, but tens of thousands of boys and girls who are morally pure and clean, honest in their dealings, and with high ideals, no other contribution that we can make will be so worthy.

HOME AS A BASIC INSTITUTION

Mrs. Amy W. Evans, Member of the General Board

Home is a basic institution. In the total scheme of things the family occupies a unique place. It is older than history. It has come down through the countless changes of the ages, always meeting the fundamental needs of humanity. Out of it have grown government, industrial order, and religion. Today, the changing status of women, brought about by our economic and social developments due to science and invention, and the complexity of modern society may threaten the very foundations of the home; but it is an institution of stout fibre, able to defeat these dangers. With each change in society, we realize that the family is more important in the nurture and development of mankind. Society cannot exist without the background of the hearthstone, the bond between the generations. The family fulfills the fundamental desire of every human being to possess and to be possessed—to be

himself and yet to be part and parcel of the life of others, and to have an anchorage, no matter how he may depart from it. We believe that family life will still continue to be the anchorage of the race here and that in the life to come family relationships will go on; that father, mother, brother, sister, will meet and find joy and happiness in its sacred bonds.

HEALTH STANDARDS IN THE HOME

Mrs. Emma A. Empey, Member of the General Board

Health standards in the home should include sanitation and public health as well as personal health. No matter how much effort one puts forth in the interest of personal cleanliness and personal health, it would be of little avail if one comes in direct contact with bad sanitation, polluted water, and unclean food. So, in our health standards, there are two viewpoints to be considered—public health and personal health.

Relief Society women should be interested in problems of public health as they affect the home and the community—in the water supply, in plumbing, in the protection of food from contamination, in proper disposal of garbage, in fresh air, in ventilation of homes and public buildings. Women's influence in this matter is most telling. The American health standard includes a yearly physical examination—examination of the teeth and early attention to the eyes, ears, nose and throat. It is important to establish, as early in life as possible, proper health habits and high standards of cleanliness. One of the most important things in the world is good health, which, like youth, is rarely appreciated until it is lost.

INDUSTRY IN THE HOME

Miss Sarah M. McLelland, Member of the General Board

Industry is necessary to physical and mental health. No woman who understands the laws of health will shirk activity. All hygiene advisers declare that beauty is attained only by physical exercise. Brain work is an absolute necessity for mental health; so is physical labor; neither is complete without the other. Without the support of the physical, the spiritual life could not long survive. Industrious habits have a close connection with peace of mind; and idleness is far more dangerous than work; it is the nature of life to grow by exercise. It is a moral and social wrong when girls are brought up helpless in the home. It is still worse when they come to think it not respectable to be industrious. Girls should begin when young to take an interest in the family, and daily should do something for its comfort. What we cause our children to desire is of more importance than what we make them learn.

Industry, whether it be hard labor or exercise of the mind, is that by which the great and good of our sex have been distinguished. It is by the application of this principle to their lives that women have become truly good or great. It is said of Jesus that He went about doing good; industry was a prominent trait of His character; and no one can truly say he is a faithful follower of Jesus unless his faith is made manifest by his works.

In the domestic circle, industry makes home happy, for women require intelligence to guide their efforts and direct their energies.

A short eighty-two years ago, the pioneers, equipped only with faith and the blessings of industry, came to a vast and vacant space. The fruition of their faith is often extolled; but the glory of their industry is too often forgotten. Slowly but surely they wrested from the stubborn earth the necessities of life. The strength and fibre of our institutions of today are a result of the toil in the pioneer home.

WHAT MOTHER TEACHES

Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter, Member of the General Board

I am thinking of the Latter-day Saint home where the mother and her children do the work and the cooking. In this home there lives the greatest teacher, and she does not know it. This mother, if she understands her opportunity, will gather her little flock around her when a new baby is coming into the home, will tell them that a great event is going to happen—that God is sending another life into their home for them to cherish. The children will be awakened to a trust and a love of God that will never leave them. It will establish a foundation of faith that, though the waters and the tempests of the world rage about, they will never affect them. They will look upon the possession of brothers and sisters as wealth, not as privation, and upon the establishment of the family as the greatest achievement of life. With this foundation they are ready to go well equipped out into the world.

The naming of the baby should be impressed upon children. Teach them that it is a privilege to take the baby to be blessed in the congregations of the Saints, a marvelous privilege that was given to the women anciently, and is given now. Never mind whether the baby looks so nice in its clothes, never mind whether the baby cries, the thing to listen to is the marvelous blessing that is pronounced upon it—a blessing that will follow it through life.

Then there is the blessing upon the food. We get into the habit of thinking it is just a little form. No; let the children understand that this is a psalm of thanksgiving to God for making the earth yield its bounties that we may survive.

Then there is baptism. Mothers, see to it that your children understand what step they are taking; let them know the import-

ance of baptism; tell them to listen to the marvelous words of the Elder as he stands waist deep in the water—to listen as he says, "Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ . . ." Tell them that nothing greater in the world could be said to them, and they will not have any fear of the water, and will understand what baptism means.

This same teaching should be given when they are confirmed the next day—to listen to the marvelous promises, and to know that these are given with the same authority that Christ had.

How we love to read the simple narrative of the first miracle performed by Christ! We love it; we read it again and again. Do we teach our children that a miracle is performed before their eyes whenever men holding the authority take sweet oil, used as a food throughout the world, and consecrate it from a common to a sacred purpose, to be used in the household of faith? Let the children see what this wonderful ordinance has done, and let them know that it was done by the same power that Christ exercised when He changed the water into wine. Thus shall we magnify the little things in our home, and our children shall know that these are not forms, but the greatest gifts that can be bestowed.

INFLUENCE IN THE HOME

Mrs. Cora L. Bennion, Member of the General Board

Of all human influences, those of home are the most far-reaching. Recent investigations indicate that character traits are developed in infancy and childhood. The love natural to motherhood is fundamental in child training. It needs, however, to be guided by intelligence, and by wisdom derived from study. Love should be manifest always in doing that which will be for the ultimate best good of the child, not merely in yielding to his whims. This calls for insight into child nature, knowledge of how habits are formed, and how to use means of control in forming them.

The example of the mother will be very helpful to the child. Example, always the best teacher, trains in habits of cleanliness, truthfulness, dependability, and service. By example of parents, primarily, these should be taught, and by training the child to behave in these ways.

The home is for the child, not merely for adults, with child activity branded as a nuisance—an attitude that tends to drive children away from home and parental influences. Children should be trained early to work, that is, to perform simple tasks at regular times as their contribution to family needs. In this way they develop habits of industry, also individual and social responsibility.

In early youth care should be taken to recognize budding manhood and womanhood. The youth cannot be treated as a child. Thus to treat him insults his personality and endangers parental

influence. Ordinary shortcomings should be treated with great patience and hope. We should always see the best that is in him, and manifest confidence in the possibility of his realizing the best rather than the worst side of his nature. Help him to overcome evil with good—to find joy in hard work and high purposes.

One writer has said that parents should try to remain youthful, to see life through their children's eyes, to look at youth's point of view; then we might see a decrease in the number of child problems. By trying to understand our children, we can make them stronger, better, more helpful, happier and more contented.

A tremendous growth is taking place during the adolescent period—a broadening of thinking, a deepening of the emotions. Problems that cause friction at this time are characteristic of the period rather than of the child. Remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." If we would control our children, we must learn to control ourselves. In character we must be what we wish them to become. No school, however dedicated, no church, however consecrated, can take the place of home. It is the home and home people that educate for character.

OPPORTUNITY OF OLD AGE

Mrs. Elise B. Alder, Member of the General Board

"For age is opportunity, no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

Another writer has said, "To know how to grow old is the master work of wisdom, and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living." He further says, "Old age is a time for learning the relation of past, present, and future. It is the decorative age, when, like the autumn leaves, life may take on its glory."

There are many aged persons who find it possible to enjoy a fair degree of health, who have good dispositions, and are able to engage in some helpful employment. There are wonderful opportunities for the aged to teach the young, both by precept and example. As we grow older, life holds for us that which we have stored up within us. Books leave their traces in our minds; and the thoughts, passages and experiences of others we have stored away, we may call forth at will. Correct English enriches our lives. Women in middle age are realizing the possibilities and advantages of training, and are reaching out, and grasping opportunities.

Teachers and class leaders should not tire in urging to activ-

ity, in both thought and action, the older sisters who have been deprived of education, and feel that they are too old to learn. Help them to realize that it is not so, and that there is always something for them to learn to do in the Relief Society work. Recall the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith: "I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord. And this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from henceforth. This is the beginning of better days, a new era for womanhood."

Old age, to be truly glorious, must be religious—it must be founded in ways of righteousness. Our religion, so simple, complete, and beautiful, is the one which was taught by our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. It is yours and mine, and if we will but know it and live it, it will bring joy and satisfaction in everything that we do in old age as in all times.

HONESTY IN THE HOME

Mrs. Inez K. Allen, Member of the General Board

When the heavens open at the birth of our children, and mothers are brought close to the Divine, nearer at that time than at any other, the privilege is not given without great responsibility. My subject today is honesty—just common, simple honesty. Do we need more of it in the world today? We have only to read the papers to realize that it is one of the great needs of the day.

Honesty is a fine sense of allegiance to one's standards; it implies high mindedness. Honesty, essential to civilization and to noble character, is fundamental also to successful co-operation. Without honesty, even governments crumble and decay. Honest desires, someone says, are insurance investments against moral bankruptcy.

Worthy behavior, also delinquency, have their beginnings in the home, being largely dependent upon honest or dishonest habits in early childhood. Parents should guard against careless promises to their children; but promises when made, either of reward or punishment, should be kept. Children's questions should be answered truthfully, avoiding exaggerations. Property rights of each member of the family should be respected. Articles brought in should be accounted for, and owners sought for all found articles.

Children should learn the joy of earning and deserving what they have. One author said, "The darkest hour in any man's life is when he sits down to plan how to make a living without earning it." Much of the lying among children is motivated by fear, therefore better make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity. Trust begets trustworthiness, therefore treat children with confidence rather than suspicion. "He who practices dishonesty warms himself by setting fire to his own house."

THE SPIRIT OF THE MASTER

Mrs. Ethel R. Smith, Member of the General Board

"Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou had'st been here, my brother had not died." If men had exercised more faith in the power of the Redeemer, and followed his admonition given as a new commandment to "love one another," peace and love, instead of strife and bitterness, would have filled their hearts.

It has been my good fortune to witness among us, through our acts, the presence of the Redeemer, made manifest in our love for others, and in help extended to lead them in the path of righteousness and everlasting life. Sometimes, however, I have been made to wonder if ever we have caused anyone to cry out in anguish, as did Martha when her brother died. Are we loyal to each other, to our officers, to the Priesthood, to the organizations of the Church? Do we follow the great commandment to love our neighbors as ourselves? Or do we secretly hate and refuse to speak to them? Do we take advantage of the widow and the orphan, or do we exemplify the spirit of the Master by extending a helping hand? As mothers, do we appreciate the true beauties of motherhood, the wonderful privilege that is ours, and do we endeavor to train our children in all righteousness?

At times we are lifted up in vain pride, in under-estimation of true values, seeking the satisfaction of the moment rather than eternal treasures. Is the presence of our Master shown by example as well as by precept in the training of our children? Or is it through lack of our effort that they fall or die? May we diligently strive to follow the teaching of the Master, that never through any act of ours shall we cause our own or strangers to condemn our course or cry unto the heavens, "Lord, if thou had'st been here, my brother had not died."

MUSIC—ITS MESSAGE AND MINISTRY

Mrs. Ida P. Beal, Member of the General Board

Music is everywhere recognized as one of the most potent of civilizing influences. It is certainly inspiring and gladdening in its immediate effects, and there is scarcely a thinker or philosopher who does not consider its beneficial effects to be lasting. Appreciation of good music, however, comes through culture.

Music is a universal language—the language of the emotions. The best music is often the simplest, lying easily within a child's comprehension, and is a vital factor in his life. Every child should grow up in a home where music is played and sung, and where the art is encouraged. It will be a blessed memory to him and his soul will be sweetened thereby. In these days, music is not looked

upon as a luxury, but as a necessity—one of the chief agencies for understanding and enjoyment. One of the elevating and inspirational gifts of God to His children, it spurs us on to deeds that are higher and nobler, and thus aids in the building of character. In our material, bustling age, to add balance to our lives, we need beauty—the message of music to make us sensitive to loveliness.

Community singing has always been a stimulant to tired, weary men and women; it was a real tonic to the pioneers as they traveled westward. Music renders a large and liberating ministry to humanity. It is more than a thing to relieve the tedium of tired hours, more than a thing to be bought and paid for in concert halls. All through the ages mankind has found many uses for this art, especially indispensable in amusement. From the jazz band to the intricate performance of a symphony orchestra, music has been the invoker of joy. Where there is music and laughter, there is gladness of heart. Music is a great asset to the laboring man. His task is not so irksome and heavy when he has a song on his lips.

One of God's gifts to His children has been music. It is a medium through which we draw closer to Him, and by which we express our love and admiration of Him. The song of the righteous is a prayer unto God, an expression of divine adoration. The rich tones of the organ and the radiant strains of song are inseparable from the common man's idea of worship. Many a man has been made better, purer and a more liberal Christian by hearing a mighty multitude unite in one loud, glorious song of praise.

LOYALTY IN THE HOME

Mrs. Nettie D. Bradford, Member of the General Board

Many years, even centuries ago, Plato was asked this question: "What is the best education?" "It is," he answered, "that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

Beauty is a quality of divinity; to live much with the beautiful is to live close to the divine. "The more we see of beauty everywhere, in nature, in life, in man and child, in work and rest, in the outward and the inward world, the more we see of God." Beauty, like happiness, comes from within.

Much depends upon our own state of mind as to whether we are happy, and to appreciate the beautiful brings joy and happiness. We must cultivate the ability to see the beauties surrounding us, the ear to hear the beautiful sounds on every side, and to fill our minds with beautiful thoughts. We do not need to have an elegantly furnished home to have a home of beauty—it is the lives of those who live therein that make home beautiful.

MRS. KATE M. BARKER

Member of the General Board

To the women of the Church our Heavenly Father has been wonderfully good in giving us this organization, where we have such rich opportunities for service both in relief work and in helping to build up Zion—the abode of the pure in heart. Great as is the work of relief which seeks where there is anything wrong to bring the remedy, equally great is the work of prevention. In looking after the physical health of the community we have learned that it is not enough to reduce the dangers of exposure to disease, to the minimum, but it is also imperative to have proper clothing, exercise, and diet, so that we may build up bodily resistance, so that we may hedge our youth around and try to shield them from temptation by forbidding tobacco advertising, by prohibition, and law enforcement, yet there is but one real safety: We must so build up the spiritual resistance of youth that it shall be able to repel temptation. Our great work in prevention consists in building spiritual resistance within the very heart of the home. Its work lies with the mothers; if the mothers are right, the homes will be wholesome. If the homes are wholesome, the children will be strong physically, mentally, and spiritually; and all will be well in the state and in the Church.

We cannot separate religion from life; and if we have built homes on the spiritual foundation, then everything fine and beautiful that we can bring into those homes is part of our religion. What makes for better health, for greater satisfaction in life, and gives us power to develop our inborn possibilities by work and study, and to honor the counsels and commandments of the Lord and enjoy the peace and comfort of prayer, than the religion of Jesus Christ? All these things are taken into our homes by 62,000 women and will build for the abundant life and the making of a strong, efficient, happy people.

MRS. MARCIA K. HOWELLS

Member of the General Board

I have lately been thinking of our motto, "Charity Never Faileth." It brings a satisfying thought—one that we may profitably consider.

You will remember that when the Prophet Joseph organized the Society in 1842, with its eighteen original members, he told those sisters that the object of the Relief Society was to save souls, take care of the poor, minister to the sick, and foster a love for religion. The Relief Society is doing all these things, and even more than these original purposes and ideals seemed to sug-

gest. This wonderful audience today testifies to the growth of the Relief Society, and shows that it has been a most worthwhile work. If there could be a record of all the work of the Relief Society sisters, it would be most interesting. There is not a mission, stake, or ward where charity work is not being done; and when we think that "Charity Never Faileth," it makes us happy.

At the time Jesus was on the earth, He and His disciples taught charity by precept and example. You know that love and charity are sometimes used interchangeably. They are much alike, and we know that God is love; therefore charity is a god-like characteristic. We are told that charity suffereth long and is kind, and that charity envieth not, and of the three characteristics, faith, hope, and charity, the greatest is charity. Since it is so desirable a characteristic, I wonder if we think about taking it into our homes as much as we do into the community.

General Session

(Thursday Afternoon)

SALT LAKE TABERNACLE

PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

As we came out from the Temple a few moments ago, and I saw this line of women coming to the Tabernacle, I asked if it was in the Tabernacle that the Relief Society conference was to be held. The answer was yes, and I wondered why that was necessary. It is all explained now that I see this large congregation.

Yesterday, as I was at work in my room in the Church Office Building, I heard a baby voice saying, "Ma! Ma! Ma!" I went to the north window, and there on the lawn, with a woman's coat under it, I saw a baby sitting. Naturally the child attracted my attention, and I stood looking at it. In a few moments a woman, frail looking, came round the corner of the building, went to the baby, and gathered it up in her arms. A little girl, whose head came to the mother's shoulder, was walking by her side, and three little boys, each with a cheap toy in his hands, trotted along behind. Gathering up the child, the mother said, "Come along, boys," and started out toward the street.

The whole story was told to me as I stood there looking. The woman was comfortably, but rather poorly clothed. The clothing of the children was ordinary, but looked comfortable. They all appeared to be happy. As I stood there I offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God our Father for women, for mothers, for women who were ready to take up the responsibility of wifeness, of motherhood, of life, even under adverse circumstances, giving, as I knew this little woman had, her life for those children.

All the wealth of the world could not purchase one of them from her. She does not live in a palace, she does not enjoy the luxuries of life. I do not know who she was or is, but I felt like going out and blessing her. If it fell to my lot to undertake to lay the foundations of an empire, a kingdom, I would want just such women as that, and just such men as I have come in contact with in the humbler paths of life, to go with me to perform that undertaking.

I am strongly of the opinion that the safety and welfare of the world have always depended upon women. They seem to be more susceptible to spirituality. They are attracted to the truths of the gospel; they are more ready to make sacrifices; they are more devoted and are less likely to forget the covenants they enter into than are men. I would not say this to the detriment of good men, but I am firmly of the opinion that my conclusion is a correct one, and I see in this body of women before me what I saw in that little mother yesterday—women of faith, of devotion, women who are willing to make sacrifice, women from whom their faith could not be purchased with the wealth of the world.

I grew up in the Relief Society, my mother being an active worker in it. I have traveled with her in my childhood as she visited the stake; been with her in meetings; know of her devotion; remember the counsels that she always gave; sense the goodness of her heart. The poor never passed from our door without relief, and we were not very plentifully blessed with the good things of life, either; but she fed her thousands, as did her sister, the mother of President Grant.

When I think of these things I thank God for my mother, just as your children thank Him for you. I pray that His blessing may be upon you; that you may continue to become more numerous, until after a while the Tabernacle will hardly be large enough to hold you.

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. NIBLEY

My dear Relief Society workers, laborers in the vineyard of the Lord: I greet you with love and blessing and congratulation also—congratulation for the splendid work you are doing. What a world of good these organizations of the Church have accomplished since they were first instituted! We know what the program is, what the outline is. We get a general idea of this kind of work, but I want to say to you that I believe the real work, the great empire of work, I might say, is done humbly in the wards of the Church all over the world, where the sick are ministered to, where our sisters sit up nights, where they minister to the poor.

I have said, thousands of times I suppose, that I do not know what the poor would do without the poor. That is where the hard work, the strenuous work, is done. I do not disparage the

work that is done by these sisters on the stand—they have been through all that also; but the untold amount of good, of comfort and blessing, that has been bestowed by the ministering angels of the Relief Society, is in all the wards of the Church.

The Lord bless you in this your fine work. Nothing that you can do is more helpful, I think, in the Church, than the work that you are doing. It has been well organized during the past years, it has been well administered, and the Lord's blessing has attended it and will attend it, I am sure, from this time on. That this may be accomplished, and that our hearts may be made to rejoice in the accomplishments of this wonderful organization, I humbly pray through Jesus Christ our Lord.

REVERENCE FOR PARENTHOOD

Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, Member of the General Board

Heaven, I think, is very near us today. While I have been sitting on the stand and looking over this congregation of women who are giving great service to the Church, I have also had many other pictures presented to my mind. This meeting in the Tabernacle marks an epoch in Relief Society history. It was not many years ago when my mother said in the Assembly Hall that the day would soon come when the Assembly Hall would not hold the sisters of the Relief Society—our membership would have become so numerous that we should have to hold our conferences regularly in the Tabernacle. The day has now arrived.

I have felt all through this conference that the spirits of those loved who have departed, the great women of the Church, are with us, and they seem to pass before me as in a pageant.

There are many changes taking place in the world today. There are wonderful inventions and discoveries along all lines, and as science has changed our mode of life, so has it changed in many ways our code of ethics and human behavior. While we realize things are different from what they have been in the past, still there are some fundamental things that time ought not to change. Some things, the dearest things in life that we should cling to, are reverence and love.

In reading the history of the great men and great women of the world, those who have written their names large on history's pages, we find the men and women who have held in reverence their parents. In the last dispensation of the fulness of times there is nothing lovelier than the story of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his love and admiration for his mother. It was to his mother that he went with all his confidences. It was his mother who helped him conceal the plates of gold before the translation of the *Book of Mormon* was completed, when his enemies were harassing him, and trying to steal the plates, and persecuting him. His

mother wrote the story of his life from childhood, through youth to manhood, in simple, lovely words. All through the pages of that little book are mentioned the love and reverence of that man of God for his father and his mother.

Some things there are in the world more lovely than those things that can be bought with gold or precious stones: the beautiful things in nature; the joys God has given that appeal to the inner soul—the red flash of the oriole as it flies across the sky; the song of the meadowlark in early spring; the fragrance of the wild rose by the wayside; the lilt of the laughter of a little child at play, and the love and faith of that little child for the mother and father who gave it birth. These are the things of the heart that lead us on to great ideals, and that make for happiness. May the Lord help us always to remember his mercies, and to obey that great commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

A LATTER-DAY SAINT HOME BASED ON A KNOWLEDGE OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST

Miss Alice L. Reynolds, Member of the General Board

A knowledge of the divinity of Christ is essential to a Christian life, and clearly fundamental in the life of a Latter-day Saint. In our time, many attacks have been made on this truth. Recently I read a magazine article which said, "If, indeed, Christ was more than Hamlet"—an intimation that Christ never really lived, but was the creation of the mind of some literary genius.

A few years ago, on the campus of an American university, one of the students who had listened to an elder express our belief in the divinity of Christ, said to me afterwards, "Miss Reynolds, I was reared to believe the things this gentleman has spoken of; but I am afraid to speak of such things on this campus lest I be regarded as feeble-minded."

In this city I have heard a gentleman say in public address, that if tomorrow morning we could prove absolutely that Christ was not of divine origin, the educated class would say, we have always known that, and the class who are not grouped with the educated would say, we have always suspected it. Now, you and I know that, despite the gentleman's learning, he did not state the fact; because we have the witness of the holy spirit that Christ is the Son of the living God; and there is no place that is better to combat this modern falsehood than in the home.

I make an appeal to parents to guard this sacred truth. The Book of Mormon is so plain on this matter that practically every one of the prophets of that ancient record has testified concerning the divinity of Christ, and has told us also that the knowledge of His divinity comes through the ministrations of the Holy Ghost. I am grateful also, more grateful than I have ever been before in

my life, that in the vision given to the Prophet Joseph Smith the Father did not say this is Jesus of Nazareth, who was born in Bethlehem, and was crucified in Jerusalem, but that he said, "This is my beloved Son," acknowledging His Fatherhood. May this knowledge become deeper and more a part of our lives every hour that we live, because it never has been more necessary that we should know this truth than at the present time.

PRAYER IN THE HOME

Mrs. Jennie B. Knight, Member of the General Board

Prayer is thanksgiving and an appeal for divine guidance. In this day of doubt and criticism, surely we have need of prayer. Every properly trained Latter-day Saint should be so traditioned in the habit of prayer, secret and family, that if he neglects this devotion, his conscience will prick him and he will have a feeling of something left undone. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom. Regardless of the perplexing situations which arise to interfere with family prayer, it should still be a part of our daily program, even though all members are not always able to participate. "It is a blessed privilege," says my father, "to be in correspondence with the Lord." It is a woeful thing not to be on speaking terms with our Father in heaven.

One dark, cloudy day a mother left her two small children at home alone while she attended to an important matter. During her absence a storm broke in with all the fury of thunder and lightning. The lightning struck a tree in front of her home. The children were frightened, of course; but when the mother hurriedly opened the door, she did not find the children screaming or crying, but, kneeling by a chair in the middle of the room were the little brother and sister in the attitude of prayer. How had they learned of this unseen protection?

A group of young matrons were attending a luncheon in honor of some brides-to-be. Naturally their conversation turned upon problems of married life. After listening with interest to their comments, the eldest of the group said, "Well, you will have some misunderstandings, and maybe you'll quarrel; David and I do sometimes; but when he puts his arm around me and says, 'Come, now, it's time we had our prayer before I go,' I just can't be angry any more." Do you think that divorce will ever separate this couple, both of whom have come from prayer-observing homes? With what an anchor of trust and safety these children of prayer-loving families leave their home each morning. Do you think they are apt to cheat and lie, steal or smoke?

It has been the custom for the married children of a very busy father and mother to meet at their parental home as often as cir-

cumstances will permit, to spend the evening together. Invariably the conversation turns to gospel themes. When time for "Good Night" comes, the father says, "Let us have our family prayer before you go." In this family of fourteen there is little, if any, envy or jealousy, but much of sympathy, co-operation, confidence, yes, and sacrifice, one for the other's sake. Prayer has been the golden thread that binds their lives together, the anchor holding them to their ideals, their shield in times of temptation, their comfort in times of sorrow.

"O, thou by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hath trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray."

READING IN THE HOME

Counselor Julia A. Child

The home is essentially a social organization. It is made happy and successful only as each member contributes to the welfare and pleasure of other members of the group. But, however social and spiritual the members of a family may be, life becomes clannish and sometimes even sordid without the active influence of friends and neighbors. A happy home, therefore, means good and ample friendships that have come to be enjoyed.

Next to friends and personal contacts, however, and somewhat like them in influence, is good reading matter that is used and understood by the members of the family and considered a prime necessity. With reading habits well established and carefully chosen books and magazines on hand, many hours of leisure may be both a joy and a source of intellectual growth to the family group.

Through books we may associate with the best people, enjoying with them the beauties of life—of color or form or song. By means of books the world of literature, science, government, and human activities is brought into the family circle. The mind is thus provided with wholesome food, the soul inspired to higher living. The home is primarily an educational institution; good books are essential, provided also that correct habits of reading are early established.

A home without books or a family without the ability to read them is under a serious handicap. One writer has said, "Open the windows in your children's souls by giving them books—keep them open by encouraging the reading habit." Parents may early create in the child a taste for good reading, not only by surrounding him with good books, but by early awakening within him a desire to become acquainted with these books. This may be done, first by story telling, later by reading to the children from classics, fairy

tales, folk tales, stories of adventure and biographies, including our own Church works, until they are able to read for themselves. Then they should be guided through the flood of juvenile books now available, some good, some indifferent, some trashy, and some positively injurious.

The habit of reading good books on the part of parents and children around the fireside, is one that should be cultivated. An opportunity is thus given for discussing what is being read, and habits are established that will cling to the child through life.

CHURCH STANDARDS

Counselor Amy Brown Lyman

There are probably no members of the Church who strive harder to live the gospel, and to keep the commandments of the Lord, than the women of the Relief Society. I always take it for granted that Relief Society women are orthodox Latter-day Saints, that they accept the gospel as a whole and in its entirety, and that they live according to its teachings. I always feel that they promote faith, bear testimony, support the Priesthood, and conform their lives generally to the plan of living which has been established by the Church. I am sure that no one who does this will go far wrong. Even if we did not believe in a hereafter, and were trying to set up a scheme of living for this life only, we could not do better than to adopt the gospel standard of living.

My remarks today are not by way of criticism, but of reflection and review. I think it is a good thing occasionally to take stock, to review and survey our lives, and to see how nearly we are meeting the requirements. We are inclined sometimes to think that if we go to church, and testify of the goodness of the Lord to us, and of our beliefs—all of which are very excellent things to do—that that is enough. But I feel that there are a great many things fundamental to a righteous life; there are laws to obey, duties to perform, good works to carry forward, and standards to reach.

The plan of salvation includes the principles of the gospel and practical religion, the latter covering instructions on how to conduct our lives, on our duties, on our relationship to our Heavenly Father, and on our relationship to one another. And let me say that it is much easier to believe and to testify of our beliefs, than it is to live them.

In the Church today our leaders have set up standards for us, two or three of which only I shall mention. The 13th Article of Faith reads: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men." Do we practice these things? Are we honest and truthful? Are we benevolent? We are asked to keep the Sabbath day holy, and I wonder how many

of us do this. I wonder how many of us have standards that will permit us to go to ball games and picture shows on Sunday, or allow our minor children to do so. What are our standards with regard to Fast Day? Do we keep this law, and do we contribute funds on this day for the benefit of those in need? And what about our family prayers? Most of us, perhaps all of us, pray secretly; but I am wondering how many of us live up to this teaching, already commented upon so beautifully. It is quite an undertaking to have family prayers, but I think the mothers can do more to promote this practice than anybody else.

What about tithing? Do we believe in this principle? And are we supporting our husbands in this matter? And are we teaching our minor children to pay tithing? I think that if children are not taught to pay tithing while they are young, it is almost impossible for them ever to obey this law.

One more thing I would like to mention is the Word of Wisdom. I wonder how fully we are keeping it. I wonder if we make excuses because of ill health, and say we cannot get on without stimulants. I wonder if we set the proper example in this respect to our little children and grandchildren. Let us review our lives frequently and see if we are conforming to these rules and standards and duties which have been given to us.

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

It is a very inspirational sight indeed to see so many of the sisters here today. I have often remarked, as did Brother Ivins, that I have grown up in the Relief Society. I was personally acquainted with five of the original members listed here when the Society was first organized. With four of the five I was intimately associated from my earliest recollection. I rejoice in the wonderful work that has always been manifest in the Relief Society. I have often said that the picture of the leading women of the Church, a fair and honest photograph, would be a refutation of all the slanders that have ever been published against us.

It is impossible for God-fearing women to have anything but noble faces. The face is an index to the character, and I have had many people say to me that they thought the finest young men that they have ever seen are our missionary boys; and the great majority of boys inherit their looks from their mothers.

I know of no personal acquaintance, of any man that has made a record, that is an outstanding record for integrity to the Church, and ever accomplished anything in the battle of life, that has not had a devoted mother. Of course I can only know of my father by the remarks that people have made to me, as he died when I was only nine days of age, so that my dear mother had to be both father and mother to me. She had to be the provider for the fam-

ily, as well as the one on whom devolved the care of the house. I rejoice in the wonderful example that she set for me.

The principal task of my life has been to encourage people to do things—to keep the Word of Wisdom, to pay tithing, to teach the children, and to attend to family prayers. I am not a preacher on theory of the gospel, but I have tried to encourage people to do their duty. There is one thing that has been born and bred in me; that is the teaching of obedience, by my mother.

If there is one thing more than another that I would like to do, with the ability which God has given me, it is to impress upon the hearts of the Latter-day Saints to keep the commandments of the Lord; to serve God with full purpose of heart. By so doing I can promise that you will grow in grace in the sight of God, and in the light, knowledge, and testimony of this great Latter-day work.

We have in very deed the true plan of life and salvation, we have the pearl of great price, we have that which is of more value than all the wealth and all the honor that can come to a man in this life. We have that which will take us back into the presence of God, to meet our loved ones who have been faithful and true. I ask God to help each and everyone of us that has a testimony of the divinity of this work, that we can say in all honesty that we know God lives, that Jesus is the Christ, that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the living God. I also pray that we may so live that all who come in contact with us may feel the inspiration, may know that our lives are worthy, and that we may do this and be blessed by our Father in heaven is my humble prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

My heart is so full of gratitude and thanksgiving that I am sure I cannot express what I would like to for the loyalty and the splendid courage of you, my dear sisters, who have left your homes and your families to come to this Relief Society conference. My heart goes out in prayer that our Heavenly Father will bless you, that you will have added strength, faith, and courage; that your families will be protected in your absence; and that you will return so full of faith and the spirit of the Lord that the influence in the home will be most beneficial. I pray too, that we shall enjoy the spirit of the Lord during the conference of the next three days, that we shall be filled with His spirit, that it may help us in our daily lives to live above the disagreeable things, and know that our Father in heaven is assisting us.

I trust that what has been said here today will enter the hearts of you sisters, that you may carry this message back to the sisters in your wards; not only to those who come out to meetings and are filled with the desire to do right, but to some who do not have this

desire; that you may know how to reach their hearts and help them so that they will turn in service to our Father in heaven.

We have been so favored in having the spirit of the Lord with us in all our meetings that I humbly return my thanks for it. I appreciate the courage and the support we have had by having here some of the former General Board members, who have helped to lay the foundation and make our work easy. I would like them to know that we honor them for what they have done. As a crowning blessing, we have the First Presidency of our Church with us. As I said in the beginning, my heart is full of gratitude that we were permitted by the authorities of the Church to meet in this beautiful house today. In the past we have been so crowded in the Assembly Hall that many have had to stand. But today we have the Tabernacle, and the organists to render beautiful music on this marvelous organ. We thank Professors Kimball and Schreiner for their contribution and the sisters who have furnished the music. With all the blessing that I have in my heart I bless you, my dear sisters. I pray that you will have health and strength, and fine courage to carry on the work that you have set your hearts to do. I ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Mrs. Barbara Howell Richards, who was appointed a member of the General Board of Relief Society, April 2, 1921, was released during the conference, April 4, 1929.

Reorganizations which have occurred since October, 1928 conference:

Alberta Stake reorganized, August 19, 1928, Mrs. Jane W. Bates released, Mrs. Dora H. Jacobs appointed President; North Sevier Stake reorganized, October 14, 1928, Mrs. Minnie S. Das-trup released, Mrs. Melissa A. Crane appointed President; Parowan Stake reorganized, November 25, 1928, Mrs. Mary M. Marsden released, Mrs. Barbara M. Adams appointed President; Summit Stake reorganized, October, 1928, Mrs. Florence B. Crittenden released, Mrs. May Jordan appointed President; Young Stake reorganized, December 9, 1928, Mrs. Johanna S. Smith released, Mrs. L. Nettie Behrmann appointed President; Woodruff Stake reorganized, January 13, 1929, Mrs. Esther Thomas released, Mrs. Harriet Spencer appointed President; Juab Stake reorganized, March 10, 1929, Mrs. Maud Forrest released, Mrs. Edna Cazier appointed President; Australian Mission reorganized, November, 1928, Mrs. Caroline S. Hyde released, Mrs. Hazel B. Tingey appointed President; California Mission reorganized, March 13, 1929, Mrs. Margaret K. Miller released, Mrs. Charlotte C. Stahr appointed President; South African Mission reorganized, February, 1929, Mrs. Clara A. Martin released, Mrs. Geneve Dalton appointed President.

The Best You Can Do

By Alfred Osmond

The best you can may never win a prize,
Nor please the critics, scholarly and cold;
But, judged by standards of the great and wise,
It has a value that should be extolled.

The best you can is all that God is asking;
It has a rank and station with the best,
Although its crudeness is a means of masking
The fact that you have stood a moral test.

The best you can will not accept decisions
That magnify the majesty of might.
The best you can will see the clearer visions
Of peace exalted to her throne of right.

The best you can will never be defeated.
The mangled head and bruised and bleeding feet
Are tragedies the best you can has greeted
As foes that it was not afraid to meet.

The best you can will drive away your sorrow
And lead you to the land of happiness.
The best you can will see a bright tomorrow
Behind the clouds of darkness and distress.

The best you can is always frank and fearless
When it has found some worthy work to do.
When you are sick and sad and faint and cheerless,
The best you can will see you safely through.

Evolution of the Ugly Duckling

By Estelle Webb Thomas

Part III

January 15—A letter from Mother at home. Mrs. Douglas died suddenly last Sunday, and her son has taken her back to the old home for burial. Dear little lady, she seemed to love life so! I wonder why he didn't let me know? Now the other Margaret will marry him to comfort him while he is there, and he'll never come west again.

It was for the sake of his mother's health they first came and now he is free to step into his father's practice, marry Margaret, and live happy ever after. Oh, well, why should an Ugly Duckling always be envying the Swans that swim briefly across her vision? An Ugly Duckling who will never be a swan herself—never!

January 22—I've taken to writing on Friday evenings, as there is nothing to scribble about during the week, and I am still trying to appeal to the finicky appetite of those ogres—the Editors.

Mr. Dixon came in at recess and told me about the Teacher's Institute. It seems he thinks we should both go; and then I had a letter from Marie Webster, my friend who teaches at Centerville, begging me to go, so I suppose I must. I surely hate the expense, as I'm saving pennies for a good typewriter and some new summer clothes. Well, the Institute will be a change, at least.

Haven't heard any more about the Douglasses. Mother writes but doesn't mention if the doctor has returned—and of course he won't.

February 8—Institute was not at all bad! I was glad that I got me a nice party dress, for the Faculty of the State University entertained the visiting teachers at afternoon tea and a ball in the evening. In the afternoon I wore my pretty new suit with a beautiful little bouquet of violets with which Mr. Dixon unexpectedly presented me. The University Profs. and wives were lined up by the door into which we were ushered; and as we went in we introduced ourselves by name and school to the mighty ones, and were benignly hand-shaken before we moved on.

I was just behind Mr. Dixon, as that was the way we were arranged in the line, and Marie was just behind me. Behind her was an extremely fat woman with a very flowery hat, who seemed so obsessed with her own importance that she could not wait her turn to shake hands and announce herself in her rich bass.

We had got to the third faculty member, not counting wives, when a dried-up little dignitary deafly requested Mr. Dixon's name

repeated, and then asked in an interested way if he were the F. L. Dixon who had been contributing articles on Rural School Problems to the State Educational Magazine. While Mr. Dixon, to my amazement, was modestly admitting this and receiving the old gentleman's effusive approbation, Marie hissed in my ear,

"Will you walk a little faster,"
Said the whiting to the snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind me
And she's treading on my tail!"

This familiar quotation was so apt, with the stout, porpoise-like creature impatiently shoving Marie, that I giggled right out in meeting. I could have bitten off my tongue the next instant, I was so afraid Mr. Dixon would think I was laughing at the old gentleman's fuss over him. I could not see his face but his ears, I noticed, were very red.

I didn't see anything more of him until the dance, to which I went with Marie and Jack Tuttle, the fellow she is going to marry. I intended to apologize to Mr. Dixon for the ill-timed giggle; but he came, as soon as I arrived, and gravely repeated the rest of the quotation from "Alice" as a request to dance:

"See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle; will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you? will you, won't you? will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you? will you, won't you? won't you join the dance?"

I made two or three discoveries about Mr. Dixon this past week. For one thing, he is quite distinguished-looking in his quiet way. Not tall and dark, like—some people, but of medium height and slender, and looks excellent in evening clothes. Then his hair isn't gray from age, as I once supposed, but must have turned prematurely gray from sickness or trouble and lends an air of distinction to his still youthful face. I am sure he isn't more than thirty-five, though I might have guessed him fifty a month ago.

The fact is, I never really looked at the man till I saw so much attention paid him at the Institute. Can it be that he is burying himself in country schools for the purpose of studying conditions there? And what on earth does he say about Primary teachers, who don't amount to much at their best, and often aren't at their best? My blood runs cold! I am going to concentrate on making a good impression on that man, or rather on correcting the bad one I must certainly have made! How glad the school children will be!

February 15—I've been so busy imparting knowledge, writing reams of unsalable stuff, and making a good impression on Mr.

Dixon (in a strictly professional way, of course) that I have neglected my diary—haven't recorded any heart-throbs for nearly a month; but if there had been anything of importance happen, I should have recorded that fast enough!

This means, of course, that I have never heard a word of a certain dark-eyed young doctor since he cast me and my belongings on the morning train for Pine Valley, six weeks ago! Mother, in the most provoking way, writes long letters, concerned chiefly with the dear Professor's doings and sayings, and never mentions our next-door neighbor's whereabouts. I hate to ask outright—the Professor is always scenting a romance!

I suppose Margaret has married him by this time. (Not the Professor, of course!) Just like her! to nab him the first time he showed his head in her neighborhood again! All right for you, Margaret! I only hope he turns out to be a regular bear, and makes you regret your piggishness a thousand times over!

There! I feel better, now; what a comfort a diary is!

March 15—I was surprised on the Friday afternoon after my last entry, to have Mr. Dixon come into my room as I was straightening my desk for the night and ask rather diffidently if I would like a tramp over the hills with him. He had noticed that I looked rather pale lately, and fancied I sat too much over my writing.

"Now, who told you that I am trying to write?" I asked indignantly, for I thought I had kept that little matter a secret, but he answered with a smile that he had seen several of my little things in the magazines, and liked them immensely. Then he went on to tell me that he was gathering material for some articles on the flora and fauna of this region—hence the walks.

Well, I went and came home for Mrs. Lowell's early supper really refreshed, going at my evening's work with more interest than for many a day. Since then the tramps have become almost an institution. Mr. Dixon is an interesting talker and I've learned a lot of things about natural history that I would never have known otherwise.

I asked him if he is a naturalist in disguise, and he owned that he is getting material for a book, and chose a country school that he might have the opportunity to study his subject at first hand. I am dying of curiosity to know something of his personal history, but he never talks personalities, and of course I can't ask.

April 3—School will be out in three weeks, O, joy! And yet I'll surely miss the interesting times I've had with Mr. Dixon and all the dear little pests I've struggled with this past winter; even Mrs. Lowell's "Neow, Honey, make out a meal, don't be so dainty!" that has vexed me so many times. I had a love letter today from Johnny Hackett, the school tough—he pressed it into my hand as the line marched out.

"Dere Techer

"I luv yu ef I doan ack like it. It maks me cri to thinck school will clos so sune. I am shur sorry I hav bin so onerly. am goin to do beter. I will allus luv yu.

'Yur dere pupal,

"J. H."

There, dare to say I am not attractive enough to inspire the divine passion!

April 10—A whole budget of home letters tonight. One from Mother and the Professor full of news about home affairs, the repainting of the house, Mother's room done over, the garden they are planting, and the flock of new Rhode Island Reds. One from Inez full of clothes and views and lovely times and, incidentally, Henley. But the most exciting of all from Lisbeth, who writes to announce her engagement to her music teacher, who isn't a long-haired Italian or a German with a bay window, as she says she knew I would at once imagine, but a real one-hundred-percent American, with a first-class family and world's of ambition.

It was a real treat to get news of them all at once; but since supper while I have been sitting up here alone in my room reading the letters all over again I must confess I've felt more forlorn and Ugly Ducklingish than ever.

Everyone seems so full of happy plans and none of them seem to include me—at any rate my dropping out would not change them one whit.

How nice it would be to be first with somebody! Ugly Ducklings don't change into Swans, I've found that out! They just keep on being Ugly Ducklings to the end of the chapter, and nobody cares! I fancy I see people going off and forgetting all about Inez or Lisbeth! But perhaps I had best be satisfied with what comes my way, not always be trying to stretch my ugly wings and follow the larks!

April 17—Big preparations for closing exercises in the school. Inez writes she is sending me a dress—the very latest—to dazzle the natives with (her own words) before I turn my back on them forever.

She evidently takes it for granted that my little attempt at teaching is over. I'm not so sure—I shall teach till my literary wings are strong enough for a flight into that enchanted region and then if I'm successful—who knows, I may be "the clever, distinguished Miss Wallace" long after Inez and Lisbeth are humdrum married ladies with prosy, unromantic husbands!

Signed,

Old Sour Grapes.

Part IV

April 24—So much to write I don't know where to start; but I'm far too wide awake and excited to go to bed, and I want to record all the wonderful happenings before the new wears off.

Our Closing Exercises went off with a bang! Parents invited, children delighted, teachers excited—that is the Primary teacher, who was in a fever from dawn till now.

And with cause! After the morning session was over, reports signed and distributed, books put away for the summer, and all the hundred odds and ends attended to, there was still an afternoon of preparation for the evening entertainment.

Mr. Dixon had pleaded ignorance and total inability to help with this, but promised to do all my despised report making if I would prepare the big "Do" alone. I was to use all the available talent in his room as well as my own. Now, I love that sort of thing, but it was an extremely weary, flushed, disheveled girl that concluded the final rehearsal at four p. m. and sent the children home for their suppers and to make their toilets for the evening.

Mr. Dixon came out of the little office as the children filed out, with all the neatly finished yearly reports in his hands. He looked startled at sight of me and said with more impulsiveness than I have ever heard him speak, "How tired you look!" I *was* really so tired that his sympathetic tone almost brought tears to my eyes. And when he asked if a little walk wouldn't refresh me before the evening's ordeal, I said yes out of gratitude, though I wanted nothing but to go home and have a hot bath and a long quiet hour in my room. But he seemed to read my thought for when we reached the willow grove that fringes the tiny stream that runs past the school house, he asked if I would like to rest there while he told me a story.

If he noticed the amazement in my face at this request, he made no sign but found me a seat on an old log and then sat on the ground below me so that I couldn't see his face. Then without looking at me he told me the "story."

It was the usual story of an ambitious country boy seeking life and adventure and finding disillusionment.

He had been so full of wonderful dreams and when he met "her" (the inevitable her), she had seemed the most golden dream of all. It had been unbelievably wonderful to find she loved him (or thought she did), and her love actually seemed to stand the test of poverty with a struggling student for a whole year. Then she had left and he had disappeared too, to give her grounds for the divorce she wanted. (Although he did not say, I thought perhaps he could have found the grounds, but would not).

This had all been over, years ago, and he had long ago ceased to love or even to hate her. But the humiliation of it all was so

great, he had never gone back to the old ways again, but was trying to build a new life away from the devastating reminders of the old.

He told me all this in the manner of one reciting a lesson, and gave me no chance to comment if I had wanted to. Then after a pause, while I wondered frantically how I could express the sympathy I felt, he went on talking in a changed tone, and I suddenly realized that the man was actually telling me he loved me—and asking if I had the courage to marry him.

He had been so kind—he seemed so steady and sincere—and I knew instinctively that his story was true, and that it was something very deep and fine he must feel for me to make him tell it—that I almost whispered “yes”, in the ear so near my knee, but there was that haunting vision of dark eyes—eyes that spoke though lips were silent, and I couldn’t!

I couldn’t say a word, but just sat miserably wishing, oh, so hard! that I could give him the happiness he had never found. He seemed to read my answer in my silence, and after a long, long look at my down-cast face said quietly, although he was very pale, “Don’t you care! It’s all right, I—I didn’t expect it.” And we came silently home.

He was his old considerate self at the party, and never betrayed by his manner that I had hurt him at all. But every time I caught the look in his eyes I felt as if I had killed something, and longed to comfort him. But in spite of this compunction my heart was singing for joy, and I went through the familiar routine in a sort of trance, for a miracle had just happened to me!

The tri-weekly mail came in just as we were leaving home on our way to the exercises, and tucking my letters into my bag, I took them with me to be read hastily in intervals of leisure—if any. One thin one of an unfamiliar character stirred my curiosity, however, and I opened it at once. I nearly fainted when I pulled out a check for one hundred-fifty dollars from one of the popular magazines!

A story had been accepted! Actually! No stereotyped rejection slip here, but a warm personal note, commending my story and asking for more of the same sort—and the check!!

I told Mr. Dixon about it behind the curtains, while our combined departments shouted, “Hail To The Spring,” out in front.

“And to think I’m not an Ugly Duckling any more!” I exulted, crazily, just being obliged to slop over to some one, “And have swum right out into the Swan class!”

He repeated slowly, “Ugly Duckling! You an Ugly Duckling! Why, to me—” but I’m not going to write what he said—I’ve gushed disgustingly, as it is—my face burns to read it over.

And then, after it was all over and the parents had congratulated us, and the children had all come up to say, “Good-by” (strange how it hurt to part with the dear little nuisances!) and Mr.

Dixon, too, had said, "Good-by" (for he was leaving early in the morning) with a look in his eyes I shan't soon forget, came the most wonderful part of all!

It had been *such* a day! Such a long, full, exciting day that I simply *couldn't* go to bed, and was standing at the gate in the moonlight, in the soft, sweet, spring air, and the poignant fragrance of the flowering apple orchards—just reveling in beauty almost too painfully sweet to bear, and dreaming dreams as vague and tenuous as the misty moonlight—when one of my dreams resolved itself into something more substantial than moonlight and moved toward me down the dusty road, creating a halo of soft dust about itself as it walked.

I had heard, without heeding it, the eerie shriek of the 10:30 train, but had never dreamed that it bore such a cargo for me through the magic moonlight. I could hardly credit my senses when the shadow stopped at the gate, and I found myself staring speechlessly up into the dark eyes of Donovan Douglas. I thought for a moment that over-weariness and excitement had turned my brain and I was "seein' things at night."

But figments of the fancy don't wrench open gates and sieze both one's hands in large warm ones with a grip that suggests they will never let go, and say tenderly, "Were you waiting for me, little Daisy? And how did you know that I couldn't wait another minute, but came to bring you home as soon as I knew you were free to come?"

Some way, quite naturally, I was in his arms, and he was telling me all about the other Margaret, in answer to my whispered question.

He had gone home after his mother's death, and when everything was settled had lingered there, trying to settle down in his father's business, trying to get back the old feeling for Margaret. But she had finally seen "what I had known, ever since I first saw you making smoky cocoa over your mother's library fire, that she and I weren't meant for each other," and had offered him his freedom. He had intended to go through with it, but when the break was broached by Margaret had joyfully accepted her decision, and flown as fast as trains would carry him west again to the Margaret he really loved.

Dreams do come true! And who is an Ugly Duckling, now?

Two proposals in one day! And an acceptance! For the fact that I have at last "broken into" one of the big magazines looms just as large as the other incredible facts!

* * * * *

And then, all of a sudden, I knew I couldn't!

Not yet! oh, not yet! Just as the Ugly Duckling has found her wings at last! Just found my wings and discovered my kin-

ship to the Swans, and longing to sail with them into those enchanted realms of which I've dreamed so long!

What are handsome brown eyes, or hurt gray ones either, to the freedom and joy of stretching new-found wings! Let some one else bind up the broken hearts—the Ugly Duckling has become a Swan and is going to fly!

April 25—How high and mighty that last entry sounds! But Donovan refused it for an answer, and when I wrote it last night I knew it was my Swan song—though he graciously conceded that I may use my wings all I desire, and sail away as far into the realms of fancy as I choose, if I'll always come back to him when my flights are over.

So the Ugly Duckling is no more; and once more I seal up the little volume with the story of her ups-and-downs, and face the new life with a happy heart.

(THE END)

Love's Recompense

By Mrs. Grace Jacobson

It was in the early June time
When I first met you, dear;
And the happy birds were singing
In the tree tops far and near.

Our hearts were young and tender,
Tuned to love's enduring lay,
As we dreamed of life and beauty
In that trusting lovers' way.

Long years have passed since then, dear,
Yet our love has not grown cold;
Its golden tie is just as strong
And true, as we grow old.

In the years that come and go, dear,
Love once more will sing anew,
In our love's approaching sunset,
Deeper far than that we knew.

Evening

By Merling Clyde

'Tis evening in the valley now,
The sun, a ball of fire,
Hangs just above the blue-robed hills,
Its rays to God aspire.

I smell the sage that lines the lane,
My heart with rapture thrills,
As cooling breezes bring a tang
From snow-capped cedar hills;

While stretching far the level earth
Is green with new-born grain;
The low-hung clouds, fleeced through by light,
Foretell tomorrow's rain.

'Tis spring and, lo, my throbbing heart
'Tunes in with Nature's game,
A promise and a hope renewed
Bright pierced by vision's flame.

The sun goes down—a blaze of gold,
Behind a bank of clouds;
Whose vivid lining, shot by fire,
Is challenge for our doubts.

The valley 's draped in amethyst,
Which hangs, a purple fold,
Deep-dropping where the hollows curve
In lover's arms that hold.

Caressing shadows softly fall,
As twilight filters down;
Afar yet darker grows the sky—
A slow advancing frown.

Yet still the purpling rays of light
Enrich the evening sky
With orange shafts to drench the clouds
In last defiant cry.

The towering peaks stand shining yet,
Softly they shed a glow;
Kissed last, they send their lingering smile
Through dusky vales below.

Then earth, regretful, darker grows,
As paler grows the light;
A blanket falls, the stars shine out:
Now sleeps the quiet night.

Evening and Night

By Weston N. Nordgran

The burning sun sank in the west
And hid beneath the mountain crest.

A sharp-trilled night-bird's cry was heard—
And gentle winds the pine boughs stirred.

The darkened sky, with stars filmed o'er,
Displaying night—and nature's lore.

A snowy owl on noiseless wing—
A hov'ring bat beside the spring.

Two trusting souls, confidingly,
Made one for all eternity.

A calm; a peace; a happiness—
And dying embers—perfectness!

Thoughtfulness

By Myrtle Janson

Today, as a friend and I were out for a ride, we found ourselves going down the wrong street. As we backed to turn, we nearly ran into an old lady. Misinterpreting our maneuvers, she ran bright-faced to the side of the car, asking if we wanted her to go for a ride.

It was an embarrassing situation; we couldn't take her then, as others were waiting for us who would fill the seats; so we told her we would call the next day. The disappointment in the withered old face was really painful. She thought that we were just making that promise as an excuse to be on our way.

My conscience smote me; I had passed the forlorn old lady time and time again, and the thought had actually never entered my head that she would enjoy a car ride.

"Poor old soul!" mused Louise, "how lonely life must be for her without a relative in town. You didn't know her husband did you—a sweet, intellectual man, but an invalid for years. She worked like a slave, taking care of him until his death, and then slaved again in order to care for the two adopted children.

One of these children is dead now, and the other has so large a family that he seldom has time to think of the old lady. I believe he did ask her to go to the Coast and live with his family, but she had sense enough to cling to her own home. Now that the bill pensioning the aged has passed the legislature, with her little rent money and her frugal habits, she will get on nicely.

"But—" I interrupted, wishing to touch on the point that impressed me most, "isn't it a travesty on human nature (my own included)—all these cars passing her home daily and hourly and not one of us considerate enough to realize how hungry she is for a little ride. When our own hunger is appeased, we think that everyone else's should be."

Next day, as Louise and I stopped with a squeak of brakes before her adobe cottage—one of the few remaining pioneer dwellings with the proverbial lilac bush before the door—there peered through the red geraniums of the daintily curtained window a bright wizened face whose expression was a ray of joy. The visage bore the most radiant gleam of happiness I had ever beheld.

As we drove down the highway and swerved to the side to let whizzing cars by, she showed not the least sign of nervousness, as most elderly people do who are not used to automobile riding.

The entire afternoon was a perfect joy to us, she was so rapturously thrilled with the ride itself and with every object we approached. (Who dares to say that youth is the only time for

thrills?) She showed us where the old fort used to stand, where they used to braid the Maypole and have picnics, where she herded sheep that the family might be clothed; for in those days they had literally to take the wool from the sheep's backs to make clothing. Mothers had to weave the cloth as well as make the garments.

"You would die laughing," she trilled, her brown eyes sparkling, "if you saw the first trousers, without a pattern, I made for my husband—baggy here and baggy there, and skimp where they should not be skimp. But, do you know, he was just as proud of those trousers and of me as if I had been the best tailor in New York." The humorous pride with which she told this was exquisite.

After we had deposited the dear old soul at her gate and received her effusive thanks, I felt my eyes moisten and my throat tighten so that it was best to keep mute. Louise finally gasped, "I wouldn't have missed this afternoon for a thousand dollars. Isn't it strange that we should be so thoughtless when just a little time and a little consideration brings so much joy into the world."

Requirement

By Alberta H. Christensen

Love does not ask for eyes
 With lashes long;
 It does not ask for moonlight,
 Or the song
 Of nightingale, or soft, sweet loveliness
 Of scented trees.
 You err, Romance—Love does not ask for these.

Love does not ask for hands
 Soft, fragile, fair;
 Rough ones that daily toil
 Can smooth the hair
 With tender touch;
 Release the aching head from
 Fevered bands.
 You err, Romance—Love does not ask for hands.

But Love does ask
 That when the shadows stretch
 Their sombre length
 Across a sunless path,
 Another one shall lend
 His spirit's strength
 To hasten dawn
 And help the twilight pass.

Beloved

By Nona H. Brown

I thank my Maker for you, sweetheart mine.
Your love has made a Paradise, earth's way.
I thank Him that you found me here, and claimed
Me for your own, one blessed April day.

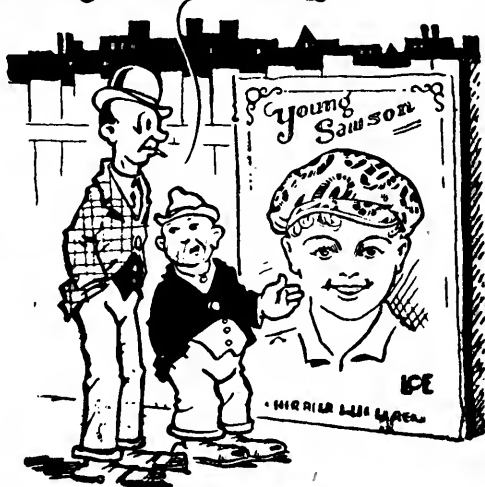
You've stood by me through joys and fear alike,
Bringing the sunshine to my darkest days;
You've changed despair into rich happiness!
Your love has lessened keenest pain always.

You walked with me and tightly held my hand,
Into the torturing shadow-land of birth,
And smiled first at the wee one we brought back—
The wond'rous gift God sent us here on earth!

Oh, may God grant us years to realize
The happiness on earth together here.
May life's experience but teach us two
To hold each other ever yet more dear.



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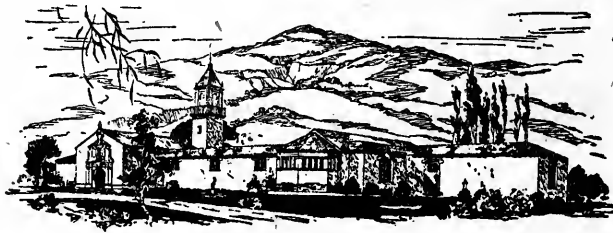
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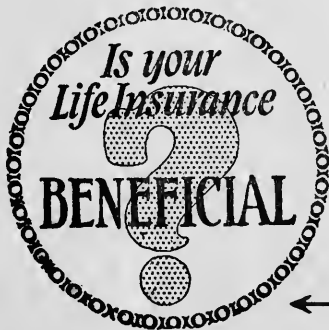
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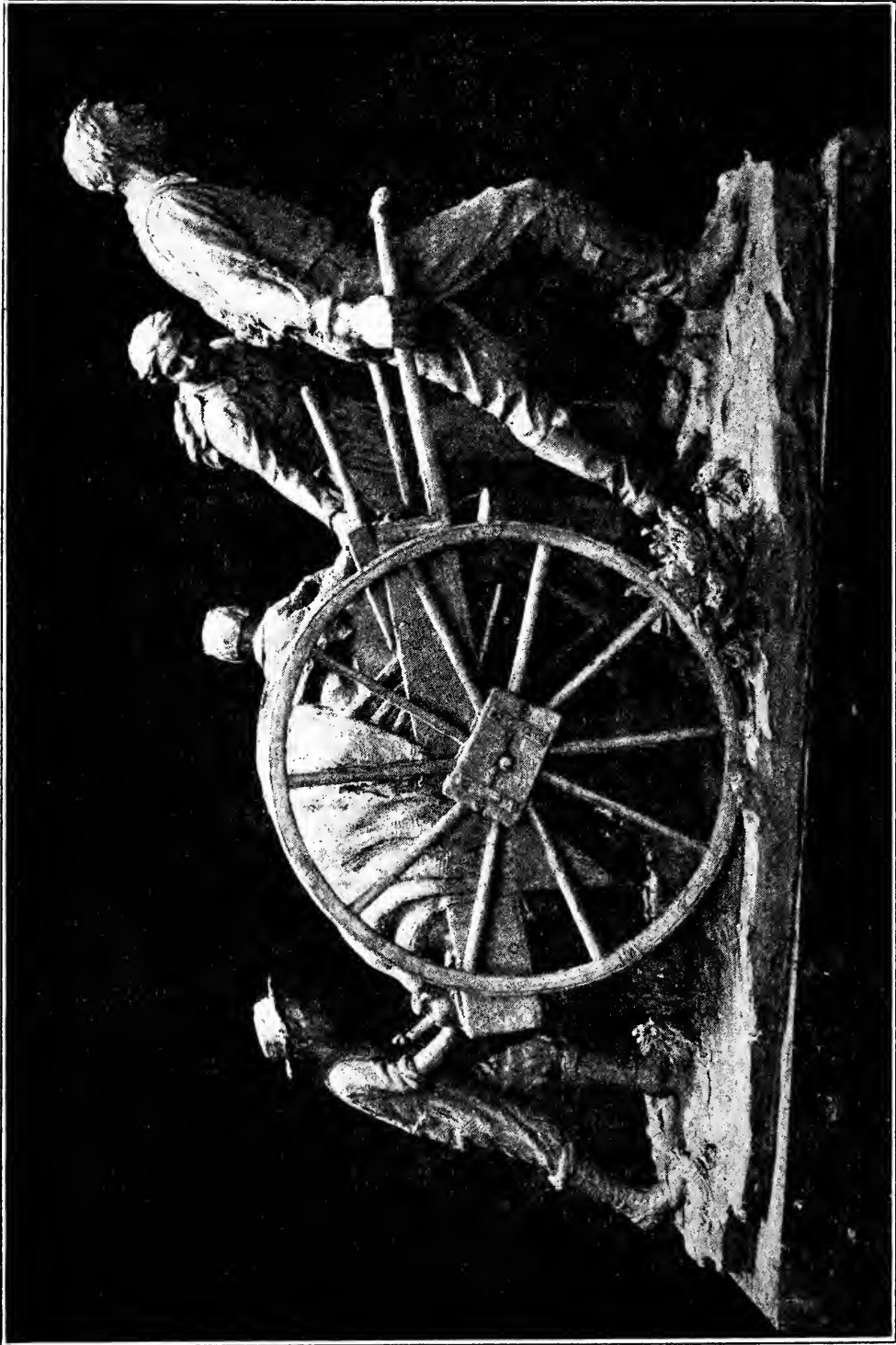
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By Torleif S. Knaphus.

MONUMENT TO HANDCART PIONEERS

This piece of art is in the Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City.

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVI

JULY, 1929

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Handcart Trail

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

*My boy, I walked across the plains,
Where now the cars rush by;
I walked across the barrier plains,
Where now the airships fly!*

*You cannot know how far it is,
With hills and deserts whirling past;
My steps have measured every rod,
My body bedded on the sod!*

*You cannot know how far it is;
You hear the throbbing motor's sound;
I've listened to the cart wheels creak—
The tramp and tramp of bandaged feet!*

I know how far it is.



MARINDA ALLEN BATEMAN

Impressions of My Mother, Marinda Allen Bateman

A Pioneer of 1853

By Julia B. Jensen

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

—*Shakespeare.*

King Lear's impression of Cordelia is my strongest impression of my mother. My memory is filled with beautiful thoughts of her; but in any picture there must always be her gentleness of manner and her quiet, unobtrusive way with others. Her voice, soft and low, was yet firm and commanding. I do not recall ever hearing her laugh aloud, though she would laugh heartily. Song

often surged through her soul, though it seldom broke out on her lips. When it did, it seemed more like the crooning of a lullaby than an outburst of feeling.

Like Cordelia, she could be indignant at wrong and injustice, and contend for that which she felt to be right. She was tolerant, however, of weaknesses in others, and very humble in her estimate of herself.

To my knowledge she never indulged in gossip, nor in unbecoming stories. We were taught to be kind to strangers, loyal to friends, and, as nearly as possible, to be just to those who were not our friends. If ill-report of a friend or an acquaintance came into our home, mother and father alike asked us to withhold judgment until we knew more.

A Home that Sheltered

Essentially a home woman, the first of her duties was to her children. I was the thirteenth and last child, and I marvel now at the quiet way in which she secured cooperation and kept the home machinery working. There were numberless things to be done on the farm—meals to be prepared not only for the family but for visitors; our home always open to acquaintance and stranger alike, no one ever turned from the door hungry or shelterless—and we were seldom alone.

I can recall being wakened in the night, taken out of my bed along with one of my sisters, crowded into another bed already seemingly full, that ours might be replenished with fresh linen and given to some late caller who had been delayed on the journey. Some friends lived with us for weeks and months. I recall, also, the long dining table in the log cabin kitchen at which we sat. It was here during the conversations at mealtime that we learned some of our most valuable lessons in life.

Had the Gift to Believe and to Heal

Another strong impression concerning my mother was of her unbounded faith. This she imparted to us in many ways, but more often by example than precept. Often when we were ill and she bent over us caring for our needs, her lips moved in silent prayer. With the soothing touch of her healing hands, and faith in silent words, we dropped into a restful sleep to awake much better.

A natural-born nurse, her services were often called for in cases of desperate illness. In homes where there were contagious diseases—and in those days there was no quarantine—she did all she could, taking the simple precautions she knew and returning to her family without fear. I think in no case did we suffer greatly because of the risk she encountered. Many people testified

of the healing touch of her kind hands—hands that were required to do so many kinds of hard work in the daily routine of pioneer life, but never seemed tired of doing and giving.

Because of her ability in caring for the sick, she was urged by friends to take a course in nursing and midwifery under Doctors Margaret and Ellis R. Shipp. This she did when I was a child. The service she rendered in that little community, and in the neighboring town where professional medical service was difficult to secure, cannot be estimated.

Hundreds of babies came safely into the world under her direction; hundreds of women loved her for the aid she gave. It often meant long journeys of from ten to fifteen miles in all kinds of old-fashioned vehicles; it meant loss of sleep, days away from her family for a financial remuneration so pitifully small that I cannot bring myself to write it down. This fact affects me deeply; because through this labor, and only through it, she was able to educate me to be a teacher. I trust that in some small measure I fulfilled her expectations and returned a little of the much she gave to me. The debt can never be paid.

Drove Oxen Across the Plains

Marinda Allen Bateman, my mother, was the eldest daughter of Daniel R. and Eliza Martin Allen. She was born June 21, 1838, at Jamaica, Long Island, New York.

Nine years before her death she wrote, "On June 5, 1853, I started with my parents from Council Bluffs to cross the dreary plains, a thousand miles to Great Salt Lake Valley. I helped father drive three yoke of cattle. On June 21, while crossing the plains, I was fifteen years old, and on September 9, of the same year we arrived in Great Salt Lake City. Father settled at West Jordan and ran the flour mill for Archibald Gardner. On November 27, 1854, I married Samuel Bateman."

Her Public Work

When the first Relief Society was organized at West Jordan by Bishop Gardner, my mother became the president; she did her work with humble sincerity until she was released. At later dates she served as counselor and again as president.

When the Jordan Stake was organized, January 21, 1900, she became the first president of the Stake Relief Society, with Hilda H. Larson and Agnes Cutler as counselors. She held this office six years.

She did not crave public work; a certain reticence of manner made her timid. But the people who worked with her knew her worth, and her friends were many.

Generous and of Good Courage

In her life she had few material comforts. But she never

felt so poor that she could not give the greater half if not the whole of her small possessions to one in greater need. Giving was a joy; her only regret was that she did not have more to give.

Quiet as she seemed, and timid in meeting people of the world, she had tremendous courage. She did not know physical fear. In the early years of her married life, she had many opportunities to develop this courage. They lived in a lonely place and had troubles with the Indians. For weeks at a time, father was often away from home, but mother had no fear. In the presence of illness or accident she had a steady nerve, and in a crisis she was calm. She never failed us at any moment of our lives. How secure we felt in her presence; how her absence could depopulate the village!

Her Last Great Battle

The last struggle was a courageous one. Long months of illness she met with cheerfulness, but with great solicitude for those who cared for her. It was not the way she had wished to go; but since she could not choose, she met death with the same heroic spirit she had exhibited in life.

The final scene came on the evening of March 18, 1919, at the home of my sister, Mrs. Armanta Egbert, at West Jordan. Mother had been sitting in her chair all day. Shortly after she retired, she knew the summons had come. She called my sister who frantically tried to give aid. Mother calmly refused any stimulant, saying that it was time and that she was ready. She left her blessing for all of us, and in a few minutes, tasting death courageously with her eyes open and conscious to the last second, she passed on to rejoin our father, who had preceded her.

The old home is gone, but home will ever be where mother is. The words of Ruskin, in "Sesame and Lilies" beautifully fit my mother and her ability to make a home: "And wherever a true wife comes this home is always around her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless."

God's rarest blessing is, after all, a good woman.—George Meredith.

He Discovered South Pass

THE ADVENTURES OF JEDEDIAH STRONG SMITH THROW NEW
LIGHT ON THE OPENING OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN WEST

By Dr. William J. Snow

The story of the movement from the ribbon of American colonies on the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific Ocean is the great American epic. The transformation of this primitive wilderness in the course of a century is one of the amazing facts in the world's history. Indeed, it almost seems that great cities, towns, hamlets, and villages sprang forth, Athena-like, from the "forehead of Jove." Among the pathfinders and trail breakers who paved the way for this marvelous development in the trans-Rocky Mountain West, none stands higher than Jedediah Strong Smith.

When the Western Empire Became Our Own

Who would have dreamed in 1776, when San Francisco (Mission Delores) was founded by Spanish priests and the whole trans-Mississippi West belonged to Spain, that within three quarters of a century the embryonic republic then commencing its struggle for independence, would own and control this whole region? Even the settlement and political incorporation of the trans-Allegheny West seemed then a remote possibility. A half century later, and a quarter of a century after the purchase of Louisiana, the Rocky Mountains were considered by many in the United States and outside, as an effective barrier to expansion beyond. At least it was considered impracticable if not impossible to attach this far western region to the United States.

What Wise Men Deemed Impossible

It was hoped by some of our statesmen that an independent republic bound to us by the ties of blood and a common political heritage would some day be established beyond the mountains, but farther than this they did not dare to dream. Thomas Jefferson in a letter to John Jacob Aster in 1811, said, "Your beginning of a city on the western coast (Astoria) is a great acquisition, and I look forward to the time when our own population will spread up and down along the whole Pacific frontage, unconnected with us except by ties of blood and common interest, and enjoying like us the rights of self government." Even less sanguine were some of our congressmen ten years later. Representative Tracy of New York in 1822, declared: "Nature has fixed limits for our nation; she has kindly introduced as our western barrier,

mountains almost inaccessible, whose base she has skirted with irreclaimable deserts of sand." Such statements might be multiplied. Even after this barrier had been measurably overcome and many Americans had ventured beyond, Daniel Webster declared, November 7, 1845, at the Whig caucus in Faneuil Hall, Boston, that he expected to see in Oregon an independent republic in the most "healthful, fertile, and desirable portion of the globe."

The Impenetrable Western Area

The English, too, felt that nature had barred the door to effective American settlement in the Oregon country. The reverend J. D. Driver, in an address delivered before the Pioneer Association of Oregon, 1887, related the following incident connected with the Hudson Bay factor at Fort Vancouver, the honorable Dr. John McLoughlin:

"He (McLoughlin) used to say to Reverend J. L. Parrish, for all coming time we and our children will have uninterrupted possession of this country, as it can never be reached by families, but by water around Cape Horn. Mr. Parrish went on to say, being an Eastern man, 'Before we die we will see the Yankees coming across the mountains with their teams and families.' The doctor said: 'As well might they undertake to go to the moon!'

* * * When a wagon train finally camped on this side of the Cascades, he went and conversed with emigrants, saw the dilapidated wagons, torn covers, jaded animals, and sunburned women and children, and when meeting Parrish on his return said: 'God forgive me, Parrish! But the Yankees are here, and the first thing you know they will yoke up their oxen and drive to the mouth of the Columbia and come out at Japan.'"

Discovery of the South Pass Was the Key

What wrought the great change? What made the impossible possible? Of course there are many contributing factors, among them the perseverance, persistency, and courage of the Western pioneer. But a most vital explanation, and one to which attention is now called, is the discovery of the South Pass—a discovery that changed the whole outlook for American settlement beyond the towering Rocky Mountains. Before this easy passage was opened, it was thought impossible, as suggested by Dr. John McLoughlin, for wagons to cross this formidable barrier.

There are many claimants for the honor of this great exploring exploit. In 1856 the promoters of the candidacy of John C. Fremont for president, representing the new-born Republican party, claimed for him the distinction. Of course, in the light of well known history at that time, the claim was preposterous. Wagons had actually been taken over this easy pathway a decade before Fremont's expedition of 1842. It is much more difficult to

decide, however, between various other claimants. But in the light of recent evidence, it appears that Jedediah S. Smith should be given the credit.

With Ashley in 1823

In the early spring of 1823, Wm. Henry Ashley, who the previous year had led a company of trappers up the Missouri to the mouth of the Yellowstone river, where a post was established for the winter, advertised anew for one hundred young men to join his forces for fur-trading operations in the Rocky Mountain fastnesses. Among those who responded was Jedediah S. Smith, who during the next eight years (he was killed by the Indians in the Cimarron Desert in 1831) proved himself one of the most remarkable mountain men of this whole romantic period. The company left St. Louis March 10, 1823. They reached the Aricara villages May 30; and on June 2, occurred a tragic Indian massacre in which young Smith played a most prominent part.

After the Leavenworth campaign against the Aricaras, which followed this regrettable episode, Andrew Henry with the major group of the Ashley men, went back to the new post at the mouth of the Big Horn River; and, contrary to all previous accounts Jedediah Smith, it appears, did not accompany him, but led a small brigade over the Black Hills and struck the headwaters of the South Fork of the Cheyenne, thence westward near the headwaters of Powder, Big Horn, and Wind Rivers to the region near Fremont Peak (so named after) where the party remained for the winter.

Adventures of the Trail Breaker

It was during this trip and while still in the Black Hills that Smith had his famous tussle with a grizzly bear, being almost torn to pieces by the ferocious animal. With the nursing and care of his companions, and with almost superhuman courage and energy on his own part, he was up and leading his company in the course of two weeks. But some lonely and dangerous hours were passed at the camp fire in this Indian wilderness. Fears of toil and danger, of sleepless vigils, of weary marches without shelter or assurance of food, were before them, but they would not surrender. They had cut themselves off from civilization to try their fortunes in the twilight zones of the magic west lands, and with resolute purpose they carried on. Little did they know, perhaps, that soon their camp fires would light the way to settlement and that civilization they had left behind. They were to build better than they knew; for within another quarter of a century their pioneering efforts would lead to the creation of prosperous American states beyond the barrier over which they were soon to cross, and over which, following their new pathway, a continuous string of covered

wagons, carrying immigrants to Oregon, California, Utah, would be seen.

Opened the Way to Westward Traffic

Early in the spring of 1824 this little band, who had remained near Fremont Pass, east of the mountains, all winter, commenced their westward trek, still led by the intrepid Smith; and in the latter part of February crossed over the divide, at the point since known as South Pass.

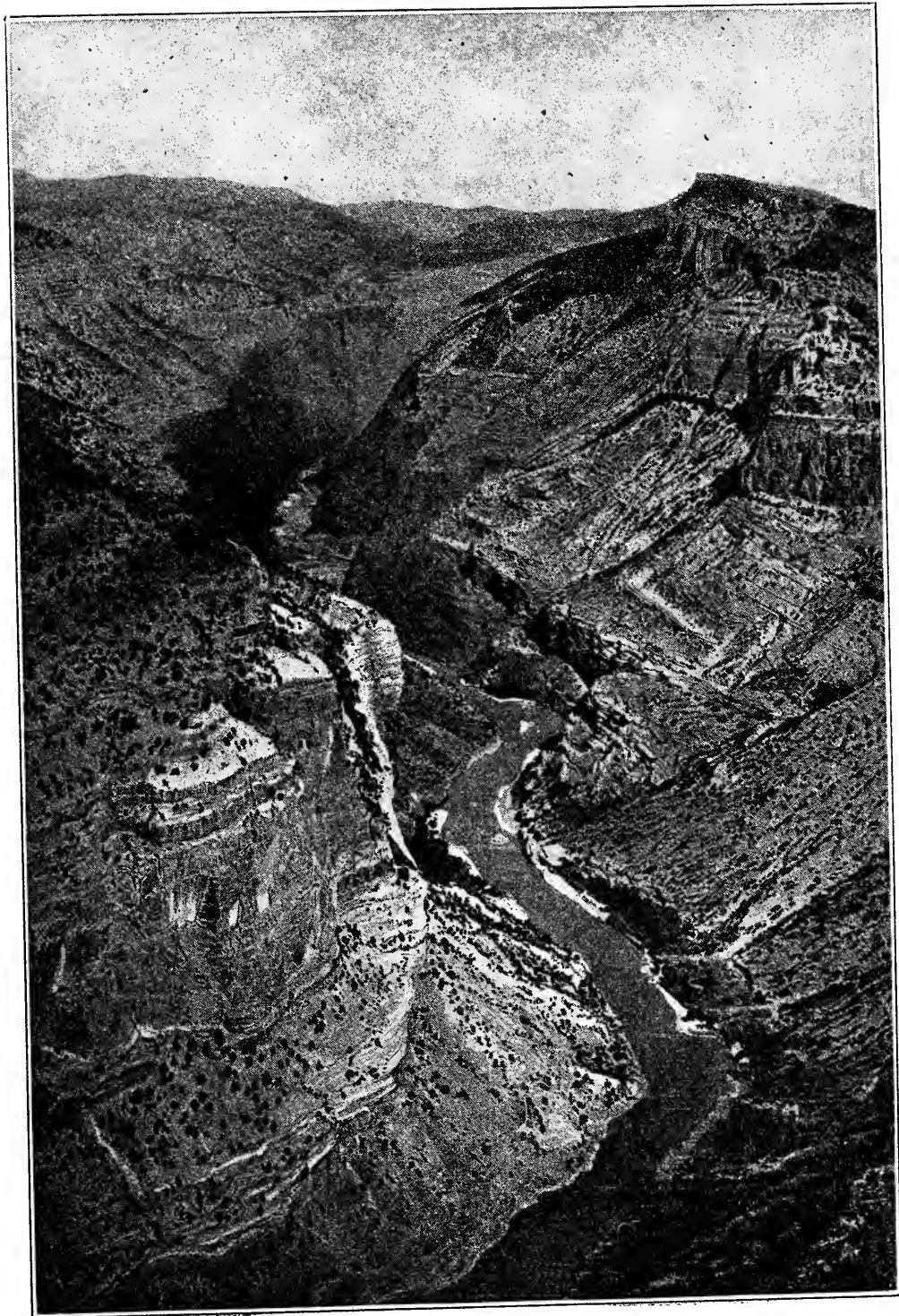
This simple statement of fact constitutes the crux of this whole narrative; for over the pass, admitting, as it did, an easy wagon route, the Oregon and California trails led a continuous stream of immigrants into the Great Basin and on to the Pacific slope until occupancy and possession of this whole region were vouchsafed to the United States.

From the standpoint of historical research, this version, assuming it to be true, sets aside the various other claimants, such as Andrew Henry, John Hunter Rose, and Charborneau, as well as Provot, Bridger, and Thomas Fitzpatrick. The last named, however, it should be noted, was with the Smith party, but not the leader.

Recently some writers, notably the late Isaac Russell, have given the honor to the returning Astorians in 1812. The present writer, after a careful review of the evidence, is convinced that they, the Astorians, missed this pass by some ten miles or more. At any event, no practical results followed until after the 1824 discovery. Then this low depression became the gateway to the whole trans-Rocky Mountain West. The advantage, once so patently British, turned to the United States; and from this period on there was but little question as to who would eventually secure this region.

A Leader in the Western Wilderness

From this time on until his cruel death at the hand of savages in 1831, Smith was the leader and inspiration of every group with which he was connected in the exploitation of the Western wilderness. In the winter of 1825, some few months after Bridger, he, too, according to his own words, "fell on the waters of the Great Salt Lake." The next year, 1826, he led a small brigade from the Salt Lake rendezvous near the present city of Ogden, south and west through Utah and Southern Nevada to California and up the coast to San Francisco, returning in the summer of 1827 across the Nevada desert to Salt Lake and thence to the Snake. After but a short stay here, he again turned southward, leading another party, and traveled the same route to California and up the coast to Vancouver, where, after terrific experiences with the Indians on the Umpqua, where sixteen of his nineteen



GREEN RIVER

men were massacred, he received a generous and helpful welcome from the veteran Hudson Bay factor, Dr. John McLoughlin.

Two years later, having left the mountains for good as he thought, we find him leading a caravan train (prairie schooners) from St. Louis to Santa Fe. The last seen of him he was riding a mule down to the dry land of the Cimarron River in search of water for the choking animals and thirsty men. According to the version given at Santa Fe some months later by the Indians, he reached the bed of the then dry Cimarron and began clawing out a hole with his hands. Water soon trickled through to slake his thirst. He drank and continued to dig, evidently to secure sufficient water for the animals, when the lurking Indians who had been watching all the while, fell on him from behind and soon riddled him with bullets and arrows, but not until he had whirled about and shot two of his assailants.

Able, Courageous, Religious

Thus passed one of the most courageous and God-fearing of mountain men. He was devoutly religious, and in addition to his fire arms always carried the New Testament next to his heart. Fredrick Jackson Turner compares him in this respect to his great namesake, the Prophet Joseph Smith. In his short eight years of adventure in the mountains he accomplished more than any other of the noted group of mountaineers. On his two trips to California he approximated in his route the present Arrowhead Trail and Lincoln Highway, as well as the Western and Central Pacific Railway. He furnished information upon which were based the first relatively accurate maps of the trans-Rocky Mountain West; viz., those of Gallatin in his "Synopsis of Indian Tribes," and of Irving in his "Captain Bonneville." Add to his general exploits that of the discovery of the South Pass, the crowning achievement of his career, and certainly his name should stand high on the roster of Western explorers.

Historical Proof of the Claim

In the preparation of this narrative I have purposely omitted footnotes. However, substantial evidence can be furnished for every important statement. But here it is incumbent upon me to credit my source for the claim that Smith led a party of eight to the base of the Rocky Mountains in the fall of 1823, and in the spring of 1824 discovered the South Pass. This is contrary to all previous accounts. The basis for this part of the narrative is a work edited by Charles L. Camp and copyrighted by the California Historical Society, 1928, and published by A. H. Clark Company, Cleveland, 1928. The title of the book suggests its character and importance. "*James Clyman, American frontiersman, 1792-1881. The Adventures of a Trapper and Covered Wagon Emigrant as*

told in His own Reminiscences and Diaries." To this work the reader is referred for many interesting incidents and details. James Clyman was with Smith and his party when it crossed the divide and gives intimate details of the crossing. Moreover, he was one of the four men who circumnavigated Great Salt Lake in a boat in the early spring of 1826—a fact never before disclosed. Clyman, however, gives the date as the fall of 1825. Robert Campbell said 1826.*

*Pacific Railroad Reports, Vol. XI, page 35.

In the Shadow of the Temple

By Minnie J. Hardy

I sat alone in the shadow,
For the flowers were very fair;
I felt as though an angel's wing
Was sheltering me there.
I came to pass a pleasant hour—
But stayed a while in prayer.

And they came and sat beside me,
The pioneers, loved so well;
I heard the voice of Brigham Young
Clear as a silver bell—
"As in the beginning, so today
God reigns and all is well".

I love these mighty granite walls;
They speak of other days,
Of faithful souls who worshiped here,
Now long since passed away.
I walk with Beauty, Truth and Love
When I come here to pray.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Ruth May Fox

Ruth May Fox is General President of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. Her selection as head of the organization is eminently fitting, for she is an unusual woman. Not alone sympathy for but almost the fire of youth has been burning within her soul through the many years of her association with the presidency of the Y. L. M. I. A. Enthusiasm is a necessary part of all work that contacts the human family; in her life, President Fox has carried forward an amount of enthusiasm that is almost amazing. The new president exhibits a striking combination of the practical and the ideal. Blessed with a large family of children, she has been a good, practical mother and an efficient homemaker. To this work she has added that transforming touch of the ideal which is apparent in the poems she writes and in the quality of her spirituality. Full of faith, full of belief in the triumph of right, she has a mental attitude which finds its growth in a perfect trust in our Father and in his plans for the righteousness and salvation of his children.

Associated with President Fox as counselors are Lutie Grant

Cannon and Clarissa A. Beesley. Mrs. Cannon is a woman of much sweetness, of outstanding intellectual gifts, of broad sympathy and very noticeable refinement. She is deservedly beloved by the young people of the Church. Miss Beesley, in her duties as secretary, has had the opportunity to learn much concerning the workings of the organization. Every day of her life has been a day of experience in Mutual work, a day of collecting data in relation to it. She is known throughout the Church for her efficiency and ability to put over work successfully and in good season.

We can think of no wiser choice for the onward march of the work than that made by President Fox in the selection of her counselors. The Relief Society rejoices in their appointment; it wishes them every success, asking in all earnestness that the richest blessings of heaven may attend them in their labor of progress and of love.

President Louise Y. Robison's Birthday

We take this opportunity through the columns of the *Magazine* of extending greetings to President Louise Y. Robison on the anniversary of her birthday, which occurred May 27.

Mrs. Robison is of English parentage, but was born in America. Perhaps if there is one month above another to which the English poets have paid tribute, it is the month of May; and if there is one month above another to which American poets have paid tribute, it is the month of June. President Robison's birthday comes at so propitious a date that it is possible in thoughts of her birthday to mingle the charm of both May and June.

On May 29, the members of the General Board observed her anniversary by going to the Temple and doing work for a list of her own people, submitted by her.

We extend to Sister Robison the greetings of friendship, coupled with the wish that the richest blessings of our Heavenly Father may attend her in her responsible position as General President of the great Relief Society organization.

Honor Paid to Barbara Howell Richards

At her own request, and because of her removal to the state of California, Mrs. Barbara Howell Richards has received an honorable release from the General Board of the Relief Society.

In recognition of her efficient work on the Board, she stood with President Williams and President Robison on the evening of the reception tendered President Williams during the Relief So-

ciety conference last April. In further recognition, a luncheon was given in Mrs. Richards' honor in the President's suite of the Hotel Utah, April 10. The luncheon was presided over by President Louise Y. Robison, who expressed her own appreciation for the quality of Mrs. Richards' work, and for her womanly worth. Each member of the Board accepted the opportunity to pay tribute to Mrs. Richards. It was a genuine pleasure for Board members to tell of the love and confidence that she had inspired in their hearts.

The committee having the luncheon in charge had contemplated some features of surprise for Mrs. Richards, but, meeting them at their own game, she had a corsage bouquet placed near the cover of each Board member, so that the whole affair was a real surprise party.

Mrs. Richards is possessed of so much personal charm and real genuineness of character that she naturally wins an abiding place in the hearts of those with whom she mingles.

The Dead

In olden times the main interest of life seemed to center in the dead. Kings sought immortality through their tombs; consequently, much of what we know in relation to the pharaohs of Egypt has come from the silence of the tombs. The great pyramids of Egypt, counted for centuries by historians as one of the world's wonders, are tombs in the desert. In the days of Imperial Rome, many elaborate tombs were built. Paris, which boasts many public buildings of beauty, has hardly anything else within its limits so beautiful as the Tomb of Napoleon on the banks of the Seine. Recently, because the remains of Field Marshal Foch have been placed there, this Tomb has been brought once more into great prominence.

Too much emphasis, no doubt, has been placed in the past on the building of tombs; yet it is part of the culture of every civilized nation to take care of the dead in a manner that indicates devotion and reverence for those who have been part of the great life stream of humanity, and who have made their contribution to the world's achievements.

It is a reproach to any community to neglect its cemetery. Self-respecting, high-minded communities will see to it that the cemetery reflects credit and not discredit upon the people who are part of it. This does not mean that people shall be unduly extravagant.

We sense the truth of the statement that change is at all times a part of our life, that nothing is surer than that changes will come. It is not logical to suppose that changes are to come

in every other mode of our life, and not affect the manner of our care for and burial of the dead. Consequently we are having a movement all over the United States for mausoleums that represent a better method of taking care of the dead at a price that is not inconsistent with our general progress towards higher ideals. In thus making of this earth a more beautiful place both to live in and to die in, we are in perfect accord with the idea of the poet Wordsworth, who wrote:

“There is one great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead.”

This being true, nobility should mark the manner of our death and burial as well as of our life and living.

Sunflower

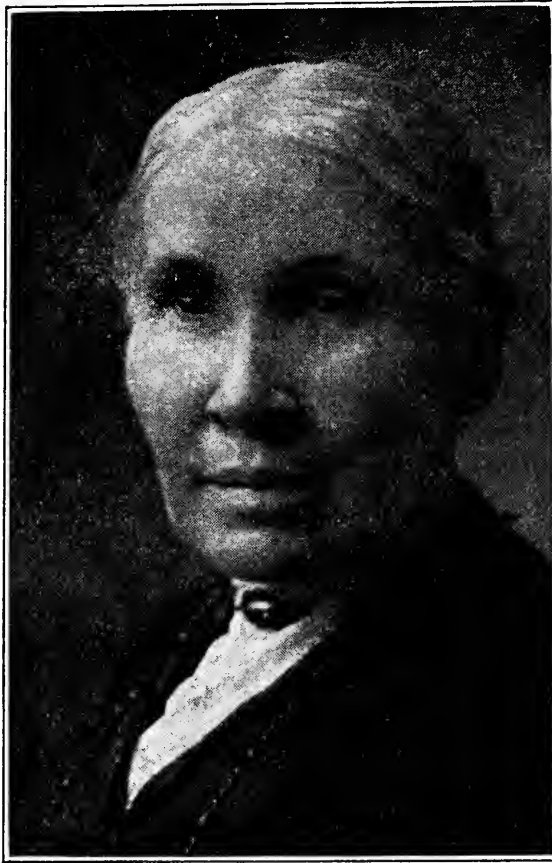
By Elsie C. Carroll

In desert places
Lone and somber, dry and sere,
Among the barren rocks
And dull gray shrubs
Where Nature's loveliness has been forgotten,
You, God's after-thought, appear.

You rise from out the dreary dunness,
A star of hope—your petals all of gold;
You do not droop your head
Or hide your brightness
In doubt or hesitance or fear;
But gravely face the sun,
Whose light you image.

And, seeing you,
We mortals are assured;
Forget the drab and dullness of our deserts,
And turn our faces to the sun.

E'en though it may be hid,
Your steadfast gaze
Assures us it is there.



MARTHA JANE CORAY LEWIS

A Spiritual Life

Comprising Certain Experiences of Martha Jane Coray Lewis

By *Lamont Poulter, Eastern States Missionary*

The following paper given at a surprise party in commemoration of her 84th birthday, tells briefly the story of the life of Martha Jane Coray Lewis.

With happiness in our hearts, we meet tonight to show our love and respect to our dear Sister Lewis. This is her 84th birthday. We are proud to have her in our midst and we appreciate our association with her. Very few wards, in the stakes of Zion or in the missions in the world can say that they have with them one who has known all the presidents of the Church.

This we can say of her, for as a tiny babe, Sister Lewis was held in the arms of our beloved Prophet Joseph Smith. This glorious privilege no one would appreciate more than she; for her faith in that man and his divine mission has never wavered.

Her Father Aided the Prophet

Sister Lewis was born in Nauvoo, February 19, 1844, the daughter of Howard Coray and Martha Jane Knowlton Coray, who were worthy people and exhibited great faith during the early persecution of the Saints. Her father, who was born in New York, being intensely religious and well educated, became dissatisfied with the various existing religions; and after hearing a sermon on "Mormonism" by Elder Joseph Wood, who was versed in the scriptures, he became convinced that his own church was not true. Desiring to know the truth, he sought the Prophet, talked with him, observed his actions. He soon realized that Joseph was not an ordinary man. He accepted the gospel, and, becoming well acquainted with the Prophet, took charge of his correspondence and helped him in the writing of church history.

Origin of the Revelation on Priesthood

Sister Lewis has related the following incident pertaining to the Prophet and witnessed by her father, Mr. Coray. At one time the Prophet was preparing an article for conference. As the writing progressed, he was impressed that mistakes had been made. He stopped work and told his secretary that he would correct it by the spirit. Pausing for a few minutes, he then stepped out into the center of the room and under the influence of the holy spirit, which seemed to radiate from his face, making his fathomless eyes appear as deep as eternity and filling the room with an atmosphere of authoritative power and spiritual serenity, he dictated a portion of the revelation on Priesthood, a truly heavenly communication. (Doctrine and Covenants, Section 84.) This incident, related by her father, did much to strengthen the faith of Sister Lewis.

Results of a Wrestling Match

Another time, her father and the Prophet engaged in a wrestling match. The Prophet accidentally slipped, broke Brother Coray's leg, but set it himself, later calling in a doctor, who stated that everything was satisfactory. At the end of ten days, Brother Coray was able to walk. He said to the Prophet, "Brother Joseph, I am very glad you broke my leg, because you have never broken anybody's else's leg and you know when Jacob wrestled with the angel, he asked for a blessing; so I should like to receive a blessing from you." The Prophet blessed him, telling him that he would marry, would have a large family and that his

wife would cleave to him more strongly than the cords of death; also that he would go to the Rocky Mountains and live to be an old man—all of which came true.

Conversion of Her Mother

Sister Lewis's mother belonged to the Campbellite church; she was not satisfied however, until she too met the Prophet, and was converted to the truth. Some time afterward she married Howard Coray. They lived in Des Moines, Iowa, later moving to Nauvoo, where their second child, Martha Jane, was born. It was here that her mother visited with Sistey Lucy Mack Smith, and listened to many stories of the Prophet's youth. After his death, she wrote them and took them to the Prophet's mother for her approval.

In listening to these experiences, we can realize just why Sister Lewis has been so faithful and firm in her testimony to the truth of the gospel. Her early home life saturated her soul with a living knowledge of the work of the Lord and the divinity of the mission of Joseph Smith.

Made Blind by a Fall

When just a baby, Sister Lewis fell down the stairs and was seriously injured. She lost her sight. This misfortune greatly grieved the hearts of her parents. We see that pioneer mother standing in the doorway of her humble cottage, watching the play of her little girl, who, she realized, was handicapped for life. When the child played under the trees, with the birds fluttering near her, her older brother, Howard, filling her lap with rose petals, would tell her what the roses looked like. Dark her world must have been; but even in her blindness, she found happiness in her wonderful imagination. The mossy banks of silver streams, "where fairy castles stood and tiny elfin folk tripped lightly o'er the green" were all created by her from no better material than "the gossamer threads of a maiden's fancy."

During her blindness she learned lessons in order—to keep everything in her room in its proper place; but in her mental house every thought and idea was stored away systematically.

The family lived in Nauvoo until 1846. At that time severe persecution drove them from their home. They found a temporary place in Pottawatomie County, Iowa. Driven from here, they went to Kaneshville and on to Grand Island, Nebraska; but there they were again in the midst of hatred and persecution.

The Miracle of Sight Restored

One morning, Sister Lewis's father came in and said, "I have an impression that if I baptize Martha Jane in a running stream once each morning for seven mornings she will regain her sight."

This impression he followed, and miraculously the child's sight was restored, to her own extreme delight and happiness and the untold joy and thanksgiving of her parents. At the time of this apparently impossible experience, she was five years old. At once she was ushered into a strangely beautiful world. She tells us that the clouds seemed like large, white, fluffy, moving pillows, and that she thought it would be great fun to take a ride on them. The flowers, the trees, the birds, and all nature, enchanted her life, holding her fascinated. Praising and adoring Him who had given her the desired blessing of light, her first testimony of God's great goodness unto her became a living reality.

The Great Adventure Westward

While in Nebraska, Presidents Taylor and Woodruff visited them, imparting new courage and strength to commence that great, that almost endless journey across the sands of a desert waste. They now prepared to undertake that journey. In the spring of 1850, with a six month's old baby they left their home and turned their heads toward the West, which, with all its perils, yet held for them the promise of a haven of peace and freedom. Buffaloes and Indians they encountered; privations and hardships they accepted; but, with eyes toward heaven and feet on the trail, they braved the unknown perils of the hazardous plains. In the fall of 1850 they reached their destination, regarding it as the reward of their tribulation, the pay for their hard labor and steadfast faith.

Thrills on the Lonely Prairies

Many thrills Sister Lewis experienced out on the wild and lonely plains. She says, "Having my sight restored, everything was glorious to me. We sat in the encircled wagons at night, with our cattle in the center to prevent the Indians from getting them. We had plenty of milk, bread, beans, and sometimes either fish or buffalo meat. We danced and sang, having many good times. The gold rush to California was on and many curious people came by, asking dozens of annoying questions. One time a man came up to mother with curiosity written on his face, but before he could say anything, she started out rapidly with 'I'm David Crockett's aunt. I came from the East and I'm going to the West. I think that man over there died with the small pox.' This seemed to suffice his curiosity, for he walked away and without a word. I suppose he wondered what was the matter with mother."

After arriving in Salt Lake City and securing a place of shelter, they began to help in the great task of making the "desert blossom as a rose"—the great undertaking in which many became discouraged. For several years Mr. Coray worked in the tithing

office; later he helped in the work on the temple. Sister Lewis stood on the ground where the sod was first turned for the foundations of that great edifice. Her life enfolds experiences which trace the growth of the small pioneer village to the second most beautiful city in the United States.

A Life Big with Experience

Her early life was devoted largely to Church work and, of course, to many other useful activities. As a little girl she organized a child's Relief Society; when asked what they could do, she answered sincerely, "We can sing, we can pray, and we can sew." In 1870, she was married to Theodore Lewis, a man of great ability as an educator and spiritual leader, devoted alike to his faith and to his loved ones. In perfect happiness and wonderful companionship they lived for twenty-nine years. They had ten children, five of whom are living. Sister Lewis is now with her eldest son, Theodore, who resides in Brooklyn, New York.

During her life, she has received many remarkable blessings. At one time, when critically ill, she was carried to the water, after a very wonderful blessing given by President Woodruff, to be baptized for her health. When she arose, she walked alone, unaided by human hand; for God had heard the blessing, had recognized her faith, and she was made whole. In a literary way, she has enjoyed success, having written a great deal; she also worked in cooperation with her husband in this field.

In all the auxiliary organizations, she has taken active part, and many of her later years have been devoted to temple work for thousands of her kindred dead. Before coming East, she had charge of the theological work of the Relief Society in the University Ward of Salt Lake City. One day, when a call came for volunteer, short-term missionaries, she surprised every one by arising and offering to come out into the mission field to devote her time and strength to the work here.

She Carries the Torch of Truth

We are glad she is with us. She has made many friends here, serving in the Sunday School, the Relief Society, and in other activities in this field. We pray that our Heavenly Father will bless her remaining years with happiness and peace, crowning a life of righteousness. One friend said to her, "Surely your lighted candle is set so firmly upon the hill of your life that it cannot be hid; and all who meet you see it shining through your soul." We feel to voice the same sentiment, and we hope to catch the rays which come from that torch lighted by God and kept burning by its keeper.

The Pioneers

By Willard Greene Richards

Where winter's icy blizzards lashed ;
Where summer's sun blazed overhead ;
On nature's broad primeval plain
Were camps of modern Israel spread.
By tyranny's ungodly host
From civilization thrust apart,
No hand to stay, none to redress,
Nor yet to ease the aching heart.
The sick and dying prostrate lay,
Oft none to heed their call.
Mob-driven from their fields, their shops,
Their homes, their earthly all.
By hope revived ; by faith sustained ;
God-guided through their tears,
So set they forth to lead the way—
A band of Pioneers.

Faced they the West—its trackless plains,
Its mountains grand and grim—
A band of picked men brave and true,
Strong both of heart and limb.
By day they toiled ; by night they slept,
But guards were placed with care.
Each morn and eve they homage paid
And worshiped God in prayer.
When mighty river barred their way,
Defiance in its roar,
They plunged into its foaming depths
Or bridged its waters o'er.
Where road was none they builded well ;
Like giant hand that clears,
They wrought for those who followed them,
Unselfish Pioneers.

Through rock-rimmed gorge they pushed their way ;
Through mountains' tangled wood,
Where stately pines in majesty
Like silent sentries stood.
At last their eyes beheld a scene
Majestic, broad, and grand.
The "Modern Moses" looked upon
The modern promised land.

He had been shown in dream divine,
In troubled days ago,
"It is enough, this is the place;
This is the place—drive on!
So spake he by the Spirit's lead,
As did the ancient seers,
And pondered they his every word
Those faithful Pioneers.

So entered they the promised land
And broke its virgin soil,
And planting seeds, they made them grow
By dint of patient toil.
Turned they the streamlet from its course
And, guided from its brink,
The water clear o'erspread the land
And gave the earth to drink.
So founded they a commonwealth
Within the valley broad,
And chose a spot on which to build
A temple to their God.
Their memory shall not be dimmed
By time. Through all the years
We'll honor them for what they wrought,
Immortal Pioneers.

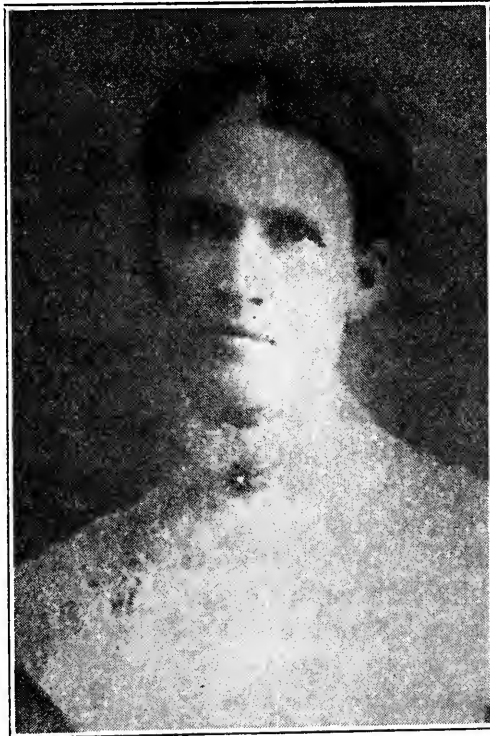
Special Announcement

The General Board of the Relief Society will offer two prizes of \$100 each, one to be given for the best drama based upon the Book of Mormon; the other to be given for the best opera inspired or suggested by the Book of Mormon.

Contest open to all who wish to make entries.

Contest to close December 31, 1929.

The rules of the contest will be published in the August issue of the Relief Society Magazine.



CAROLINE JOSEPHINE BALLANTYNE
FARR

Autobiography of Caroline Josephine Ballantyne Farr

First, something of my parents and ancestors. Those on my father's side were of Scotland; on my mother's side, they were all of Norway.

SKETCH OF RICHARD BALLANTYNE'S LIFE

My father, Richard Ballantyne, was born in Whitridge bog, Roxburgshire, Scotland, August 26, 1817. When an infant, he was baptized into the Relief Presbyterian Church by sprinkling; later he was taught its doctrines. At the age of twenty-one he became an elder and later a ruling elder, whose duties consisted of visiting among the members with the priest, and looking after the finances of the church, in which labor he was greatly blessed. While still a young man he began his labors as a Sunday

School teacher, which work he continued the remainder of his life. He obtained his schooling between the ages of nine and fourteen, when he occasionally attended school, mostly in the winter months. At fourteen, he was apprenticed as a baker to a Mr. Gray, serving three years. At sixteen he was made foreman of the business, also serving one year as baker's foreman in Kelso under a Mr. Riddle. His former master dying, he purchased the business continuing it for five years in Earlston, but giving it up when he came to Nauvoo.

In his native land when twenty-five years of age, he joined the Church. On a beautiful moonlight night of December, 1842, he was baptized in the waters of the Leith. With his mother, two sisters and a brother, he left his native country in 1843, coming by way of New Orleans to Nauvoo. Here he became the manager of the Coach and Carriage Association, where many of the wagons and vehicles were built which aided the first immigrants across the plains to Utah. In 1846 he settled the affairs of John Taylor's printing establishment, operated a flour mill thirty-six miles east of Nauvoo, and also engaged in farming.

Other Events in Nauvoo

During the troublous times in Nauvoo he had many thrilling experiences. At one time for over two weeks, he was in the hands of the mob, suffering greatly from exposure and hardship, while his captors led him and his companions from one place to another in the secluded woods. The mob decided to shoot them. The ground was measured off and prepared for the bloody deed when the timely arrival of a warning messenger stopped the execution, the prisoners finally escaping.

At Winter Quarters, on February 18, 1847, he married Hulda Meriah Clark, daughter of Gardener Clark and Delecta Farrer. Their children are Richard, Alando, Delecta Ann Jane, David Henry, Meriah Cedenia, John Taylor, Annie, Roseltha, Isabel, and Joseph.

On November 27, 1855, he married Mary Pierce, daughter of Edward Pierce and Elizabeth Bennett. Children: Zechariah, Mary Elizabeth, Jane Susannah, James Edward, Eliza Ann and Heber Charles.

November 7, 1856, he married my mother, Caroline Albertine Sanderson. She had seven children: Thomas Henry, Caroline Josephine, Bertha Matilda, Catherine Mena, Jedediah, Brigham, Laura Elizabeth.

Early Work in Utah

On May 18, 1848, he started for the Valley, crossing the plains in President Brigham Young's company, which arrived in Salt Lake City the following September.

In the first Pioneer Day celebration, held in the Tabernacle

Square, July 24, 1849, he took a prominent part, presenting to President Young the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. He also acted as standard bearer to the twenty-four young men who constituted part of the President's escort.

As early as 1846 he was ordained a Seventy by President Joseph Young, and later a High Priest by Apostle John Taylor, which latter office in the Church he held to the day of his death, laboring with constancy and considering his duties a pleasure.

The Father of Sunday Schools

Sabbath School work was his chief delight. On arriving in the Valley, having secured a little home in the Fourteenth Ward, he obtained from his bishop permission to establish a Sunday School. There being no house to meet in for months to come, he built an addition to his home, doing almost all the work with his own hands, and there began the school. The first session was held on the second Sunday in December, 1849. Later the school was held in the Fourteenth Ward meeting house. Thus, under him, began the Sunday Schools of the Church.

He writes: "I was early called to this work by the voice of the Spirit, and I have felt many times that I was ordained to it before I was born; for even before I joined the Church I was moved upon to work for the young people.

"There is growth in teaching the young; the seed sown in their hearts is more likely to bring forth fruits than when sown in the hearts of those more advanced in years.

"Furthermore, I have passed through much trouble, sorely tried by friends and foes; but through it all the Gospel has brought such a solace that I was very desirous that all the children of the Saints should learn to prize it as I did. From the very nature of our circumstances, I could see that the children were being neglected. I wanted to gather them into the school where they could learn, not only to read and to write, but of the goodness of God and the truth of the Gospel."

I heard my father relate a very impressive dream. He saw a large building in course of construction, and a number of little boys playing in and around it. Finally he saw an officer trying to catch them. One of them ran to my father, and with pitiful pleading looked up into the face of my father, saying, "Oh, teach me! teach me! teach me!" This dream made a strong impression as if pointing out his special work.

Missions and Travels

In 1852 he was called on a mission to Hindustan, India. After a long and perilous voyage he arrived at Calcutta with twelve other elders, on July 24, 1853. While on this mission he had remarkable faith-promoting experiences.

On the 25th of July, 1854, he sailed for England by way of the Cape of Good Hope, arriving in London on the 6th of December, 1854, thence making his way in charge of a company of Saints across the ocean to St. Louis. In the spring of 1855 he led across the plains a company of emigrants numbering about five hundred. With fifty wagons, all of them arrived in Salt Lake City in first class condition, on the 25th of September, 1855. Upon his arrival in Salt Lake City, President George A. Smith said to him: "You have accomplished a journey around the world without purse or scrip and brought in your company with a band of music and flags flying."

President Young immediately appointed him to a home mission in the well remembered "Reformation." To this work he devoted his time until May, 1857. Jedediah M. Grant, father of our beloved President Heber J. Grant, was his companion.

At the time of Johnston's army, he was in the "move" south, remaining in Nephi two years. He was one of the first business men of Ogden, where, after a very active life, he died October 8, 1898.

THE MOTHER'S ANCESTRY

On my mother's side, my ancestors were all of Norway and belonged to the Lutheran church. Though they were in comfortable circumstances, they were very industrious and my mother was early taught to work. My grandmother would paint the house and the barn. The weaving was done at home, my mother assisting in the spooling and quilling. They also did all kinds of fancy work. After preparing the yarn, they made their own shawls, tastefully embroidering them in the natural colors of flowers.

Receiving the Gospel

Caroline Erickson Williams, who made her home with my grandparents about the years of 1851-53, tells how they came to receive the Gospel: "I was sick a few days and went home; while there I had a dream. I thought someone came to the Sanderson home (my mother's) and gave Mrs. Bertha Jacobson Larson (my great-grandmother) something that made her very happy.

"After I returned to their home, a man who lived at the toll bridge asked us one night to come to his house and hear some ministers. We all went. As we approached the house we heard the elders singing. I thought it the most heavenly music I had ever heard, and such preaching!

"They were local elders, Jappa Folkman, Olson, and Hanson. The place was Ryvelsrod Onson, about seven miles from Fredrickstall, Norway. In about one month we were all baptized

excepting Mrs. Sanderson, who waited till spring. The elders were kept in prison all winter, where they converted the night watchman who carried food to them from the Sanderson home at night."

Her Mother's Narrative

"My grandmother, Bertha Larson, and I were baptized on the 27th of September, 1852, and my mother not till spring. On the 30th, three days later, I was to have been confirmed in the Lutheran Church, but instead I went to the priest and told him I had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This angered him. It was he who had the elders arrested and put in prison, where they remained all winter.

"My father was a sea captain and was away a great deal. When he heard what we had done, he set a guard to watch our house. One night a mob of about 200 men gathered outside and demanded entrance, to see if the 'Mormon' Elders were secreted there. I had been to a meeting and I was compelled to stay outside until four o'clock in the morning, when they grew tired and left the place.

"Once when my mother was very ill, Brother Olson, one of the missionaries, laid his hands on her head and said: "In the name of the Lord thou shalt be healed." She was restored instantly, after which she enjoyed good health for a number of years.

From Norway to Utah

"On November 21, 1854, we left our native land. To leave our dear father was one of the greatest trials we ever had to bear. During our voyage on the North Sea there came up a terrible storm, so severe that it was impossible to go on; we had to turn back to land three times, making no progress past a certain place in mid-ocean. Finally the sea captain of our company, numbering 400 souls, called us together and said to us, 'We are all fasting, and let us unite in prayer.' He offered a very humble prayer and immediately the wind turned. We were out of coal and had to depend on the sails, but the Lord answered our prayers and we steered straight to Hull, England.

"We went by rail to Liverpool, whence we set sail for America. After a safe voyage we landed at New Orleans, February 18, 1855. At Fort Leavenworth the cholera raged in our camp, four or five dying every day. Apostle Erastus Snow rebuked the Destroyer; after that time all were healed.

Life in Utah in 1855

"On the 14th of June, 1855, we started to cross the plains. I had to walk almost all the way. We arrived in Salt Lake City

September 7, 1855, almost a year after we left our home in Norway.

"Utah was then a place of destitution and poverty, the crickets having destroyed all the crops. Mother, grandmother, and I were alone, and I worked for our support, weaving, sewing, for one dollar a week. Flour was fourteen dollars a hundred and we had to ration ourselves to one biscuit a meal.

"When it looked as if we would starve, President Brigham Young told us to cook roots, weeds, thistles, etc., promising that they would be blessed until the grain came, after which they would be cursed or poison. Some that had learned to like the weeds, continued to use them and became very ill. During the Fall of 1855, mother and I gleaned, earning 25 bushels of wheat, which made us very comfortable for a year.

"On the 7th of November, 1856, I was married to Richard Ballantyne. About a year afterward, Johnston's army invaded our peaceful quarters and we had to move south. We lived at Nephi two years. On returning we found our homes just as we had left them. In 1865 we moved to Eden, Utah, where my husband became president of that branch. For seven successive years the grasshoppers destroyed our crops; then there came caterpillars that killed the crops. We were reduced to poverty, and for two years were again rationed."

My mother's public work was mostly among the sick. In the Primary Association of the 4th Ward of Ogden, she was first counselor for many years, acting as president most of the time on account of the illness of that officer. Later, my mother was made president and held that position a number of years.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAROLINE B. FARR

I, Caroline Josephine Ballantyne Farr, was born the 30th of January, 1861, in Salt Lake City. Our home, on First West, was next door to one of the homes of Apostle John Taylor.

When I was a babe, father moved his family to Ogden. In 1865 he moved part of his family to Eden, Ogden Valley, my mother and her children being among those who went there. My father gave the name of Eden to that little town.

Results of Early Training

I used to enjoy the walk from our humble little home on the farm over to the meeting house. Under Henry Talbot as conductor, choir practices were often held at my mother's home. At one of these practices, a leading singer, Miss McBride, lifted me up on the seat beside her to help sing alto; since then, with an occasional intermission, I sung in the choirs of the Church until I was over fifty.

Sister McBride, one of my first teachers in Sunday School

and day school, used to give us passages or chapters from the New Testament to memorize. I enjoyed these lessons. They developed in my soul, at a very early age, a love for the Savior. The first strong desire I remember having was that I might be like Him.

In Eden and Ogden

In the little town of Eden, the Indians, almost daily visitors, came with their berries, choke-cheeries, and service berries which they gathered on the hills, also beads, and "swapped" for biscuit (bread), butter, meat and sugar. If our parents were home, we children used to be glad to see them come. It was here that my sweet little blue-eyed sister, Catherine Mena, died at about eleven months of age.

Once when my father was irrigating a field, mother sent me to him with a lunch; he asked me to sit down in the shade of the willows and talk with him while he ate; before eating he returned thanks for the food. I never forgot the incident.

The fall before I was fifteen years of age I started to school to Prof. L. F. Moench; the next summer the trustees wanted me to teach school at Eden. How embarrassed and nervous I felt, and how incapable! I took the school and did my best.

In the fall of 1876, my father moved his family back to Ogden, which has been my home up to the present time.

Married to Marcus Farr

February 2, 1882, in the Endowment House at Salt Lake, I was married to Marcus Farr, son of Lorin Farr and Sarah Giles. My uncle, President John Taylor, sent word to President Joseph F. Smith, who was counselor to President Taylor, to marry us first so that we might eat dinner with him at the "Guardo" house, his residence. We thought it a great honor to eat our wedding dinner with the President of the Church and his family. I had always esteemed him as one of the grandest and greatest men who ever lived. It was he who first called me by my new name. When it was time to catch the train he sent his coachman and carriage to take us to the depot.

At my husband's father's East farm our first child, Josephine, was born, February 17, 1883. In April, 1884, we moved to his West farm (Marriott) and lived there two and one half years. Here our son Marcus B. was born, April 11, 1885. In the fall of 1886 we moved back to Ogden and since then we have had three children: Lionel Ballantyne, born November 28, 1888; Beatrice Albertine, born April 24, 1892; Lorin Ballantyne, born July 1, 1896.

Experience with the Word of Wisdom

When about eighteen, I read an article in the *Millennial Star*

on the Word of Wisdom, the effect of it changing my whole life. I resolved there and then to keep it, feeling thankful and happy to find something I could do that was not commanded.

About two years after this resolution I was taken ill with typhoid fever. After about three weeks, to all appearances, I died; my eyes and teeth were set and I was cold and stiff, but through the faith of my mother and the elders I was healed.

In the winter of 1882, I had the misfortune to fall on the ice and hurt myself internally. For several years I was not very strong; and would sometimes yield to the persuasion of friends to drink a cup of coffee or tea as an inducement to eat more. About this time President John Taylor attended our quarterly conference and spoke on the Word of Wisdom. I was greatly thrilled. On our way home we talked of the things we had heard. I told my mother and one of my sisters that I would recover my health by keeping the Word of Wisdom or die in the attempt.

My sister could not have been so strongly impressed, for she said she would eat or drink anything that would make her feel better; but for the sake of my children and my own good I determined to obey this law.

When I was about to become a mother again, I dreamed I died. I saw my body lying on a stretcher and my husband and children standing around my body weeping, heart-broken, while my spirit, or I, stood in one corner of the room looking on. Seeing their great grief, I felt that I could not stand it, and awoke.

When the time arrived for the birth of my child, I felt sure I would never arise from my bed again in this life unless the Father saw fit to spare me. My babe came and only through the power of the Priesthood was I restored. The battle for life was now on in earnest, and it seemed that all hell was let loose on me. Only by giving heed to the "hidden treasures of knowledge" as promised in the Word of Wisdom did I or my children escape.

In this experience I had been mobbed and driven as literally as were the Saints by men in the flesh; my foes were from the unseen world, and where could I flee or where hide from such an enemy? I fled to the house of prayer as literally as the Saints were forced to flee to these valleys.

From criticism by my own people I suffered keenly. All this time, or nine years out of the ten, I was asking people to pray for me, being ward president of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. How could I hold such a position if I were not just right, or insane?

But I have had also seasons of the most exquisite joy. My Father in heaven has been my friend, my joy, and my song. When I felt that I could not ask people to pray for me any more and that death would be preferable, I was told that the thing I was doing would bring the Millennium and so I was willing to carry on.

Thankful for my parents, that they embraced the truth and have always been faithful; grateful to my Eternal Father for the desire He has given me to serve Him, I praise Him for the light of truth that He has given to me, and bless His holy name that He has delivered me in times of peril and danger. Glory, honor, praise, and majesty be His forever and ever. Amen.

Grandma's Quilts

By Elsie E. Barrett

My Grandma's quilts bring memories,
Of years gone by when I
Would sit and listen as I watched
Her shining scissors fly.

She used some cardboard patterns true,
To help her weary eyes;
Then neatly filled her basket round
With piles of ev'ry size.

She quickly fashioned, here and there,
This patchwork into blocks;
And I declare they made me stare!
Those scraps from many frocks.

I see her artist fingers now,
With pencil, string, and chalk;
She'd deftly draw some butterflies,
And birds, while we would talk.

Then on a big white patch I'd note,
Some growing, clustered grapes,
Or other fruit, or flowers sweet,
In neat designs and shapes.

And later when she quilted them,
Through fluffy cotton-wool,
It seemed as though those birds might fly;
The grapes were plump and full.

I've seen some quilts so beautiful
Her busy fingers made
From scraps that didn't cost a cent,
Of ev'ry kind and shade.

I hope dear Grandma now enjoys,
In some eternal sphere,
Reward for all life's bruises, and
For work she did while here.



MARGARET MILLER WATSON DEWITT

Autobiography of Margaret Miller Watson De Witt

I was born in Glasgow, Scotland, January 16, 1841; the youngest of a family of nine children. My father's name was John Watson; my mother's, Jane Hosea Miller Watson. Among my earliest recollections of my father, who died when I was a small child, is my seeing him wrapped in quilts seated in a chair, while I played peek-a-boo with him through the glass in our door.

When I was about fifteen years of age my sister Jane, six years older than I, joined the "Mormon" Church and emigrated to America. The members of the family felt that by so doing she had brought great disgrace to our family.

Early Life in Scotland

My mother died when I was twelve years old, and I lived with an elder sister, Belle, who sold the place and rented one little room for the two of us. During this time my sister Jane wrote to me in care of a friend, Agnes McKay, urging me to attend the "Mormon" meetings and investigate their religion for myself.

This I did secretly—going to the meetings when my sister supposed I was attending night school. I was able to attend several meetings conducted by the "Mormon" Elders before my sister discovered my deception, which she finally learned from the factory girls. Thinking she was doing the proper thing, she gave me a severe whipping and warned me not to go near the Elders again. However, this only served to strengthen my determination to find out for myself all about the "Mormons" and "Mormonism".

I still continued my secret correspondence with my sister Jane, who lived in Holyoke, Massachusetts; and she sent me money to pay my passage across the ocean. I remember going to the bank and getting the money which I concealed in the bosom of my dress in the day-time and in my shoe at night. Very soon after this I left my sister Belle's home. We had eaten breakfast, and I left as if I were on my way to the factory. I saw the clothes spread on the green to bleach (she had washed the day before) and I picked up my night-cap and slipped it into my pocket. This was all I took with me except the clothes I stood up in.

The Flight to America

I went directly to my friends, the McKays, who informed me that the next sail-boat would not leave for two weeks. I couldn't go back home to Belle, so my kind "Mormon" friends, the McKays, hid me up for two weeks in the home of a widow who boarded me: the McKays paid her for her trouble. During this time the McKays outfitted me with clothes for my journey.

Bills had been posted and rewards offered for my capture, so, fearing detection, I disguised myself when I went to the sail-boat. Just before boarding the ship I posted a letter to my sister Belle telling her not to continue her search for me as I was on my way to America. I crossed the gang-plank and entered the ship. Then I went below into the steerage until the ship had started.

I then went up on deck and took a last fond farewell of my native land. I was overcome with conflicting emotions as I saw it disappearing from my sight. For, though I was glad and eager to come to America, where I could learn more about "Mormonism" and join my sister Jane, yet I felt sad to leave forever my native land, my brothers and sisters and friends. I extended my

arms and cried, "Good-bye forever, old home"; and the ship, the Isaac Wright, bore me off.

A Hard Sea Voyage

Soon after leaving I became violently seasick and lay on the bare deck for relief. Having taken nothing with me except my clothing, I had nothing to lie on. A young woman came near me, saying, "How's this? Haven't you any folks to look after you? But no, I mustn't talk; I must *do* something."

She went to the cook-room and made a little tea and toast. As I partook of it, my stomach became settled, so that I could get up and around. Soon I became more adjusted to life on board ship. From Liverpool to New York, we were on the sailing vessel six weeks and three days.

When we landed at New York the McKay girl's folks met us there. A large crowd was present as we were getting off the ship. I kept saying aloud, "O have you seen my sister?" I hadn't heard the popular song then being sung, entitled, "O Have You Seen My Sister?" At once some one in that great throng caught up the words and sang it while the whole merry crowd began singing and laughing.

At Work in a Factory

I took the train from New York to Springfield, Massachusetts, where my sister met me. Words cannot express the joy of our meeting. I went with her to her home in Holyoke. There I remained with her and a group of emigrant girls. We worked in a factory, earning the money to pay our way to Utah. Having had experience in working in the factories in Glasgow, where there were five hundred steam looms on one floor, I felt at home in the work. They started me out with two looms; when my sister saw that I could handle them easily and still have plenty of spare time, she said to the manager, "My sister is an ambitious little girl and I'm sure she can handle more looms when you can give them to her."

They gave me four for awhile, but soon increased it to six, the most ever given to any experienced girls in the factory.

I made it a point always to be prompt; and the watchman would laugh as he held his lantern so that he could see my face as I sat at the big doors each morning waiting for him to open them and let me in. The minute the engine started I was at my loom. Some of the girls were always ten minutes or more late; when they remarked at my higher wages on pay-day, it was pointed out to them that *ten minutes each day will soon amount to dollars and cents.*

Saving for Three Years

We received our pay in an office adjoining the factory. Here

two men counted out the money, which was held in a big, seamless sack. The books were opened and the numbers of the looms were given. Then the girls were paid in cash. As I received my wages, I often heard the men whisper to one another, "Is that the one?" I was small for my age and my skill as a factory hand was talked about among the workers.

We worked in this factory for about three years. Our boarding house was managed by two old maid sisters who had rented a large house especially for factory girls. We paid them each month; and outside of our board, lodging, and clothes, we saved *every cent* for our journey across the plains.

My sister left for Utah three weeks before I did, as there was not room for both of us in the first company. I handed to the president of the branch sixty dollars in cash to pay my way to Utah.

Baptism at Night: Crossing the Plains

Before leaving for Zion, however, I had been baptized and confirmed a member of the Church. My sister and I had attended regularly the L. D. S. services in Holyoke. Each meeting strengthened my faith, though I had believed the Gospel to be true from the first time I heard the Elders preach it in Glasgow. On account of the bitter opposition manifest by the anti-"Mormons" there, my baptism was performed at night. When I was taken to the river the ice was broken, and there I was baptized.

I traveled across the plains with Thomas Lyons, his invalid wife, and five children. They had two hired teamsters, each driving a large wagon-load of goods. I took care of their five children and cooked every bite that was eaten by our outfit of ten, from the time we left Florence, Nebraska, until we reached Salt Lake City. *I walked all the way across the plains*, carrying the baby much of the time. Sister Lyons had to be lifted in and out of the wagon, and had a special chair to sit on.

Incidents of the Journey

As soon as the men would pitch tents each night, I would prepare supper over an open camp fire, then get the children to bed. Often I did not get much sleep, the mosquitoes being very troublesome, and causing the children to cry and fuss a great deal. I had never cooked over a camp fire; when I needed information I counseled with some of the older sisters, who were very kind and willing to help me. I learned to bake light bread in a bake-oven. From each baking, we saved a piece of dough for our next batch of bread.

There was one death in our company—an invalid man who could not stand the trip. His body was wrapped in canvas and buried in a grave, by which a service was held. All along our way we saw graves which the coyotes had dug into.

I remember a marriage on the plains. After the ceremony we danced most of the night to the music of a fiddle.

When about half way across the plains, I had to leave my new trunk because we were too heavily loaded. My clothes I put into sacks.

We were three months crossing the plains, under the captaincy of Edward Stevenson. My sister heard of the company through the "Pony Express" and was ready to meet me. She had arranged for a place to work—for a Sister Elizabeth Howard, who lived eight miles south of Salt Lake City at Big Cottonwood. My sister had a place in Salt Lake City and we often visited.

An Important Meeting

With the first money I earned in Salt Lake City I purchased a new chest for my clothes. This was made by a Brother Thomas Ellerbeck, an excellent carpenter. I still have this chest and it is as good as new.

The date of our arrival was September 16, 1895, with 350 souls and 150 wagons. That evening in the Howard home as I stood by the sink washing dishes, I noticed a young man come into the room—a tall, straight, handsome fellow. I nudged Sister Howard's daughter, who was wiping dishes, and asked, "Who is that?"

"Don't worry. You may have him," she answered.

I replied, "I don't want to fall in love." About six months later, when I was nineteen years old, this same young man became my husband. I had no parents to go to for advice; so when he proposed marriage, I went to Bishop Brinton and asked him to advise me. His answer was, "You'll make no mistake, Margaret, if you marry Alec DeWitt."

The Bride's Apparel

Sister Howard had been like a mother to me; at the time of my marriage she dressed me completely in the very best of clothes. My wedding dress was a beautiful white, tucked all around the full skirt and trimmed with lace and white ribbon. Sister Howard engaged Eliza R. Snow and Sister Woodmansee to come to her home a week and sew on my wedding dress, sheets, pillow cases, quilts, and everything preparatory for my marriage. I felt like a princess to be so honored.

The bishop, who was to marry us, was working on the jury that day; but he walked eight miles to our ward that afternoon in order to perform the ceremony that night.

The New Home

I had been afflicted with a sick headache during the afternoon and Sister Howard had sent me to bed. While I was there she and

her daughters had fixed up our little two-roomed cottage, which Brother DeWitt had rented for our future home. I was dressed, in my wedding finery as we walked to the bishop's home where we were married. Then we went to our little home. I noticed that it was all lighted up; and when we entered, we beheld a table laden with a feast—roasted chicken and everything that goes with it. My bed was all made up with new sheets and pillow cases and the beautiful quilt that Eliza R. Snow and Sister Woodmansee had made. We then spent a happy evening with the Howard family and the bishop's family. Mrs. Howard was an excellent cook and the banquet she and her girls had prepared was delicious.

Brother DeWitt had brought a load of furniture from Salt Lake City; it had been unpacked and put in place. The new dishes were in a cupboard he had made. All this was a surprise to me.

Abel Alexander DeWitt

Prior to our marriage, my husband had been investigating "Mormonism" and was really converted to it, but postponed being baptized because he didn't want it said of him that he joined the Church to get the girl he wanted. He was baptized about two weeks later.

My husband, Abel Alexander DeWitt, was born October 6, 1826, in Perry County, Indiana. He had traveled extensively—had seen South America—and was on his way to California to seek his fortune. Although he had really feared stopping off at Salt Lake City because of the numerous warnings he had heard that if he did the "Mormons" would kill him, he finally stopped over and found a job at Howard's. There he investigated "Mormonism" and embraced it. He died at Woodruff, Arizona, on September 16, 1913.

The Children of the Household

While living at Cottonwood we were blessed with six children: Lucy Jane was born March 28, 1861 and died at Salt Lake City July 16, 1923. Sarah Huldah was born March 26, 1863 and died November 18, 1904 at Lehi. Alexander was born October 1, 1865, and is still living. Elijah Reeves DeWitt, born February 18, 1867, still lives. Elizabeth Catherine, born June 5, 1870, died April 29, 1904, at Thatcher, Arizona. Margaret Lenora was born July 20, 1872, and died August 13, 1873, at Big Cottonwood.

We moved to Kanab, Utah, where our next three children were born: Martha Ann, born October 8, 1874, died December 29, 1879, at Kanab. John Daniel, born November 5, 1876, is still living. William Washington DeWitt was born January 10, 1879 and died December 1, 1907, at Woodruff, Arizona.

Called to Arizona

We were called by Church authorities to cross the Colorado and help settle Arizona, so we moved to Springerville, where our last three children were born: Rhoda Ellen, born March 27, 1881, died October 24, 1888. Jesse Dillis DeWitt was born April 23, 1883 and is still living. Mary Eliza was born July 24, 1885 and died July 24, 1885.

When Jesse was about eight years old, we left Springerville and came to Woodruff, where I am still residing.

When my last child was born, I was at death's door, but through the faith of the elders I was spared. Word went out: Sister DeWitt is dying. The elders left a 24th of July celebration they were attending; they came and prayed for me, and I rallied.

Always a Relief Society Worker

I was set apart as a Relief Society teacher after my first child was born. I have served as an *active teacher* in that organization ever since—a period of *sixty-seven years*. I am still an active teacher in the Woodruff ward. I used to go teaching in Big Cottonwood, carrying my baby on my arm. The bishop's wife, Sister Brinton, used to say, "Be sure to stop last at my house." She would always have a delicious supper prepared, saying to us, "The servant is worthy of his hire."

Though I am now eighty-eight years of age, I still enjoy working in the capacity of a Relief Society teacher—a calling that I consider one of the greatest.

Editor, Relief Society Magazine:

I am sending a life sketch of Woodruff's oldest resident, "Grandma" DeWitt, written as she dictated it to me.

Her record as an active Relief Society teacher is perhaps unsurpassed.

A loving, laughing, witty little Scotch lady, very active for her advanced age, she is usually present at the dances and social activities. A year ago I danced the Old Year out and the New Year in with her! Her constant attendance at Relief Society meetings, and her keen interest and active participation in the lessons, proclaim her fertile brain and sympathetic heart. Always eager to improve, she learned to play the organ after she was sixty-five years of age, to be able to accompany herself as she sang the songs of Zion; and though rheumatism has incapacitated her hands for playing, she often sings. Her greatest joy is reading. When she is at home, she is generally in her "reading nook" near her shelves of books by a light, cheery window. We love her for her gracious manner, her enthusiasm and optimism, her sincerity and courage—one of earth's chosen spirits. To this little community, her life is an inspiration.—*Eunice I. Gardner.*

Pioneer Days of Payson

By Emma S. Curtis Simons

"Brother Brigham is coming! Brother Brigham is coming!" The happy message was repeated in every home in the village; and added to that was the request from our beloved bishop, John B. Fairbanks, that our town be put in order and everything be made clean.

We had three days' time, the work falling mostly to women and small children, as the farms claimed the time of the men and larger boys. Our wood yards were a sight to behold! At least a wagon boxful of chips was raked up and then the yard was swept. Farm implements were put out of sight. Corn cribs were put in order that the play school might open as soon as all was quiet again. The houses were as clean as homemade soap and improvised brushes could make them; our windows were as clear as the atmosphere.

At last the day arrived. Brother Brigham had said that when he gave his time to visit the people he wanted to see every man, woman and child in each community. A boy on horseback was stationed on the hill to the northeast, with a white towel tied to a stick, which was to be waved as a signal of the approach of our guests. An hour's waiting, and the flag was waved. We were there, on each side of the street, the line extending as far as our numbers would permit—mothers with babies in their arms (who had ever heard of a baby carriage?); mothers and daughters in calico dresses and sunbonnets; men and boys wearing hats made by the thrifty housewives from straw carefully laid aside the previous year; little boys with pants that had been made long, worn short, exposing bare feet and legs so brown one would have guessed they belonged to the natives. Soon the carriages passed slowly down the line, with President Young and company bowing as graciously to us as if we were members of the royal house of England.

That evening we held our meeting in the one small public building; the message was of cheer, good will, faith, hope, and the reward that comes from well doing. President Young blessed us as a father blesses dearly beloved children.

On one of the late visits made by President Young to the southern part of the territory, he was accompanied by his old friend, Colonel Thomas L. Caine, who was in poor health. It was hoped a winter in Dixie's mild climate would prove beneficial to him. Col. Caine was a small man, educated, refined, a gentleman in every sense of the word, with eyes that spoke volumes. There is something attractive in friendship, but it touches the divine when it exists between such men as Col. Caine and President Young.

Protective Values of Pioneer Foods

By Jean Cox

Although the food supply of the pioneers was extremely meagre compared with the variety and abundance of our present markets and storerooms, the protective values were present in proportionately greater amounts than they are now found in many of the present highly refined foodstuffs.

In pioneer times, methods of food manufacture were necessarily simple. In many cases dire necessity demanded that all or practically all of the available foods be used. Waste of foodstuffs was considered unethical if not worthy of greater punishment. While the pioneer sometimes ate food that did not especially appeal to the palate, both hunger and great need prevented encouragement of many food fancies or idiosyncrasies which ordinarily tend to limit the variety of foods eaten by the individual or group.

What Are the Protective Foods?

The term "protective foods" simply means those that contribute to growth, reproduction, and healthful maintenance. Foods of this class are relatively high in ash, vitamins, and certain kinds of protein. When any diet fails to supply these important foods, although it may be adequate in terms of energy requirement, there is necessarily a decrease in the degree of well being and the rate of growth.

Where the diet, over a considerable period of time, is noticeably deficient in vitamins and ash, there is a corresponding decrease in resistance to disease as well as a lowering of general well being. Where a limited diet, furnishing but a few of the protective foods, is the rule, there is a general tendency to colds and to a run-down condition in the spring. Because of the impossibility of having a variety of protective foods all of the year, it is generally conceded that the kinds and amount of illness among pioneers were proportionately greater in the spring than at other seasons of the year. This low resistance to colds and other germ diseases always results where the late winter and spring diets do not contain sufficient foods that are high in the vitamins and ash.

Food Economies in Pioneer Times

Owing to the difficulties in getting to markets as well as to the low available money income in pioneer life, the farmer's bank account was evidenced in the wheat and potato bins, cattle and sheep herds, and the family storeroom or cellar. Part of the responsibility of the housewife was to portion out the foodstuffs so that the supplies would extend to the following harvest or

future source of supply. It was therefore necessary that food consumption conform to the strictest standards of economy.

Fortunately for the pioneers, potatoes were usually cooked with their jackets on, thus making available the valuable ash constituents close to the skin, which are frequently lost in our present methods of preparation. Fruit butters also conserved more ash than do the present day jams and jellies with their relatively high contents of sugar.

High Values in Parts Now Discarded

When an animal was killed for food, common custom made good use of different parts of the carcass now frequently discarded. While the preparation and consumption of brains, blood pudding, head cheese or scrapple, as well as the wider use of internal organs, extended the meat supply of the family, these facts alone do not tell all of the story.

Recent scientific study has shown that the parts of the animal used from necessity by the pioneers had proportionately greater food value than the present generally accepted choice of muscle meats. Thus necessity again furnished some degree of health insurance to people having a meager food supply. It is interesting to note that muscle meats compared with the rest of the edible carcass are surprisingly rich in protein of a superior quality as well as in ash and vitamins.

In cereal consumption among pioneers, two factors contributed to the use of practically the entire grain. Probably the biggest reason was the limited production of both wheat and corn—a condition that made it necessary to eat practically all of the available grains. The limited amounts harvested were far too precious for human needs to allow much waste or to use grain as food for farm animals. Another factor was that the crude milling of grains removed only the two outer coverings, the bran and shorts. Frequently, however, both of these were used for food. While the supply remained limited, it was common custom to use so-called “shorts,” and frequently some of the bran, in bread making.

Rough Foods Enhance Growth

This custom contributed to the health of the family, since the outer coverings and germ, which are now removed in milling, furnish a fairly good source of ash and vitamins. Big business evidenced in centralized milling has made it necessary to prepare flours with better keeping qualities than those formerly produced, which contained the germ of the grain.

Recent studies give convincing evidence that vegetable oils from the germs of wheat and corn are valuable for vitamin D, which is the vitamin considered necessary for reproduction. From

a nutrition standpoint, there is considerable argument against the common custom of limiting the use of cereals in the diet of highly milled flours, which are deficient in both vitamin and ash. The argument may be emphasized by stating that in pioneer times the wider use of the entire grains as food afforded more protection than do the more refined flours of the present day. It is good nutritional practice for the family or the individual to make habitual the use of cereal, including some of the whole grains or else the parts of grain not found in highly milled flour.

Food Value of Molasses

Cane molasses, another pioneer food that merits discussion, is a form of sweet furnishing a means of buying health by the gallon or barrel.

At the Iowa Experiment Station, careful feeding experiments with white rats show that cane molasses contains greater food value than either beet molasses or sorghum. A diet sufficient for the growth of white rats was supplemented with five, ten, or fifteen percent of cane molasses; the results, carefully studied, proved that the addition of the molasses noticeably increased the rate of growth of the rats.

It was shown also that, with rats fed on diets including molasses, more young were born and a larger percentage of young were reared than when the molasses was not used. The experiment, extending through several generations, furnished satisfactory proof that, aside from its high sugar content, molasses is also rich in vitamins and ash. In comparison with the 100-per cent pure cane or beet sugar, which is valuable merely for energy, molasses is a food rich in vitamins and ash—elements that make it valuable for both growth and reproduction.

While honey is higher than sugar in ash and vitamins, the proportion of these is considerably less than in molasses. One of the chief nutritive values of honey over sugar is the fact that a more easily digested form of sugar is found in honey.

Values in Cereals and Dairy Products

Among pioneers the consumption of cereal was proportionately high, the consumption of sweets low, as compared with present standards of consumption of cereals and sugars. According to recent estimates the average per capita sugar consumption in this country is 115 pounds per year as compared with the average consumption of 11 pounds in 1827. The amount of sugar consumed has rather steadily increased. Recent and careful studies indicate that the low sugar consumption by the pioneers had some advantages over the present high intake of various kinds of sweets and confections.

The more generous use of milk, butter, cheese, and eggs had distinct nutritive value in pioneer diets. This class of perishable

foods was in those times an important part of the family food supply. These foods, exceptionally rich in vitamins and ash, contain also superior varieties of protein. When used to supplement cereals these proteins from milk and eggs are more valuable than protein from other sources. Thus the generous use of dairy products and whole grains in addition to the consumption of green and root vegetables furnished building material for good teeth and strong bones.

While the pioneers, from necessity, frequently used "greens" to supplement the scanty supply of staple foods, this exigency should be considered, in the light of modern science, as a health contribution. The general acceptance of mustard, wild spinach, beet and turnip tops as a part of the diet from early spring into summer gave a certain degree of health protection and helped to establish a wider range of food selection among pioneers.

A Good but Meager Fare

Though the pioneers were often tired of their limited fare, and though there have been, unquestionably, some rather serious results from restricted diets, yet it is safe to say that the higher values of the common foods of the pioneers as compared with the more highly milled and refined foods of the present time, did much to give them health, the courage to fight Indians, and the endurance to wrest their living from raw and unbroken lands.

It is not the purpose of this article to idealize pioneer foods, nor in any way to give the impression that in the early settlement of this State it was comfortable to be cold, hungry, or to have only half enough food; but the fact remains that the common table resources of fifty years ago contributed food elements to the average diet which have now been removed by the competition and the economic necessities of big business.

It is an accepted fact among nutrition experts that both present and future generations are bound to suffer from the results of a diet composed largely of highly milled white flours, refined sugar, and fats. During the different manufacturing processes much of the ash and vitamins have been removed. In some cases these products have been put on the market in a more easily marketable form, but in other cases these so-called unrefined parts of the foods have been widely used in feeding cattle and fowls. Cattle breeders and poultry men realize that the outer coverings of grain, and molasses from beet sugar, are very valuable to them.

The present high cost of perishable fruits, vegetables, and dairy products is a factor limiting generous consumption of these foods in many homes. In order to insure satisfactory nutrition for the family, these facts need to be brought frequently to the attention of the housewife until protective foods are considered a necessary part of the family diet.



MARY HOOD JOHNSTONE RUFF

Mary Hood Johnstone Ruff

There are always places in the world where pioneering must be done. In any form of pioneering, women who can fit into the many situations, and particularly those who appear to have intuitive ability to care for the sick, are invaluable.

Such a woman was Mary Hood Johnstone Ruff. Her path in life led her into one of Utah's mining camps, where many foreigners live, and where pioneer work must always be done. In addition to the usual difficulties of life in a mining town, she chanced to be living in Scofield at the time of the appalling disaster. She was one of the heroines who fought through that terrible period of misery, bringing relief to the suffering and comfort to the stricken ones of that unexampled calamity.

Born in the quaint little town of Bathgate, Scotland, April

27, 1854, Mary was the daughter of Nicol and Angelina O'Neil Hood, who were among the early converts to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in that land.

When we think of a family of eleven children to be taken care of, and the crippled father of the home under the necessity of providing for them all with the use of only the thumb and two fingers of the left hand, the struggles and privations of this family can be visualized. A portion of Father Hood's left and the entire right hand had been lost in a mine accident.

At the birth of Sister Ruff's youngest sister, the mother died; and the responsibility of a mother was taken over by Margaret, who acted in this capacity for a little over a year, or until the father also had passed on.

From this time on it was Sister Ruff's lot to rear this family, with the exception of an older sister, who had married. Through Mary's teaching and example all the brothers and sisters became active Church workers; and through her labors and savings she was able to send this entire family to Utah, in accordance with her mother's dying request.

On June 26, 1879, she married Samuel Johnstone, by whom she had three children—two daughters and a son, two of whom survive her—Mrs. Alfred Newren of Salt Lake City and Mrs. W. D. Stillman of Denver. Together they worked in the cause of truth and continued to assist the Hood family in their endeavors to settle in Zion.

In June of 1891 her husband passed away, and once again the entire responsibility of rearing a family was upon her shoulders. With her youngest sister, Angeline, whom she had reared from babyhood, she opened a restaurant in Glasgow, and was able to save sufficient means so that in May of 1892 she left Scotland with her three children and sister, arriving in Salt Lake City during the following month—the triumph of many years of faith and work. In the following November they moved to the town of Scofield, and for the past thirty-seven years this has been her home.

Leaving the old world did not cool the ardor she had shown in the work of the gospel. It was not long after her arrival in Scofield that she was chosen as counselor in the Primary Association; in this work she labored for over five years. Her chosen field, however, was that of a relief worker. She had been called upon to rear her father's family, her own family; and after a few years in Scofield, her brother John losing his wife, Sister Johnstone for a long time mothered his two children.

Her life's work after arriving in Utah was destined to be that of nurse and comforter, both to members of the Church and to non-members. Her children grew up in Scofield with her,

following their mother in the paths of righteousness. Her sister Angeline married and had a family. Then, in May, 1900, occurred the great Scofield Mine Disaster, in which 203 men and boys lost their lives. During these terrible times she was one of the most active among relief workers, assisting in preparing the bodies for burial, and in ministering to the injured. Her sister, Angeline, lost her husband at this time, making it necessary for her sister to find employment; and once more Mrs. Johnstone mothered another's family. Shortly after this great mine disaster, in November of 1900, she was called upon to pass through one of her severest trials, when through an injury, her sixteen year old son, Andrew, was called to the other side.

In 1909, Mary Hood Johnstone was married to Bishop George Ruff of Scofield, and together they have faithfully served the people of their ward. Mrs. Ruff was active in Relief Society work for nearly forty years, serving as president of the ward organization at Scofield for more than twenty-five years. On May 10, 1929, she died at Scofield.

Because of her untiring efforts and her unselfish devotion to God's work and to the relief of suffering among her fellow citizens, Mrs. Ruff lives in the memory of those whose good fortune it was to come in contact with her. High ideals, noble aims, and genuine character—these qualities have become an inspiration to those who lived near enough to know her well. Regardless of color or creed, she cheerfully administered to the needs of all, and was never too busy nor was any hour too early or too late for her unhesitatingly to answer the call to service.

Wherever we may be born, in stately mansion, or in flat, or tenement, or under the humblest conditions, we are pretty much alike, and it would be a rash man who would try to measure brains by the cost of the nursery. Go anywhere you will, there is a humble soul demanding a fair chance, having the right to know what has happened in the world, having the right to be enriched with the stories and poetry of life, having the right to be inspired by the deeds of men of force who have lived amid struggles in the past, having the right to be shown the way upward to that wholesome life which is absolutely independent of circumstances and which is strong and successful because it is the life of a man or a woman doing a man's part or a woman's part in the world which is fairly understood.—*Charles Evans Hughes.*

A Needle in a Haystack

By Josephine G. Moench

Feeling that my end is near, I have a desire to chronicle some of the important events of my life.

As far as I have been able to learn I am the only needle that was ever found in a haystack. This fact together with other important and interesting happenings connected with my career gives me a desire to write a brief history of myself.

Life in its fullness began for me when I reached the end of a long journey from Salt Lake City to a little town in the southernmost part of the State of Utah. As the boxes were being unloaded from the covered wagon and carried into the little store and unpacked, I heard a charming little voice say, "Oh, Mother, here are the knitting needles, can you set up my knitting tonight?" and the mother answered, "I will if there is a set of needles left after those that we promised get theirs."

I rejoiced that I was in the bottom of the box, for I longed to have for my mistress the little girl with the charming voice. I had not long to wait; before nightfall the little girl in a rapture of delight was carrying me and my three companions home.

"Father says these are to be my very own," the little girl said as she ran to show her mother.

My little mistress was to knit first some stockings for herself; and how delighted she was as she ran with her knitting to show her little sister, near the same age, who lived next door. These little sisters were inseparable companions; together they made their plans for the summer, talking of the stockings they would knit.

What a delightful summer I spent with them. When I look back on it now, it seems that my three companions and I were the most important things in these charming little girls' lives. Every cozy little nook would be converted into a playhouse, and their knitting seemed to be the most important part of their play.

In haying time, a favorite place to sit and knit was the stack of newly made hay, and one day I slipped from my little mistress's hand into the hay stack. Search as they would, they could not find me. Oh, the tragedy of it! To wait for another set of needles to come from Salt Lake City would mean weeks, and the little sister would be whole stockings ahead in the knitting race. They searched and searched, but still I could not be found.

Suddenly my little mistress said, "Let's pray the Lord to help us find it." Kneeling on the hay and bowing their little heads, they said their simple prayer. Scarcely had they begun their search again when they found me; and like the woman in

the Bible who lost her silver and found it, they were happier than if I had never been lost.

When my little mistress related the incident to her mother, the latter said, "Perhaps you had better exchange needles with me. Yours is an extra fine set and I would be very sorry to have one lost."

So I was transferred from my little mistress's knitting to that of the mother's. I soon learned to love the little mother as I had loved my little mistress. I have rejoiced in her happiness and mourned over her sorrows. Her knitting seemed to rest her in body and in spirit; and as she sat knitting in the evenings after the hard trying days which only the pioneer women of Utah could know, happiness and peace would come and a serenity which only a patient and courageous soul can know.

I began my memoirs as I lay where the dear hands had left me the night she slept peacefully away to awaken no more in this life; and I thought my cup of happiness was full when I saw her pass to the great beyond with no suffering.

Another great happiness was to come to me. I am back once more in the hands of my first little mistress, herself a grandmother now, and I look forward to spending many more happy hours with my first love. I listen with pride as she sits with her knitting and relates to her grand-children the story of how I was lost and found in a haystack.

The Pioneers

Dust and heat, a trackless waste,
Moving covered wagon train,
Dull, slow thud of oxen hoof,
Hunger, danger, thirst and pain.

Onward, on, inspired band,
Hearts that burn with truth and light;
Blazing sun and dust by day,
Lurking savages by night.

Westward ho, to hills and vales,
Westward ho, to promised land,
Sage brush, rocks and dead salt sea,
Alkali and oaken sand.

Faith to light their dreary way,
Truth to brighten miles they trod;
In the shelter of the Rockies,
They were free to worship God.

Pioneers

STANLEY VESTAL'S KIT CARSON—THE HAPPY WARRIOR OF THE OLD WEST

By Lais V. Hales

"On Christmas Day, 1809, an undersized, tow-headed, bandy-legged, blue-eyed boy sped into the world, squalling lustily with an uncontrolled excitement which no later adventure could arouse in him. Small, bandy-legged, blue-eyed, and sandy-haired he remained to the end of his days, and to this unimpressive appearance the sun added freckles."

Yet this boy, apparently no different from other lads of his family and community, was to be the archetype of the American pioneer. He was to become the hero "who personified American enterprise in the Far West—the banner which was to wave the pioneers forward into the Great American Desert." He was to become the hero of the prairies, the "soul of the Old West."

In Stanley Vestal's new book, "Kit Carson," we have the authentic story of this boy as well as a vivid picture of the old frontier—the pioneer West. It is artistically, vividly, and authentically written. It follows Kit Carson down through his life as greenhorn, mountain man, plainsman, pathfinder, soldier, rancher, Indian agent, patriot and peacemaker.

Even as a very young boy Mr. Vestal felt that there was something wrong with the standard biographies of Kit Carson, which portrayed him as a striking but unaccountable hero. These books did not relate Kit to the times he lived in, and he therefore seemed unreal and colorless. Mr. Vestal felt that now was the time to write to the adventures of Kit for soon "there would be no one who had talked face to face with his contemporaries, no one left who knew what a tepee smells like, or how a beaver trap was set, no one to make real the background out of which his adventures grew, and against which they must be seen."

As Odysseus was a symbol of the Greek seafarings, so Kit Carson has become a symbol of the American frontier and it is important, Mr. Vestal says, that we "understand and love the thing Kit represents—that Frontier which made these States a Nation." Mr. Vestal knows the country over which Kit Carson ranged. He grew up with the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, the tribes that Kit knew best. Today Mr. Vestal is Professor of English in the University of Oklahoma and a writer of note.

The Carsons had been pioneers since the first one left Scotland. Very early Kit saw the cruelty of life in the wilderness, and

his quick impulsiveness became "tempered by caution which nicely balanced the swift decision and passionate action so characteristic of the man." Kit became very early an expert trapper and Indian scalper. During the long winters while he could not trap beaver, Kit and his companions would tell stories around the fire. Here Kit heard of the "giants who lived on an island in the Great Salt Lake, giants who built immense log houses and ate corn from cobs a yard long. What folks thought to be forest fires was only the smoke from their pipes."

Another story that fascinated Kit was that of a crystal mountain so beautifully clear that its location and size could only be guessed by the stack of bones of animals and birds which had broken their necks by running into it. Still another was the story about the echo in the Big Horns, which took eight hours to return, so that a man when going to bed could shout "Get up!" and next morning he would be promptly awakened by the echo "Get up!"

During these long winters Kit made many friends and they were real ones. The very life Kit and his companions led called for real friendship. Kit won the reputation of absolute truthfulness and reliability. "The clear eyes and clear head, the unquestioning blue eyes of a man who first made sure he was right and then went ahead—these gave Kit Carson the character which made him the power he was among the trappers."

As to the Indians Kit entertained no "silly twaddle" regarding humanity or their rights. He had been brought up to believe that every man should look out for himself. He killed no more Indians than was necessary; and all who knew him are agreed upon his mildness, gentleness, his chivalry to women, his courage, his coolness against hopeless odds, and his generally inoffensive manner. He was superstitious. If he missed a fair shot in battle he would not fire at the Indian again but let him go.

His ideas, according to Mr. Vestal, were childlike, traditional, unquestioned beliefs. He believed in God, in the right, in courage, honor, integrity, justice, and mercy. He belongs to the Old West and not the Wild West, which was the age of clowns and gunmen, the bandits and the land-grabbers, the gold-seekers. The blowing up of Bent's Old Fort marked the end of the Old West and Kit and his old friends saw the plains and mountains swarm with reckless, ignorant, stupid, untrained, undisciplined white men who incensed the Indians and brought on unnecessary and stupid bloodshed.

Kit accompanied Fremont on part of his journey to St. Louis, where he delivered his Report, which determined the "Mormons" on their Westward march. Mr. Vestal closes his really scholarly and intensely interesting book "Kit Carson" with this paragraph:

"But there was no pose in Kit Carson; and the West may hold his name high above the movie cowboys, the Wild West showmen,

the gaudy, strutting soldiers, the cruel killers, who clamor down the old, loyal, patient courage of the pioneer. For Kit was greater than all of them.

“This is the happy warrior; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.”

Hallowed Ground

By Merling Dennis Clyde

O Death, where is thy victory? This plot
Marked round by iron rim speaks dumbly here:
Observe this resting place of pioneer.
The right to worship as she chose, her lot
She cast with those who marked an epoch great—
Out West where freedom with their lives could mate;
Made history in blood to seek their God,
And fell, like her, a parcel of the sod.
And when the great steel monster hewed its line
Upon uncharted range and desert grim,
Directly where warm rain and bright sunshine
Caressed the snows on lonely grave's round rim—
Great minds debated—gave her right-of-way;
She sanctified the spot there where she lay.

Rebecca Winters was a “Mormon” pioneer, enroute West with other Saints. She died and was buried in Nebraska. An iron wagon rim, with her name upon it, was placed around the grave. Later, when the Burlington Route came West, the grave was found to be directly in the line of its survey. When the railroad president was asked what was to be done, the answer came back, “Rebecca Winters has the right-of-way”. Later, a monument was placed at the grave, and these words from a “Mormon” hymn engraved upon it:

“And should we die before our journey's through,
Happy day; all is well;
We then are free from toil and sorrow too,
With the just we shall dwell.”

Notes From The Field

In Memoriam.

It is with feelings of great sadness that we have to report the death of Sister Lillie Belle Gledhill, president of the Sevier Stake Relief Society, which occurred May 1, 1929. Sister Gledhill has served most faithfully and efficiently since her calling to this office in June, 1913. In all her work she demonstrated the finest type of service, and that which is the materialization of the real Relief Society spirit. The welfare of her Relief Society sisters in the whole community was ever the first thought in her mind, and she gave herself, with heart and soul, to the tasks before her. There was always the very finest type of cooperation in the stake over which Sister Gledhill presided with the General Board of Relief Society, and every effort was made to carry out, to the fullest extent, the instructions that were sent from the general office. The spirit of love and faith manifest throughout all of Sister Gledhill's life was eloquent of her life's ideals, viz., efforts to serve her fellowmen. President Louise Y. Robison, and every member of the General Board join in extending condolence to Sister Gledhill's family and her community, in the passing of so beloved and worthy a woman.

REORGANIZATIONS

There have been a number of reorganizations in the Relief Society in the various stakes:

Emery Stake.

On April 28, 1929, at a stake conference, President Louisa Oveson, at her own request, was released as president of the Emery stake. The General Board of Relief Society wishes to congratulate Sister Oveson on the nineteen years of excellent service she has rendered in the capacity of stake president. Called by President Reuben G. Miller, before the Emery stake was divided into the Emery and Carbon stakes, as it now is, Sister Oveson has served and given the very finest efforts of a faithful Latter-day Saint in the discharge of her duties. In retiring from this position, at her own request, Sister Oveson carries with her the love and best wishes of every sister in her community, and can certainly take with her into her retirement the feeling that she has completed a worthy labor in the service of her fellowmen. At a stake union meeting on May 11, 1929, Mrs. Margaret Peterson was sustained as president of Emery stake; Mrs. Nellie Tuttle as first counselor; Mrs. Eva Killpack as second counselor; Mrs. Minnie Ungerman as secretary-treasurer.

Juab Stake.

At the recent quarterly conference the Juab stake Relief Society board was reorganized, and the following officers sustained: president, Mrs. Edna J. Cazier; first counselor, Mrs. Florence H. Chase; second counselor, Mrs. Ethel C. Gass; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Anna D. Allred; and the following board members: Maud Forrest, Lillian Cowan, Ethel A. Irons, Chloe N. Bailey, Elizabeth Pace, Laura D. Brough, Ellen C. Cole, Vivian Hoyt, Etha B. Parkes.

San Juan Stake.

The San Juan stake Relief Society was recently reorganized. Mrs. Lucinda A. Redd, after years of fine service in behalf of Relief Society was released as president, this action at the request of Sister Redd herself. In her retirement from the office of stake president, she carries with her the love and appreciation of all the sisters of her stake, for service nobly rendered in the cause of humanity. The new executive officers of San Juan stake are: Mrs. Hattie R. Barton, president; Mrs. Margaret C. Perkins, first counselor; Mrs. Marian G. Nielson, second counselor; Mrs. Marian P. Nielson, secretary-treasurer. The members of the stake board have not yet been selected.

Weber Stake.

The most recent news of reorganizations coming to the office is from Weber stake. At the conference of the Relief Society of the Weber stake, held at Ogden, May 7, 1929, President Marianne M. Browning was honorably released as president of the Relief Society on account of poor health. At the regular meeting of the Stake Presidency, High Council and Stake Board held May 15, 1929, Mrs. Katherine G. Wright was chosen as president of the Relief Society, with Mrs. Charlotte Jacobs as her first counselor. The other counselor, secretary-treasurer and board members are yet to be selected.

South African Mission.

A most interesting caller at the Relief Society office recently was Mrs. Clara A. Martin, recently returned from the South African mission, where she has served as president of the Relief Society. Her missionary experience began in April, 1926, and for the past three years she has labored in this far distant field. In leaving the South African mission Mrs. Martin felt that she had left it in good condition; there are many obstacles to be met in this field, but she feels that the sisters are doing the very best they can under the circumstances. There are five organizations of the Relief Society in the South African mission, with a membership of sixty. While it is necessary to make some changes

in the lessons as given in the *Magazine*, as far as possible every effort is made to put into effect the general plan of study and work as suggested by the General Board.

Woodruff Stake.

Many people have an idea that it is impossible to grow flowers in some parts of our western wilderness, but the very splendid effort made in the Woodruff stake Relief Society last year, is an answer to that question. During the class leaders' convention of the Woodruff stake a remarkable demonstration of what can be done in the way of growing flowers was given. Dahlias, roses, zinnias, sweet peas, in fact the most attractive type of flowers were in great profusion as evidence of the untiring energy of the Relief Society sisters in this work of beautifying the home and community. All the wards in the Woodruff stake were represented at this Reunion, which was a combination of demonstrations of Work and Business Meeting, of Community Beautification, and of Teacher-training, quite typical of the activities of the Relief Society. The interior of the L. D. S. chapel presented a most beautiful sight when it opened for the Saturday morning of the Relief Society reunion and bazaar. The rostrum appeared to be a veritable flower garden, and the walls of the building were covered with needlework of all kinds, representing what the members of the Relief Society are accomplishing during their leisure moments. Vegetables, too, were on display, all of them grown by the women, whose work was interesting and instructive in all departments of this exhibit. Prizes were offered by the business houses of Lyman for the best showing by community and individuals, and it was very fine to note that each community excelled along some particular line, which resulted in the prizes being widely distributed.

Big Horn Stake.

During the past season the Big Horn stake Relief Society has certainly been active in all its departments. Some new branch and ward organizations have been completed, and a plan for departmental work has been worked out. The officers are enthusiastic about their work. The stake board is getting out a handbook containing general information that every Relief Society member should know in regard to the history, organization, aims and activities of the Relief Society of the whole Church. In the back of the book will be many suggestions that will strengthen the testimonies of the sisters. The aim of the book is to give a better understanding of the scope of the Relief Society and arouse pride in its membership. The wards have accepted the new plan for visiting teachers, and are working it out very successfully.

South Davis Stake.

During the spring a very successful exhibit of needlework was held in the banquet room of the Bountiful First Ward amusement hall. Each of the eight wards of the stake was well represented. Every available space was utilized and presented a beautiful appearance, displaying to advantage the many useful things made by the South Davis Relief Society women. At the March union meeting flowers and shrubs was the subject of an interesting discussion conducted by a local nurseryman, and his advice to the women will be most useful in the work they hope to accomplish this summer. The Relief Society song practice has been featured during the year, both at the union meetings and in the wards, and most gratifying results are in evidence.

“Let the Mountains Shout for Joy”

By C. O. A.

The night of July 28, 1926, is long to be remembered by the thousands of Angelenos who had the rare privilege of attending the “Mormon” Tabernacle Choir concert at the Hollywood Bowl. It was an idyllic night, without a cloud in the sky. A slight, cool breeze stirred the leaves on the trees; the sweet fragrance of the wild flowers filled the air. As it was a moonless night, the stars in the mighty vault of heaven shone with unusual brightness.

The famous Hollywood Bowl, reconstructed at the expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars, presented an awe-inspiring sight. It is a depression scooped out by the hand of Nature in the Hollywood hills, and finished by the hand of man until it resembles Valhalla, or some such idealistic meeting place of the gods.

In short, the time, the place, and the occasion formed a perfect setting for a scene such as is very rarely enjoyed by the average human being.

When the powerful lights were turned on at 8:30 p. m. and the black and white figures of the famous choir were discernable upon the stage, a thrill went through the audience; and when they raised their united voices in the beautiful song, “Let the Mountains Shout for Joy”, it seemed that the very hills of Hollywood joined in the shout of praise as the echoes from far and near rebounded back and thrilled the great audience again and again.

It was a sight and occasion never to be forgotten; and the twelve or fifteen thousand Angelenos who had the esteemed privilege of being present that night, went away with the conviction that one thing of which the “Mormon” Church may justly be proud is the great Tabernacle Choir.

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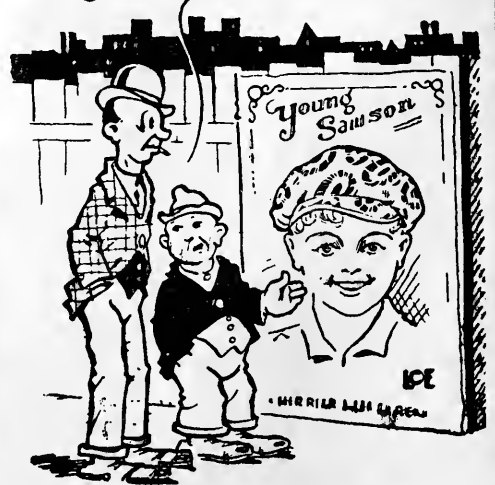
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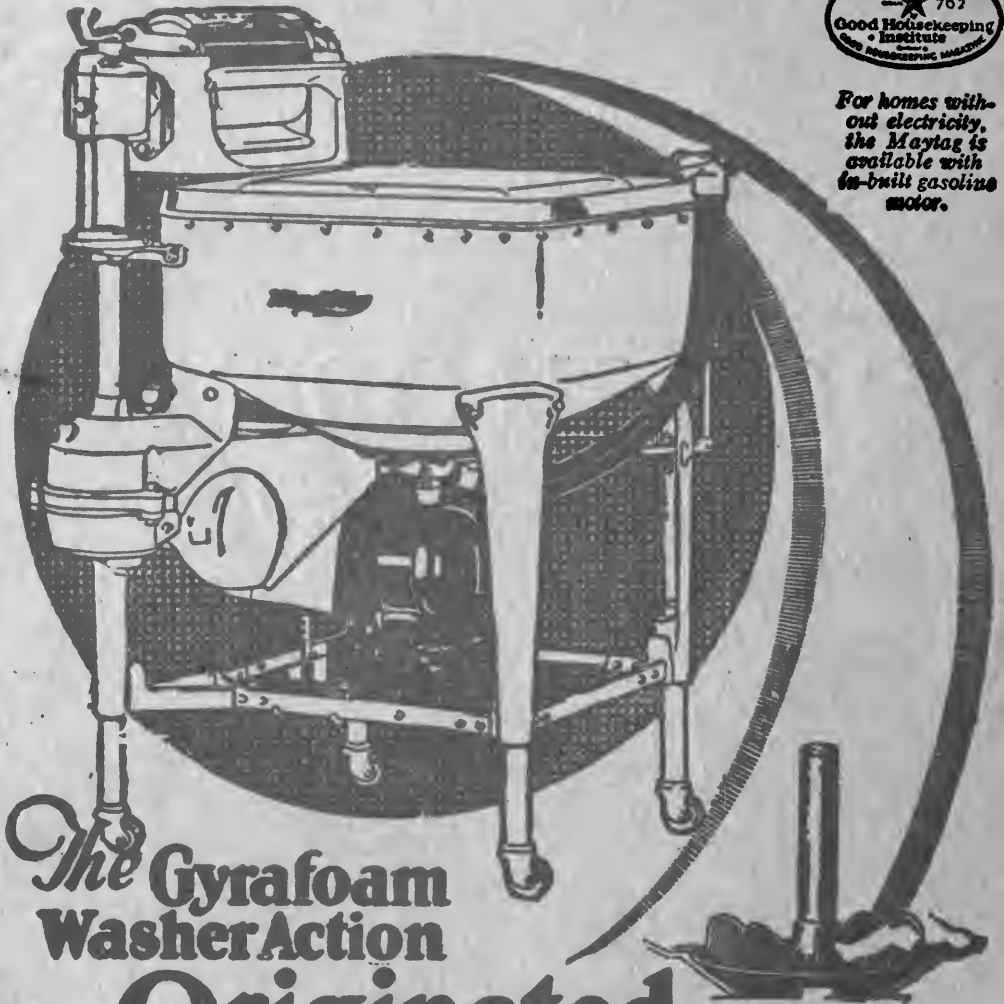
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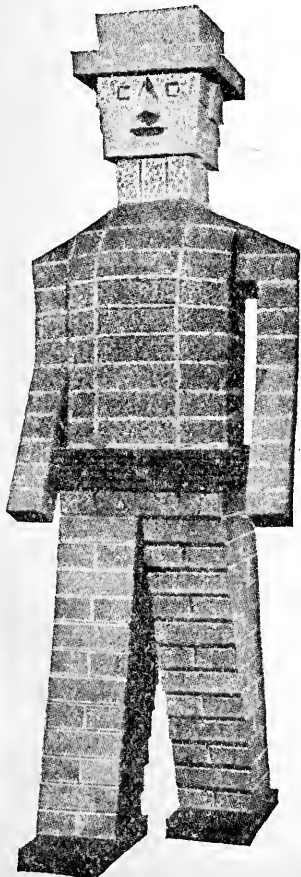
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SHOSHONE FALLS, IDAHO
"Niagara of the West"

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST

By Glen Perrins

Mighty Shoshone Falls,
Idaho is a sight one will never
forget.

To gaze upon this creation
of Mother Nature, 212 feet
high, the water booming over
the precipice in continuous
roar, holds one fast in awe

The water, answering the
call of the sea, is rushing,
tumbling, falling down over
the high cliffs in a hurry to
get to level territory.

Truly worth the visit is
the sight of this powerful
waterfall, the Niagara of the
West, Shoshone Falls.



MISS LENA M. PHILLIPS

President Business and Professional Women's Clubs—1928—who touched the button and illuminated Shoshone Falls.

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVI

AUGUST, 1929

No. 8

The Touch of a Woman's Hand

By Cora C. Ritchie

At last the great Shoshone Falls at Twin Falls, Idaho, were to be lighted. For days men had planned and studied, and now the necessary money was ready.

On May 28, 1928, a big celebration was arranged. The falls, higher than the famous Niagara, were to be illumined, so that by night as by day their beauty and grandeur could be seen in a nature color scheme. They are 212 feet high and across the entire width of the river water plunges in white and downy clouds. The falls are located on the mighty Snake River, five miles east of Twin Falls City. As one nears the molten masses of lava, by the edge of the canyon, the rumble and roar of the falls increases till at high water it is deafening.

This night the rocks were covered with thousands of people, old and young. Cars from many States had been seen on the highways leading to the falls. From the level above the falls the first sight of the Snake River, muddy and treacherous, angry and powerful, causes a feeling of fear to grip the soul. Then, as it breaks over the falls, the water takes on a false tone. Muddy swirls are changed to soft billowy white. Still farther the spray breaks up into a mist as dainty as baby-breath flowers and as alluring as the Lorelei.

Thousands of people clamber up and down the precipitous edges of cliffs, in every direction. Cars are parked on the canyon rims and on opposite sides of the river.

The water, leaving the falls and rolling on, gives life to thousands of acres of otherwise barren waste. Meditating, listening, wondering, we gaze far out over all the panoramas. Level stretches of water, gorgeous falls, sparkling spray and delightful mists—then the still, deep water so far below that

one becomes dizzy from looking down. We meditate on God and man; on God the creator and this splendid miracle, just one small item in his vast creation! or listen to those who exclaim, "How wonderful that man could light up this great spectacle;" or wonder what this mighty Snake River with its molten masses of lava looked like when God planned a change and formed it. What was it like when the impenetrable lava was soft and hot? or when the crash came, and these vast crevices were opened? What sounds? What shocks? Who saw? What of man? What deep sorrow? What terrors?

The answers were given only by the ever-onward rush and roar of the mighty falls—mocking, laughing, sneering, but ever falling, falling, falling.

Why, the people have shrunken smaller, insignificant as the busy ants that hurry over the round top of the lava seat. The car lights are as dim as the distant stars. Yes; but man is struggling—is going on, is imitating the one great Creator. How near will he ever attain?

Even now, in order to change darkness to light, man is harnessing part of the vast volume of water for light and power.

As nine o'clock approached, excitement ran high. A woman's hand to illuminate that great river! The touch of a finger was to change the face of that dark, fearsome, roaring chasm, into life and beauty beyond description.

Miss Lena Phillips of New York, the President of the Business and Professional Women's Club of the United States, was given the privilege of performing this miracle. At a given signal Miss Phillips touched a button. A glow of light breaking over the darkness brought color and beauty indescribable to river, falls, spray, and mists. Darkness turned to day. Void changed to life. The same river, the same falls, spray, mist; but oh! how different. How like the wonders wrought in all life by the touch of a woman's hand! Silence and gloom followed by exclamations of awe. Thousands stood, one mighty "Oh! how grand," was heard mingling with the roar of the mighty Shoshone.

The episode was significant of woman's life, her works, her miracles, her absolute control of all life, if she but touches the right spring.

I wonder if God did not create the river, the rocks, the falls, the mountains, the sea, the land, then ask woman ever to carry on, to give life, light, and beauty. Just to look at the great Shoshone Falls, suggests that God has never failed. Pray that God's woman never may.

Great Salt Lake and Its Islands

By *Elizabeth C. Porter-Rissanen*

The somber islands ride in a sullen sea. Although the white man's knowledge of the Great Salt Lake dates back only a hundred years, the mountain peaks that rise above the surface of this saline sea have already made their own history.

The Water of the Lake

Most of the islands lack fresh water and are therefore uninhabitable.

For the rest, the water of the Great Salt Lake offers the finest bathing in the world. It is so heavy with salt that the human body can float on it like a cork, and it is so dense that it holds the warmth of the sun long after that orb has sunk into its sea burial.

One enterprising matron floated a round dinner table fully set on the buoyant waters and her guests swam up and helped themselves to viands buffet style.

While reclining luxuriously on his back, the bather may view the gorgeous sunset, painted with the rugged colors and imbued with the mystery of the North.

Nearby is the new Saltair, the modern Moorish pleasure palace, risen, like Venus, new-born, from the sea.

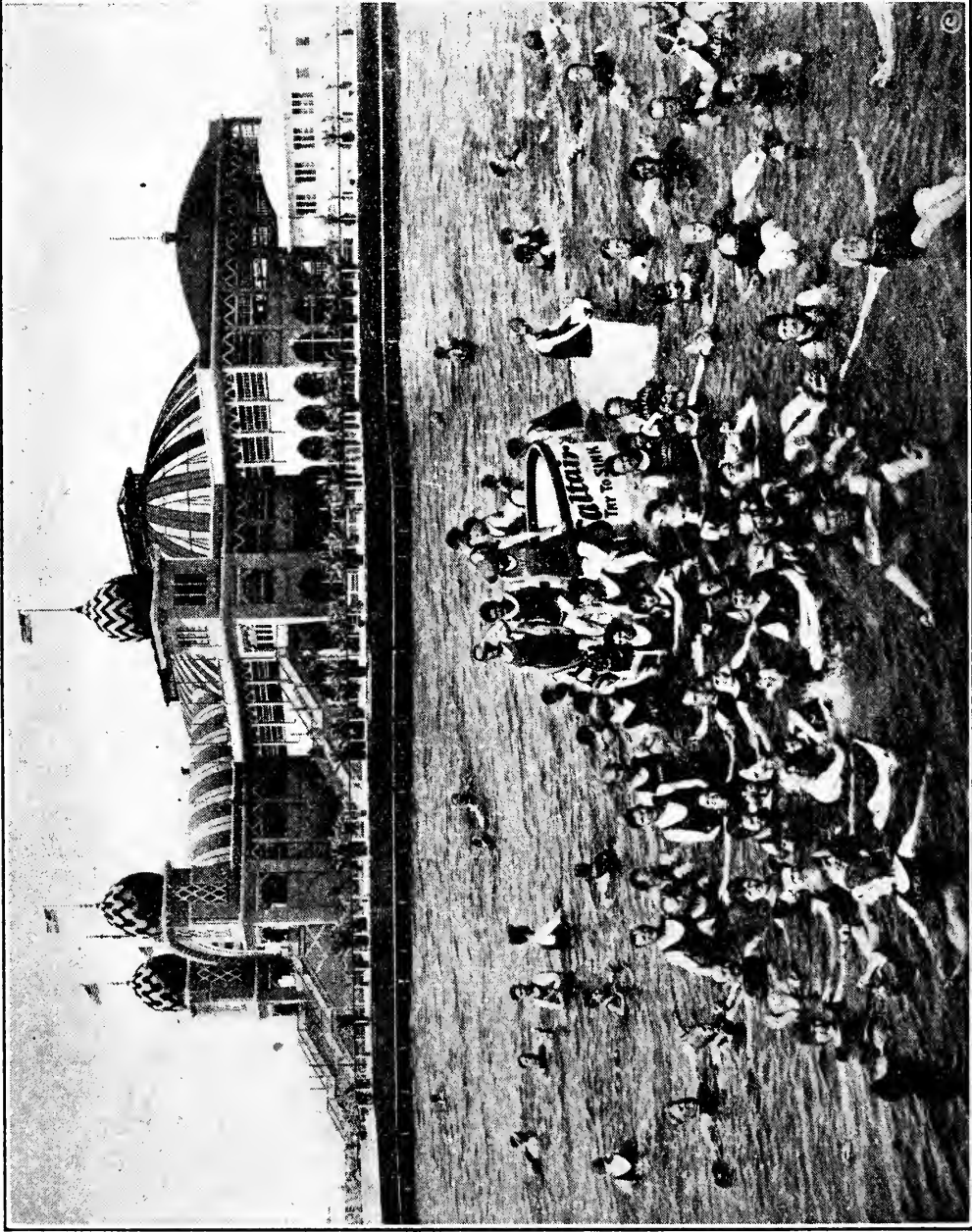
Jim Bridger Discovered It

Profit is the first thing that lures men into the unknown places, so we find the fur traders in the vanguard of civilization.

To Jim Bridger belongs the credit of the discovery of the Great Salt Lake. In fact his description of the saline sea helped earn for him the title of prince of prevaricators. He had found that his stories of Yellowstone Park were not believed, especially when he described pools cool in the bottom and hot on top, so you could catch a fish and cook it on the way out.

He was acting as scout for the fur hunters camped on Bear River. They had a rendezvous for their skins in the nearby "Cache" valley. A dispute arose among the men as to the course of the river. Bridger volunteered to settle it as wagers had been posted. He followed the Bear to its mouth where it emptied into the lake, when the immense sheet of water burst upon his view. The scout waded out into the lake and found that it prickled his skin. The only thing that lives in this water is a minute brine shrimp, one of the two things in the world known to have no natural enemies.

On the west shore of the lake, Jim Bridger set traps for



THE NEW SALT AIR PAVILION AND BATHERS, GREAT SALT LAKE
Photo Courtesy Union Pacific System

beaver. When he reported his find, the rest of the trappers sailed down in their boats of skins—Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans, in search of pelts. Like the Ute Indians that preceded them, they found the hunting poor. This was in the winter of 1825.

Captain Bonneville's Expeditions

Captain Bonneville, a young army officer on leave, outfitted several fur-hunting expeditions to this region. He provided them with luxurious equipment. One of these, the Walker party, intended to explore the country, but they found the northwest shore a barren desert. Sorely harassed by Indians, they trekked over the mountains to California. This was in 1832. Bonneville gave his name to the immense fresh water lake which formerly covered the Great basin, of which the Salt Lake is but the shrunken remnant.

Fossils of this early time may be found in the cave at Garfield; the old level of the lake may be discerned on the terraces of the mountains. At Garfield the mountains come down to the water's edge. Out in the opalescent sea looms Black Rock, like a medieval castle. On the blue and lavender expanse float the other islands like dim mirages.

Terraced up the slopes of the point of the mountain are the Arthur and the Magna plants and the American Smelting and Refining Company, where the copper is extracted from ore that is torn from the mountain at Bingham.

Birds of the Salt Lake

Gulls, pelicans, herons, and snipe undulate in the water. Except the snipe, their home is on Bird Island. These aquatic fowls nest on this small island, which has neither food nor fresh water. Both of these are brought by the parent birds from the mainland 40 miles away. This is the summer home of the winged colony; for the great white pelicans winter on the Gulf of Mexico and the sea gulls hie to the Pacific Coast. There is a \$100 fine for killing a sea gull in Utah because gulls were the savior birds of the pioneers. When the young grain of the settlers was being eaten by vast armies of crickets—bull-headed, black-humped things, twice as large as a grasshopper—the gulls swept in from the lake and devoured these insects—thus saving the crops. On the Tabernacle grounds a monument has been erected to them—the only statue it is said, ever erected to a bird.

A visitor to Bird Island in June thus describes it: "We paid particular attention to the nesting habits of the birds, and to the marvelous rookeries similar to those one reads of in the South Seas. When the boat arrived at Bird Island—a small, tapering, brush-covered hill with beaches of gray, wave-worn rocks



ON BIRD ISLAND, GREAT SALT LAKE
Photo Courtesy Union Pacific System

or of gray and white sand—innumerable gulls filled the air and covered the rocks; long V-shaped lines of pelicans arose mejestically on steadily beating or motionless wings; great blue herons stood out like picturesque statues from the higher rocks, or slowly rose in graceful flight above our heads. The water was covered with the birds swimming from their rocky coverts; the air resounded with their shrill cries; in places the sky was obscured by their number. Young pelicans in droves resembling sheep, floundered clumsily over the rocks, trying to reach the water; young herons, barely able to walk or fly, struggled limping from their large willow-built nest, and became entangled in the greasewood. We freed one of these, hopelessly ensnared where it might have perished. Many of the adult gulls, in their comical and needless terror, stood on the rocks with heads thrown back and bills open, uttering long and continuous shrieks, while brownish young of all sizes scrambled over the rocks, injuring themselves in their rush for safety.”

The Lack of Fresh Water

Buffalo Island, the last stand of the almost extinct bison of North America, has sweet water. Some of the islands, really mountain peaks that rise above the sullen sea, are without fresh water, therefore uninhabitable. The scenes in the “Covered Wagon” in which the buffalo figured, were filmed here. There is an abundance of grass. When the bulls of the herd become too numerous, a buffalo hunt is staged and the butcher shops in the inter-mountain country sell “buffalo steaks” at this time. Invita-

tions were issued to sportsmen to the "last buffalo hunt" in November, 1926.

Among the many stories connected with this island is that of a shipwrecked mariner. As he landed on the desolate side he did not know that it was inhabited. He made a signal of distress of his white shirt, then staggered around until he fell exhausted. Fortunately for him, some herders hunting a depredating coyote came across him lying unconscious among the brush, and rescued him.

Fremont Island, named for the intrepid explorer, has a little tragedy of its own. A flock of sheep were left there to forage for themselves. The surface of the lake rose and covered the fresh water springs from which they drank. The poor sheep had pawed all the surrounding earth in a vain search for the life-sustaining fluid. They were all found dead.

The Explorations by Fremont

John C. Fremont visited the Great Salt Lake on two of his five expeditions to the Far West. In the fall of 1843, Fremont stood on a peninsula in a terrific storm and looked west at the inland sea. He likened himself to Balboa discovering the Pacific Ocean.

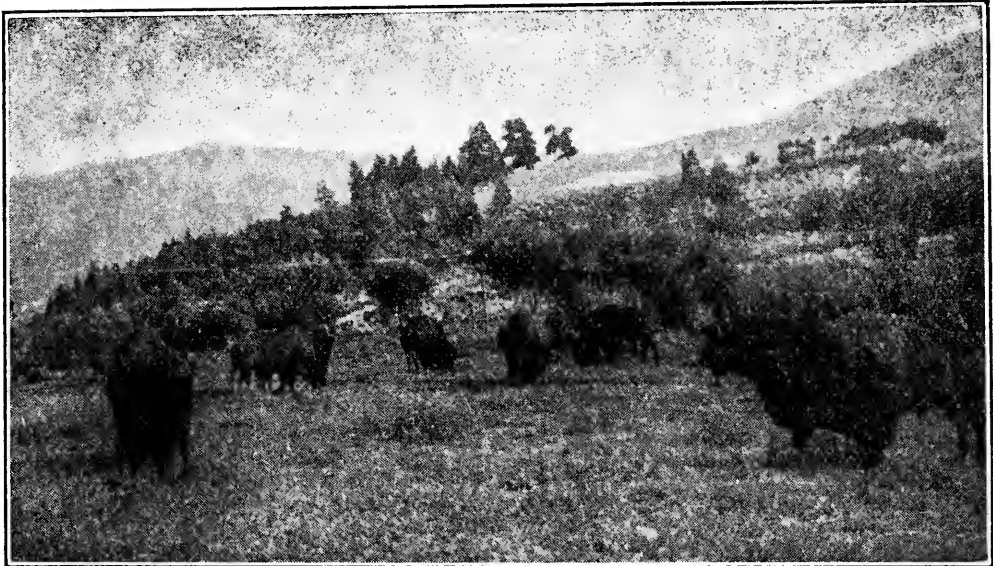
His party, short of provisions, were encamped on the Weber river. (Most of these early voyagers seemed to suffer for want of food and water.) Fremont dispatched seven men to Fort Hall for supplies. Leaving three men in camp, their leader, with four others, including the notorious Kit Carson, dropped down to the mouth of the river in a rubber boat.

"Next morning they were out on the lake, fearful every moment lest their air-blown boat should collapse and let them into the saline but beautiful, transparent liquid. At noon they reached one of the low, nearby islands and landed. They found there, washed up by the waves, a dark brown bank, ten or twenty feet in breadth, composed of the skins of worms, about the size of oats, while the rocky cliffs were whitened by incrustations of salt. Ascending to the highest point attainable, they took a surrounding view, and called the place Disappointment Island, because they had failed to find the fertile lands and game hoped for. Then they descended to the edge of the water, constructed lodges out of drift-wood, built fires, and spent the night there, returning next day in a rough sea to their mainland camp."

Two years later, in 1845, Fremont again visited this region, camped where Salt Lake City now is, and explored the southern portion of the lake.

Stansbury, Gunnison, Lambourne

Stansbury Island is named for a railroad surveyor. Captain



THE LAST STAND OF THE BUFFALO

Howard Stansbury of the topographical engineers came west in the spring of 1849 to explore the country in order to map out a trans-continental route for a railroad. Beginning with the Great Salt Lake and its islands, he gradually covered the surrounding territory. In a year and a half his observations had extended over an area of five thousand square miles. On leaving he disposed of his wagons and spare implements to local settlers, who in turn provided him with an escort, as a protection against the Indians, on his return to Fort Leavenworth.

He fared better than young Gunnison, the astronomer of the expedition, for whom one of the smaller islands is named. His life was one of the sacrifices to the winning of the West. He fell a victim to Indians, who, angered by the abuse of travelers who had passed through, took it out on the next white men they met.

Gunnison, in 1853, conducted a survey for a more southern railroad route. He camped on the Sevier, where wood and pasture were abundant. From there he could see the camp of a band of Pah Utes. The savages surprised the Gunnison party when they were at breakfast. The Indians, who had crept up on them, discharged a volley of shots and arrows. Gunnison ran out, calling that he was their friend. He fell, pierced by fifteen arrows. The Utes then fell on the rest of the party. Rescuers found their bodies mutilated, but not scalped.

The inter-mountain poet, Alfred Lambourne, who died a few years ago, homesteaded on Gunnison Island for two years. He has interpreted the storms of the lake, and described its color vagaries in lyric prose.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Dean Hibbard's Three Important Questions

Of more than passing interest is the fact that, in this issue of the *Magazine*, which publishes as its literature lesson a biography of Karl G. Maeser, there appears in the "Outlook" an article entitled "Utopia College: A Prospectus," by Addison Hibbard, Dean of the College of Liberal Arts in the University of North Carolina.

In the "Outlook" article the author claims that "three questions most persistently perplex mankind, most uniformly seek solution, and most directly relate to his well-being: From what past does mankind come, what is his duty and purpose in being, and what, throughout his centuries of existence, has his experience led him to think the end of existence, the good life?" Further Mr. Hibbard says, "We realize that to these questions all intelligent energy and thought are untimately directed. And around these three questions our curriculum will be built; the unity for which we shall strive will be the unity of life itself." That is, in the building of "Utopia College," such unity of life will be sought for.

Any student who worked with Dr. Karl G. Maeser will

appreciate that upon these three subjects he placed chief emphasis. For this ideal he lighted fires that burned into the souls of his students. He told his graduates that when they went out and engaged in teaching for the Church of Jesus Christ, they should put first and greatest emphasis on these three matters. We do not for an instant imagine that Mr. Hibbard would meet these problems as Karl G. Maeser met them; but it is vital to note that each recognizes the same questions as being of prime importance.

Dr. Maeser's interest in man's origin was electrifying, sincere, contagious. His belief in the purpose of life made every thought and effort that did not contribute to the great and glorious purpose, trivial. His faith rendered absurd any suggestion denying man's immortality. He believed implicitly that we shall progress hereafter—that we may become perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect. To him the ultimate good was supreme.

Dr. Maeser often told his students that a different type of educational institution was developing under the inspiration and blessings of the Lord. His faith in his mission led him to believe that the system of education for which he stood would be unique.

Recently, Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck, formerly of Stanford University and at present of the University of Iowa, told the Latter-day Saint people that their Sunday School system more nearly reaches the ideal in its manner of training children religiously than do the Sunday Schools of other denominations. It would not be strange to Latter-day Saints if in the future their educational projects should turn out to be superior, and that they would give the world a type of college that would more nearly approach a "Utopian College" than the institutions fostered by others.

The Daughters of Men

While there is still interest in the election of Ruth Bryan Owen and Ruth Hanna McCormick, word comes from England of the return to the House of Commons of the daughter of David Lloyd George, also of Nancy Astor, the first woman elected to the British Parliament. The real surprise, however, is the choice of Margaret Bondfield to fill a place in the MacDonald cabinet, as minister of labor. Of interest, too, is the selection of Miss Susan Lawrence, minister of health, in the new British Cabinet.

One reason, perhaps, why sons have been preferred to

daughters, lies in the fact that a son often succeeds his father in business, or brings to a family the honor of place and office—a privilege but recently accorded to women. The strides that women have made, both in America and Great Britain, go to show that no father's or mother's hopes need be blasted because of the advent of daughters. The presence of one hundred and forty-five women in the various legislatures of the United States in 1929, and of seven women in Congress, as well as the election of thirteen women to the British Parliament, has a tendency for the moment, to attract attention to the daughters of men.

Were the Great Commoner alive, he undoubtedly would feel genuine pride in the election of his daughter to Congress. Were Mark Hanna yet with us, he would be assured that the American people, while recognizing the deserts of the daughter, had not forgotten the father. David Lloyd George, Premier of Great Britain at the time of the Great War, like Woodrow Wilson and Clemenceau, suffered something of an eclipse. Now, he is returned to Parliament with his daughter and his son. He probably is as deeply affected and as keenly grateful for the election of his daughter as for that of his son.

The world of politics has its surprises no less than the world of invention.

The Children's Vacation Hour

Once again the Relief Society puts forth its benevolent hand on behalf of children who would otherwise be denied the benefits of a holiday. The Social Service Department, under the direction of Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, director, and Miss Genevieve Thornton, supervisor, has arranged for sixty children to have a vacation in the beautiful country districts of Cache Valley. These children range in age from five to fourteen years, and have been selected because of the need they have for outdoor contacts.

It is now several years since the Relief Society began this very fruitful type of social work. It emphasizes once more the spirit of our age, which says that children must receive consideration—in many instances, the first consideration—because this ever-growing, ever-blossoming, surging civilization of which we are a part can only be pushed forward and sustained by persons of good health, good brains, wholesome impulses, and good training. These are some of the ideals the Relief Society has in bringing out from the corners the child whose life would be denied these pleasures.

These children who are to partake of the wholesome milk, fruit, and vegetables of the farm will be cared for by families in the Benson Stake. This work is being supervised by Mrs. Effie A. Greene, who is president of the Benson Stake Relief Society. The funds for the outing were raised by Salt Lake stake Relief Societies, cooperating with the General Board.

In line with this work, thirty-two children were taken to the Christmas Seal Camp of the Utah Tuberculosis Association near Brighton, where they will spend six weeks enjoying outdoor pleasures and where they will be carefully supervised as to their needs for exercise and food. They have as their chaperones a nurse and two teachers. These children, many of whom are frail and need selected food because they are undernourished, will be under the constant care and guidance of the nurse, Miss Margaret Ford, and the two teachers, Miss Margaret Sorenson and Miss Alouise Nelson.

This means that practically 100 children will be made glad and will be beneficiaries of better health because of the vision of the Relief Society and the Utah Tuberculosis Association.

The Desert

By Mrs. George Q. Rich

A wild Palm here
And a Cactus there,
Scrub Mesquite,
A bone white and bare,
Sun beating down
On sand hot and dry,
Not a cloud to be seen
In the clear blue sky.
A lizard crawls out
From its resting place;
No chirp of a bird
In the whole wide space.
Looking as far
As the eye can see—
Mesquite, wild Palms
And the Cactus tree.

The Bible: The Inspiration of Mankind

By Mrs. Bessie Redding

Search the Scriptures

We are bidden (John 5:39) to "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life and they are they that testify of me." Here we have the command. We are not left in doubt. The reason is plainly stated.

By reading the Scriptures: (1) we obey the command of authority; (2) we are shown the way that leads to eternal life; (3) we gain individual testimonies of the divinity of Jesus Christ.

I shall answer the question, what is the Bible? from four standpoints:

- I. The Bible is the word of God.
- II. It is the greatest book of literature.
- III. It is the source of inspiration for writers, poets, preachers.
- IV. It is the only book to which Christians have turned for comfort, wisdom and guidance.

The Word of God

Moses wrote the law and gave it to the sons of Levi, commanding them to fear God and to obey the commandments written in the Ark of the Covenant. In Deuteronomy 17, 18, 20, the Priests of Levi are again commanded to keep the commandments of that book.

The book of Mormon, in First Nephi, states that the Bible is of divine origin.

Tradition gives evidence of the divinity of the Bible. It is our religious heritage handed down from Father Adam, from one generation to another.

We Latter-day Saints believe in the Bible. We take it literally as a divine record of God's dealing with his people.

As the firmaments declare the handiwork of God, so the Bible declares itself to be his word.

The Book of Literature

That the Bible is the greatest book of literature, the most able literary scholars concede. Not even Shakespeare, the literary genius of the ages, could surpass the Bible in real art. No masterpiece, however great, has excelled the Bible in grace, in stateliness, in simplicity of construction. Even Ruskin, whose well poised diction and well balanced sentences are the

admiration of the shrewdest critic, could not surpass the Bible in literary excellence.

In this remarkable volume we find the best examples of the four types of English composition—description, narration, exposition, and argumentation.

No other descriptions are more graphic, more illuminated, than some of the scenes in the Bible. Here one may visit, with the mind's eye, the Garden of Eden, home of our first parents; or look over the consecrated City of Enoch, or view the Egyptian courts, the home of the pharaohs; or climb up Mt. Sinai; where Moses received the Ten Commandments; or step over to Mt. Ararat, where Noah's Ark landed; or he may view the waters of the Red Sea divided for the children of Israel to come safely from their Egyptian bondage; or behold the sun stand still for Joshua to conquer the enemy—to say nothing of visiting the Holy Land and looking upon the sacred ground whereon the Savior trod, His birthplace and other scenes dear to the hearts of Christians.

For one brief moment we shall tarry at the Garden of Gethsemane and view the scene recorded by Luke. Here we stand awe-inspired, with abated breath. We behold the Savior kneeling—one God praying to another—the sublimest prayer ever uttered on earth. The substance of that magnificent appeal, which transcends anything else ever recorded was, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

The Most Vivid Pictures

Then comes the greatest scene ever described in this world's drama. No word in any language is adequate to portray its full significance. The stone is rolled away! Christ the Lord is risen! The glorious Resurrection Day!

Here we may behold with Mary Magdalene and the Apostles, our Lord and Master who has broken the bonds of death. These precious scenes, these splendid descriptions, are ours if we read the Scriptures.

There are no other narratives so thrilling as those contained in the Bible. The fascinating love story of Ruth and her devotion to her mother-in-law; the patriotism of Esther; the womanliness of Vashti; the loyalty of Samuel and David; the beauty and spirituality of Rebecca; the long and persistent wooing of Jacob for the lovely Rachel, mother of Joseph, and the stories of heroism and achievement of other courageous characters.

The Best of Literary Arts

The best example we have of exposition is found in the parables and other teachings of the Savior and of the Apostles.

and of former leaders. Nowhere is there a better code of ethics than that given by Moses in the Ten Commandments. Infidels, atheists, and other non-conformists concede this.

In all literature there is no better example of argumentation than that of Paul's defense before Agrippa.

As another example of argumentation, consider Reuben's plea for the return of his young brother Benjamin from the Egyptian court to the grief stricken father, Jacob.

The Inspiration of Poets

Dante, the Italian scholar, could not have written his "Divine Comedy" had he not been a student of the Bible.

Milton chose Isaiah's Fall of Lucifer for the theme of his immortal epic, "Paradise Lost."

Shakespeare's remarkable versatility is directly traceable to his knowledge of Bible literature.

It is natural to suppose that Wordsworth's knowledge of the Scriptures led him to write of our pre-existent state. From his "Intimations of Immortality" we have this thought:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us—our life's star—
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

Plato could not have contributed to society his treatise on the "Immortality of the Soul" had he not been conversant with Bible literature.

The Guide of Patriots

The influence of the Bible is evident in the life and works of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, containing these memorable words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

We see the influence of the Bible in the life and writings of Washington. Lincoln, the great emancipator, was a living example of a life towering in splendor, from faith in the Bible as the divine word of God.

The Bible was the source of inspiration, the pillar of

strength to President Wilson as he piloted this nation safely through one of the most perilous periods in its history. Many of his writings are masterpieces, partly because of his undaunted faith in the Bible as God's word.

The Creator of World-Visions

Most of the poetry worthy of survival has been inspired and fashioned from the lofty sentiments recorded in Holy Writ. In this age of economic strife and rapidly changing social order, when many of life's standards are measured by the dollar mark, our poets are called dreamers. The work-a-day, practical world would thus stigmatize the poet; but are not all the world's achievers dreamers? Architects, sculptors, prophets, sages—all are dreamers. Poets are prophets, getting their inspiration from the word of God. Tennyson was inspired to see the vision written in Locksley Hall, in 1848. He says:

“For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw a vision of the world and all the wonders that would be;
Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

* * * * *

Till the war drums throbbed no longer and the battle flags
were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world,
Here the common sense of most, shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law.”

Prophets of old had seen this vision. Joseph the Seer viewed it; the city of Enoch no doubt lived it. And do not we Latter-day Saints believe there will be a time of world-peace, a millenium? The poet Tennyson saw our time, and even farther into the future when the earth will receive its paradisaical glory and will enter into its rest—its Sabbath—“lapt in universal law.” This sublime thought, clothed in poetic language, symbolizes a truth found in the Bible..

The Prompter of Poets

Orson F. Whitney tells us that the Savior was our greatest poet, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is one vast poem from beginning to end.

As far back as Pope, poets have used this thought from the Bible:

“O Death, where is thy sting?
O Grave, where is thy victory?”

Longfellow's faith in the Bible was beautiful. His poems breathe his trust in the hereafter. Note these words from his "Resignation."

"There is no Death,
What seems so is transition."

Tennyson was inspired to create such sentiment as is found in his touching lyric, "Crossing the Bar."

Whittier, the Quaker poet, was a constant reader of the Bible; we see the influence of this Book in his poetry:

"Life is ever Lord of death, and love shall never lose its own."

Poets in our Church have voiced some of the loftiest sentiment from the Bible. The poem "Elias" made Orson F. Whitney famous; and Eliza R. Snow's hymn, "O My Father", has enshrined her name among the immortals. It is a beautiful picture of Bible teachings past, present, and future.

The Guide of Seekers After God

Christianity was deprived of the Priesthood for centuries, but the Bible still proved such an anchor of Christendom throughout the Dark Ages that the accomplishments were wonderful. They builded better than they knew. Nations, kingdoms, principalities, came and went. What gave them such impetus, such stimuli? Their implicit faith in the Bible, which sufficed to bring humanity through a long period of darkness.

An illustrious example is seen in the life of the late William Jennings Bryan, his profound studies of the Bible accounting for his own clean life and the wholesome influence he exerted on the lives of thousands.

Henry Van Dyke, a Bible student whose writings are inspiring and wholesome, puts his philosophy into these lines:

"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would keep his record true:
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellowmen sincerely,
To act with honest motives purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely."

Where is there another book that has brought comfort to the grief-stricken, wisdom to the searcher after truth, or spiritual guidance to the masses? "Oh, what sweet joy this sentence gives: I know that my Redeemer lives."

Who cannot be wise if he hearken to the Psalms, the Songs of Solomon, the Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes? "Wisdom

is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; but with all thy getting, get understanding."

Even he who denies the existence of God, when facing imminent danger or death, turns to the Bible. Criminals, with a vain attempt at death-bed repentance, call for the Bible.

If there had been no Bible, where could the boy Joseph have found inspiration to prompt him to seek the Lord in prayer? Where did he get the inspiration that sent him to his knees before his God? He read James, first chapter, fifth verse: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, * * * and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." So with implicit faith, the faith of a child, the boy asked, and "God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not," gave freely; and we are beneficiaries of that gift.

Benediction

By Mary Anderson

Methinks the loveliest hour of all •
 Is the magic hour when twilight falls.
 Life's petty cares are all effaced;
 The world stands still a little space,
 Receiving benediction.

The sunset sky with rose is flushed,
 The feathered minstrel's song is hushed,
 And flowers in their garden beds
 Their petals fold and droop their heads,
 Receiving benediction.

And little children, ere repose
 Shall over-tired, white eyelids close,
 All kneel beside a mother's chair,
 And for their loved ones ask, in prayer,
 A Father's benediction.

May we, when our last sunset glows,
 Before we seek a last repose,
 Look back upon a life so spent
 That we may ask, with confidence,
 A final benediction.

What Bird is That?

How to Identify at Sight the Birds to be Seen This Month
near the Mouth of any Western Canyon.

By J. H. Paul, University of Utah

"What bird is that?" Of the questions asked by members of hiking or camping parties in the West, this seems the most frequent, especially by strangers. For in the East, most people know the birds. The East is well wooded, and the birds, secure in hiding places among the foliage, are not compelled, as Western species are, to keep at safe distances. Our lack of vegetation, the rarefied air that renders the birds more clearly visible at long range, the greater watchfulness that the perils of open or desert-like regions require because of the more intense struggle for life here, added to the fact that Western birds, not yet well acquainted with man, have learned both to fear and avoid him—all these conditions cause our birds to be more watchful and retiring than Eastern species. Hence, to study our birds, a field glass is necessary and the aid of a nature guide desirable. Bird study pays well in new knowledge and rare enjoyment, as well as in the prestige among her children and other young people that bird knowledge gives to mothers.

Girl Leaders at Lakota

A few weeks ago a large party—leaders of Mutual girls in Bear Lake stake—met at Lakota, the Mutual home, for a nature hike. To the shore of the lake near Garden City they came from all over the county, one group after another, till some forty people had arrived—young ladies, many mothers, and a few grandmothers. The leader was Mrs. Welker. Her husband, Elder Roy A. Welker, president of the stake, Elder E. M. Pugmire, and other men were present, not merely as aids and advisers, but as enthusiastic investigators of nature. By their watchfulness, attention, business-like attitude, and sensible questions on the topic in hand, this fine group first aroused, then constantly deepened, the appreciation of the nature guide.

Siskin, Goldfinch, Bluebird

The weather was just right—cool, with a little rain and a few flakes of snow, making coats necessary as the party started up the canyon that begins within a stone's throw from the

Mutual building ; but a pine siskin, alighting on a wire near the home, began his long, twittering melody, detaining every one to get a look at the dainty little singer in russet brown. There this urchin of the air lingered under inspection, as six pairs of field glasses were handed round. Singing away, he kept on till his cousin the goldfinch, brilliant yellow with black evening suit besides, floated near, displaying his golden form to fine advantage. He did not sing, the backward season no doubt discouraging him, though in ordinary Junes he is singing brilliantly.

A pair of bluebirds, gliding near, flitted from post to post. Posing with dignified grace, they gave us to understand that while they live among us they are not of us, but belong to a superior race. The male was deep blue, the female grayish blue. They did not sing, but swept about us in the flowing curves made only by the strongest, easiest fliers. After thus greeting our party with a few pleasant "churrs," they circled higher and left for their chosen haunts, the nearby hills.

Swallows: the Four Kinds

Far overhead swallows, floating like specks in the sky, presently came near. One was seen to have the long, two-forked tail; it was the barn swallow, the two plumes of the long tail being the readiest mark of identification. And there, scarcely a rod from our heads, in the gable of the house, was the nest, which, after endless aerial evolutions, they approached, faintly twittering.

"Note the swallows with the white breasts," advised the Guide. "Those that show also a tuft of white on each side of the tail are the Northern violet-green swallows, the handsomest of American species, being parrot-green and violet above." Observers soon made out the white tail-indicators, learning for the first time that they had long known the handsome creature, but had never before looked at it closely.

The other swallows with white underparts, the Guide explained, "are tree swallows, which delight to fly just above the water surface. They are glossy blue above and lack the white patches always shown by the violet-greens at the base of the tail.

"Those swallows with whitish breasts crossed by a dark, sooty band are sand martens, or bank swallows," the Guide explained; "and with them is another species just like them but without the conspicuous dark cloud on the breast. The latter are called rough-winged swallows. Both build their nests in holes, which they dig in the banks of streams or chasms."

"That swallow in reddish brown, like the barn swallow but without the long tail feathers of the latter, is the cliff or eave swallow—the species that builds nests of little balls of mud picked up in wet places and fastened to cliffs or under the eaves of houses."

Before the advent of the English sparrow, every town in America had its colonies of eave swallows. The imported sparrow has driven them away—one of the reasons why the sparrow should be destroyed (but only by scientific methods, in winter).

Purple martens, large, dark, bluish swallows, the Guide added, "are to be found in the mountains, but are uncommon."

So great has been the diminution of their numbers in the last thirty years that few localities now have swallows; and in the few places that still have them, the entire group is but rarely represented.

Warbler, Song Sparrow, Vireo

Then began the slow saunter up the wooded canyon, down which comes a large stream of clear, cold water. "Tsweet, tsweet, tsee." sang the yellow warbler from the trees—the only one of our birds that is yellow all over. The belted kingfisher sounded his rattle along the stream. He is crested, big-billed and bluish, brown and white. He kept out of sight, but was seen next morning by those who were "up betimes." Song sparrows sang delightfully their "Maids, maids, maids, hang on your teakettle—ettle—ettle," as Thoreau translates their tinkling melodies. Brown spots on the ashy breast readily identify them.

Then the vireos—ever heard but never seen—how they made us long to get a glimpse of them! Like fairy elves they sing continuously from the tree tops, saying always, "A warbling vireo singing! A warbling vireo singing!"

"Well, we know you're a warbling vireo singing," exclaimed one of the party; "but where are you hiding, you dainty bit of music?"

We sought him in vain, but we found him not. At last we all gave up and went on—all but one. The President's blood was up. Determined to find the vireo, he loitered till, to his unbounded satisfaction, he viewed the tiny bit of green and gray perched and singing cheerily amid the leaves of the tall lance-leaf cottonwood. Next day, however, on the return from the Lake, the entire company found the vireo; for it sang repeatedly from the same tree till at last we located it, on its nest, singing as it brooded there. To sing on the nest is a way of the vireo and of the black-headed grosbeak, whose song we heard from afar.

Dove, Bunting, Marsh Hawk

Mourning doves went by in pairs, on whistling wings, or cooed from tree and hillside; the songs of robins were incessant and rather melodious; the little lazuli buntings sang through the trees, the company trying to distinguish their notes from those of the yellow warblers; but it was next day before buntings were observed, beautiful in their sextet of colors—blue, buff, white, black, brown, gray.

Marsh hawks soared above mountain and valley, and a Cooper or real chicken hawk swept past. Magpies did their bit with a few clattering cries, as did also, from a distance, a long-crested jay, which, however, was not observed. We have seven jays, none of them being the blue jay.

Pee Wee, Tanager, Towhee, Chickadee

Wood pewees, calling their name, "pee-wee," flitted about the high tree tops, returning always to the same perch after picking up a flying insect in the air. Tanagers, gorgeous in lemon yellow, black, and crimson, were observed on the second hike. Arctic towhees sang to us, though we saw none of them; they kept to the ground among the bushes, scratching for an honest living, as is their wont. They are 9 inches long, and brown, black and white. Long-tailed chickadees were there, busily engaged in saving the trees. Clinging underneath the boughs and calling their names, also giving the long whistle, "Phae-dee-dee," little flocks, they flitted quickly in among the boughs.

Blackbirds, Pelican, Sandpiper, Killdeer

Next morning, in the cool air and the glow of the sun rising through white clouds, we went out before breakfast and walked along the shore, which was alive with bird life.

Swaying and singing on bending stems were three species of blackbird—the redwing, the yellowhead, and the all-black Brewer, blue-glossed and white-eyed. All three species were frequent among the reeds and rushes or flying overhead, intently busy at finding insect food for their young. The fourth, the cowbird, smaller and with a brown head, we did not see.

Here again swallows abounded; and out in the water a line of stately pelicans were seen fishing to fill their stomachs (not their pouches) with fish to be carried to Bird Island in the Great Salt Lake—the food preferred by their unfledged flocks.

Spotted sandpipers flew about, alighting on rocks and sandbars, then teetering and bowing in comical fashion, as they called out "Peet-weet" and explored the shallows for their

insect food. Killdeers filled the air with their cries; and we all but stepped on a killdeer nest—a mere depression in the earth, lined with a few bits of grass and containing three large, blotched eggs, the narrow ends pointing inwards. Two days later, when the Boy Scout leaders also found this nest and three others right near it, each contained four eggs, the usual number in the clutch.

The Larger Shorebirds

Out in the lake, an occasional great blue heron could be seen standing in the shallow water near shore, or a bittern would wing slowly over the water surface. A few willets flew past one party, calling out, "Pill-will-willet;" and birds that may have been avocets and glossy ibis were seen in the distance. Snowy herons were observed far out on the water; and the writer learned of the marvelous colonies of water and shore birds breeding on Mud Island in the northern part of the lake, but had no time to visit them.

The Shadows

By Alberta H. Christensen

I like shadows; shadows that mock the heat
Of August's noon
And lure the weary traveler to sleep.
All too soon
The dusk of evening chases them away.

I like the playful, transient shadowlets
Capricious breeze
Forms on the grass where sunrays slip
Between the leaves.

But sweeter far the moonlit images,
Too frail to last,
Like memories that haunt
Or bless the past.

WITHDRAWAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Since the announcement of the contest, offering prizes in drama and in opera, published in the July issue of the *Magazine*, circumstances have arisen which make it advisable for the General Board of the Relief Society to withdraw the offer made. As a result the announcement in the July *Magazine* becomes void.

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest

Announcement, 1929

This memorial shall be known as the Eliza Roxey Snow Prize Memorial Poem, and shall be awarded by the Relief Society annually.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, but only one poem may be submitted by each contestant. Two prizes will be awarded, a first prize consisting of \$20, and a second prize consisting of \$10.

2. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written, and should be without signature or other identifying marks.

3. Only one side of the paper should be used.

4. Each contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of any editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

5. Each poem must be accompanied with a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Non de plumes should not be used.

6. No member of the General Board, nor persons connected with the office force of the Relief Society, shall be eligible to this contest.

7. Persons who have received both the first and the second prize must wait three years before they are again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

9. The poem must be submitted not later than October 15, 1929.

The prize poems will be published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit, not winning special awards, will receive honorable mention; the editors claiming the right to publish any poems submitted, the published poems to be paid for at the regular Magazine rates.

All entries should be sent to Alice L. Reynolds, Editor, Relief Society Magazine, 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, not later than October 15.

Through Clouds to Sunshine

By Sophy Valentine

One evening in May, when twilight was falling over the landscape, Ellen Saunders stood by the gate that separated her little world from the dug-way and what lay beyond it.

In front of her stretched the valley with its patchwork of wheat and corn fields; newly planted tomato rows; acres of sugar beets, thick and thrifty, ready to be thinned; here and there a brown gray bit of fallow and a corner patch of potatoes.

Farther away, showing darkly green against the evening sky, were waving peach and cherry orchards. Close behind her rose the eternal granite wall of Rockies in their dark, mysterious majesty. Still closer was the ravine, filled with rocks and boulders, and then the sagebrush-covered stretch, all inclosed in her own little ten-acre farm.

To the west lay her five-acre piece of lucern land, with its sweet-scented blossoms softly swaying in the evening breeze. Over it, as far as the eye could see, the afterglow painted the sky a thousand beautiful tints.

And to the east!—to the east lay what had been Ellen's pride and prize possession, her one-acre strawberry patch.

Have you ever owned a strawberry patch? One from which you have hauled every rock on a wheelbarrow, plowed every inch with an old worn-out plow and a ditto old nag; harrowed it with a borrowed harrow because you could not afford to own one yourself? And then, at last, set out in long even rows your young healthy plants, and tenderly tended, hoed, and watered them, month after month in the season thereof, and finally picked the luscious fruit ready for the market? If you haven't, Ellen would tell you that you have missed half your life.

But Ellen's face is drawn and worried; her eyes are eagerly, anxiously scouting far along the road toward the town, and her ears are atune to every sound that rises on the still air.

She is aroused by a meadowlark, who sends his happy notes skyward. She starts, turns, and with heavy masculine tread goes to shut up her chickens. On the way back to her observation post, she passes the little adobe house, with its creeping vines, and walks slowly, reluctantly, over to the berry patch.

There she stops and, with folded arms and grief-filled eyes, contemplates, as it were, every well-rounded hill and vine, now heavy with buds and blossoms.

A sob-like sigh escapes from the overloaded heart and she finally tears herself away and walks toward the gate. From thrifty old habit she picks up a stone in her path, weighs it in her hand undecidedly; a malicious gleam shoots into her eyes and with a swift, strong stroke she hurls it into the berry patch. With rising anger she searches the ground for another; and then, as if ashamed, hesitates and drops down on a nearby tree stump, where she buries her face in her hands, resting elbows on knees, and sobs out her anger and grief.

After a little the storm has spent itself and she dries her tears with the old, rough string apron. Night is settling over the valley. Mysterious shadows come out. Down from the foothills, where he daily finds his food, comes old Buck, stops at the stable door a while, and then shuffles awkwardly over to the gate, where his mistress is again at her post. He, too, seems sorrow-laden, or perhaps it is just old age that weighs him down. He noses about her elbow; and, absently, Ellen picks up the dragging halter-rope and leads him to the stable, where already Mirandy lies chewing her cud in stupid contentment. Then she takes up her waiting and watching once more.

Finally there's a familiar sound in the distance—halting footsteps. Tom, at last. Tom is her 18-year old son, the apple of her eye, the pivot on which her universe turns.

But Tom is a cripple and a weakling; he has a "bad hip," left him from a protracted case of scarlet fever when he was four years old.

Ellen goes hurriedly out to meet him. With an effort she endeavors to keep her voice natural.

"What makes you so late, Tom?"

"Oh, we had some trouble; Al's Liz went on the blink and we had to hoof it most of the way home. We left the old bug at Pete's store, so you see we had quite a tramp of it."

"And—and?"

"Yes, Ma, its just as we've known all along—the survey was bunk and it was no use hoping that the papers would show anything different. We'll have to look for **our** land up in the foothills; among the boulders and sagebrush. You knew it all before, Ma; the berry patch is his—its no use whining."

Yes, Ellen knew. It had been explained to her, in technical terms, time and again, that there had been a wrong survey made and that when she had bought the ten-acre farm eight years ago, the former owner had sold it to her in good faith, no one suspecting any trouble till the previous fall. Then her neighbor on the east, Fred Bowen, had taken it into his head to have his farm surveyed and it was discovered that his land took in two acres of what Ellen supposed was hers, including

her precious berry patch. Her own plot of ground took in only the ravine and two acres of sagebrush-covered ground stretching above that.

It had come as an awful blow when it was first made known to her, and Ellen refused to believe it. But the county surveyor had been out and it was all certified; today the papers had been handed to Tom, that plat so and so, covering the ravine and two acres above it, together with five acres of lucern land, etc., belonged to Mrs. Ellen Saunders.

Mother and son went into the house. With shaking hands Ellen brought down the kerosene lamp from its shelf. Lighting it she set out Tom's supper of bread and milk on the oil cloth covered table, in silence.

Tom ate his supper, also in silence, while his mother studied the papers. Off and on a vengeful expletive escaped her.

At length she folded the papers with a deep sigh and rose to her feet. She rested both toil-hardened hands on the table and stared stonily into vacancy.

"There ain't no justice and there ain't no kind God, Tom," she said at length.

"I know its tough, Ma! It seems a shame you should lose out. But, I dunno—maybe it'll come out all right."

"How can it come out right, when its all wrong, you loony boy!" she snapped.

Tom had finished his supper; pushing the dish away, and leaning his elbow on the table, he cleared his throat once or twice.

"Well," he began, "I been thinking a whole lot lately, since all this crazy business begun; and I've been looking at the dirt above the gully; its good stuff. And I'm going to clear it—grub out the stage and haul off the rocks."

Ellen turned in amazement. "You?" incredulously.

"Yes, me! I've tinkered around doing nothing long enough. And maybe we've got just what was coming to us—me for being so no-account and you for humoring me." He looked accusingly at his mother.

"Well! Trouble never comes single-handed, I've hearn! You know you ain't able to do it with yer lame leg and—"

"Yeah, I've heard that tommy-rot so often; but I'm going to try; that's all."

Ellen got but little sleep that night; she lay tossing and thinking. She knew now that there was no use hoping any more. The bottom seemed to have dropped out of everything. Her years of hard work had come to nothing. She couldn't do it all over again, she was well on the other side of fifty. Tom's talk of clearing the ground above the gully was all bunk; he

hadn't the strength, poor kid; he might be willing enough. Talk about a kind Providence! Huh! Hadn't she had her share of troubles? Widowed since Tom was a baby, and Tom, her only child, a cripple! No, they needn't come to her and talk.

The Relief Society teachers came and tried to comfort her, offered what help was in their power. Ellen wanted no help from them. They tried to make her feel that all would work out for her good. She snorted. If there was justice in anything, she would like to be shown; they need not waste their sympathy on her; she wanted none of it.

The summer passed. In the pride and hardness of her heart, Ellen refused to pick the berries when they ripened, as her neighbor urged her to do. She flung in his teeth that since he had stolen her land, he could have it all. Fred Bowen was a fair-minded man, who was willing to deal justly with her. But Ellen spurned his offers. He had his own children pick her berries, sold them, and keeping out only the price paid to the pickers, he paid the money to Tom, who gladly received it and put it in the bank.

For fear of meeting her obnoxious neighbors, Ellen ceased going to her meetings and retired into her own hard shell, growing more bitter as time went on.

Tom was as good as his word. He worked late and early having many a hard tussle with the stubborn sagebrush and the heavy rocks. In the beginning, he nearly collapsed and had to lie down often, flat on the ground, and groan and pant, almost shedding tears of exhaustion. He never complained. His mother saw but made no comment. The boy would likely work himself to death. Where was the difference? Why should not her only bit of comfort be taken from her?

Neighbor Bowen came over and cut Tom's lucern and Tom was more and more taking the responsibility of the little farm. Ellen wondered but said nothing. His appetite increased amazingly and he grew brown as an Indian.

Fall came; the taxes were paid, and Tom and old Buck brought down the winter's supply of wood from the mountains. He had cleared nearly an acre of ground single-handed.

A new light had come into his eyes; he was growing taller and broader. Ellen grimly suppressed a smile the day she saw him lift the old plow into the wagon. "He couldn't have done that last spring," she mused.

They had a couple of favorable fall months with plenty of moisture and warm weather. Tom plowed the ground he had cleared. It was hard work; there were lots of deep-rooted stumps and he shook his head many times as he wiped the perspiration from his face and neck.

Tom and the neighbor had many friendly consultations over the fence. The fence had been moved. Ellen saw this friendly intercourse and objected strenuously.

"What you havin' all them long confabs with that land-thief for?" she wanted to know. "I don't like it and I want you to stop it!"

"Yes, but I ain't going to, and he ain't no land-thief. The land's his."

"Well, for the lan' sakes!" Tom dared to defy her. Ellen kept silent from the sheer amazement that stirred so peculiarly within her. Tom had grown up.

One day, about the middle of January, Tom had gone over to the neighbor's and was gone a long time. Ellen couldn't imagine what was in the wind. After a while he came back bearing a bushel basket tightly covered. He came in flushed and smiling.

"Do you want to see something pretty, Ma? Then come out."

Ellen eyed the basket apprehensively and with disfavor. Tom uncovered it and showed three fine young turkeys, two hens and a gobbler. Ellen knew the neighbors kept turkeys and had often wished she could get a start.

"Well, what you goin' to do with them?" bruskiy.

"Going to raise turkeys, and this is the start. Fred Bowen's made me a present of 'em; they're worth a good bit of money. There's money in turkeys, and up here among the boulders under the mountains is just the place for them. They'll roost in the old poplars summer and winter and they can almost find their own feed all summer; in the fall, of course, is the time it'll take something to fatten 'em up for the holidays."

"Oh, I see; the old rascal knows he's done wrong and now he's going to try to make up for it," she blurted wrathfully; "but I won't have 'em on my place, them nor nothin' of hisn's." She strode away in anger; but Tom took no notice.

They had what the old settlers called an open winter that year, and Tom kept busy, digging post holes for a fence around the land he had cleared. He had bargained for a lot of cedar posts and in the spring he hoped to be able to get the wire.

Off and on of an evening he would disappear without saying where he was going, but Ellen had her suspicions and sat nursing her resentment till his return.

In February the turkeys began to lay. Ellen began to take an interest. She turned the big, fine eggs daily till the latter part of March, when both turkey hens were set on 20 eggs each. In due time they came off with 16 and 18 chicks respectively. Ellen's interest grew.

Spring came early that year. Tom plowed and harrowed the land he had cleared, and his mother helped him set out the young strawberry plants from her own old patch.

In early July the turkey hens set again and came off with a brood of 37 between them. Ellen's old chicken coop had been thoroughly disinfected and her chickens disposed of.

They seemed to have good success with their turkeys. The early birds were sold at Thanksgiving; the later ones at Christmas time. My, what busy times! They sold about 55 altogether, at an average of \$4 a piece; kept some, of course, for the next year's crop.

Another winter, which was long and rather cold; but Tom kept busy every day, tending the turkeys, hauling rock, when that was possible, for a coop of bigger dimensions. Evenings found him busy doing Church work; he was seldom at home, but his mother had ceased to harbor any resentment about it, seeing, perhaps, the futility of objecting further.

Spring came again—came with a bound and a wealth of promises for the inmates of the little adobe house. This year they would be able to harvest quite a crop of berries. Tom had bought a new horse and was contemplating getting a new wagon. The turkey business was growing.

Ellen marveled at Tom. Was this the listless weakling she, like a silly old hen, had clucked to all these years? He had grown in height, in breadth; the limp was scarcely noticeable. The face too, once so thin, had grown strong. He looked self-reliant and every inch a man.

One Sunday afternoon in late September Ellen, seated once more on the old tree stump, viewed with inward pride her domain—Tom's farm she called it. Over to the east, near the old berry patch, which now laid in rows of sugar beets, Tom had cleared a piece of ground and was laying the foundation of what he called their new house. But Ellen nodded her head significantly. Nobody needed to tell her that she was ever going to live in that. Not she! She could see through a millstone as far as most people. It wasn't for nothing that he and Bertha Bowen rambled the side hills in the twilight. But then, what of it? She wouldn't leave her little old house any way, and maybe it'd be all right.

She "guessed them Bowen people was a pretty fine family." How she hated to admit it.

A meadowlark sent up his glad song to heaven. Ellen looked up. The beautiful, fleecy clouds were tinted pink by the fiery afterglow in the west. How delicate and unfathomable they seemed as she gazed at them drifting slowly over behind the mountains, where they took on more somber colors. Just then came the strains from Tom's old accordian and a

minute later his voice rose in accompaniment to an old favorite tune of Ellen's. Tom played but indifferently and couldn't sing at all, as he himself would tell you; but the pleasing sound that floated out on the early evening air was like heavenly music in Ellen's ears, as the last bit of ice that had coated her heart melted away in warm tears flowing down furrowed old cheeks. She had to whisper to herself, "Yes, there is a good, kind Father up there."

Teach Me

By Arthur James Bowers

O God of the cold, gray dawning,
O God of the wide, green sea,
Teach me the language of nature;
Teach this to me—

The silence of sleeping waters,
The hush of the starry skies,
The voice of the dewy morning,
As night birds cry.

The radiant sun at noon-day,
The waning moon of the night,
The stars of a velvet darkness
When they are bright.

Waves as they break on the shoreline,
Trees as they whine in a gale,
Birds as they sing in an early dawn
When skies are pale.

The thundering roar of a cataract,
The cry of a deer that is "done,"
And whimpering blasts of downy snow
When winter's come.

O God of the painted sunsets,
O God of the silent moon,
Teach me their songs, their voices,
Teach me their tune.

Let Martha Rest Sundays

By Ethel C. Butt

When the icicles are hanging from the eaves and the family come shivering in with red noses and cold-whipped appetites, is the time for steaming hot roasts, puddings, and spicy foods.

But in August let us have something cold or quickly cooked for Sunday dinner; something with plenty of fruits and vegetables.

What a relief it is to mother to feel free to don her Sunday best, and march to Sunday School with the children, knowing that in record time she can place a satisfying meal before her family.

Glance over the menus given below. Notice that they give a variety of food, yet with the exception of the first dinner, most of the food may be prepared on Saturday.

Dinner No. I

Broiled chicken	New potatoes in parsley and butter
Baby beets	Creamed peas
Raspberries and cream	Wafers

Dinner No. II

Veal loaf with peas	Currant jelly
	Creamed new potatoes
	String bean salad
Orange sherbet	Oatmeal cookies

Dinner No. III

Cold sliced lamb	Chili sauce
Corn on the cob	Sliced tomato salad with mayonnaise
Apricot cream	Sponge cake

Dinner No. IV

Salmon in mould	Broiled tomatoes
	Creamed carrots
	Lettuce and cucumber salad
	Peach shortcake

For *Dinner No. I*, the chicken should be cleaned on Saturday and placed on ice. Cook the beets and cover with a syrup made by adding 1 tablespoon sugar and 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice to 1 cup of water. The peas may be shelled, washed, dried, and put in a cold place, though many prefer to shell them the day they are used.

Sunday morning, peel the potatoes and let them stand in cold water. Wash and mince the parsley, and cover with cold, wet

cloth. Look over and wash raspberries. In forty minutes after you return from Sunday School, your family can be eating dinner; for all that remains to be done is to broil the chicken for 20 or 30 minutes, (depending on its age), to cook the potatoes, and make white sauce to combine with the cooked peas.

Dinner No. II can be almost all prepared on Saturday. Make the salad dressing and the veal loaf. Cook the string beans. Wash, separate, and wrap the lettuce with a wet cloth, ready for the salad. The syrup for the sherbet is really better if it stands over night.

Sunday morning, mix the chilled cream and fruit juice for the sherbet and freeze immediately, using 1 part salt to 3 parts ice. Mix the beans with the salad dressing. Peel potatoes and let them stand in cold water.

The preparations just before dinner are simple. While the potatoes are cooking, the white sauce is made, and the salad arranged on the lettuce leaves.

In like manner, *Dinner No. III* may mostly be made ready on Saturday. The lamb is roasted, the mayonnaise dressing and sponge cake made, and the foundation for the apricot cream prepared. The lettuce, corn, and tomatoes may be cleaned and made ready Sunday morning. Mixing and freezing the apricot cream is usually a Sunday morning job, unless the freezer is very well packed and a cold storage place is at hand.

The final preparations for this meal need not be longer than is required to cook the corn, since all the other work except setting the table, is arranging the salad and slicing the lamb.

The Saturday work for *Dinner No. IV* consists of preparing the salmon in the mold and making the cake for the peach shortcake. Sponge cake or regular butter cake may be used for this. Sunday morning, the carrots should be prepared for cooking, and the lettuce and tomatoes washed.

While the carrots and tomatoes are cooking, the white sauce should be made, the salad arranged, the peaches peeled, and the cream whipped for the shortcake.

Although most housewives know how to cook the dishes included in the above menus, the following recipes may help:

Veal Loaf

Separate a knuckle of veal in pieces by sawing through the bone. Wipe, put in kettle with one pound lean veal and one onion. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly until veal is tender. Drain, chop meat finely, add salt and pepper. Garnish bottom of mold with cooked peas. Put in layer of meat, layer of peas, and cover with remaining meat. Reduce liquor to one cupful and pour over meat. Press and chill, turn on dish and garnish with parsley. Serve with currant jelly.

Orange Sherbet

1½ cups sugar	Juice of 2 oranges
1 quart thin cream, or whole milk	Juice of 1 lemon

Add sugar to orange and lemon juice. Let stand until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Chill cream, add syrup, then freeze.

Oatmeal Cookies

2/3 cup butter or other fat	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon each of nutmeg and cinnamon
2 eggs	1 cup seeded raisins
½ cup milk	2 cups rolled oats.
2 cups pastry flour	

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten eggs, then milk and rolled oats, then raisins. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices together; sift again, and add to first mixture. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pan, and bake in hot oven.

Apricot Cream

1½ cups apricot pulp	Juice of 1 lemon
1½ cups granulated sugar	1 quart of thin cream

Pare and stone ripe apricots. Rub through strainer. Add sugar and lemon juice. Let stand until sugar is all dissolved (over night if possible). Chill cream, and fruit syrup, and freeze.

Salmon in Mold

1 can salmon or	4 tablespoons melted butter
2 cups cold cooked salmon	Salt and pepper to taste
4 eggs beaten well	Juice of ½ lemon, or a little vinegar
½ cup fine crumbs	

Drain salmon, pick free from bones. Rub in bowl with silver spoon and work in the butter. Beat crumbs into eggs, season, and add to salmon. Steam in a buttered mold (granite, earthen, or aluminum). Let stand until cold. Slice thin. Garnish with half slices of lemon.

Broiled Tomatoes

Select firm, smooth, ripe tomatoes. Wipe them and cut out the hard center around the stem ends, then cut in halves, crosswise. Dip soft side in melted butter; sprinkle with salt, pepper, and buttered crumbs, pressing crumbs into tomato with knife. Arrange in well greased broiler and broil until soft with skin side down. Remove to hot serving platter and serve immediately.

Notes from the Field

Garfield Stake.

A fine demonstration of what may be accomplished when vision is coupled with faith and energy is given in the work of the past year in the Garfield stake Relief Society. Under the able leadership of the stake presidency and board, all lines of Relief Society work have been enthusiastically demonstrated, with wonderfully fine results. The activities have included ward conferences in all the wards of the stake, a very fine visiting teachers' convention, and a teacher-training convention. Subjects for discussion in these various activities have



DISPLAY BY ESCALANTE NORTH WARD

been along those lines that will tend to make the women more efficient in the discharge of their duties in the Society as well as in the home. Recognition of the fine cook book published by this stake has been made before in the *Magazine*, and the fact that the artistic side of the work has not been neglected is borne out in the picture here presented. This is from the Escalante North Ward; it shows the type of art work accomplished in the Work and Business Meeting.

In this stake there are special obstacles to be overcome. We congratulate President Rowan and her board upon the work accomplished.

Summit Stake.

News of the reorganization of the Summit stake Relief Society came to the office some time ago, but it was not until

the present issue that the *Magazine* was able to announce the list of newly elected officers. They are: president, Myrtle Richens; first counselor, Edith C. Clark; second counselor, Annie W. Wilde; secretary-treasurer, Caroline B. Sargent; chorister, Judith A. Beard; organist, Mary E. Wright; magazine representative, Vivian D. Sargent; literary leader, Lydia Demming; teachers' topic leader, Bessie Hixson; clinic and welfare work, Clara Copely. We think highly of the Summit stake organization, and expect excellent work from the fine corps of leaders now in charge.

North Sevier Stake.

Under the leadership of the new presidency and stake board, North Sevier stake Relief Society entertained the following retiring officers: Minnie S. Dastrup, president; Elizabeth Thalman, first counselor; Virgie E. Cowley, secretary-treasurer; and Laura E. Holdaway, social service leader. For their long and efficient services, the retiring officers were presented with a token of appreciation. Mrs. Dastrup has served as president for the past seven years. As they retire from their office, these sisters enjoy the love and appreciation of the entire stake. Similar successful work is expected from the new officers who have assumed the leadership.

Curlew Stake.

A clinic and piece of social welfare work exceptionally successful in the field of health has been carried on in the Curlew stake under the leadership of the Relief Society stake presidency and board. There are, in all, about 1,256 people in the Curlew stake. The inconvenience of taking people who need attention to the distant hospitals renders most necessary such pieces of work as that recently accomplished by the stake board. With the unreserved cooperation of the local physician, who called others to his aid, in some 43 cases diseased tonsils and adenoids were removed. The Relief Society organization advanced and the money to those who were unable to meet the cost. This greatly needed piece of welfare work has produced excellent results in the stake.

Pocatello Stake.

On March 18th, the recreation hall of the Pocatello stake Relief Society was the scene of a large gathering celebrating the anniversary of the birth of the Relief Society. A beautiful pageant depicting the growth and development of the Relief Societies in the stake was presented. Over 100 women took part in this demonstration. The stage was artistically decorated in orchid and yellow and white flowers, the actors being

gowned in the same colors. Mrs. Otto McKnelly was the reader, and a combined ladies' chorus and orchestra furnished appropriate music. The seven general presidents of the Relief Society since 1842 were shown in living pictures. A biblical pageant depicting famous women of the Bible opened the entertainment. So successful was the program that on March 24th it was repeated.

California Mission—Merced Branch.

Fine reports reach us in reference to the work in the Cali-



MERCED RELIEF SOCIETY

fornia mission. The picture, typical of the groups of Relief Society women carrying on the work, came to us from the Merced branch.

Kolob Stake.

Another fine celebration of the anniversary day of the Relief Society was that of the Kolob stake, when the stake board entertained the ward executive officers and the stake presidency and their wives. All guests were asked to wear an old-fashioned bonnet. During the luncheon an address of welcome was given by Stake Relief Society President Hannah B. Mendenhall. Each group was welcomed in honor of the first Relief Society organization, and the succeeding presidents down to the present day. During the luncheon, toasts in the honor of St. Patrick were given from aeroplanes taking an imaginary trip to the Emerald Isle. Games, community singing, and jokes ended a very pleasant afternoon. At the luncheon the place cards were a surprise to Sister Mendenhall,

bearing a miniature photograph of herself. The various wards of the stake celebrated Anniversary Day on Tuesday, March 19th. Four of the wards gave the play "The Miracle," written by Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine and published in the *Magazine*. The new plan for the visiting teachers is proving most satisfactory and the attendance of teachers is steadily increasing.

Logan Stake.

The problem of beautifying the chapel grounds of the Providence Second Ward was solved when the Relief Society of that ward devised ways and means. Through the efforts of a committee a gravel bed was made into a beautiful lawn and flower-bed. Each member of the Relief Society was asked to donate 50 cents for plants and shrubs; the men of the ward, donating their work, placed in fit condition the grounds. About \$752.60 was the total of the donation in cash and work. Not only did the group of women respond to their part of the work, but planted corn and beans on a vacant piece of property and made noodles to sell, realizing over \$300 from the sale. Extensive improvements throughout the coming season are planned by the beautification committee.

Relief Society Group Conventions, 1929

Two-day Conventions

May	4- 5	Alberta, Lethbridge, St. Johns, Uintah.
May	11-12	Snowflake, Taylor.
May	18-19	Big Horn, Maricopa.
May	25-26	Juarez, Kanab, St. Joseph.
June	1- 2	Boise, Moapa, Raft River, San Juan.
June	15-16	St. George, San Luis, Star Valley, Union, Young.
June	22-23	Carbon.
June	29-30	Wayne, Woodruff.
July	6- 7	Curlew, Lost River, Lyman.
July	13-14	Bannock, Emery.
Aug.	17-18	Blaine, Roosevelt.
Aug.	24-25	Duchesne.
Aug.	31- }	Garfield, Idaho, Panguitch.
Sept.	1 }	
Oct.	19-20	Nevada.

One-day Conventions

June	23	San Francisco.
Aug.	25	Burley, Cassia, Franklin, Minidoka, North Sevier, Oneida, Teton.

- Sept. 8 Benson, Box Elder, Cache, Hyrum, Logan, Montpelier.
 Sept. 15 Bear Lake, Fremont, Malad, Rigby, Summit, Yellowstone.
 Sept. 22 Mt. Ogden, Ogden, North Weber, Pocatello, Portneuf, Tooele, Twin Falls, Weber.
 Sept. 29 Alpine, Juab, Kolob, Lehi, Palmyra, Timpanogos, Utah.
 Oct. 13 Bear River, Beaver, Idaho Falls, Millard, Morgan, Nebo, Wasatch.
 Oct. 20 Blackfoot, Gunnison, Hollywood, North Sanpete, Sevier, South Sanpete, South Sevier, Shelley.
 Oct. 27 Deseret, Los Angeles, North Davis, Parowan, Tintic.
 Nov. 17 South Davis.

Note: Dates for the ten Salt Lake County stake conventions will be announced later.

Vacation's Disease

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

O Time, stop a moment!—why, I'm ill at ease;
 Vacation is going; I've still the disease:
 Trips in the canyons, camps under tall pines,
 Swimming and dancing, no time for the lines
 Of the books we love dear, or the words that fall clear.
 On our hearts when the call of our work comes to ear.
 O Time, stop a moment!—I can't see you go;
 It's surely not over, I've loved it all so.

Vacation? The word seems as faint and as far
 From things I love now, as a dim shining star.
 I've read books and loved them, heard tales of them told,
 Shook hands with an author more precious than gold.
 From the lips of the sisters with hair silv'ry gray
 Living tokens of hope from the Gospel's bright ray.
 I've seen the sick cared for, the lonely made glad,
 And great shafts of sunshine for me when I'm sad.
 O Time, pass along just however you please;
 I wouldn't want always "vacation's disease."

Guide Lessons For October

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in October)

BOOK OF MORMON: SOME PRELIMINARIES

1. *Preview of Lesson*: For the next lesson read the first fourteen chapters of the *Book of Mormon*—to page 32.

This covers the following points: First, the visions of Lehi, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem and the commandment of the Lord for him to take his family “into the wilderness” and across the sea to the Promised Land; second, the actual journey as far as the Valley of Lemuel, which was “near the borders” of the Red Sea at the mouth of a river that emptied into it; third, some things that happened in this valley—the return of the four sons of Lehi to Jerusalem for the Brass Plates, their return there for the family of Ishmael, and an extended vision to Nephi in confirmation of one already given to his father. Put into a brief outline, it would be:

I. Visions to Lehi.

1. Concerning Jerusalem.
2. Concerning the Promised Land.

II. Journey to and Encampment in Lemuel.

III. Events in the Valley of Lemuel.

1. Return of the sons to Jerusalem.

(a) For the Brass Plates.

What these were.

How they compare with our Bible. (See 13:23.)

(b) For the family of Ishmael.

2. Visions in the Valley of Lemuel.

(a) To Lehi, concerning the iron rod.

(b) To Nephi, concerning

Christ in Palestine and America.

The apostate church,

White colonists in America,

Later developments.

2. *A Look Ahead*: It may be well perhaps to give here a suggestion of what the present course in the *Book of Mormon* is to cover, since it is to extend over the next three years.

For one thing we shall read the *Book of Mormon* from cover to cover. That is the only way in which one can catch the spirit of the book. This will take about two years of nine lessons each,

and maybe more. During the progress of this reading we shall attempt to study the story of the Book of Mormon peoples in connection with their social, political, and religious ideas, and to ascertain the spiritual doctrines contained in the Record of the Nephites, section by section.

And then we shall consider in the last year of the course, the teachings of the *Book of Mormon* in their relation one to another, as a system of religion, and also we shall seek to ascertain how we may know the truth of the *Book of Mormon*, through internal evidences, external evidences, and the testimony of the Holy Ghost.

Speaking of evidences, we ought probably to begin with the same thought with which we shall end, namely, the way in which the *Book of Mormon* itself advises that we find out its truth. It is in the very last chapter, verses 3-5. In order to emphasize the point it would be well to read it in the class and spend a few minutes talking about it.

We have doubtless heard a great deal about the external evidences of the Nephite Record—that is, about the confirmation we have in Indian traditions, in the ruins of ancient America, and other ways. All this is good enough in its place, but we must know what that place is. No amount of study of these evidences will give us a testimony of the *Book of Mormon*. At best they can but confirm the testimony we may already have. There is only one way in which that testimony can come, and that is the way suggested by the book itself—through the gift of the Holy Ghost. This way gives us personal experience—the only way in which we can know anything, so as to be sure about it.

3. *A Wonderful Book*: Three things are to be noted under this head.

The *Book of Mormon* is wonderful in its contents as history. It tells us of some very singular events. Some of these are such as cannot be duplicated in any other volume for their dramatic nature. And then there are some very remarkable people described there, and in such a way as to make them stand out in our minds.

The *Book of Mormon* is a wonderful book in its teachings. The Prophet Joseph said once that the Nephite Scriptures are the “most correct” in their teachings of any in the world and that one can get nearer to God by living according to these teachings than by any other book whatsoever. And he ought to know. The doctrines of the *Book of Mormon* are explained in a way that can be understood by any one. Moreover, it contains the fulness of the gospel.

The *Book of Mormon* also is wonderful in its spirit. Every person, as you know, has a spirit peculiar to himself. So has every home. Similarly every book emits an influence, because it was written by some person with an influence. The spirit of

the *Book of Mormon* is highly spiritual, devotional. The keynote of this spiritual volume was struck by the first Nephi when he wrote that he would set down only "the things of God" and ordered that his successors of the pen should do the same. No one can read the *Book of Mormon* through, believing what he reads, without experiencing a feeling of exaltation and faith in God.

4. *The Nephite Record*, as we have already stated, is to be read from beginning to end. But in order that this reading shall be the easier and the more intelligent, it is necessary to keep certain things clearly in mind.

The *Book of Mormon* is not a modern book, either in form or in content. It is a translation, not an original composition, by Joseph Smith. Its people lived ages ago—the Jaredites more than twenty-five centuries ago and the Nephites more than sixteen hundred years ago. They thought in terms of their own simple lives and civilization and culture. And the language of the *Book of Mormon* is the language of a young man in our own generation who had had no training at all in literary work. This fact must never be lost sight of in reading the Nephite Record.

Out of this basic fact come two very important things, also to be kept in mind.

One is that the form in which the *Book of Mormon* is cast is ancient, not modern. It begins, as you may know, with the migration of the Lehiters from Jerusalem to America, and goes on to detail the history of the colonists to the year four hundred twenty-one, A. D. Toward the end of the volume we are given a brief history of a people who lived here for a thousand years before the Lehiters came to America. If the *Book of Mormon* were a modern composition, it would most likely begin with the earlier people, and proceed in chronological order.

Again, the record of the Nephites and their conflicts with the Lamanites is sometimes hard to follow by reason of the structure. The sections of the book are named from the writers of them, instead of from the nature of the subject-matter, as it would be were it a modern composition. Besides, groups of people every now and then form colonies and have their own history recorded, which, when it furnishes any material such as Nephi would think dealt sufficiently with "the things of God," are told in the general narrative. In modern dress these side-accounts would be indicated by the necessary typography.

Another fact growing out of the antiquity of the *Book of Mormon* which must be borne in mind, lies in the nature of its contents. Its people are simple, primitive folk, not the sophisticated sort we read about in the histories of other ancient peoples. And so when we read here of kings and queens, of palaces and thrones, or of judges and courts, we must guard against reading

into these terms ideas that we have attached to similar words in the histories of European nations. Moreover, we do not have the entire history of the Book of Mormon peoples. Instead we are given the life of the nation as it bore on the main theme of the Record, which was, as you may remember, whatever brought out the "things of God."

Questions

1. Suppose the head of your family should ask that you and the children go with him to, say, the interior of Africa, on foot or, at best, on animals, in the primitive fashion, and he gave as a reason that he had had a dream or vision. What would be your reaction, and the reaction of other members of the family, to this request? Consider in detail what you would be leaving, what you would be going to, the probable hardships you would endure on the way. (The Lehite women bore children on the way, including Sariah.) This will help you to realize the situation in the case of Lehi and his family.

2. Since the customs of the Book of Mormon peoples will be very important in our study, it would be a good thing to have one or two persons appointed from the class to set down from time to time, and keep a record of these, as we go along in our reading. For instance, in the present lesson we read that the language used was Egyptian, that they lived in tents in the Valley of Lemuel, that they knew of wine and drunkenness, that metallic plates were used as records, and so on. At the end of the course, when this material will be called for, we shall have it pretty much collected and arranged.

3. Also it will be a good thing to set down the doctrinal points as we come to them. Maybe some one or two could be appointed to do this work—not the same, of course, as take care of the other. This, too, will come in handy later on. If all the members of the class will do this, so much the better.

4. What differences do you find between Nephi and Laman? Can you account for these differences? What was it that made Nephi the leader?

5. How did Nephi come to know that his father had really received a vision? Is there any other way by which he could have learned this? Why did not the other members of the family do as he did—especially Lehi's wife?

6. Read in the class the words of Nephi (3:7) about the Lord preparing a way to fulfill his commandments. What does this mean? Recall other similar cases where this has been done.

LESSON II

Work and Business

INTRODUCTION TO TEACHERS' TOPICS FOR 1929-30

"The grand aim of man's creation is the development of a grand character, and a grand character is by its very nature the product of a probationary discipline."

In this the chief aim of our existence, this wonderful responsibility of becoming co-workers with God, is placed upon the parents. In the work of building noble character, "Their power lies in the words they use, the examples they set, and the acts they approve." "They teach the precepts that tend to perpetuate their philosophy of life. *They either emphasize these precepts or nullify them by example.*"—From "*Character Education in the Denver Public Schools,*" Monograph No. 14.

Character cannot be "talked into" boys and girls. Thoughtful and persistent means must be used from earliest childhood. The creation of favorable conditions, watch care, guidance, and example build day by day the stable qualities that enable the child to pass normally through the adolescent period into strong, responsible manhood and womanhood.

"The little one begins to learn after it is born, and all that it knows greatly depends upon its environment, the influences under which it is brought up, the kindness with which it is treated, the noble example shown it, the hallowed influence of father and mother over its infant mind. The child will be largely what its environment and its parents make it."—*President Joseph F. Smith.*

Our aim this year will be to bring to the attention of the mothers those fundamental traits of character that secure real and lasting happiness. In the inculcation of these traits we are now incurring the risk of failure. We hope to approach our task with such prayerful hearts, such faith and love, as will secure the blessings of heaven in the solution of our problems.

The topics to be considered are: Upholding Church Standards, Obedience, Reverence, Courage, Patriotism, Cheerfulness, Gratitude, Courtesy, Cooperation of Parents.

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR OCTOBER

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in October)

UPHOLDING CHURCH STANDARDS

- I. Church standards are established on the rock of revelation:
 1. Gospel truths are not dependent on time and place—they are always true.

2. If the most famous doctors should say there is no harm in tobacco, we should still have the unfailing word of the Lord to the contrary.

II. What makes adherence to Church standards difficult?

1. Community standards are no longer Church standards.
2. Little by little there is danger of slipping away from the truth.
3. If Church standards are hard for us to maintain, they are still more difficult for our children. We, having known pioneer parents, have been thrilled by their devotion to the gospel; whereas our children are living in an age of emphasis on man's material achievements.

III. There is in the gospel a power that gives us the strength to do right.

IV. How shall we utilize this power for our children?

1. We must lead children to realize the importance of religion in their lives.
2. We must give instruction—must teach from infancy a love of the gospel and respect for its laws.

Example:

- a. Showing our love for the gospel.
- b. Not over-emphasizing material things but imparting a proper sense of values.
- c. While cultivating tolerance towards others, we must not allow ourselves to weaken in our adherence to Church standards.

V. How can we make the standards of the Church our standards?

1. Since we have the definite word of the Lord on these things there can be no excuse for any lowering of standards to meet emergencies.
2. We must keep holy the Sabbath day.
3. Observe the Word of Wisdom.
4. Maintain chastity as the pearl of life.

VI. When is the time to act?

1. We must begin early and continue late entering into their lives.
2. We must really enter into the hopes, ideals, lives, of our children.
3. We must lead and permit them to enter into ours.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in October)

Preview of Literary Lessons for 1929-30

The nine biographies and the issues of the *Magazines* in which the various outlines are to be published are:

1. *Karl G. Maeser*, by Reinhard Maeser; August, 1929.
2. *The Girl in the White Armor*, by Albert Bigelow Paine; September, 1929.
3. Since *An American Idyl* is out of print, a further announcement will be made in relation to the October sketch.
4. *A Son of the Middle Border*, by Hamlin Garland; November, 1929.
5. *The Lost Commander*, by Mrs. Mary S. Andrews; December, 1929.
6. *Noon*, by Kathleen Norris; January, 1930.
7. *Joaquin Miller*, by himself; February, 1930.
8. *Schumann-Heink*, by Mary Lawton; March, 1930.
9. *Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson*; April, 1930.

(These books may be purchased from the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.)

This selection has been made because of the interest of the books themselves and because of the beauty of life that is found in most of them.

Class leaders could very well make the assignments for the year now, in order that those who are to review the books may have plenty of time in which to read them and absorb their contents. Wherever possible the entire membership of the class should read the books. Nine books are not many to read in a season, especially when the books are as fascinating and as worth while as these are.

With one or two exceptions these are all cheap books, to be had at very reasonable prices. Every library in the entire inter-mountain region might well own at least one copy of each of these books. Fascinating as fiction, they are as valuable as the best works in literature.

Some questions that reviewers should ask themselves and the authors when they are reading the books are: What has this author attempted to do? How well has he or she accomplished it? Is the feeling sound? Or is the narrative over sentimental? Or is it too cold? Are the incidents well selected to reveal the character in question? Is the language suitable? Are the words well chosen? Does the book have charm? Is the character portrayed as he or she is or was, or does the author give only those incidents which tend to create a pre-

conceived impression? That is, does the biography state un-biased fact? Or is it propoganda in favor of the character considered?

So much for the literary form of the biography. The reviewer may then turn to the character under observation and propound some questions: Is this person worth knowing? Why? Did he have something for the world the lack of which would make the world poorer? What is that something? Is he revealed in this narrative? What successes did he have which encourage us in our work? What failures did he suffer which we may avoid? Of what importance was he in his time? At present? What heritage did he leave? What characters whom you know have some of his better traits?

The reviewer's problem is to reveal to her audience the character of the person under observation, especially if that audience has not read the book that is being studied. She must also be able to point out the excellencies and shortcomings of the authors, telling in what way they have been successful and in what ways they have fallen short.

KARL G. MAESER

By Reinhard Maeser

The life of Karl G. Maeser, by his son, Reinhard Maeser, has been selected for study as the first biography of the series that will constitute this course.

This selection was made because of the importance of the subject and Dr. Maeser's place in the affections of thousands of Latter-day Saints. It is such a eulogy as one would expect from a respectful son concerning his father. In this biography we behold Karl G. Maeser, the hero of a son's heart; but we catch few glimpses of Karl G. Maeser when he is not on dress parade.

At the beginning of the course, a few suggestions and definitions may be in order.

For instance, before we begin upon these excellent books, perhaps it would be well to tabulate a few things for which we are to be on the lookout.

If "Biography presents the picture of a mind, a soul, a heart, of an environment; of successes and failure that make, or seek to make, the subject immortal", as Dr. Joseph Collins says it does, then we are to observe in the story of this life those elements which enshrined it in so many hearts.

"From biography," Dr. Collins continues, "man gets moral, physical, mental, and emotional assistance; he sees where others have failed, and why; he recognizes avoidable

obstacles and handicaps; he learns the value of health and its relation to happiness; and he is made to see that material prosperity does not always spell spiritual welfare.

"He appreciates the meaning of culture and its influence on the individual and his time; he runs the gamut of emotions that are aroused by all good biographies; he suffers vicariously or enjoys objectively with the subject. His own life therefore becomes happier and more complete because of his intimate sojourn with a successful predecessor."

In twenty-eight brief chapters, Reinhard Maeser, a former professor of English at Brigham Young University, has attempted to give to posterity a biography of his illustrious father; but through them all, he has revealed the fact that he was more of a historian than a biographer, after all. We see more of what Karl G. Maeser did than of what he was.

The book begins with the youth and early life of Dr. Maeser as the background for his later life. It then follows the great teacher through many trials and triumphs to his selection as principal of Brigham Young Academy, the parent Church school, and thence to his new position of superintendent of schools. The later chapters contain accounts of his death and many of the expressions concerning him made by prominent people.

In his narration, Reinhard Maeser has employed simple and direct, though effective language, but has not attempted to garnish up the story.

The biography indicates that Dr. Maeser's life might well be divided into three periods: first, the period of preparation in the Fatherland, when, as student and teacher, he laid the foundation for his career; second, the period of growth, during which he acted as pioneer and missionary; and third, the final period, in which he became the great educator and director of educational affairs.

Karl Gottfried Maeser was born January 16, 1828, in Vorbrucke, Meissen, in Saxony, Germany. His parents, believing in preparation for life's work, encouraged their children to obtain an education. Karl G. was graduated in May, 1848, from the Normal School at Fredrichstadt.

In the year 1855, a young married man with one son, he met for the first time three "Mormon" missionaries. He was soon converted.

This first period of his father's life Reinhard passes over rather hurriedly, though glimpses of the character of the future great teacher are given. A long period of trouble and perplexity is then recounted till 1856, when the German school teacher and his little family emigrated to America, where all were to be tried as in a fiery furnace. Poverty and home-

sickness were combined with parental importunities to have the convert renounce the new religion and return to Germany; but Karl G. Maeser's testimony of the Gospel stood throughout his life, steadfast as the mountains looking down upon his struggles.

Educated, refined, this gentleman from the culture of Germany was thrown into company of excellent though sometimes uncouth companions, who were officers in the new Church he had joined; and he soon discovered the hearts of gold beating beneath the rough exteriors.

Soon after reaching Salt Lake City, the German school master opened a private school; and from that time on, except when he was filling missions, he kept constantly busy in his chosen profession. It was a "starvation period," throughout which the professor was successful in collecting barely enough to keep his family from actual want. His son has preserved for us a vivid picture of this period.

"He knew," says the biographer, "what it was to be hungry; he knew what it was to shiver with his loved ones on Christmas day; he knew what it was to hear people say: 'If he's too lazy to work for his living, let him starve.'"

During these dark days he received a letter from his father imploring him to return to Germany, where he could resume his position again and live comfortably; but he would not turn against his testimony. He threw the letter into the fire, thanking God once more for a testimony that enabled him to bear up under his trials. "I would rather take my wheelbarrow and go day by day among this people, collecting chips and whetstones for my pay than to have the Kingdom of Saxony open to me, if that meant sacrifice of my knowledge and testimony of the gospel."

His most bitter struggles ended in 1876 when Professor Maeser, crowning his faith with glory, was called to his greatest work, that of becoming first principal of the Brigham Young Academy, the parent Church school.

When preparing to leave his home in Salt Lake City for his new home in Provo, he went to President Young for his commission.

"I am about to leave for Provo, Brother Young," he said, "to start my work in the Academy. Have you any instructions to give me?"

The President looked steadily forward for a few minutes, as though in deep thought, then said: "Brother Maeser, I want you to remember that you ought not to teach even the alphabet or the multiplication table without the spirit of God. That is all. God bless you. Good-bye."

Those words of the Prophet, says the biographer, were guiding principles in all of Dr. Maeser's subsequent work, becoming the means of inspiration to hundreds of young men "to become their better selves."

In 1892, after sixteen years of service as principal, Dr. Maeser was released and appointed superintendent of the Church School System. During his incumbency, he organized the Religion Class work.

The life of the great teacher drew sweetly yet suddenly to a close when, early in the morning of February 15, 1901, he fell asleep not to waken again in this life.

Karl G. Maeser is a well written book containing much that is fine. The writer was handicapped by his reverence for his father. He has not given us, and perhaps no one could, the Karl G. Maeser who was strong enough to impress himself so deeply upon the minds and souls of those who came in contact with him.

Some of the sayings of this philosophical educator have become as potent in many lives as lines from the scripture.

"Relatives and debtors of great characters should not undertake to be their biographers," says Dr. Collins. Perhaps he is right; yet we have in this volume the story of a noble life nobly lived. From it we can draw inspiration and the power with which to conquer our own world. The great teacher has passed on. Hundreds knew him; other hundreds are now to know him through this book by his eldest son.

Questions and Problems

1. Criticize *Karl G. Maeser*, by Reinhard Maeser, from a literary point of view. That is, point out the excellencies and any defects discovered in the book. Is the language effective? Does it ring true? Does it give an adequate picture of Dr. Maeser? Does it reveal the man sufficiently for him to become a potent factor in your life? Etc.

2. Name some of the traits of character that made Dr. Maeser great.

3. What part did preparation play in his life?

4. Discuss the topic: "Fortunate is the Great Man Who Has a Great Biographer."

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in October)

PREVIEW OF SOCIAL SERVICE LESSONS FOR 1929-30

Social Service Lessons for 1929-30 will be as follows:

The first three lessons, for October, November, and December, will be a continuation of the Child Study Course, with "The Child: His Nature and His Needs" as the text; the subject of the six lessons that follow, covering the months from January to June inclusive, will be "The Field of Social Work." No text will be required for these lessons, but references for outside reading will be given.

Lesson 16

CHANGING OBJECTIVES IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS

(Based on Part 3 of "The Child: His Nature and His Needs")

Our system of compulsory education was finally established after a long discussion. The conclusion was that every person who could read, write, and calculate according to the needs of daily life, and who had learned something about religion, the founding of our government, and the principles of freedom upon which it is maintained, would make a better citizen than one who could not read or write. Those who could not read or write would have to depend upon others for information regarding the nature of our government and what it demands of every citizen in order that it may continue strong, stable, and prosperous.

A question frequently arises regarding the mounting expense of our educational system. Education is more expensive than any other public enterprise. But, quoting from the author of this chapter, M. V. O'Shea: "Do you know that the nation's tobacco bill is greater each year than its bill for elementary, high school, collegiate, and normal school education all combined? Do you know there is as much spent for candy and chewing gum as for all our educational work? and that much more is expended for automobiles and gasoline for joy riding, than is expended for school buildings, equipment, text books, teachers, health officers in schools, play grounds, and all other items of school work combined? Do you know that base ball and the theatre cost as much as our total educational bill?"

Our communities need men and women trained in surgery, medicine, psychiatry, education, nursing, and all professions. If the communities assist in training those who live by charging a

price for these services, the community is better off than without such service. Thus the interest of the individual and that of the community are reciprocal, and, for the most part, mutually dependent. For the people who will not work at these highly trained professions, education lays the foundation for an understanding of the relationships that exist among all classes of people as well as for a wider and richer appreciation of nature, of literature, and of beauty available for enjoyment. An artisan who appreciates the value of his life to mankind, who appreciates the beauty and significance of his surroundings, and who evaluates his conduct in terms of the real happiness it brings him and others, is just as truly an educated man as is a doctor or lawyer.

The author suggests there is more pain and unhappiness caused by failure to adapt to one another because of temperamental, moral, or aesthetic deficiencies than there is for lack of food, clothing, and shelter. He further says: "The most stable and prosperous nation is the one in which the people are the best organized and best trained in group adjustment and co-operation, rather than the one that is most prolific in material resources."

The guiding aim in teaching the child to read and write should be that he may participate in what his ancestors have achieved and what his associates are now achieving, and that he may communicate his experiences to others. A pupil should study history in order to learn the course over which the race has come, and to understand the conditions essential to the welfare of present society. He should study geography in order that he may be a citizen of the world and not simply of the street or town in which he happens to live at the moment. He should learn that human society today is bound together very closely, and that while people may be separated in space they should be very close together in spirit—that we are all one body and the conduct of one individual has its influence upon all his fellows.

In the end, co-operation and altruism yield happiness; antipathy and selfishness are certain to yield pain and discontent.

Questions

1. How is a community as a whole benefitted by free compulsory education?

2. Can we afford to expand our free school system downward to include nurseries and kindergartens? To include part time and adult classes? If so, how shall we pay the bill?

3. Which of the physical desires may be lessened by intellectual concentration and satisfaction? Of the following: joyriding, cigarettes, over-use of cosmetics and candy, which could be modified by reading, music, art, and physical play, if the latter were adequately and properly taught?

4. What might be attained economically, physically, and intellectually, if the use of tobacco could be eliminated?

5. What objectives does the average parent have in mind when he sends his children through school?

6. In selecting courses of study for his child, along what lines does the parent usually reason?

7. Accepting the statement, "Man is that he may have joy," what should be the objectives in education?

8. Is vocational work in schools encouraged, or hindered by the attitude of and remarks by parents regarding their own work? Should a parent so educate a child that it will not have to work as its parents have done?

9. Criticise the following quotation: "Children should be allowed to live their lives straight out. They should not hesitate to expose their ignorance. When children are stimulated to study for fear of failure to please the teacher or parent, to get a grade or to be promoted, a subtle influence is at work producing double motives. This not only interferes with the coordination of the nervous system, resulting in ill-health, but also prevents clean thinking; and most of all it interferes with that basic sincerity which is the fundamental condition of a fine moral life." (Hart: *A Social Interpretation of Education*, page 150-1.)

10. (a) Do the children of your community have opportunity for training in some vocation that will enable them to take care of themselves economically and physically? (b) Is their environment sufficiently aesthetic, as to what they see and hear, to make them happy? (c) Are they being trained to improve their own surroundings in this respect? (d) Are they learning to be of service in society? (e) Are they being trained to live in peace and harmony with their associates? (f) Cite actual things taught in school that contribute to each of the above aims.

There are still available about seventy-five copies of *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*, which will be used as a text for the Social Service lessons until the end of this year. Orders for this book should be addressed to the General Secretary's Office, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. The price is \$1.25, postpaid.

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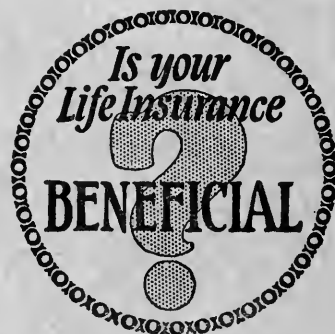
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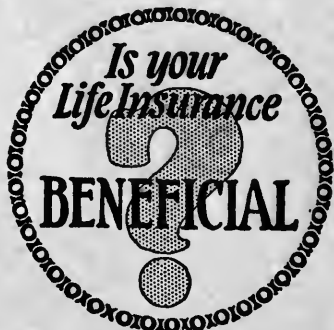
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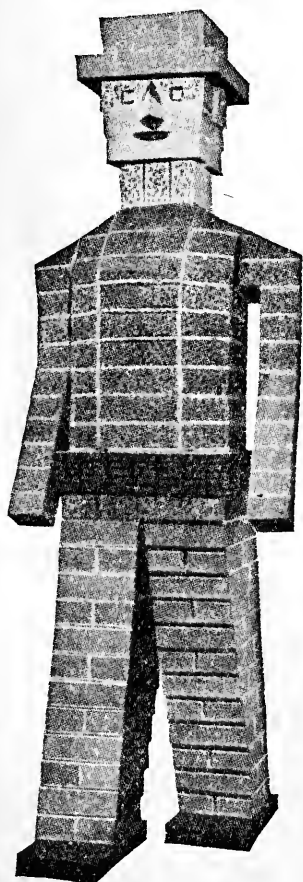
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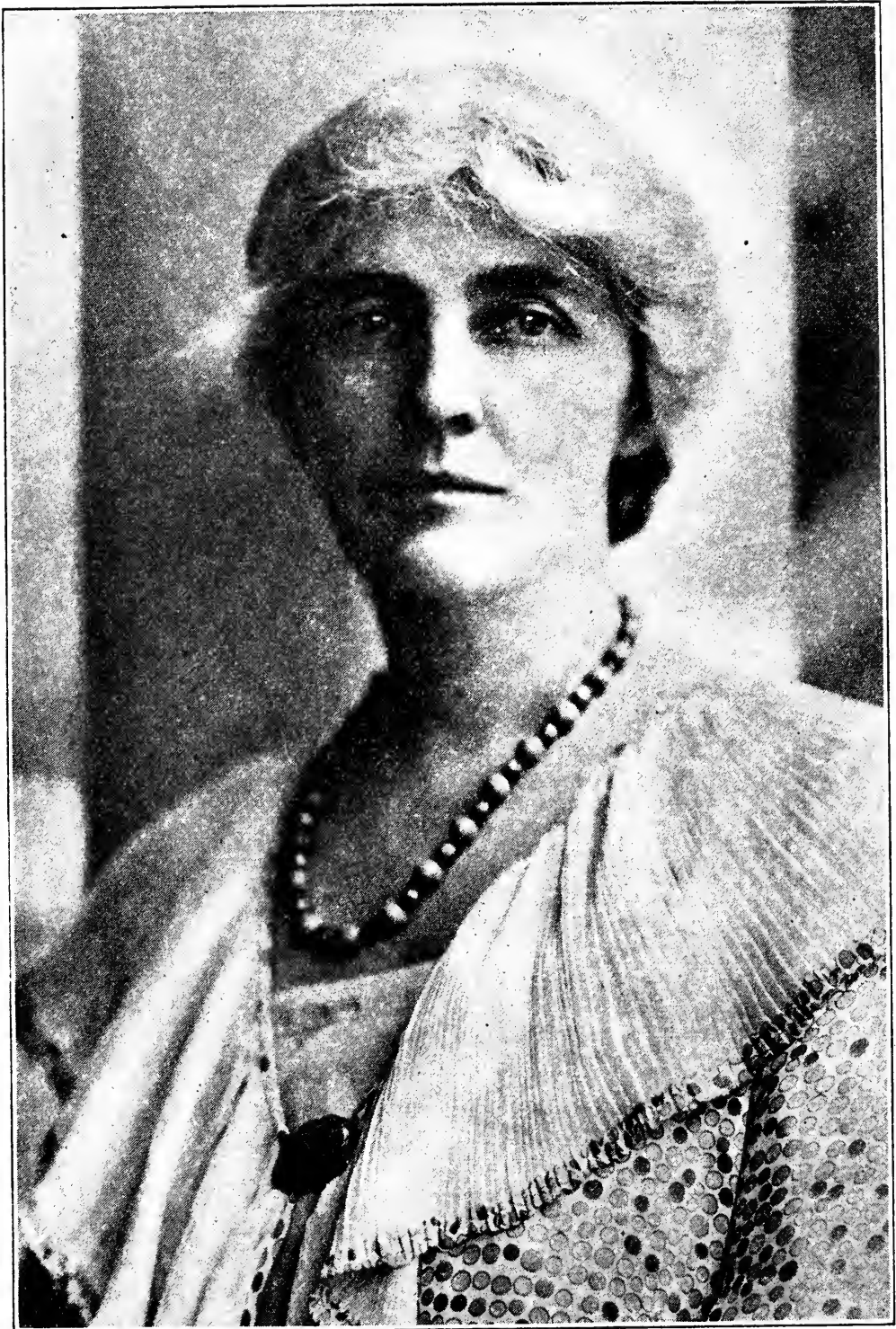
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VOL. XVI

SEPTEMBER, 1929

NO. 9



MRS. HERBERT HOOVER

Substituted for her husband, President Hoover, when she addressed
the Young Women of Radcliffe College, June, 1929

Transfiguration

By Henry F. Kirkham

Spring goes!

Her distant bells a murmured echo send—
Yet now, where fairy lips first kissed from sleep
The fallow earth, soft shadows quaintly blend;
Lo, luscious summer fills the world complete,
And golden glory full fruition lends.

Spring goes!

Her flowered steps a promised legacy—
Even as child and lilting laughter part
To bloom again, the man who is to be;
So virgin life holds close beneath her heart
The potent seed of some high destiny.



MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE
Who received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Smith College,
June, 1929

THE COMING OF AUTUMN

By Mary Hale Woolsey

Autumn is coming, the bold, the gay,
With a laugh and a song in Gypsy mood;
With days of splendor—her gifts to earth—
And hours of storm-hushed solitude.

* * * Spring crept so shyly into the vale,
Hiding awhile in the sheltered places;
And Summer, too—we could not tell
Just the day she came with her thousand graces.

But for Autumn—none of such modest ways!
Hers is a conqueror's manner of pride;
Hers those triumphal pennants flung
From the highest grove on the mountain-side!

Then a song for Autumn, the bold, the gay,
The season of majesty and mirth;

* * * There's a maple aflame against the sky—
And Autumn's at hand to claim the earth!



DR. KATHARINE BLUNT
New President of Connecticut College for Women

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVI

SEPTEMBER, 1929

No. 9

Sketch of Life of Dr. Katharine Blunt

Dr. Katharine Blunt, who will assume her duties as President of Connecticut College, New London, was born in Philadelphia on May 28, 1876, of Massachusetts and New York parents. Her father, a West Point graduate, Colonel of Ordnance, U. S. Army, retired, was living in Springfield, Massachusetts, at the time of his death. Her mother lives in Springfield, Massachusetts.

She has had both an extensive and varied educational experience covering a period of a quarter of a century. In her preparation for the responsible positions she has held, she attended schools in Washington, D. C., and in Springfield, Massachusetts (Miss Porter's School, 1889-94). In 1898 she took her baccalaureate degree from Vassar College, and later on did graduate work at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1907 she received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Chicago, her major being chemistry.

Then began her professional career. Her first teaching was done in Vassar College where, as an assistant instructor in chemistry, she worked from 1903-05. In the interim she did work in Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, returning again to Vassar from 1908 to 1913. Then came her appointment on the faculty of the University of Chicago, where she made rapid progress, serving in the capacity of assistant professor, associate professor and finally professor of home economics. From 1918 to 1925 she was chairman of the Department of Home Economics informally, when the department was part of the School of Education, and formally from 1925 to the present, with the Department on a regular basis in the Graduate Schools and Colleges of Arts, Literature, and Science.

Miss Blunt did war service in Washington from September, 1917, to June, 1918, with the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the U. S. Food Administration, writing (with others) U. S. Food Leaflets and a Course in Food Conservation for Colleges.

afterward published in book form by Houghton-Mifflin Company as *Food and the War*.

She is now finishing a book, in collaboration with Miss Ruth Cowan, the exact title of which is not settled, on vitamin D and ultraviolet light, a new chapter in nutrition, which is to be published shortly by the University of Chicago Press. She has written a number of articles published in the *Journal of Home Economics* and the *Journal of Biological Chemistry* on general home economics or nutrition subjects. Dr. Blunt is the editor of the University of Chicago Home Economics Series.

She has been active for a number of years in the American Home Economics Association, for three years as vice president, for two as president, and now as a member of the Council. She is also a member of several other professional societies, of the Chicago College Club, the Prairie Club, etc.

The following extracts from an article published in July in the *Boston Globe* are of interest:

"Higher education for women means healthier babies and a physical improvement of the race.

"This is the opinion of Dr. Katharine Blunt, scientist, teacher and college administrator, who will drop her work at the University of Chicago this summer and join the distinguished group of New England college presidents.

"The training of women, she believes, brings an immediate reaction in the next generation.

"The newly-appointed president of the not very old Connecticut College for Women obviously likes her job and has faith in the capacity of her sex to make large contributions to civilization.

"'Of course,' she said, 'the modern mother knows more about bringing up children, about properly feeding, dressing and training them than her mother knew.

"'There has been a tremendous development in the whole subject of nutrition. It has had its origin in the scientific laboratory, and has been widely applied. Not only highly trained mothers, but mothers with less training realize the benefit of this increased knowledge.

"'The president of a college for women must believe in a woman's ability to take part in a great variety of occupations. She must believe in woman's capacity for intellectual progress. She must have faith in woman's fitness for scholarship and for positions of influence in society.

"'These are articles in my creed. I believe woman is capable of applying what she acquires in a college training in the home, in the arts, in civic life. The richer lives women lead, the better it will be for our civilization.'"

My Awakening

By Amy M. Rice

Many and many a dream I've had
Of things I would like to be:
A pine tree tall against the sky
For all the world to see.
While in the valley are bushes small
Their worth I could never see;
For a pine tree grand with branches tall
Was small enough for me.

And many and many a time, I'll state,
A river grand I would be,
Carrying ships both small and great
Away to the wonderful sea.
I love the rills and brooklets small,
Singing their way through the land;
They play their part. But it takes them all
To make a river grand.

And many a time I've looked at the moon
When it flooded the world with light,
And wished that I a moon might be,
Looking down on the earth at night.
But the millions and millions of glittering stars
That twinkle so merrily—
Somehow their glory I never wished for;
They seemed too small for me.

And so I dreamed, as the years went by,
Of wonderful things I'd be;
But quite forgot that without the leaves
There could never be a tree;
That the stars are worlds greater far than this,
Tho' small to the finite eye;
That without the rills, there could never be
A river grand rushing by.

Till at last, by the patient Master's will,
One thing I have come to know:
If you can't be a tree on the top of a hill,
Be a bush in the valley below.
If you can't be a river, then be a rill;
If you can't be a moon, be a star.
By earnest endeavor, keep trying until
You're the best, whatever you are.



MISS ARLENE HARRIS, MRS. EUNICE S. HARRIS,
PRESIDENT FRANKLIN S. HARRIS

Three Generations of Brigham Young University Graduates

Three Generations of "Y" Graduates

By Harrison R. Merrill, Brigham Young University

Approximately fifty years ago, up from the little town of Benjamin, located a few miles south of Provo, came Eunice Stewart to attend school at Brigham Young University. When she signed her name as a student that first day, perhaps she did not know that she was the beginning of a line of "Y" students among whom would be a president of the institution, and a granddaughter who would go to Mexico to teach in a community which she would later help establish.

Approximately twenty-five years later, Franklin Stewart Harris, son of Dennison E. and Eunice Harris, found his way to Brigham Young University. There he labored diligently, in 1904 was graduated from high school, and in 1907 took a Bachelor of Science degree.

Young Franklin, endowed with the spirit of his pioneer ancestors, and pressing beyond the intellectual frontiers in search of further knowledge, soon became nationally known in his chosen field of agronomy. He returned from Cornell to teach in the Utah Agricultural College, where his outstanding ability soon placed him at the head of the Experiment Station.

Then his Alma Mater called. Dr. George H. Brimhall, having grown old and gray in the service of his school, deserved to spend some years of his later life free from the onerous cares which his position forced upon him. In looking for his successor the Church Board of Education found Franklin Stewart Harris and elected him president of his and his mother's school.

President Harris brought with him to Provo a small family of children. They entered Brigham Young University; and this year, fifty years after his mother's graduation and twenty-five years, approximately, after his own, his daughter, Arlene, took her degree.

Arlene has accepted a teaching position at Juarez, Mexico, the home town of her grandmother and her father.

The end of the line is not yet, perhaps. A quarter of a century hence another with his or her middle name Harris may come up to the old school that has meant so much to the Harris family.

On the fifty-third commencement day, Eunice Stewart Harris returned, June 5, last, to attend the graduation exercises of her granddaughter, and stood with her son, the president of the institution, and his daughter Arlene, to be photographed.

Of course, there are many other cases of three generations of "Y" graduates; but these were especially interesting since the three were practically a quarter of a century apart, and Franklin Stewart Harris happened to be president at the time of his daughter's graduation.

Stick To It!

By Weston N. Nordgran

No matter what trials you have in this life—
No matter what burdens you're called on to bear—
No matter what suff'ring and toil and care—
No matter what problems you meet in the strife—
Stick to it!

No matter what others may think of you, friend—
No matter if money is gone;
The thing that will count as you go on and on—
Is your courage and grit, and your definite end!
Stick to it!

Your loved ones may leave you alone to the world—
Your friends may desert you afield.
But the one who goes on, never thinking to yield—
Is the one for whom flags are unfurled!
Stick to it!

Your God is above you, to lend you a hand;
Your sweetheart or mate may be true;
But the test of your character is up to *you!*
Can you weather the storm—and stand?
Stick to it!

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Honorary Degrees for Women

Not a great while ago women were made happy because President Glen Frank drew to the University of Wisconsin three well-known and well-beloved women in the realm of art. These women were Maude Adams, Minnie Madden Fisk and Zona Gale. There in the presence of the Commencement Convocation they each received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. Utahns were particularly interested in this event on Maude Adams' account, for they have always believed that she has earned any honor that might be conferred upon her. Now Smith College does itself proud by conferring on Mrs. Calvin Coolidge the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

We are using the presentation speech made by President Glen Frank in conferring the degrees on these three notable women. They are of such high literary quality that we feel sure that our readers will be interested in their inclusion. President Frank addressing Miss Adams said:

Miss Adams: No one thought you would come to us, because no one thought you existed in flesh and blood; you were to us the discarnate spirit of immortal youth, dwelling in a fascinatingly impossible world of Celtic fancy with "hills which emit white birds and unwoundable pigs, thistle-stalks and fuzz-balls

which take the appearance of armies, witches who shoot heroes through a hole in a leaf, dogs that turn men to ashes by their breath, or produce out of their mouths quantities of gold and silver, harps that spring to their owners and kill nine men on the way, shields that roar to each other and are answered by the Three Waves of Ireland." Certainly you had no right to walk into this stadium on mere human feet; you should at least have flown to us on the wings of fantasy.

Because by the winsome witchery of your personality and the creative contagion of your spirit you have, as Peter Pan, brought the lilt and laughter of youth to a world that must battle with age from the hour of birth, and, as Chanticleer, your lyric call has left eternal sunrise in the hearts of your hearers, I am happy to confer upon you the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Mrs. Fiske: As Miss Adams has brought us escape from the sordid and searing realities of our existence by carrying us into Barrie's and Rostland's world of imagination and fancy, you, like a priestess and prophetess, have brought us insight into the realities of our existence by carrying us into the world of Ibsen and those other social prophets who have made the theater at once clinic and confessional.

Because you have guarded the sacred flame of quality in a theater threatened by quantity production, because you have dared to lead the crowd where others were content to follow it, I am happy to confer upon you the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Mrs. Breese: Because, as Zona Gale, you have given Wisconsin her place in the sun of letters; because subtlety and strength of mind, capacity for clairvoyant insight into the depths of the human spirit, richness and range of social sympathy, delicacy and determination of convictions, and artistic creativeness that refuses to crystallize into a formula have combined to make you a distinguished daughter of this University; because the ministry of your mind to this generation has achieved that union of mysticism and rationalism towards which valid religion and valid education alike move, I am happy to confer upon you the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

Oberlin College and the University of Michigan, two colleges whose doors opened early to the gentler sex, should be looking about for worthy women on whom they may confer honorary degrees. We feel sure faculties will continue to cast about for outstanding individuals on whom by honoring, they can honor themselves. In their search they will not forget women. There are today a goodly number of women in the United States who would honor any institution by carrying the degree of that institution, and their number will steadily increase as time goes on.

The Social Workers Conference

The members of the General Board of the Relief Society and others who attended the National Conference of Social Work in San Francisco have returned in a very enthusiastic state of mind. They feel that the convention put over a program highly satisfactory and beneficial to social workers throughout the nation. Most of them seem to be deeply impressed with the message on the New Morality by Dr. Miriam Van Waters, the new president of the National Conference of Social Work. It was a message to the effect that no one may rightly be charged with committing crime until his inheritance, environment and particularly his own individual personality is understood. When we do understand these things we find "that the criminals of today are children who have failed to grow up because of the bad handling of parents. When we understand their actual life histories we see that evil wears the face of a frightened child. * * * The new morality is not merely a process of negation and suppression but it is the natural flowering of a vital human spirit. * * * It is not to terrorize man but to vitalize him."

Another problem presented to the organization related to health. It had to do with medical treatment for the masses. It was stated that the poor received the best medical treatment free of charge as do the wealthy who can afford the best. The people who really suffer for proper medical care are of the middle class who cannot meet the physician's fee.

It is a matter of gratification that so many members of the General Board were able to attend the conference. President Louise Y. Robison was there as a representative of the Traveler's Aid Society, and made an address before the Traveler's Aid section of the Conference. Mrs. Amy W. Evans, Mrs. Ethel R. Smith and Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine represented the General Board of the Relief Society. Mrs. Marcia K. Howells, who is a member of the General Board, was also present at the session. From the office force of social workers, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Williams, Miss Lydia Alder, Miss Helen Midgley and Miss Margaret Davis were in attendance. Presidents of the following stake Relief Society organizations were at the conference: Cache, Ensign, Granite, Grant, Liberty, Logan, Pioneer, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Utah; and Bear River, Pocatello, and Wasatch Stakes were represented by stake workers. Such a representation is important to Relief Society workers for it is the only way they can understand and follow the forward movements in social work. In a later issue the *Magazine* will publish an article on the work of the conference written by a member of the General Board who was in attendance.

Ruth

The Ruth of the Old Testament symbolizes fidelity to family life. Wordsworth speaks of his Ruth as "a slighted child." Whatever may have been the fate of the Ruths of past days, they are decidedly to the fore at the present time. So much so that it brings to mind once more Shakespeare's far-famed question, what's in a name? a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. We are not inclined to quarrel with Shakespeare's philosophy, yet we do recognize that Ruths in the United States seem to be playing decidedly in luck.

There are, in our country, today, many women of force who might go to Congress and represent their districts with efficiency and dignity. But the Ruths seem to be in the public mind, consequently we have the very singular and amusing result of adding three new women to the House of Representatives last year, all of whom bear the name of Ruth. Nor has it stopped there. It was inevitable that a woman should be President of the National Education Association this year. Two women ran for the position but the candidate from Nebraska, Miss Ruth Pyrtle, principal of Bancroft School, Lincoln, Nebraska, was the successful candidate.

At least for a period of a year or two leadership has not only extended to women but we have assuredly fallen into Ruth's hands.

Bread

By *Shirley Rei Gudmundsen*

And some there are
 That stand and serve
 The bread of each day's necessity
 To the hungry world,
 And smile—
 Knowing its hunger
 And its need.
 Ah—you wonder, then,
 At the fine cruelty of excellence?—
 That he who hungers most
 Should serve the best!

Developing the Moral Judgment

A JOINT RESPONSIBILITY OF HOME AND SCHOOL

Radio Address Given over KSL in January, 1929
By Dean Milton Bennion, University of Utah

Many people, young and old, go wrong because they do not think straight, and especially because they fail to foresee the consequences of what they do. In every field of business and professional activity such foresight is, at least under modern conditions, absolutely essential to success. Thus some moral phases of vocational activities may come into the focus of attention because they are inevitably associated with vocational success. In practice, however, this works in opposite ways. With unscrupulous individuals it may lead to immoral practices on the assumption that such practices further success.

Thought Controls the Moral Life

It is in the leisure time activities of individuals and of social groups, however, that distinctly moral or immoral habits are likely to be developed. It is also in these leisure time activities that conduct is apt to be most thoughtless. This may be because thinking is hard work, and leisure time activities are generally sought as means of relaxation. The remedy evidently lies in doing some preliminary work in deciding upon the kind and the consequences of the leisure time activities to be engaged in. If these are properly selected, some of them, at least, may be safely indulged in as relaxation.

To what extent is systematic effort being put forth in the home to train young people in moral thoughtfulness? This question should be answered for each family, and probably can best be answered by the parents if they will take time to check up on themselves. We shall undertake to suggest what they may and should do, with the help of their schools, toward developing this phase of education.

There may be times when it is necessary to tell children dogmatically what they must do or refrain from doing. These occasions should, however, be reduced to a minimum. It should be the general practice to guide older children, and youth especially, by appealing to their understanding, by making clear to them the probable consequences, both immediate and remote, of various types of conduct and to develop in them a sense of responsibility for these consequences as they affect both themselves and others. It is evidently the lack of this training that is the cause of much

of the misconduct of the present generation, so much complained of. This statement is purposely made to include adults as well as youths. Officers charged with the enforcement of the laws know very well that much of the trouble is due to the thoughtlessness, irresponsibility, and selfishness of grownups as well as of the immature.

Drunkenness Comes From Thoughtlessness

By way of illustration of such conduct consider the case of drunkenness. Has any one ever known of a young person who deliberately set out to become a drunkard? Or have all drunkards become such inadvertently and as a rule by seeking sociability and relaxation in their leisure time through moderate drinking with no thought of becoming drunkards? A scientific answer to this question might be sought by questionnaire and statistical methods. Probably an offhand reply may be regarded by some as very unscientific; but is there need of such scientific procedure to determine what every experienced observer already knows?

May it not be taken for granted that the beginnings of drunkenness go hand in hand with thoughtlessness? In this connection it should be noted also that any use whatsoever of intoxicating drinks is to that extent intoxication, and that the foundation habit which results in what is commonly designated as drunkenness is formed during the period of early indulgences in such beverages. All young people and older people who may be tempted to such indulgence, should be led to understand and picture clearly to themselves the evil consequences both to themselves and to others of the use of alcoholic beverages. In pre-prohibition times the physiological consequences were taught in the schools. Since then evidently too much dependence has been placed upon the mere force of the law, which force is greatly weakened when numerous people fail to see the justice of the law and the beneficent effects of its general observance. It is these effects that should be systematically taught in both home and school. The physiological effects are, of course, important, but manifestly less so than are the economic, mental, and social effects of this type of self-indulgence.

Any person of ordinary intelligence and reasonable degree of self-control who can be led to picture in imagination the ruinous consequences of such indulgences will gladly obey the prohibition laws of the state and the nation. When this result can be attained through the combined educational efforts of the home, school, and church, the problem of law enforcement, in this particular, will be solved. Bootleggers cannot do business without patrons.

Morality Arises from Self-Restraint

The same method may be applied to the problem of sex relations, with emphasis, however, upon the positive values attainable

through such relations when properly made as permanent life relations and subject to proper restraints—such restraints as will conserve the highest good of the race and the lasting satisfaction of the individuals immediately concerned. Young people should be led to think of their own future possibilities as life companions of persons of the opposite sex and, in this connection, of the possible joys of home and family relationships. In the light of these prospects the destructive forces of prostitution and other illicit sex relations become almost self-evident. Yet there may be occasions when it is advisable to direct attention specifically to the evil consequences of unchastity. Because this is generally regarded as a very delicate subject and one that calls for great wisdom in treatment it has been much neglected both in the home and in the school. It is now conceded in theory that the home should be primarily responsible for this phase of education, and that the school should supplement home training and instruction as best it can.*

How to Train in Truthfulness

A moral education problem of universal concern to parents is that of training young people in habits of truthfulness. Can this be done successfully by mere command to be truthful or by the fear of punishment for lying? Students of this question are thoroughly convinced that it cannot. On the contrary, fear of punishment may have the reverse effect. Children will very commonly acquire the habit of lying as a protection against punishment. Many confirmed liars are doubtless made in this way. Fear of the natural and inevitable consequences of wrong doing doubtless has a proper place in moral training, but fear of humanly imposed consequences which there is a chance of escaping by lying is likely to be more harmful than helpful to moral development.

Training the child to be truthful calls first for a relationship of love and confidence between parent and child together with a developing understanding on the part of the child, as he matures, of why it is wrong to lie. The reasons grow out of the social consequences of lying on the one hand, and of truth telling, on the other. It is easy for youths and older children to understand these consequences; how lying tends to break down confidences and undermine the foundations of all business and satisfactory social relations. The proper test of any type of conduct is to consider its social consequences were it made universal, and then to apply Kant's fundamental principle of conduct: "So act that thou canst will as a rational creature that thy maxim become a universal law of conduct;" or try the golden rule. Kant's form of stating this

* Both parents and teachers may obtain helpful suggestions from the American Social Hygiene Association, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Some bulletins of this organization are sent free on request, while others are sold on a cost or less than cost basis.

principle may be too ponderous for the immature minds; the golden rule may not appeal to a selfish mind; but surely any normal mind of high school age can understand what would happen to society, and especially to business, if every one became a liar. With this assumption in mind he should readily arrive at a judgment of why it is wrong to lie. The same procedure may lead to approval and commendation of truth telling as a moral standard. It is absolutely essential to human welfare and to social progress. There remains, of course, the task in this as in other cases, of developing the feelings of the child in such a way that he will habitually act in agreement with his moral judgment.

Respect for property rights and the prohibition of theft may be treated in similar fashion. Children very early and apparently very naturally assert their rights to their own property although they do not so readily recognize similar rights of others. In this case there is especial need of developing in each child understanding of the golden rule as applied to property; this rule may later be extended to other forms of conduct where its application is less obvious.

Attaining Harmony at Home

A home problem of almost universal concern is that of in-harmonious relations between children in the home. It is not unusual to hear a mother tell of the terrible quarrels and hateful attitudes manifest on the part of a fourteen year old boy toward a sister near the same age, and to note the consolation that comes to many such mothers when they are told that theirs is no unusual family experience. Perhaps the greatest comfort to parents, however, is to be given some assurance that the children will probably outgrow it. The facts seem to be that they may or they may not; something should be done to help them outgrow this habit, for such it often becomes. It is so much an outgrowth of deep seated feeling that development of rational judgment with respect to it, on the part of the child, seems almost hopeless. The best chance of doing this, however, is not usually in the heat of passion on the part of either the parent or the child; nor is such judgment best developed in public or in the presence of the exciting object. It had better be undertaken in private with one child at a time and in moments of emotional tranquility. Persistent efforts of this sort may, in due time, make an impression. Meantime measures of some sort need to be taken to prevent perpetual family turmoil, serious damaging of dispositions, both of children and of parents, and other possible disastrous consequences to mental health. This may make necessary on occasion firm commands to abstain from this variety of torture. When children do not get on well

together there can be at least some degree of separation. They may be given separate, individual work to do until they can learn the value of harmonious, agreeable cooperation. The punishment of requiring them to play separately, in case other companions are not available, may be sufficient to stimulate a wholesome effort to be agreeable. Throughout it must be remembered that such measures should be only temporary means of keeping the peace, and that children must learn ultimately to work and to play together in the spirit of friendly cooperation.

The Basis for Thrift Instruction

Another phase of character for which the home is primarily responsible is that of thrift. This too calls for development of the moral judgment in connection with training in right habits. The practical training is, of course, at the foundation, and is essential to the development of real meaningful judgments concerning the nature and the value of thrift. It involves honest earning, reasonable savings properly secured, and wise spending.

Laws prohibiting child labor are enacted to prevent any person or corporation from using a child as a means to some other end than that of his own greatest good. This is a legal application to children of Kant's principle: "Treat every person as an end in himself, never as a means." The child labor laws are, however, not to be understood as meaning that all kinds of labor are bad for children. Children must learn to work much as they learn other things. By this means the child acquires habits of industry and individual responsibility. He may learn very early to be responsible for easy tasks; to begin with, for instance, the care of his own clothing as he changes morning and evening. To have a place for his clothing, and of course, for his toys or other property, and to put things in their proper places, is a foundation habit in thrift, since it tends to conserve these things and, more important, still, it conserves time, often the time of others as well as his own. The reason for this type of thrift may well be brought to his attention before he enters the elementary school. When this training has been well done in the home, and the habit has been somewhat generalized through thoughtful attention to the reasons therefor, the teacher of beginners will have occasion to be thankful. Many such teachers have to assume responsibility for training that rightfully belongs to parents. The delinquencies of the home in this respect are sometimes so far reaching as to put a damper upon the otherwise unsullied joys of a honeymoon,

when the slovenly habits of one of the newly wedded pair may first become known to the other.

Thrift Developed by Industry

The care of clothing and toys is, however, only the beginning of thrift. The child should early learn something of cooperative activities and responsibilities through training in doing his part, a part appropriate to his age and strength, in carrying on the business of the household. Training in habits of work and responsibility is best secured by definite assignment of regular tasks and making it impossible for the individual to shirk the task assigned him. This training in work habits should be supplemented with insight into the necessity of work and the justice of each individual's doing his part. This is generally made easier if work is used as a means of training in all phases of thrift, including saving and wise spending. It is much better for the child that he shall earn his own pocket money than that he should have it handed him outright or that he should beg it, as many children do. A child may be instructed early in the most profitable methods of saving as well as of spending. This practical economics as applied to the individual may be taught in the home and the foundation laid for reasonable and honest expenditures in adult life. The all too prevalent tendency of Americans to spend beyond their incomes or on such a close margin as to make no provision for living through non-employment and sickness periods may be due in some measure, at least, to want of proper early training in thrift habits and instruction in the principles of thrift.

Knowledge of Principle Essential

It is the purpose in citing these typical cases of moral training to call attention to the fact that while training in moral habits is basic and essential in all phases of moral education, this alone is insufficient. If desirable habits are to carry over into adult life and if the individual is to adjust successfully to new situations, he must have insight into the moral principles upon which his habits rest or ought to rest. He should have practice also in reaching conclusions of his own as to the rightness or wrongness of any proposed action. Mere habit is often wholly inadequate to cope with new or complex situations. In this respect ethics is not unlike other practical sciences. In the various applications of physical science to practical affairs knowledge of fundamental underlying principles is essential. A mechanically trained person may easily learn to operate a complex machine so long as it runs in routine fashion, but if anything goes wrong or

new conditions arise requiring new adjustments of machinery, there is call for the services of one who understands the principles upon which the machinery works.

Life is full of new, complex, and difficult situations. It is fundamental in moral character that the individual shall make his own moral decisions. He may advise with others concerning his moral problems, he cannot, however, delegate his moral responsibility. Should he not, therefore, be trained systematically and thoroughly to exercise his moral judgment and thereby be enabled to decide upon the right course of action, when such decisions are called for?

Morals a Part of Religion

A system of morals is rightly a part of every great religion. Every system of morals taught as a phase of religion, however, should have the added support of reason and experience. No devotee of a system of religion should hesitate to apply this test to moral precepts taught him dogmatically. Authority in morals should not be at variance with reason and experience. It often happens, however, that one who has been brought up on dogmatic religion, including morals, comes to be a doubter of the religious dogmas he has been taught; and, having no other basis for his system of moral precepts than association with religious dogma, his disposition is to set aside his moral precepts also. Thus many individuals have gone on the rocks morally when they might have been saved from this fate by early instruction in the rational basis of conduct.

Recompense

Life is a path of ups and downs—
 Now the sun shines, now it frowns;
 Yet from that low descending cloud,
 Black and hanging like a shroud,
 Falls the cool refreshing rain
 On the dry and thirsty plain;
 And from out the soul's deep night
 God's path is seen with keener sight.

Recompense

By *Estelle Webb Thomas*

Miss Anne Hallowell was thirty-five years old; and even if she had wished to conceal the fact, which she never did, but which women since Eve have been accredited with doing, it would have been as impossible a feat in Mapleton as to have tried to keep secret the year Columbus discovered America, or the equally important year that the Mapleton dam went out.

For one thing there was always old Granny Blevins, who at any time could push her spectacles up on her forehead, count up on her fingers and say, "Let me think—Anne's thirty-five, twenty-first December. My, that was a blizzardy night! I well remember how Mr. Hallowell came a-stampin' and a-knockin' at my front door—," and there wasn't a young matron in town who had not said, "Let's see, now, Anne Hallowell's from December to June—or some such matter—older than I am. My goodness, who'd have thought that Anne would have been the old maid of the bunch!"

And the children—it had become a formula to ask Miss Anne's age each fall when school opened, as though she were a stranger of whom one had never heard and then give the inevitable answer, "My land! You that old? Why, you're as old as my mother, and purty near as old as my dad. Ain't it funny you ain't never got married!"

Miss Anne would listen abstractedly and murmur, "Isn't, Jack, not ain't!" While perhaps some adoring little girl smoothed over Jack's crudities with the whisper, "I'm a-going to be an old maid school-teacher when I get big, just like you, Miss Anne!"

And then Phil Morton knew. "Two years, two months, two weeks, and two days older than you, Anne!" He had said it so often that it said itself now, whenever he thought of Anne. He had said it the day he was old enough to go to school, when Anne had had to wait an interminable two years. He had said it when they were high school sweethearts, and on that memorable occasion when Anne had shyly promised to marry him when they both got old enough. He had said it again, ruefully, when Anne had broken that childish engagement and said without bitterness that she would be an old, old lady before she would be free to marry, and he had said, "I'll still be two years, two months, two weeks and two days older than you, Anne, so it will be all right."

But Anne had been firm and Phil had for a time brooded darkly, nursing what he thought was a badly broken heart. But a young man in that romantic condition is an easy mark for Cupid,

and not without some surprise Phil found himself engaged to be married to pretty, round-faced little Alma Jennings. Alma was a good wife, a model wife, in fact; and if Phil's conduct was not always irreproachable, it was not for want of wifely counsel. Of course, Phil was happily married. He would have been the last person to deny it; but sometimes, sitting in church by his plump little wife and three round-faced children, he would glance speculatively across the aisle at Anne's clear profile, her dark eyes intent on the preacher, her brown cheeks flushed, and wonder, idly, what life with Anne would have been.

As she wearily plodded through melting snow-puddles under naked shade trees, on this afternoon in early spring, Anne Hallowell was thinking of those long-gone days. It was seldom in these later years that she had time or even inclination for such reminiscencing, but it had all been resurrected today by the return to his home town for one brief day and night of the famous explorer and scientist, Dr. Stanley Davies. "The fellows" were giving him a "Do" at the town hall that evening, and he had called at her schoolroom to see Anne at recess, and incidentally to renew the offer he had made so long ago. Eighteen years! She had been just seventeen when young Stanley Davies, fresh from college, with many honors and more ambitions, had been attracted by her distinctive charm and courted her with the same intensity he gave to anything that claimed his attention.

But although she had felt flattered, and any girl in Mapleton might have thought herself fortunate to have captured Stanley, it had been Phil who had held her girlish fancy then. And she had never seen Stanley since the night of her regretful refusal until today. Today in the dusty, prosaic schoolroom, with the cold, pale spring sunlight through the murky window bringing out all the lines in his clever face, the portly, successful man, incredibly matured in mind and body, who had called with no intention save the friendly renewal of an interesting acquaintanceship, had, as unexpectedly to himself as to Anne, rather diffidently and tentatively, renewed his boyish proposal instead.

Anne was so different from what he had been expecting! So complete a fulfilment of what her vivid girlhood had promised. How the life of an "old maid school-teacher" in Mapleton could have so developed her, he could not imagine; but somehow, this Anne seemed just as desirable to the middle-aged scientist as that long-ago maid had been to the callow college youth. He took the second denial more philosophically, however, than he had the first, and assured Anne warmly, more than once, that he was at her service if ever the time came when he might prove his friendship. He little guessed, nor did Anne, how soon she would ask him to redeem his promise.

A sumptuous automobile, better than those commonly in use

in Mapleton, sped by, splashing mud on Anne as it passed near the unpaved sidewalk. Anne had a brief glimpse of a beautiful, discontented face before it was gone. The doctor's wife was none again.

Almost simultaneously there came from the little corner drug store a shriek of laughter followed by a lower chuckle in a boy's voice. Through the open doorway she could see the doctor's son, Richard, absorbed in the attractions of bold-eyed, painted Peg Bunting. Peg, a product of the vague section known as "the other side of the track," had been a problem all through the brief period of her school days, and almost from her babyhood had enjoyed the title of "fastest girl in Mapleton." She was older, and how infinitely wiser in the sort of knowledge in which she specialized than Richard Weston, and it was with a feeling of almost physical nausea that Miss Anne saw the boyish, high-bred face so near and so absorbed in the cheaply pretty, sensual one so temptingly near his own. There was a stricken expression on Anne Hallowell's own face as she went slowly on down the dreary sidewalk. It was true then, what she had heard whispered or hinted with giggles and winks and meaning glances, that Peg Bunting had "caught" Richard Weston.

Little Richard, whose birth had meant for her a travail far greater than his mother had known, whose baby face had always so strangely stirred her, and whose every childish scrawl, with all the little gifts that proved his devotion, she had treasured during his first years of school. She remembered jealously when other interests, incidental to his normal boyish development, had supplanted her in his affection. He still spoke nicely and courteously when he met her as was to be expected from the son of Dick Weston and aristocratic Elizabeth Van Veering; but it had been years since he had actually seen her.

As she turned into her own gate and entered the little white house which was the only home she had ever known, Anne's face automatically cleared. Her step was brisk and her smile warm as she stepped into the little living room. Her mother, as usual, sat by the fire, a knitted shawl around her narrow shoulders, her work basket by her side; but her thin, white hands were idle in her lap. At Anne's entrance she looked up with a worried frown. "Anne, can you pick up my stitch for me? I must have dropped it hours ago, and haven't been able to find it since; I'll never catch up with my knitting!"

That accounted for her unaccustomed idleness. Anne could hardly remember a waking moment in the last ten years that those thin, white fingers had not been knitting—relentlessly knitting a cocoon, within which they were both being shut from life and reality. It had been fifteen years since Mrs. Hallowell's bodily health had failed, ten since her mind had gradually returned to

childhood and she had become Anne's first and almost only consideration in life. Anne picked up the lost stitch now, thus restoring her equanimity, then changed into a gingham house dress and went methodically about her preparations for their early supper.

She toasted bread over the coals her mother had been nursing to the right heat for the last half hour, made tea, and spreading with a clean, white cloth the low table which a few moments before had held her mother's work and the pictures over which she liked to pore as a rest from her knitting, she set it with delicate old china—the tea, toast, and a jar of marmalade. Her mother, with the appetite of a delicate child, merely pecked at the food, and Anne, in her sad abstraction, ate scarcely more.

The meal over, she gently washed the wax-like face and hands, brushed the still lovely hair, and carried the little, old child as tenderly up the stairs as ever mother took an ailing child to bed.

Down in her living room again, Miss Anne hesitated a moment, then went swiftly to the telephone in the corner and called the doctor's residence. "Dr. Weston?" she asked in a crisp, impersonal voice when her call was answered.

"Mrs. Weston," came the answer in the soft, cultivated drawl of the doctor's wife, "the doctor is preparing to go out this evening. Was it something professional?"

"Yes, and urgent!" replied Anne, quickly. "May I speak to him for a moment?"

"I'll see." Mrs. Weston's tone was icy, but Anne waited, holding the receiver patiently until her message should be delivered.

"You, Dick?" she said, when presently his unmistakable deep tones came over the wire. "This is Anne. I must see you tonight. Can you come at once?" She did not think to apologize for interrupting his plans for the evening, nor did he notice the omission; he supposed her mother was suffering one of her frequent nervous hysterias; and with a brief, "Yes, at once," hung up the receiver.

It seemed but a few moments to Anne, waiting by the open fire, before his step sounded in the little hall. And indeed he had hurried. The thought of Anne facing those rending scenes alone was always terrible to him. At sight of her calm, pale face and the quiet room his own face expressed astonishment. "What is the matter?" he asked almost sharply. "Where is your mother?"

"Asleep. It isn't Mother," said Anne in her low voice. "Sit down, Dick, I want to talk to you." The doctor obeyed automatically, never taking his eyes from her face. Anne leaned forward. "Dick," she said, her tone almost accusing, "do you know where Richard is tonight?" The doctor paled and a worried frown creased his brow.

"No," he confessed, after a moment; "I wish I did. Something has—Richard is changed. I—can't seem to get at him any more. I am away so much—and he seems to be always out or going out when I am at home." His frown deepened. "If his mother was ever home—she came this afternoon, and you'd have thought he would have wanted to spend this evening, at least, with her; but he made some excuse and was gone as soon as dinner was over."

It had been a relief to pour out his worry to Anne, and he had spoken with scarcely a pause; but now for the first time he seemed to sense the significance of her question. "Why, Anne, what—do *you* know where he is?"

"Didn't you know, Dick, that he has been—been—" she hesitated for a word—"been seen constantly with the Bunting girl for the past month?" Nothing but Anne's voice and the expression in her deep eyes softened the bald statement.

The doctor whitened. Richard! His clean, fresh lad with his frank, innocent eyes!

"Not that—that—*bad* girl across the tracks?" he almost whispered.

"That girl," said Anne, her own face white. "Dick, we've got to get him away! I couldn't bear—nothing must happen to him. He's—he's got it in him to be something. Dick, listen! All afternoon I've been thinking—you know Stanley Davies is here?"

"I was going to the banquet for him," said the doctor, impatiently, "but what about Richard?"

"Richard has always been interested in exploration—crazy about it—read everything he could get hold of on the subject," said Anne swiftly, as though she was his mother. And indeed, she knew far more of Richard's mind and tastes than his mother did, and went on when the doctor made as though to interrupt her, "Stanley told me today he would always grant me any favor—surely, Dick, he would take Richard with him on this trip he's just undertaking!"

"To Africa!" the doctor gasped.

"Yes, to Africa! O, Dick!" Anne was pleading, her lovely eyes imploring his, her slim hands clutching his arm. "Can't you see? It has to be something drastic? Richard is too fine to be lost. If he only had—" she hesitated, then plunged on, "Don't misunderstand me—but Richard needed more home life; he hasn't been safely anchored, Dick!"

"As if I didn't know that!" The doctor's face was bitter. "But she'll never consent to let him go, Anne. Although she only sees him for a few months each summer, she'll exercise her divine prerogative as his mother to prevent that—even if Stanley would take him," he added, doubtfully.

"I'll arrange it with Stanley!" Anne spoke confidently,

and added urgently, "Go find him, Dick, and try it! His mother *couldn't* object when she sees how things are!"

When the doctor had gone, Miss Anne again had recourse to the telephone. Dr. Davies was surprised and intrigued at receiving a call from Miss Hallowell just as he was leaving for the city hall. No, it would not be at all inconvenient to call at her home on his way, he assured her, wondering if by any chance she had really changed her mind. Well, his offer stood—but it would really take a lot of re-adjusting of his plans if he were to take a woman along on this next expedition. Still, Anne—a vision of her calm, understanding face—her deep eyes, rose before him, and he hurried into his overcoat.

It was near midnight when the Hallowell doorbell rang for the third time that evening. Anne still sat before the fire, a book in her lap but her eyes on the coals. There was an air of waiting about her and a controlled tenseness in her quiet figure. But it was her usual serene face she turned to the Westons when they entered, father and son, and one glance at their faces assured her of what she wished to know.

"Well, we saw Davies, and he offered Richard a chance to go with him to Africa—even offered to stay over a day and wait for him!" The doctor said all in one breath, and then looked at Richard, standing rather awkwardly in the background. The boy stepped forward.

"Miss Anne," he said, shyly, twirling his cap about in his hands as he spoke, and for the first time in years really appearing to see her, his frank eyes even looking the same adoration which used to be so inexpressibly dear to her, "Dad says you are the one to thank for this—this chance. It's great! It's something I've wanted all my life! I—I—surely appreciate it—and I can—tell you—I won't forget it!" His speech was painful and halting, but his look was something Anne Hallowell cherished to her dying day.

"His mother is going to Europe with her mother and sister for the summer and perhaps longer," said the doctor, with a significant look, when Anne had put the boy more at his ease with some quiet, gracious reply. "So of course, she won't miss him as she would otherwise have done. It was really to see if I would consent to Richard's going that she came back so early." He paused, and Anne thought of the selfish woman who could not endure the hardships of the country town winters for the sake of her husband and son, and who was now going to fail them for the brief, beautiful country summer.

"Mother was disappointed that I preferred going with Dr. Davies to a trip to Europe with Grandmother and her," interposed Richard, "but she doesn't understand what this

means to me; you—you understand more about kids, Miss Anne, I guess because you've taught school so long! I'm afraid Dad is going to be lonely, though," he added, as a contrite afterthought, "all alone for a year or more; you'll not forget him, will you, Miss Anne?"

"I'll not forget him, Richard," promised Miss Anne, and the look she gave the elder Richard was recompense and balm for all the long and arid years before him.

Around the Bend

By Henry Catmull

Says my kind friend, "I cannot see
What there is in this life for me;
You see my hair is getting gray,
Like danger signals in my way.

I've labored hard from day to day,
Still found it hard to pay my way;
For me the future, right ahead,
Brings to my soul that fear and dread."

Along the road our way we wend—
We cannot see around the bend;
One calls, "Stop quick, or we will go
Headlong into the depths below."

The driver tries to calm our fears;
In confidence he firmly steers
Right up unto the seeming end,
When, lo! he swings around the bend.

We travel on; no fear we feel,
But trust to him who holds the wheel. ✓
Sail on, sail on; there is no end,
But scenes of beauty round the bend.

The great Creator made the plan
And shapes the destinies of man;
Then put your trust in him, my friend—
See the glory around the bend.

Walt's Luck

By Pawah Torrido

Walt had never felt quite so lonely in his life as he did this evening when the lowering sun warned him that it was time to think of making camp. Nor had he ever felt the unseen prying of hostile eyes so keenly as it gnawed at his subconsciousness now.

Indians!

For two hours he had felt them watching him, he called himself a fool because, for all his skill in detecting the signs of pursuit, he had not actually seen or heard a suspicious thing. Yet he kept feeling that Indians were following him, just out of sight, ever alert to know exactly where he was, and very much aware that he was alone.

He was near the camp-site that he and Jim had selected for this night. Another fifteen minutes would bring him to the little spring in the hollow. He had succeeded in keeping to his schedule so that before another camping time came he would probably overtake Pete Thurber and Dick Hansen.

But now he was alone and it was time to camp, and he felt that Indians were about. He felt, too, that in spite of his six feet and strong muscles, he was very much a lonely boy.

He wished that he dared push his team hard enough to cover the miles still between him and his friends ahead, but he knew that the last two days he had kept them to a pace that now demanded rest. Besides, if Indians were near, he would be no safer driving over the rough road in the dark than he would be in his lonely camp.

Grimly he urged the weary team toward the spring. Warily he kept his face ahead and his eyes turning, turning, seeking something tangible on which to base his fears. If he were sure that Indians were about, he thought he would feel better. A real danger was easier to meet than an imaginary one.

Why should he worry about the Indians, anyhow? He asked himself this question and answered that they had never hurt him, that this was a part of Nevada in which they seldom made trouble, and that his load of freight, so valuable to white men, was not what Indians prized.

Then he chuckled to himself, "They might not want the gold, but I've got enough hair for two good scalps, and a mighty fine team of horses, and a good wagon and camp outfit. Besides, I'm not so sure they wouldn't want the gold if they knew about it. For most Indians have had dealings enough with whites to know

that it will buy anything a white man has. And I've got a good gun."

He patted it with one hand as it lay on the seat beside him, and for a moment it gave him a sense of security. Then he thought again, "Yes, a gun they'd each like to own, but it wouldn't save my scalp because while I got one with it an Indian that already has a gun would get me with him, or one would with an arrow. Well, I guess my famous luck will hold. It has before."

Three days before, as he and Jim had blithely started out together with their valuable loads of freight, Jim's younger horse shied at a blown piece of paper just enough to throw one front wheel into a deep rut that Walt had carefully avoided and a loud crack of splintering hardwood had reached Walt's ears.

He promptly stopped and came back to help Jim appraise the damage.

It didn't look so bad at first, and they had worked cheerfully reinforcing the splintered spoke; so they thought it would carry the load through this time.

But after only an hour of driving the same wheel had struck a rock hidden in the deep dust at the bottom of a rut, and two more spokes had given away. Again Walt came back to his companion and they stood silently staring at the wheel.

Walt thought that if Jim hadn't been counselor to the bishop at home, Jim might have said a plenty. His face went white at first, and then it turned so red it was almost purple. Finally he expelled a great sigh, which must have compensated in part for the swearing he had held in, and remarked, "No telling how long it will take to get a decent job done on that. Maybe a week back in that town."

"That blacksmith you talked with yesterday said he didn't have any new wheels on hand, didn't he?" Walt asked.

"Yeh. Too much freighting over these roads with heavy loads of gold and supplies. It's hard on wheels. Guess I'll unhitch and ride one of the horses in and see if I can't borrow a good wheel or a whole wagon till I can get my load in a safe place. Might as well make the best of it. Darn the luck!"

Walt grinned at the mild "cuss" and then looked thoughtful on his own account.

"Brace up my axle; I'll let you use my wheel to go in with if you say so, Jim."

Jim looked speculatively at him, as though estimating his size and courage. Then he asked, "Going to wait for me to get fixed up?"

"Well, I dunno," Walt replied, "Hansen and Thurber didn't get started till late yesterday afternoon and my team's better than either one of theirs. I might catch them; let's see, about day after tomorrow, I guess."

"Think you could? Be pretty hard on the team. You've got a good load and the roads are tough."

Briefly then they discussed the chances, where the other two would probably have camped last night, how far they would get today, and where Walt would have to camp in order to gain enough each day to overtake them so soon.

Finally they mentioned Indians and Jim shook his head. "Don't believe you'd better tackle it alone, Walt. Your folks sort of look to me to help you along, and if I let you go off alone this way and anything was to happen, they couldn't help thinking it was partly my fault."

"But Jim, we're both nearly strapped for money and got just food enough for the trip. And everything costs like the dickens in these mining towns. I could let you have a little extra to last you over if I go now; but if we both stayed on, things wouldn't look so good."

"That's true, too; but I hate to think of the country you'd be driving through tomorrow and you having to camp alone there. Indians would be sure to get you."

Walt laughed confidently. "Well, I've never had much trouble keeping just one jump ahead of any Indian I ever met so far. I'm lucky that way, you know."

"Yes, I know you've got more brains than most, but Injuns is Injuns, anyhow. And what if something happened to your wagon or horses, so you didn't catch up with 'em as soon as we've figured? Every day would take you further into Indian country—alone."

"My wagon's practically new and my team's in the best condition. I think I'd better try it. The Indians haven't been bad lately, so I guess I could go all the way alone safe enough. I'll tell the folks you tried to make me stay and couldn't, if anything should happen."

Jim knew that when Walt made up his mind he was hard to change, and he knew also that the boy had never failed yet to meet any emergency that had come in his varied experiences. From Salt Lake to the Muddy and freighting both East and West, in peace or Indian trouble, Walt had won a reputation for being cool headed in time of danger, though he was not one to seek it out. With Indians or with whites, from the days when he herded sheep barefooted on the hills, he had never been known to pick a fight or to stop fighting if the other fellow started it, until that other acknowledged defeat. He had lived few years, but they had been full ones, and he had already proved himself a man in action as well as in inches.

Jim thought of all this and argued no more, but refused Walt's offer of a wheel so that he might lose no more time. The boy insisted upon dividing his little store of wages with Jim, and

drove merrily off, whistling, as Jim unhitched his team and started back to the town.

By sunset yesterday Walt had made the distance they had figured he would need, and slept comfortably in a deserted prospector's cabin.

Today, too, he had gauged his distance and his team's strength accurately, and now he approached the second camp-site of their plan. It was three hours since he had stopped to examine a camping place which showed fresh signs, and had found in several places the print of a wider horseshoe than the average, and knew it for the off hind foot of Hansen's bay. He found, too, a few tiny heaps of tobacco ashes, which he was sure came from Thurber's pipe; for Thurber, as he said, had been born in the South with a pipe in his mouth instead of a silver spoon.

Knowing that he had gained so much on them reassured Walt that he would have no trouble in overtaking them tomorrow if he started a little earlier and drove a little faster than he knew they would. Yet, in less than an hour after he had passed their camping place of the night before, this eery depression had settled upon him, and he could not but believe that he was being followed by Indians.

As he called "Whoa" to his team and took a long careful look about, Jim's parting injunction seemed to ring again in his ears. It had been said in a tone of banter, but Walt and Jim both recognized the seriousness beneath the tone.

"Better remember your prayers, Walt."

Walt stopped as he was about to jump from his wagon and bowed his head a moment.

Lifting it again, he shook it, as though to rid himself of his fears, and with a smile and a friendly slap upon his horse's rump, started whistling again as he had not done the last two hours. If Indians were about he would try hard to take care of himself. If they were not, he need not make himself miserable by worrying about them.

Cheerfully, then, but with his eyes ever alert for a stump that moved, or listening for an animal cry that didn't fit the locality or the time of evening, or that sounded unnatural or was answered too promptly, Walt made his simple camp.

Carefully and almost tenderly, he cared for his team, saw that they did not drink too much, let them eat grain while he gathered an extra large supply of firewood and made his fire, then led them once more to the spring. Instead of hobbling them and turning them loose tonight, he staked them. But he took particular pains to keep his cheerful whistling going and to move with leisurely confidence as though he had not the slightest suspicion of enemies.

Then he cooked his frugal supper, made appetizing by the

day's hard drive and his own healthy youth. It was dusk now and he fancied once, twice, perhaps that the hooting of owls was just a trifle too frequent, but it seemed so natural and appropriate in this tree-clad hollow with the hills hiding the mountains by their nearness, that he could not be sure.

Just once he saw something suspicious out of the corner of his eye. A stump seemed to melt into the tree beside it, as though an Indian had been playing stump and had quietly slipped behind the big tree. The dimness of the light and the flicker of his own cheerful camp fire made Walt uncertain, though a cold drop of water seemed to trickle up and down his spine, defying the law of gravitation in obeying the law of premonition. His hair prickled, too.

He did not whistle after that.

But he finished his supper to the last bite, washed his simple dishes, saw that his team were all right and then came back to the fire. It was flaming quite brightly still, and he knew that as the darkness closed about his camp he was by its light revealed more and more clearly to any lurking observers who might covet his team, his freight, or his scalp. That was why he was so careful to keep every motion steady and even the expression of his face calm. If keen and hostile eyes were observing him, he wanted them to get no idea that he was afraid. For the one who was afraid was doomed, if he let his fear be known.

It promised to be quite a warm night, but he took all the bedding he had used on the trip out to keep comfortable in the cold air of the higher mountains, and carried it to a spot near the fire. There he fussed for a long time getting it ready and then sat quietly by the fire until the flames had died and the coals gave out only a faint, soft glow.

At last, when he thought sufficient of the slowly dragging minutes had passed without anything happening, he threw some fresh wood upon the fire and moved to his bed.

While he had been making it, he had rolled his gun inside a blanket, feeling secure so long as the Indians knew he was awake, and laid it by the bed. Now, before his fresh fuel had time to catch fire, he lay prone beside his bed, rolled one of the quilts into a long bundle under the top cover, to simulate a human form, and grasping gun and blanket, slowly and silently worked his way, snakelike, toward his wagon. Under it he passed, but did not pause, until it was between him and the glow from the fire. Then he rose to hands and knees and went on cautiously till he reached the nearest thick bush. There with the bush between himself and the fire he paused to look back.

The fresh fuel was beginning to blaze. It showed the bed nearby, with an irregular hump down the middle suggesting the recumbent form of a man. A little farther off the wagon showed

less distinctly, and in the quiet he could hear the peaceful munching of the team.

Thus far his plan seemed to have worked well. He was positive that his maneuvers in going to bed, throwing fuel on the fire, and sneaking away before it had time to blaze had been successful in getting him thus far without being observed. He thought from his knowledge of Indians that they would not attack until he had been in bed at least an hour, but his chief difficulty lay ahead.

For he had not the slightest knowledge as to where the Indians would be. They might be grouped all together in any direction. They might be all asleep save one who would be watching. Or they might be scattered and creeping slowly upon the camp where he supposedly lay just dropping into the first sound sleep of youth and weariness.

Wherever they were, he was as liable to come upon one or all of them as to miss them. So now he hesitated and tried to guess in which direction they would least likely be. But the uncertainties of the situation were so great that at last he gave up trying to decide and guessed that the next move in the affair must depend upon what his friends called "Walt's Luck."

If it were "luck" that had guided him thus far in his adventurous life, he at least carried no symbols of it. No rabbit's foot or swastika or other emblem of "luck" was ever found in his pockets. Instead, now, when his life hung upon the chance of which direction he crept during the next few minutes, he merely bowed his head once more and thought a prayer.

Then he selected a bush a good way up one of the hills that partially surrounded the spring and softly worked his way toward it. Reaching it at last, he breathed another prayer, this time of thankfulness for his having chanced upon no prowling Indian on the way, and throwing the blanket about his shoulders and grasping his gun, he waited—and waited—and waited.

The young moon had set before he left the camp fire. The stars were growing brighter. For a long time no movement or sound came to him from his camp. Even the horses ceased their munching, and the blaze from the fire, though still casting a slight glow upon objects about it, had almost died away. The little spring did not give enough water to ripple, and the leaves of the trees hung motionless in the unstirring air, as though they shared Walt's suspense.

He dozed once, and quickly roused himself with a vigorous shake of the head and a few silent deeply drawn breaths. Was he to slumber peacefully here while the Indians robbed his wagon of its precious cargo and drove off his team? His bitter anger with himself for the momentary lapse roused him to alertness.

Again time passed, and at last he became aware of a skulking

form beyond the vague glow of his camp fire. He stared at it intently. It moved. An Indian!

"I thought so!" he whispered to himself as though he had been hoping that Indians were about. At least it proved that his suspicions and precautions were not entirely unnecessary and foolish. Now Walt could distinguish the upraised tomahawk beyond the fire's dim glow as the Indian crept toward the still form in the bed. He was torn between a shudder of horror and a strong desire to laugh aloud.

He discerned another Indian not far behind the first and then another. Then the tomahawk was raised higher and descended where Walt's head appeared to be. At the signal a horde of voices let out the triumphant war cry and a group of tall forms leaped erect about the fire and the bed.

Instantly silence descended. One of the Indians had thrown some wood upon the fire as he yelled, and in the strange quiet the one who had wielded the tomahawk tore the bed apart as the little flames began licking upward.

The silence was broken by a word of command from the leader and several ran hastily to the wagon and looked under it, and in it. Walt could not suppress a slight chuckle as their postures revealed to him by the increasing glow of the fire the bewildered amazement his ruse stirred in their hearts, and the alarm which was steadily growing into terror as they failed to find their prey and realized that it was hidden somewhere about and might at any moment fire upon them.

He sobered instantly at the thought of what would happen to him if they forced him to reveal his position by firing, then smiled again, remembering his emotions during the evening as he had felt their eyes upon him and could not see them, and knowing just how their spines must be creeping now in the knowledge that any one of them might be the victim of his first shot.

They knew he had the drop on them.

But he knew that would avail very little if he fired, for he counted eleven of them as they passed between him and the blaze and could not possibly kill them all before some of them found him. And if he shot just one, the rest would then be bound to seek revenge. He told himself grimly that "Brother Brigham" was certainly right when he taught that it was "cheaper to feed the Indians than to fight them," but he was still resolved not to let them rob him without offering any resistance.

He saw one of them suggest that they scatter and search for him. Others refused. Their quick nervous glances into the darkness grew increasingly fearful and they drew closer together and farther from the fire. Another urged that they take the horses, another that they filch what they chose from the wagon.

Then one who seemed to be the leader held up his hand for attention, uttered a few brief commands, pointed to the one who had suggested robbing the wagon and pantomimed his doing it and falling back dead from an unseen bullet. They were all impressed and silent at that. Then a terse command came from his lips and they accepted it.

So vivid was the pantomime that Walt understood the arguments as though he had heard every word in his own tongue.

Suddenly the Indians melted into the darkness empty-handed. And Walt told himself that if he understood Indian nature, he had by his trick won their respect and admiration and was safe from them for the rest of the night and the next day, though he should meet them face to face. He had made them afraid and the Indian did not as a rule rob or murder the man who had made him afraid.

Still, he did not go back to his camp nor allow himself to take more than brief snatches of sleep until the morning star had faded. Then he investigated.

The quilt he had rolled and the one spread over it were both torn by the sharp blade of the tomahawk but otherwise nothing was injured.

He cared for his team, ate a hasty breakfast, and sleepy, but triumphant and deeply grateful, he drove on and overtook Pete and Dick just before nightfall.

That night Walt slept so long and so soundly that Hansen laughingly declared a squaw could have scalped him and he'd never have known it.

Harvest Moon

By Virginia C. Jordan

O big, white, harvest moon,
Hung in the pink, mauve sky,
Over the uneven purple hills
With fleece clouds floating by—

Why wait so serenely there
In the sunset's evening glow?
Do you wait for the greater light to pass,
That your own silvery beams may show?

Ah listen, methinks I hear you say
To the foolish one: "Not so;
I am placed here by a Mighty Power,
And His will is the only law I know."

Notes from the Field

Lyman Stake.

In the July issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*, under *Notes from the Field*, a most interesting account of a flower show, and other enterprises showing fine public spirit, appeared under the head of *Woodruff Stake*. This should have been reported from Lyman Stake. These two stakes are closely associated, and are both to be congratulated upon the fine spirit of the work they do. It is always regrettable when an error in the report is made, and we are most anxious to call attention to this one and to give to every stake the credit and recognition due for its fine achievements. In addition to the flower show and the other enterprises recorded, there was also, in the Lyman Stake exhibit a fine display of what Relief Society women may accomplish during the hours of their Work and Business Meeting.

Accounts of all Relief Society activities are most welcome, and are given attention in the office as nearly as possible in the order in which they are received.

IN MEMORIAM

During the past year, in many of the Latter-day Saint communities, the passing of some of our older and best beloved Relief Society sisters is noted. In reading the accounts of the lives of these wonderful women, we find an explanation of why the Latter-day Saints as a people have been so successful as colonizers and community builders. The companionship and helpfulness such as these women display make it impossible for men not to succeed. One of the great political thinkers of this age has said if we would know the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank women hold in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. Of the three noble sisters whom we shall mention, we feel that we could say they have what Shakespeare said should attend old age—"honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends."

Annie Heiselt Otteson was born in Pleasant Grove, Utah, April 15, 1861. The state was still in its pioneer days, but Annie availed herself of the opportunities given to attend school in her home town. She was married December 28, 1877, to James Otteson. About three years later, in response to a call made by the leaders of the Church, she, with her husband and parents, left their Utah home and went to Colorado to assist in colonizing the San Luis valley. At this time Sister Otteson had a baby

only ten days old, and the journey from Pleasant Grove to San Luis took six weeks. In entering the new field of pioneer life there were great responsibilities, serious problems, often so grave as to be almost a matter of life and death, but this brave sister, true to the spirit of her people, faced these conditions with a determination to adjust to anything that might arise, and make the best of every situation. Many of her early ambitions had to be sacrificed because of the times, and the environment in which her life was cast. Sister Otteson was for many years a most active worker in the Relief Society organization. True to the spirit of that work, she was ever present in the home where sorrow entered, and ever ready to give the comfort and assistance required. One of the Bishops said of her, "She is a ministering angel, her presence always where it is most needed, and what she is doing on earth is but a beginning of her work in the hereafter." While her children were still young her husband accepted a call to fulfil a mission in Europe. From this experience he returned an invalid, never to regain his health. In August, 1896, Sister Otteson was left a widow. Her faith in God's goodness was unshaken, and she patiently assumed the double responsibility which had come to her. Her children, as well as the people of her community, will remember her as one who ministered among the sick, and helped many sufferers to find relief. During the latter years of her life she did not enjoy good health, and a very beautiful testimony of what her earlier life must have been, especially with her children, was found in the way she was regarded by them. Her sons and her daughters felt it the greatest privilege to minister to her during the last years of her life. The close of her life came in the place she had colonized and helped to build. Beautiful and impressive funeral services were held in the Sanford ward of the San Luis Stake, on July 25, 1928.

Elizabeth Susan Brunt: Nearly forty years in Relief Society work is the line which challenges the eye in the little sketch sent into the office in reference to Sister Brunt. She was born on April 30, 1854, in London. When six years of age her family moved to an English colony in New Zealand, where Elizabeth was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, at the age of eight years. In 1870 she was married to George Brunt. About ten years later, she, in company with her four small children, preceded her husband to the United States, and she settled in Farmington, Utah. Some years later her husband joined her and the family moved to Eagle Rock, Idaho, now known as Idaho Falls. Mr. Brunt died a year later. The double responsibility of widowhood and motherhood now rested upon Sister Brunt. The call to both heavy duties was most cheerfully

met. Having been active in Church work from the time she was a girl, it was a part of her life, and in response to one of the outstanding characteristics of her nature, to continue her service. Her first office in the Relief Society was that of secretary. This office was held soon after the first organization in Idaho was perfected. Later she was chosen as secretary of the stake Relief Society when the Idaho Falls Stake was organized. Her further service in the Relief Society was in the capacity of both first and second counselor in the stake organization. During Sister Brunt's residence in Salt Lake, which covered a period of some years, she was actively engaged in temple work. Some years before her death she had the rare privilege of again visiting her home in New Zealand. The object of this visit, in addition to renewing the memories and joys of the past, was to do missionary service for the Church, which was ever so dear to her. The last three years of her life were spent in her old home in Idaho Falls, where she had lived most of the time for over forty years, and where her children had been reared. The end came very quietly and peacefully to Sister Brunt on February 14, 1929.

Emily C. Brooks: On February 10, 1929, Mrs. Emily C. Brooks died at her home in St. George, Utah. In her passing and in the review of her life, we are reminded that few women have such an enviable record. First in her life's accomplishments is her splendid family of twelve children, all intelligent useful citizens and enthusiastic Church workers. Only one—a daughter—has preceded her into Eternity. Sister Brooks' motherly heart included not only her own family, but those of the whole community, for she has served as counselor, ward president, stake president and board member for a period of thirty years. Her record for public service is seldom equalled. During the World War, her strenuous work in the Red Cross Chapter, added to the strain of having three boys in the service, caused a nervous breakdown, from the effects of which she never fully recovered. All her public work was done without the neglect of a single home duty, for her home was always first in her heart—a haven of refuge for her family and friends. By her sweetness and gentleness she endeared herself to all her associates, and has left a lasting memory among her friends. Her peaceful death closed the record of a wonderful life.

Leone E. McCune is the author of "The Pioneers" which appeared in the *Relief Society Magazine*, July, 1929, page 395. It is regretted that her name did not appear with the poem, as its author.

Guide Lessons for November

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in November)

BOOK OF MORMON

Lesson 2. The American Bible

1. *Assignment*: This lesson covers the Book of Mormon from page 36 to page 70. It includes the matter from First Nephi, Chapter 16, to Second Nephi, Chapter 5. It is a mechanical, not a logical, unit, and this fact must be kept in mind as the lesson is read.

2. *Preponderance of Explanation*: Also it must be kept in mind that the backbone of the Book of Mormon is the narrative and that its teachings are insets, if we may so speak. It is probably true, however, that the main thing in the minds of its various writers is, not to tell a story, but rather to expound some ideas. Still it is helpful to keep this broad distinction constantly before us.

The proportion of what goes on and what is explained is not hard to estimate in these two lessons. They cover seventy pages. The story covers about twelve years in time and includes the leaving Jerusalem, the two trips to the city for the Brass Plates and Ishmael's family, the journey through the wilderness, the voyage across the sea, and the landing—possibly ten or fifteen pages out of the seventy. As for the rest—about fifty-five to sixty pages—we have the visions to Lehi, those to Nephi, the admonitions of the patriarch to his sons, and the counsel of Nephi to his brothers, in explanation of his father's words.

Of course, we must place the same emphasis on the ideas as Nephi intended. And this is characteristic of all the writers of the Book of Mormon—which indicates what they had in mind when they wrote.

3. *Preview*: In Lesson I we left the Lehites "in tents in the Valley of Lemuel." We don't know, of course, where that is, and it doesn't matter. In the present lesson, they leave this place, continue their travels till they reach the sea, build there a ship, embark and cross the ocean, and land in what is now America. We do not even know where they landed. And that does not matter, either.

The doctrinal part begins with the "hard things" that Nephi had said to his brothers, and goes on to quote from the

prophet Zenos, of whom we know nothing from any other source, and from the prophet Isaiah (two chapters), a disquisition on the House of Israel by Nephi, and an exhortation by Lehi to his sons, together with some comments by the youngest son.

Following is a brief outline of the entire lesson:

I. Narrative.

1. Travels in the Wilderness.
 - (a) Nephi breaks his bow.
 - (b) What they ate.
 - (c) They build a ship under difficulties.
 - (d) They embark.
2. The Voyage and Landing.
 - (a) Incidents en route.
 - (b) Probable conditions of the voyage.
 - (c) The landing.

II. Ideas.

1. From Zenos—prophecies concerning Christ.
2. From Isaiah—words “to the remnant of the House of Israel.”
3. From Nephi—explanation to his brethren of the words of Zenos and Isaiah.
4. From Lehi—address to
 - (a) His older sons.
 - (b) Jacob.
 - (c) Joseph.

4. *An American Bible*: The Book of Mormon has often been called the “Mormon” Bible, chiefly in scorn and derision. It is not, of course, our Bible in the sense in which it is intended by that term. For the Latter-day Saints do not have a Bible of their own at all. If they did, it would be rather the “Doctrine and Covenants.”

A Bible, as the word has come to be used, means a collection of sacred literature. And in this sense the Book of Mormon is a bible. But it is in reality the American Bible, just as the Hebrew Scriptures is the European Bible. For it bears the same relation to the New World that the Jewish volume does to the Old World. And for that matter, it is just as valuable a collection, viewed from the standpoint of its teachings.

Most people, in truth, have a mistaken notion of the term “bible” as applied to the sacred writings of the Hebrew people. While it is a collection of books, a library in fact, it does not contain all the sacred writings of the Jews. The Book of Zenos, mentioned by Nephi, who quotes from it, is not in that volume. And there are many others. Besides, it never was intended by anyone, except indeed by some wrong-headed Christians of the early centuries, that the “canon of scripture” should at any time

be "full." For, as a matter of fact, God has the right, whenever He pleases, to reveal His will to man, and, if that be set down in writing, it becomes "scripture," and in a sense part of a "bible."

The Book of Mormon thus becomes a "bible" not only, nor indeed the American Bible distinctively, but the only collection of ancient American writings known to us, and therefore all the more valuable. Of course, we know that it does not contain all the literature of the Nephites, nor even all the religious writings of the Nephites. It contains rather what its authors, if they knew the word, would call the quintessence of the word of God to the ancient inhabitants of the Americas.

5. *The Point of Origin*: Another thing of no small interest in connection with the Book of Mormon is its origin as compared with that of other sacred books. Of that origin we shall have something to say later on in this course, but this point of source must be mentioned casually here.

Four peoples of the world have sacred writings, not counting the Latter-day Saints. They are the Chinese, the East Indians, the Arabians, and the Hebrews. And these sacred writings may be termed bibles.

The Chinese Bible was written by the disciples of Confucius. Confucius, born in 551 B. C., was of a distinguished family, became a public teacher in his early manhood, later held positions in the government of China, but in his old age wandered from state to state, puzzled as to why his teachings were generally rejected by the potentates. "No sooner was he dead, however, than his wisdom was recognized by peasant and emperor alike; admiration rose to veneration, veneration to worship. Sacrifices were offered to him, temples built in his honor, and a cult established which has lasted almost two thousand years." His disciples of about the fourth century, B. C., set down what they could remember of his sayings, "making free use of the written memorials concerning him, which they had received, and the oral statements which they had heard, from their several masters."

"The Hindu Bible centers in Gautama, or Buddha, the "Awakened." Born a warrior prince about the middle of the sixth century B. C., he renounced his wife and child and possessions to give himself up to asceticism and concentration of thought. After years of disappointment, self-discipline, and failure, he one day became suddenly "illumined" and saw the Great Truths. He too wandered about from place to place preaching his new creed, with extraordinary results. H. G. Wells calls Gautama "one of the most penetrating intelligences the world has ever known," and comments sarcastically on the anxiety of his later disciples for the preservation of the tree under which their master saw his "vision of the way" instead of preserving the thoughts which

he received under the tree. His teachings have been summarized under eight heads—right views, right aspirations, right speech, right conduct, right livelihood, right effort, right mindfulness, and right rapture.

Among the Moslems in Arabia the "Koran" holds the same place that Hebrew Scriptures do among Christians. It contains the revelations to Mohammed written down by his followers mostly after the prophet's death. Some of these, it is claimed, were given him while he was in a trance; others in the form of pages or scrolls, which he was to read by the "grace of God." The central idea in Mohammedanism is, that "there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet."

The Hebrew Bible is too well known to need extended mention. It is sufficient to remark that it was written by some forty different men and contains almost every form of literature—stories, orations, drama, and so on.

The Book of Mormon is the work chiefly of two men—Nephi the First and Mormon. Joseph Smith was merely its translator. The entire volume was revealed to the Prophet by an angel of the Lord, the original plates having been given back to the heavenly messenger when the translation was finished.

6. *Some Comparisons:* (a) The Book of Mormon is the only one of the five sacred books that was given intact at one time to man; (b) it is the only one in which an angel was concerned in the book as a whole; (c) in it the religious element is more pronounced than in any of the others, not excepting the Hebrew Scriptures; (d) there is greater unity in it than in any of the others; (e) as compared with the Hebrew Bible, its translation can be more depended upon, for the reason that that translation was done "by the power of God"; (f) and as compared with the others, the work comes to us direct, instead of through the memory of disciples.

A quotation from each may be helpful, though inadequate, in showing the spirit and style of these Bibles:

Confucius—Love makes a spot beautiful: who chooses not to dwell in love, has he got wisdom? Loveless men cannot bear need long, they cannot bear fortune long. Loving hearts find peace in love; clever heads find profit in it.

Buddha—There are three conditions under which deeds are produced. And what are the three? Freedom from covetousness is a condition under which deeds are produced; freedom from hatred is a condition under which deeds are produced; freedom from infatuation is a condition under which deeds are produced.

Mohammed—Oh, you who believe! If you obey those who disbelieve, they will turn you back upon your heels, so you will turn back losers. Allah is your Patron, and He is the best of helpers.

Book of Mormon—It is better that one man should perish, than that a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief.

Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy.

The things which some men esteem to be of great worth, to the body and soul, others set at naught and trample under their feet.

Questions

1. Give the story part of this lesson.
2. Tell the substance of what Zenos gives concerning Christ.
3. The word "prophet" has two meanings—to foretell and to see into truth. Show how Lehi stands for these two meanings; how Nephi does.
4. Show (a) that the Book of Mormon is not our bible; (b) that it is a bible, and (c) that it is the American Bible.
5. What are some main differences between the Book of Mormon and the other sacred writings mentioned?
6. Of the various quotations given, which strikes you (a) as the best thought? (b) as the best phrasing?

LESSON II

Work and Business

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in November)

OBEDIENCE

I. *Obedience to*

- a. Parents
- b. The Laws
- c. God

is the outstanding need of today.

"We believe in being subjects to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law."—*Twelfth Article of Faith.*

II. *Training in Obedience Should Begin in the Home.*

"These early years from birth to seven years old are the most important ones in the child's whole life, for in them is laid the basis, physical and moral, of what the future man is to be."

"We must begin not with the adults whose habits and

ideals are set, but with children who are still plastic. We must begin with the children in the home, the street, and the playground."—*Charles W. Eliot.*

"To guide first steps rightly is better than to alter false steps later."

"Early years are the habit forming years."

III. Nature of Obedience.

a. Blind obedience.

1. Sometimes necessary on part of very young children because of inability to understand.
2. Sometimes necessary to God for same reason.

Easy when necessary because of confidence in parents and in the Lord.

b. Reasoned Obedience.

"One of the chief services which the Master has rendered His followers is to redeem obedience from forbidding severity and to make it a glad and winsome loyalty. He has said, not 'Go! Obey!' but 'Come! Follow me!'"

"The will should not be repressed, but stimulated and guided."

"Child nature is not to be crushed, but directed and approved."

"Parents should never drive their children, but lead them along, giving them knowledge as their minds are prepared to receive it. Chastening may be necessary betimes, but parents should govern their children by faith rather than by the rod, leading them kindly by good example into all truth and holiness."—*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 323.

"Teach the people truth, teach them correct principles; show them what is for their greatest good, and don't you think they will follow in that path?"—*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 348.

"All that the Lord requires of us is strict obedience to the laws of life."—*Discourses of Brigham Young*, p. 348.

"Behold, there are many called, but few are chosen. And why are they not chosen? Because their hearts are set so much upon the things of this world, and aspire to the honors of men, that they do not learn this one lesson—

"That the rights of the Priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness. That they may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambition, or to exercise control, or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the

children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the Priesthood, or the authority of that man * * *

“No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile, reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost, and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reprovèd, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy; that he may know that thy faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death.”—*Doctrine and Covenants, Section 121:34-44*).

IV. *Obedience is founded on law and knowledge and responsibility.*

a. Without law—physical and spiritual—reasoned conduct would be impossible.

“Know the truth and the truth shall make ye free.”

b. Obedience founded on knowledge.

We obey the doctor, our parents, etc., because of their superior knowledge.

c. Obedience based on affection.

The true foundation for obedience is the desire for the well-being of him who obeys. The desire for obedience based on affection only is usually selfish and should rarely be indulged.

V. *Understanding.*

True obedience aims at rendering the obedient free, independent, self-directing observers of the law—physical, legal, and spiritual. All other kinds of obedience are temporary and futile.

Forced obedience is not constructive; it does not lead to character building.

Obedience is a positive power in life and is essential in the building of a noble character.

BIOGRAPHIES FOR LITERARY LESSONS

Biographies to be studied in the 1929-30 Literary Lessons may be purchased from the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, at the following prices, postpaid: *Karl G. Maeser*, \$1.50; *The Girl in White Armor*, \$2.50; *An American Idyll*, \$1.75; *A Son of the Middle Border*, \$2.50; *The Lost Commander*, \$3.00; *Joaquin Miller*, \$1.75; *Schumann-Heink*, \$5.00; *Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson*, \$4.00. (See also note at bottom of page 512.)

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in November)

THE GIRL IN WHITE ARMOR

By Albert Bigelow Paine

Albert Bigelow Paine, author and editor, was born in New Bedford, Mass., July 10, 1861. He is a former editor of *St. Nicholas* and is a member of a number of exclusive literary clubs. Since 1893 he has been publishing essays, poems, and biographies rather steadily. Chief among his published biographies are "A Boy's Life of Mark Twain," "Mark Twain, a Biography," "A Short Life of Mark Twain," "Joan of Arc—Maid of France," in 1925, and "The Girl in White Armor," 1927. He was decorated Chevalier Legion of Honor (France) 1928. His home is in West Redding, Conn.—Facts from "Who's Who."

Among the best known, the most revered, the most mystical characters of truth and fiction, that of Joan of Arc, the girl in white armor, will always stand preeminent. Cold scientists may scoff, unbelievers may howl, and the sophisticated may smile scornfully, but the Maid of Orleans stands calmly unmindful of them all. What she did is on record. Her deeds speak for her.

In "The Girl in White Armor, the True Story of Joan of Arc," Albert Bigelow Paine has caused the maid to live once more, to walk through even this modern world, declaring that voices can reach through from the Unknown country and that they do have power to predict and save. We may marvel, we may doubt, but the cold facts remain. This girl of seventeen did follow the Voices, did save France, did crown her king. But shame and pity of it all, she did burn at the stake in the presence and with the sanction of the very people she had saved.

In this volume of 312 pages, published by The Macmillan Company, Mr. Paine has drawn a picture of the Maid of Orleans that is as interesting as fiction. The book reads like a novel and yet rings true. Of course, in so brief an account of the Maid's activities, the entire picture of her times cannot be given; but enough can be shown to reveal the girl in her beauty and power, and her contemporaries in their loyalty and their wickedness.

Beginning with an account of the Tree which played such an important part in the early life of Joan and in her miserable trial, Mr. Paine follows the story through all the great events of 1429, 1430, and 1431. In a concluding chapter he gives us

a travelogue through France, following the footsteps of the youthful French martyr.

The story is incredible. Were it not vouched for and were it not based in every particular upon records that cannot be impeached, one would be inclined to doubt. For who, without weighty evidence, could believe that a maid born and reared in humble circumstances at Domremy, far from the centers of population of her country, could at the age of seventeen go before men trained in war and induce them to turn armies over to her command and in addition to follow her to hopeless battle? Who could believe that she could go before her exiled king and make him believe that she had heard the King of Heaven declare that he was to be crowned at Reims? And then, who could believe that she could endure hardship, face powerful enemies, drive out the alien English armies and free the cities according to her prediction?

Last of all, who could believe that after anyone had done all this that the king whom she had crowned, the soldiers she had led, the poor she had comforted, the country she had saved, could be so ungrateful as to allow the friendless girl to be inhumanly imprisoned in terrible dungeons, heartlessly treated by the scum of the earth, and at last burned at the stake as a common witch?

Yet, it is all true. The records made at the time prove it to the everlasting shame of France, England, and humanity in general.

Albert Bigelow Paine, a gifted biographer and writer, has gone over the trail Joan made from her little village home, Domremy, through all the country round about to Rouen, where the maid yielded up her life. He has been in the towers where she slept and has visited the dungeons in which she was imprisoned, and through his gift of writing has given to the world another biography of the girl who has since been sainted and holds a sacred place in the hearts of all those who love romance and high spiritual achievement.

In a straightforward manner Mr. Paine has recounted the high lights of the great story. With deft pen strokes he has pictured the essential acts in one of the unique dramas enacted upon the human stage. Cleverly he has woven in at strategic points in the narrative the exact words of various characters as they have been preserved in official records and personal diaries for these five hundred years. In so doing he has made his narrative less graceful than it might otherwise have been but infinitely stronger and more interesting.

Touches like the following make the book unusual: "So we complete the picture of the little peasant girl: diligent, tender-hearted, devout; requiring duty of the bell-ringer, offering reward if he performed it; mingling with her companions yet

finding alone a companionship they could not understand. Said one of these:

“Often while we were at play, Jeannette (Joan) drew apart and spoke to God. The others and myself teased her about it.”

“Certainly she was different. Her priest of that time declared that there was not her like in the village.”

The picture Mr. Paine paints of the young girl struggling to gain an audience with de Baudricourt and of the loyalty of Durand Laxart is one which cannot but impress all readers. That the biographer believed in “The Voices” as firmly as did Joan herself, there can be no doubt. Laxart, it seems, believed fully in the girl. Of him Paine says, “The nation of France owes a debt of gratitude to Durand Laxart.” It seems to me that Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy should also share in whatever debt of gratitude is due the “honest Laxart,” for had it not been for “those two high-hearted soldiers of fortune” the maid might have had more difficulty in reaching the king.

The picture we have of the king, Charles VII, can hardly do other than fill us with disgust, although we must with our imagination attempt to reproduce the situation in order to be just to all. Were a girl seventeen years of age to come to one of our leaders at present with a tale as fantastic as that which Joan told, perhaps she would be received in no better manner. Had the king reached out his hand to save her or even to attempt to save her during that last trial we might have forgiven him all else. As it is, he must remain one of the most despised and despicable among men, sharing only with Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, the combined censure of humanity.

Joan was at her zenith when she entered Orleans. The girl in white armor with her sword of the cross carrying her great banner is the picture of her we all like best, perhaps, for at that time only did she have the undivided support and faith of her followers.

Her power to foretell and her power to lead are both emphasized by Mr. Paine, who evidently believes that Joan was possessed of supernatural knowledge. His narrative taken from the records would seem to indicate that according to the well-known test of a prophet, the maid was a prophet indeed; for time and time again did she reiterate her prophecies, and time and time again were they fulfilled to the letter.

As we read, we are likely to wonder, if the Voices could direct her and could rout the armies of the English, why they could not save her from the awful fate she suffered; and thus one comes up against the mystery of life and its relationships. Why, we might ask in the same breath, was Christ allowed to be crucified and Joseph Smith to be shot? In fact, the same

question might be asked concerning all the martyrs since the world began.

The details of Joan's imprisonment and trial are horrifying; but that they are true, there is no doubt. That is perhaps why in his foreword the author says, "The story of Joan of Arc is hardly a tale for young children, and, strictly speaking, this is not a children's book." Mr. Paine, however, relieves the narrative by constantly referring to the "Voices" which, no doubt, were a comfort to the beset girl. If there is in fiction a more terrible picture than that of Cauchon's "Beau Proces," as the trial of Joan was called, then I have not come upon it in my reading.

Chapter Twenty, "Afterward," which tells the story of "What came to Cauchon and Others," rather satisfies those of Mr. Paine's readers who have not quite reached the full stature of a Christian. Most readers, no doubt, subscribe sufficiently to the old Mosaic code to enjoy this working out of justice.

Members of the class would, no doubt, enjoy Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc" and De Quincey's essay.

Since in this year the world is celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of the great deeds of Joan of Arc, class leaders and teachers should have little difficulty in finding plenty of material about the Maid of Orleans. "The Girl in White Armor," however, is the work under consideration.

Questions and Problems

1. Why is Albert Bigelow Paine well prepared to write a short biography of Joan of Arc, like "The Girl in White Armor"?
2. Can you give reasons why Joan of Arc is worthy of world acquaintanceship?
3. What qualities make this book especially readable?
4. Can you see why such a girl as Joan of Arc should inspire many works of art in sculpture, painting, story, biography, etc.?
5. Read De Quincey's essay on Joan of Arc. Note the tone of the piece. It can be found in *De Quincey's Essays* or a part of it can be found in *Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose*.
6. Find what you can regarding Cauchon, Bishop of Bauvis.

An American Idyll is not out of print as the August number of the *Magazine* stated. However, *Noon*, scheduled to appear in the January, 1930 issue of the *Magazine*, is out of print, but the lesson outlines on the other eight biographies (listed in August, page 453, and in September, with prices, page 508) will be arranged to cover the nine months' course.

JOAN OF ARC—SKETCH OF HER LIFE

Albert Bigelow Paine begins his narrative of the life of Joan of Arc by telling of a great beech tree which overlooked the valley of the Meuse which was variously called "Ladies' Lodge" and "Fairy Tree," because, according to tradition, the ladies of fairyland sometimes danced there. Around this great tree Joan, or Jeannette, as Joan was named, also danced there with the children of her time who hung garlands for the fairies on the tree.

Joan of Arc was born January 6, 1412, in Domremy. Her parents were Jacques d'Arc and Isabelle Romee. Isabelle Romee was a devout Catholic and taught her little girl of her religion and told her stories of the saints. Joan grew to be a saintly little creature. One of her companions declared, "Often while we were at play, Jeannette drew apart and spoke to God."

On August 17, 1424, news came to the village that the French army had suffered another defeat at the Battle of Verneuil. Shortly thereafter (she was then thirteen) Joan received "the first word of the work she was to do." "On a summer day," Mr. Paine says, at the hour of noon, in her father's garden, she saw toward the church a great light, and heard a Voice. * * * The Voice came from the direction of the light, 'a worthy Voice,' full of dignity. She was told to be a good child, that God would help her, and that she would go to the rescue of the King. And the angel spoke to her of "the pity (the sorrow) that was of the Kingdom of France." Telling of it later Joan said that she knew the Voice to be that of a celestial being—Saint Michael. She also saw a figure, accompanied by angels. She once spoke of their appearance at the spring below the Fairy Tree. Probably on that account the tree was mentioned frequently in her trial.

Her visitants (she had them frequently) finally told her that she had been selected to save France, to crown the King and give him back his kingdom. "To the Saints Joan pledged her maidenhood 'for so long as it pleased God'; that is, until her mission was ended."

On October 12, 1428, the siege of Orleans, a key city of France, was begun by the English. Joan could stand it no longer. Her Voices must be obeyed. She finally persuaded Durand Laxart, an uncle, to take her to Robert de Baudricourt, a powerful captain. She told de Baudricourt to tell the Dauphin to hang on and not to cease the war; that he would be made King and that she would conduct him to his coronation. "Who is your Lord?" de Baudricourt demanded. "The King of Heaven," was Joan's simple reply.

De Baudricourt, unimpressed, told her to go home. Bertrand

de Poulengy, however, was impressed by her. Jean de Metz met her soon afterward and was so impressed that he said, "To thee, Joan, I, Jean de Novelompont, called Jean de Metz, pledge my knightly faith, and promise thee, God aiding, that I will conduct thee to the King." It was these two gallants de Poulengy and de Metz, who finally took the peasant girl to the King.

The King received her hesitatingly, but soon she was placed at the head of an army that marched upon Orleans and saved it. The city joined in a great procession in honor of the Maid of Orleans. Later she joined in other campaigns, but she was at her height at Orleans.

On July 17, 1429, five hundred years ago, Charles VII was crowned King of France in the cathedral at Reims, the same cathedral which figured in the World War.

From this point Joan's star began to set. She was soon doubted, wounded, and at last captured by the English who had threatened her many times with a fiery death.

She was held in captivity for weeks. At last, however, she was brought to trial before sixty judges in Rouen. Cauchon, Bishop of Bauvis, had charge. After days of trial and struggle, Joan was condemned and burned at the stake May 30, 1431.

Later in the day her executioner said to friends: "I shall never be saved, for I have burned a holy woman." A churchman said, "Would God my soul were where I believe the soul of that woman to be."

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in November)

LESSON 17. CHANGES IN THE COURSES OF STUDY AND THE METHODS OF TEACHING IN THE SCHOOLS

(Based on Chapters 18 and 19 of *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*)

In the last lesson we discussed the changing objectives of American schools. In this lesson—which, it will be noted, covers two chapters in the book—we consider the changes that are taking place in the courses of study and the methods of teaching in the public schools of today. In the next lesson, which will be the last in *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*, we shall attempt to sum up and bring together the main points of the entire eighteen lessons.

As announced last month, the six lessons for January to June inclusive will survey The Field of Social Work. There will be no book required for this set of lessons; the outlines, however, will contain references to appropriate readings.

A. *The Changing Course of Study*

In comparison with European schools it is correct to conclude with the author of this chapter, that American schools are, in general, much more modern and less bound by tradition. Yet from the standpoint of the profound changes which are taking place in American social and economic life today, our schools are backward; they are changing their courses of study and their methods of teaching with painful slowness. In fact, this situation is the basis of a major criticism of American schools today. The truth, therefore, lies somewhere between these two extreme comments.

In some enlightened places, the schools are progressively adapting their efforts to the preparation of the child for the life he is probably going to live. These experiments have great significance and are being observed with a critical eye by school people generally. Many innovations, however, have been introduced under the guise of careful experimentation, and presumably after careful thought, but which turn out to be nothing more than spurious ways of "jazzing up" the curriculum. Who will not recognize the tendency—possibly in one's own community, so aptly described by a writer in the August, 1929, *Century** as follows:

"Walk past a typical high-school building * * * Choose any hour of the day. * * * The broad demesne of this establishment is filled with the fleeting forms of children. The welkin rings with their shouts. The school band is discording a cheap march. Boys in decorated B. V. D.'s are batting balls * * * Others in khaki and brass buttons are shouldering guns, beating drums and blowing bugles. On the other side of the grounds the girls are doing much the same thing * * * boys are applying wrenches to auto frames. Others are hammering the tops of cooky-boxes * * * yet more are feeding a hungry printing-press with good white paper that will soon whirl out covered with juvenile wise-cracks. Across from the tin-shop a group * * * is preparing the musical program for the next 'pep' meeting that is to inspire the gladiators of Webster in their struggle with Longfellow. In the library, the executive committee of the Webster Parent-Teachers' Association is meeting to determine whether to put on a carnival or a minstrel-show to raise money for a new stage curtain. The library is closed to the few earnest students who have mistakenly believed that it is a place for books and study * * *"

Genuine change, born of need and a careful analysis of the situation, is a much coveted thing in education. But the introduction of change merely for the sake of change is distinctly hazardous.

The author has wisely emphasized the utilitarian principle now gaining currency in American education, that the school must prepare the child for actual life. However, let us see to just what extent this is true of education as we know it.

Take, in the first place, the matter of vocational education. Do our schools really prepare children for some vocation or other? True, we have some agriculture, some business courses and a little home-making in the high-school curriculum, but who would contend that this is a satisfactory, well-integrated scheme of vocational education? Furthermore, how much vocational guidance is offered the average secondary-school pupil?

These same questions might be raised in regard to character education. Take also the question of education for parenthood, more specially for motherhood. The traditional courses in hygiene, home-making, etc., are offered, to be sure, but does the high-school girl-graduate learn anything about home-nursing, children's diseases, mental hygiene of childhood, sex education, etc.?

Finally, we might mention the increasing importance of preparing children for the intelligent use of their leisure time. What, for instance, does the average public school do by way of systematically cultivating avocational habits and interests in its pupils? It does something, of course, but rarely does it do anything explicitly in this direction.

Of course, the vision of the "what to do" in education is obviously clearer than our understanding of the "how to do it." Most school people and boards of education would readily assent to these needs, but very few have the vision, the courage, the preparation or the financial backing to enable them to do what seems indicated.

Other Questions

1. What specific courses are offered to your children in the public schools that were not available in your day (or *vice versa*)? Is this difference an improvement? Why or why not?

2. How valid is the criticism that "we (in the U. S.) do not train our pupils to be students or scholars; we simply entertain them with a great variety of knowledge?"

3. Who determines the courses of study offered the school children in your community? Are the wishes and opinions of parents ever consulted on such matters? Should they be? Explain.

*What Makes Teachers Cranky?" by One of Them, August, 1929, *Century*, page 469.

4. What constructive criticisms can you offer regarding the courses of study in the public schools of your community?

B. The New Methods of Teaching

Perhaps the most striking difference between the schools of today and those of a generation ago is the freedom and informality of present-day education. The over-strict discipline of a former day has gone. Nowadays, the child is encouraged to express rather than to repress his individuality in the class-room. The old problem of discipline, for instance, is easily dealt with in the modern school, not by threats of punishment, however, but by interesting the pupil.

New skills are also achieved by new methods. For example, equal emphasis is placed on the silent as well as the oral reading ability of the child. Alongside memory training, the ability to think, to evaluate and to solve problems is emphasized.

Moreover, children in the modern school not only read about a subject—such as history, for example—but they learn with the aid of projects involving music, dramatics, literature, etc. The schools of today are also well-equipped with laboratories, museums, maps, etc., all of which increase the efficiency of the learning process in general.

To some extent—although not as much as they should—children participate in their own management. Here the rudiments of citizenship can be taught and the art of living together learned in a dynamic way.

The spirit and characteristic of the modern school is activity. The old "sit-still" education is happily passing. The good teacher knows that activity is synonymous with life and growth; that inactivity is mental and physical death, so to speak.

The formal subjects such as grammar and arithmetic are nowadays made dynamic by the new methods in education which make free use of the play and competitive element.

Occasionally there will also be found the school which makes discriminating use of those revolutionizing devices, the movie and the radio, in order to vitalize the subjects taught. During the last school year, for instance, many eastern school systems equipped their buildings with receiving sets so that the children might learn—direct from that great artist, Walter Damrosch, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra—the elements of music and music appreciation.

To know how to use these newer devices, and to be able to choose wisely from among the many psychological and mechanical aids to teaching which are clamoring for adoption, demands more intelligence, education and training on the part of the teacher than ever before. For this and other valid reasons, only com-

petent well-paid teachers should be in charge of the schools of today.

Other Questions

1. What are the usual criticisms of American educational methods?
2. What is the Montessori method?
3. Do the schools in your community make any use of the moving-picture or the radio in conjunction with the teaching process?
4. To what extent do the pupils in your schools participate in self-government?
5. What constructive criticisms can you offer of the educational methods employed in the schools of your community?

Uncontrollable Curiosity

By Owen Woodruff Bunker

I've ransacked every nick an' nook
 To find that darned old doctor book
 My Ma an' Pa gits down at night
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 I jist can't figger out why they
 Should keep the blamed thing hid away.

One time, when Ma was sick abed
 With wet cloths wrapped aroun' her head,
 I saw my Pa sneak back somewheres
 Behind the bottom of the stairs
 An' fetch it out, I reckon fer
 T' find out what was ailin' her.

I had t' squeeze behind th' door
 An' didn't get t' see no more;
 But some day I'm agoin' t' find
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 Jist why they hid it up from me.

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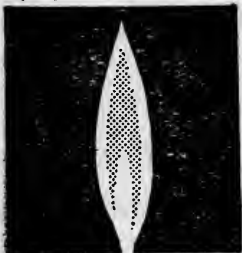
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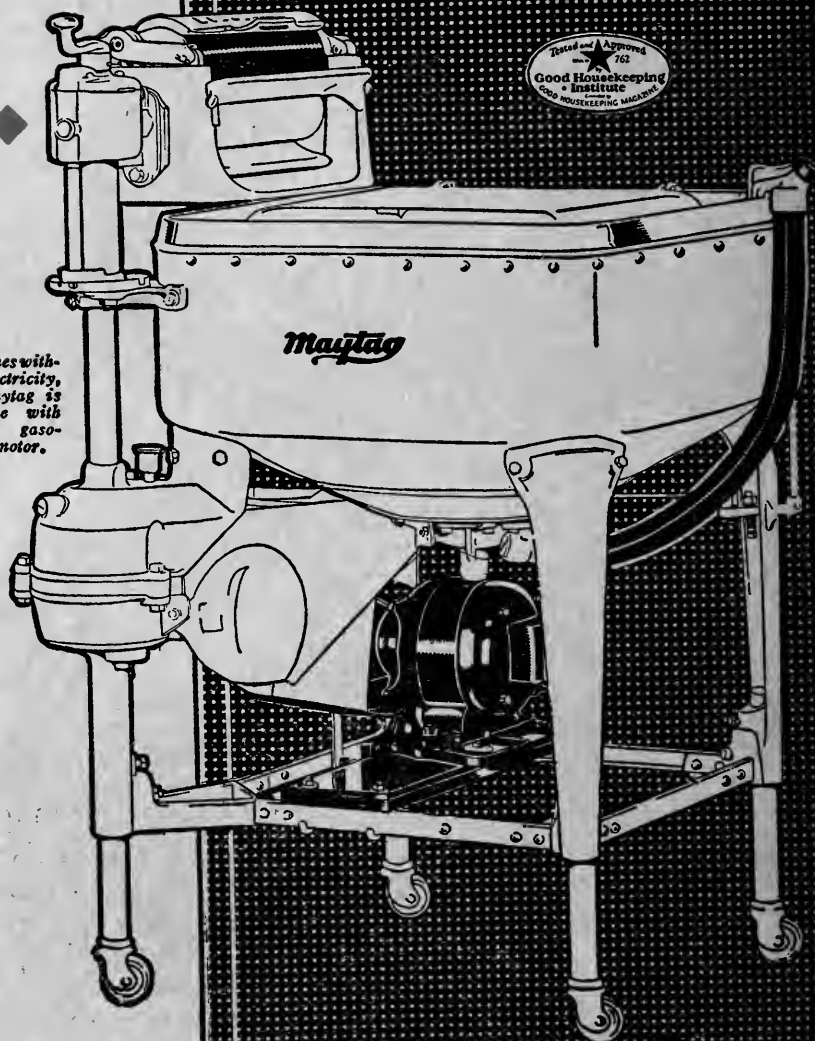
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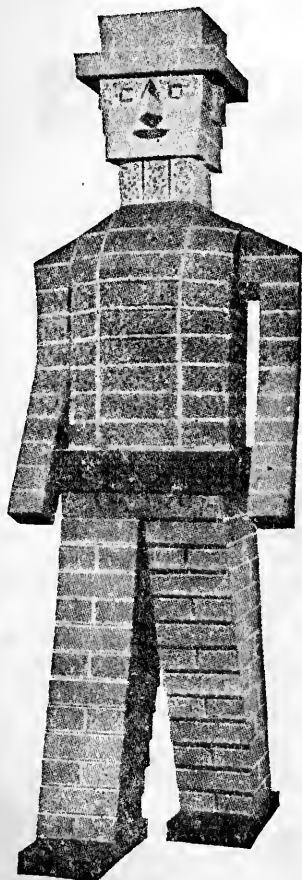
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MRS. EMILY S. RICHARDS

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Emily Sophia Tanner Richards

By Alice L. Reynolds

In the spring of 1918 it was my pleasure to accompany Mrs. Emily S. Richards to the city of St. Louis, where she was a delegate to the convention that celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Wyoming's receiving its suffrage. It was soon evident, after our arrival, that Carrie Chapman Catt, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, Rachel Foster Avery, and other suffrage leaders knew her well; they spoke of her as "our dear Mrs. Richards from Utah." This title she had earned through years of devotion to the cause. So familiar were the chief executives of our State with her record that from Governor Caleb West to Governor George H. Dern she was kept in mind and given appointments to conferences and congresses on behalf of philanthropic and progressive moves for women and children.

Emily S. Richards was the daughter of Nathan and Rachel Tanner. She inherited the lofty bearing and physical beauty so prevalent in her father's family. James Matthew Barrie has one of the characters of his play say, "If you have charm you don't need anything else." Mrs. Richards had personal charm. Good looks, cheerfulness, graciousness of manner, combined to make of her a lady to the manner born. I have never seen her when she was not cheerful and dignified. But Mrs. Richards had more, much more, than the personal and spiritual graces that go to make charm. Descended from a family noted for intellectual achievement, she had the type of mind that could distinguish a worthwhile cause, and the courage to ally herself with it.

Another factor that has worked materially in assisting her to carry out the well defined purposes of her life has been her husband. Franklin S. Richards and Emily S. Richards stood side by side. They were lovers always; everything she said bore evidence of the fact that he was giving her not only the material support to carry on, but that encouragement which is often so necessary

to keep up the real drive of the soul. I saw her at the age of sixty-nine beam at the reception of his letters and telegrams as a young girl beams over letters from her first lover. Franklin S. Richards has always been a fitting companion for his wife. He has appreciated through the years her worth, and as we consider what their union and comradeship has been, it suggests in a number of ways the life of Alice Freeman Palmer and George Herbert Palmer of Harvard fame.

Mrs. Richards is descended, as is also her husband, from one of the prominent families of the Church. Father Nathan Tanner was a friend of the Prophet Joseph, as had been his father John Tanner before him. Nathan Tanner was with Joseph when the latter was taken by the mob to Carthage jail. He died at the age of ninety-five, a revered patriarch of the Church. Of him President Joseph F. Smith said: "Nathan Tanner's devotion to the Prophet would alone insure his eternal salvation." He and his wife Rachel became the parents of Emily Sophia, born the 13th of May, 1850.

Emily passed her childhood days in pioneer surroundings, which did not shut out God's sunlight and air. She loved the fields, the flowers, and responded in joyous manner to the beauty around her. She was six years of age when her father moved from South Cottonwood into Salt Lake City. This gave her an opportunity to attend the best schools that Salt Lake had at the time. She was proud with others to have been a student of Bartlett Tripp, a man of such outstanding culture that he became the first governor of South Dakota, one of the judges of the supreme court of that state and later served the nation as United States Minister to Austria.

She was eighteen years of age when she became the wife of Franklin S. Richards. Their first home was in Ogden where three sons were born to them, Franklin Dewey, Joseph Tanner and William Snyder, two of whom have preceded her to the Great Beyond. Her family was augmented later by two daughters whom she adopted and on whom she bestowed much care. The daughters were named Wealthy Lucile and Emily Helen.

It would not be fair to this good woman to continue long a sketch of her life without taking into consideration her faith in God, in the Latter-day work, and her joy in the religious life. At the beginning she was connected with organizations of the Church, serving as president of the Retrenchment Association, as an officer in the Mutual Improvement Association, and in the Relief Society. Her husband's mother, Jane Snyder Richards, was conspicuous in the organization of the Relief Society; at one time they were both members of the General Board. Emily S. Richards served on the General Board of the Relief Society about thirty years, under three presidents—a period of time that is unusual for any one person to serve on a central board.

In 1888 a congress was held in Washington which was known as the World's Congress of Representative Women. Women's organizations from all over the world were invited to participate. They had met to organize an International Council of Women. This meeting marked a very critical time in the lives of the Latter-day Saints. There was much prejudice afloat. Mrs. Richards, who represented the Relief Society, had been invited to make an address. Through an oversight her name did not appear on the program. A note was sent to Miss Anthony telling her of the situation. She went to the rear of the platform and conducted Mrs. Richards to the rostrum, thus dispelling any thought of an intentional omission. Mrs. Richards was listened to with great respect. It was one of the experiences of her life that made a very deep impression; it was also one of the decided achievements of her life.

Yet her extended service was not alone on the General Board of the Relief Society; she was a director of the Orphan's Home of Salt Lake for some forty years, and a charter member of the board of directors of the Sarah Daft Home from the time of its coming into being until a very recent period. Her influence and effort were felt in the selection of the present site and in the erection of the building in 1914. Those acquainted with her will understand why she was sought for in these public offices. She always assumed her share of the responsibility, often carried more than her load, and did not shrink from attending to any detail for the success of the work at hand.

She was in the vanguard when suffrage was written into the Constitution of the State of Utah, having been appointed chief organizer for Utah by the National Suffrage Association. She was also a member of the National Executive Committee. She organized the Utah State Council of Women, standing at the head of the work when the battle came on. Fortunately for the cause, her political affiliations were the same as that of the Constitutional Convention. Her husband was one of the number and assisted in placing Suffrage into the Constitution of the State. It was not an easy task. I have often listened to her relate in glowing terms the story of the anxiety of the women as the opponents of the cause flooded the chamber with oratory meant to kill the movement; of the anxious night spent in sending telegrams to women all over the State, asking them to see to it that their representatives would stand flatly for the incorporation of a suffrage clause; for truly they feared lest some might falter.

After Utah became a full-fledged suffrage State, Susan B. Anthony and Anna Howard Shaw visited the State. Their visit marked the high peak in the suffrage history of Utah. The meetings in the city, which were notable in character, were followed by a reception in Mrs. Richards' home in which Governor Caleb

West, with his staff in brilliant uniforms, became part of the receiving line, along with the host and hostess and their special visitors.

When at last she was triumphant, party leaders asked her if she did not wish the honor of being the first woman to be elected to a state senate. She declined, but was intensely interested in aiding in the election of Mattie Paul Hughes Cannon, who had that honor, to the Senate of the State of Utah.

But she was not only a leader when the flags were flying and the drums beating. After the cause was won in Utah, the women of the State became more or less apathetic, while there was yet much to do to give suffrage to the women of the United States. The success of the movement depended largely on the States that already had suffrage. It meant a severe struggle to secure a federal amendment to the Constitution. Mrs. Richards kept the home fires burning. She visited our Congressmen in Washington, urging their support. She gave liberally of her own means and collected what she could from others, so that always the leaders of the movement knew on whom they could depend.

When in 1920 the national suffrage amendment was passed, Mrs. Richards was still holding on. She attended the special session of the Utah State legislature that ratified the amendment. Later, she called a meeting with a view of organizing the League of Women Voters, an organization replacing the American Suffrage Association, which was attended by Carrie Chapman Catt and Dr. Valeria H. Parker. Here Mrs. Richards turned the reins over to others, having fought a long and good fight—a fight covering a period of twenty-five years. In view of the quality of her service, it was certainly fitting that in 1918, at St. Louis, she should have been singled out by Rachel Foster Avery as her special dinner guest.

In 1891 the Relief Society and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association were affiliated with the National Council of Women, and through that with the International Council. On that occasion, Mrs. Richards was in Washington with other women from Utah.

Mrs. Richards attended meetings of both the National and International Councils of Women. An outstanding occasion was her visit to the quinquennial meeting of the International Council at Berlin in 1904. It was a notable session, remembered by those who visited it for contributions from American women of the class of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and was brilliant in its social aspects. The delegates were received in the Kaiser's palace at Berlin where they saw the Kaiserine in robes of state. After the convention, Mrs. Richards toured Europe with her husband, which was a joy, giving experience to her.

To continue, she was appointed president of the Utah board of lady managers to the Columbian exposition in Chicago in 1893, and during the summer session of the World's Fair was hostess in the Utah building. She received appointments also as vice-president of the Utah delegation to the California mid-winter fair in 1893-94, and to the International Exposition at Atlanta in 1895.

Mrs. Richards was noted for her interest in peace. For a number of years she served as a member of the State Peace Society. She was president of the Mother's Congress of Utah and was Utah's representative to National and International Congress of Charities and Corrections, from time to time.

In political fields Mrs. Richards has served as national Democratic committeewoman for Utah and has been a member of the national woman's Democratic committee. She was alternate delegate to the national Democratic convention in 1896.

Her contribution to education is noted in the fact that she was for ten years trustee of the Utah Agricultural College, and also a member of the board of trustees of the Salt Lake Public Library.

It was inevitable that one of her vast experience in public affairs should be sought during a catastrophe such as the World War. She was a member of the Utah State Council of Defense, as well as a member of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee. She served her county as a member of the executive committee of the Red Cross. Those of us who recall the strenuous days of the war will recognize that a full quota had been allotted her. The vigor of her service at this time showed clearly that she had not grown weary in well doing.

She, too, was one of the one hundred selected women who, led by Mrs. Catt, went to the White House and offered to President Wilson the services of two million organized women pending an outbreak of war.

Mr. Richards' professional duties took him to Washington a good deal. At one time he was in residence there for practically five years. During this time Mrs. Richards became acquainted with the leaders of women's movements. She also met the wives of the senators at their weekly afternoon receptions. When they later returned to Utah and built their home, it was her desire to build in such a manner that in the event of any of these leaders coming to Salt Lake she would have a place where they might be entertained. Her wish was gratified in full measure. Her beautiful home was always a social center. Many citizens will bring to mind special occasions when she entertained. Some of us will recall an evening when Ella Wheeler Wilcox was the guest of honor; others, when Susan B. Anthony, Anna Howard Shaw, and Rachel Foster Avery were at her home; while yet others will remember Carrie Chapman Catt, Dr. Valeria H. Parker and Mrs. Emily Newell Blair.

Mrs. Richards passed quietly away at the family residence, 175 A Street, Salt Lake City, on Monday afternoon, Aug. 19, 1929. In the morning she had been in town where she had seen a number of her friends, among them Mrs. George H. Dern. She expressed great pleasure at seeing and visiting with her friends. She passed as those who loved her would have her pass, free from extended suffering, with her family at her side.

It is remarkable how much one person can accomplish when the head and heart are set in the right direction. Mrs. Richards was a leader born, and to the very last exhibited characteristics of leadership. She inspired in the minds of those who knew her great admiration on the one hand and tender devotion on the other. One of the choicest of choice women, she has served her family and friends, her State, Nation, and Church, nobly and well. She has made her place, which is a place of sacredness and of honor; she has left a memory around which is bound much of what is lovely and ideal.

It was eminently fitting that at her service, President Heber J. Grant should be there to express his appreciation for her religious life; that Orson F. Whitney, a poet, should stand as a symbol of the ideality that was so much a part of her; that Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon should symbolize her great contribution to the progress of women, and that her brother, Mr. C. C. Richards, should pay tribute to her home life.

Emily

A loving tribute to Mrs. Franklin S. Richards

"Come unto me, ye blessed of my Father."

Kindness and friendliness beamed from Emily's eyes.

Her heart and hands reached out to works of love.

Last evening bright and glad—today surprise

Brings message of "her going home"—above!

No ling'ring hours of weariness and dread—

But ready transport to her God instead.

Her soul's companion, children, grandchildren, friends,

Confess God's hand in this benign release.

To hearts bereft His matchless grace extends

Sweet consolation, hope, and sacred peace.

May we live worthy, from earth's changing clod,

To meet her in her heavenly home with God.

—Lula Greene Richards.

National Conference of Social Work

June-July, 1929

By Amy W. Evans

With all the hospitality of the most hospitable Californian, the fifty-sixth annual Conference of Social Work was made welcome to San Francisco. It was a most cordial welcome. The local committee made excellent arrangements and were so thoughtful and considerate for the comfort and convenience of their guests, "that the out-of-town members in attendance would be unanimously inclined to give them credit as well for the marvelous weather enjoyed throughout the week."

The registration this year reached a total of 3,387. One thousand of those attending came from east of Denver—a much larger number than was estimated would come from the East. Yet Porter R. Lee, the president, states that the conference was geographically rather more broadly national in character than are meetings in the East.

Utah was well represented, with an especially large delegation from the Relief Society.

In making a brief report of the Conference it is impossible even to mention what occurred in each of its twelve divisions, much less to include kindred groups that held meetings just before and during the week of the Conference. Only the outstanding sessions can be touched upon.

One of the most stimulating and picturesque sessions was the meeting on "Pacific Relations," which was addressed by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, and by John S. Burgess of Princeton-in-Peking. About fifty natives of foreign countries were seated on the platform as guests of the Conference; their presence reinforced the points made by the speakers.

Secretary Wilbur, chairman of the Division of Health when the subject "The Economic Aspects of Medical Care" was discussed, contributed greatly to the session.

One session, the Division of the Immigrant, especially interesting to Relief Society delegates, was devoted to the Indian problem. Two of the best informed persons on the subject in the United States, Mr. Lewis Meriam of Washington, D. C., director of the recent Indian Survey, and Mr. Henry Roe Cloud, himself a Winnibago, addressed the session. Mr. Meriam stated the chief program—how to set in motion those social forces by which the American Indians may be enabled to work out the Federal paternalistic supervision, which too often amounts to a rigid military sys-

tem, into a natural adjustment of the life of the modern world, "like any other people."

Mr. Cloud, a fine appearing Indian and a graduate of Yale University, gave an eloquent address on the Indian problem from the viewpoint of his race. What the Indian needs most, he argued, is to be released—a release for his personality, a release from subjugation; to be recognized as a human being and to be aided toward his own development. As a famous Indian chief once put it, "He needs the right to make his own mistakes instead of having others make them for him." Mr. Cloud stated also that many Indians are becoming landless from drifting to large cities, where they usually live in the poorest sections.

A motion was made that a telegram of appreciation be sent to Mr. Rhoads and to Mr. Scattergood for their public-spirited acceptance of President Hoover's request that they head the United States Indian Service. The executive committee of the Division was requested to appoint a section to consider, for the 1930 Conference at Boston, a program on the Social Problems of the Indians.

The subject of unemployment was discussed in the Division of the Family, also in the Division of Industrial and Economic Problems. These sessions were well attended, the subject being of such vital importance that the chairman had difficulty in controlling the floor; many entered the discussions and had much to say. That the family worker should know what unemployment does to the lives of the individuals in the family group and to community life as a whole, was shown by Mr. Lynde of the Cleveland Associated Charities. To bring home this truth to all who can be of influence in solving the problem, was his aim.

The Division of Children was addressed by men and women of accomplishment in this field of social work. Among these was Grace Abbott of the Federal Children's Bureau, who spoke of the opportunities and responsibilities of the Juvenile Court, of the necessity for trained social case workers as investigators, also of probation officers with the newer conception of child study and child guidance. She thought the Juvenile Court should not be cluttered up with non-support cases, divorce, adult offenders, and mothers' allowances.

A report of the Conference would not be complete without mention of Dr. Miriam Van Waters, who was elected president for 1930. Miss Van Waters is referee of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court and author of "Youth in Conflict" and other books on social subjects. It has been four years since a woman was elected president, Miss Margaret Vaile having been chosen at Denver in 1925. "The New Morality and the Social Worker" was the subject of a notable address given at one of the general sessions by Dr. Van Waters. In a message published in the Conference Bulletin she says, "A National Conference of Social Work is like a religious

revival in that it thrills many for the first time to a life beyond the problems of the self. As revivals do not accomplish the realization of the aims of religion, so conferences are not intended to exhaust the interest and enthusiasm of social workers by means of one big meeting a year." Rather does the Conference broaden the interest of the social worker so that it extends beyond his neighborhood to the entire city in which he serves, then to his state, then to the nation.

'Aunt Em's' Life Portrayed in Pageant

"We live in deeds not words," is truly manifest in the lives of those who through the years strive to help their fellow men.

To men and women who hold high the lamp of life and let its light shine to brighten the path of others, there is no death. The spirit in their lives proves its immortality in the heart of memory; therefore, as the years go by, those lives devoted to others' advancement still shine on in the world.

This summer at Mackinac Island, Michigan, the Professional and Business Women's Club held its national convention. The closing session consisted of a pageant portraying in succession the life of the most outstanding woman of each State in the Union. The clubs of the organization in the respective States decided by vote the selection of its most noted woman. The Utah clubs voted for Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells. They considered her the woman who had rendered the greatest service to the women of her State, Utah.

Miss Ora Harmston of Richfield, State president of the Utah society, Miss Elizabeth Fitzgerald, assistant principal of the Salt Lake West High School, and Miss Margaret Stewart of Ogden were the delegates from Utah; on them was placed the task of presenting Utah's part in the entertainment.

The pageant was prepared by Miss Nelson of Richfield, state secretary of the organization. It was written in three parts—education, suffrage, and philanthropy—including the unique story of the storing of the wheat. The personal call of President and Mrs. Wilson, in behalf of the nation to express to Mrs. Wells his—the President's—grateful thanks for the large amount of wheat bestowed at the time of the World War was interwoven in the story, which was read by Miss Margaret Stewart of Ogden to the music of the song, "Our Mountain Home So Dear," composed by Mrs. Wells.

To represent Mrs. Wells, Miss Elizabeth Fitzgerald was

chosen. She wore the actual costumes, including the well remembered paisley shawl and silver-colored bonnet, with the beautiful Utah silk dress, now the property of the Daughters of the Pioneers. She was declared to be a perfect representation of the character. Miss Fitzgerald's slight build, classic features, and soft grey hair—so like "Aunt Em's"—made her delightfully real in the quaint costume.

On their return home, the delegates were enthusiastic over the success of the pageant, pronouncing it the finest one presented and the one that received the most applause. The popularity of the pageant was reiterated in a letter from Miss Fitzgerald written on board a Cunard liner on the Atlantic ocean, as she was on her way for a tour of Europe at the close of the convention. She wrote that "Even after going to New York, and since I have been on the boat; I have had to tell her story over and over again, adding many of the little incidents that our limited time at Mackinac did not permit us to tell. Over and over again I heard at our convention this expression: 'I think Utah presented the most interesting woman.'" She further writes, "I am sure our little bit will make people understand that the women of Utah were among the leaders in any forward-looking movement."

It is always gratifying to know that one of our dearly beloved women has received such honors, and to feel, as in this case, that they are worthily bestowed—a verification that our good deeds live after us and that the sweet influence of "Aunt Em's" life has left its shining light, a guide and inspiration for the women of Zion and all women.

Autumn

By Elsie E. Barrett

The Autumn is present with color and tints;
On all trees and bushes it makes its imprints.
Gay time of the harvest, of fruits and all grains,
And ev'ry thing living is chanting glad strains.
The green of the summer has turned red and gold;
All nature is saying—"My beauties behold."

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EDITORIAL

Social Problems in Palestine

People in the civilized world will generally regret the outbreak in Palestine. Aimed particularly at the Jews, it has caused the death and injury of many of that race. All the modern science that can be brought to the aid of the Arabs, as well as all the appropriations for education given by the Zionists' organization, will be of small value unless something can be done to teach the people dwelling in that land to be tolerant one towards another.

The streets of most oriental cities are narrow; people who dwell in them cannot walk up and down without rubbing against each other; yet their ideas are as far apart as the north pole from the south pole. Any one who has ever visited that country must be aware of these deep-seated antagonisms.

A guide who was a Christian Arab, having been taught the religion of the Quaker by his father, had spent enough time in New York to learn the English language. One morning, when his party was leaving Jerusalem to go to Nazareth, he apologized because he wore the fez or tarboosh, which is the prevalent style of hat in that country. Turning to his party, he said, "I have a Panama hat that I brought from New York, and which I should very much like to wear on such a day as this; but if I went among the Arabs with it they would take me for a Jew and probably kill

me. If I wear my tarboosh they will think I am Mohammedan, and that probably will protect my life."

The people belonging to the Zionist movement have built a Jewish university on Mount Scopus, which is a part of the Mount of Olives. When it was dedicated, April 1, 1925, the British government sent Lord Balfour, one of their most talented speakers, to make an address. So bitter was the feeling of the Arabs towards him that he had to be taken to the coast under special guard to embark for home.

The Arabs hold their destiny in their hands. If they are determined to stir up strife and massacre and kill the Jew, who has knowledge and material wealth that can be used to redeem the land and bring back in a measure its former glory, then the hour of their redemption will be delayed. It is incumbent, also, upon the Jews to be tolerant to those who are at present living in that land and who, like themselves, are the children of Abraham. It is of little avail for the Jews to seek the Wailing Wall and plead with the Lord for the re-establishment of their people as a nation in the Land of Promise if they are part and party to the stirring up of strife, and not willing to do everything in their power to bring about harmony and establish good will.

Another matter to be regretted is that the small body of Christians living in that country do not always use their good offices to maintain an attitude of good will between Arabs and Jews. As followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene, they should be anxious to do all they can to induce the Arabs, with whom they have influence, to be law-abiding and tolerant, that the hour may not be far off when that land, which gave birth to the Savior, and in which he died that *all men* might be saved, shall cease to be a hiss and a by-word from the standpoint of modern progress and Christian ethics.

Vacation Camps in Idaho

Miss Marion Hepworth has demonstrated her vision. Vacation Camps in the State of Idaho have become a real institution. There women gather and are brought into contact with an educational program suited to their particular needs. To make this program possible, the most attractive vacation resorts in the State have been selected for the encampment, where women from five or six counties assemble. At the camps a three-fold program is carried on, emphasizing information, recreation, and inspiration. The theme this summer has centered around the child.

Illustrative of the idea, on Tuesday, July 30, at Mack's Inn, Miss Marjorie Eastman gave a talk and demonstration on children's garments for health and play. The recreation was under the

leadership of Mrs. Eldon Sessions; the music, which has been featured at the camps for two sessions, was under the direction of Mr. T. R. Neilson of the Southern Branch of the University of Idaho. On the first evening, Governor Baldrige of Idaho made an address, also David O. McKay of Salt Lake City.

The music deserves special mention; it was the best sort of demonstration of the theme Mr. Neilson was presenting, "Music in the Home." It consisted of an all-Neilson quintette, the performers transferring with perfect ease from one instrument to another. Mrs. Neilson is the accompanist, ordinarily two of the sons play the violin, while the father and the eldest son play the clarinet. Sometimes they resolve themselves into a saxophone quartet consisting of father and three sons with the mother at the piano. This orchestra accompanies the women as they sing, under Mr. Neilson's leadership, their State songs and the popular airs of America.

On these programs for two seasons the Relief Society has been represented. Last season Miss Alice L. Reynolds of the General Board took part on the program at Fish Haven and Lava Hot Springs. This summer the General Board of the Relief Society has been represented at four camps—Mrs. Lotta Paul Baxter appeared on the program at Fish Haven and Lava Springs, and Miss Alice L. Reynolds at Starkey and Mack's Inn. Miss Reynolds subject both years was *Books that pay Interest and Reading for Children*. Mrs. Baxter spoke on *Character Training in the Home*, and *The Poise of the Mother in the House*.

The conception is unique, amply deserving the popular support that it is receiving. Beyond question, it carries a message from the Agricultural College and University of Idaho into the homes of the State—the real purpose of an Extension Division. Miss Marion Hepworth, State Home Demonstrator, with her assistants in the counties, is to be congratulated on the impressive program she has assembled, and the excellent piece of educational work she is putting over.

Mrs. Alveretta S. Engar is the author of the poem "Recompense," which appeared in the *Relief Society Magazine*, September, 1929, page 483. It is regretted that her name did not appear with the poem,

Ed's Delusion

By *Minnie I. Hodapp*

"A little wine once in a while doesn't hurt me," said Ed Hale in low, persuasive tone to his sweetheart Retta Lee. "Just so a man can keep his head and not let drink get the better of him, a little wine once in a while doesn't matter." Ed smiled as though he felt quite sure of proving his point, but a look of pained sadness crept into the deep brown eyes of unconvinced Retta.

"How long since you began tasting a little wine now and then, Ed?"

Ed hesitated, then replied falteringly, "Oh, quite a while ago—say two or three years ago."

Retta looked amazed, stunned.

"I always know when to quit, Retta. I've never missed a class recitation or lost a practice-case over tasting a little wine once in a while. I always know when I've had enough. It pays to be on one's guard, you know, as the directors at the medical college are quite exacting with the students."

Retta felt that this confession, unpleasant as it was, revealed Ed's downright integrity. His non-denial of his indulgence was more fascinating than disgusting. She wished to draw out his story.

"Why did you start tasting wine, Ed?"

"Why? Partly due to my work. The sight of so much pain and suffering began to unnerve me. I thought I needed a stimulant. So once in a while, say every six weeks or thereabout, I began taking a little wine."

Retta's answer was a low moan, tearless, yet full of anguish. Ed's heart smote him as he saw how his secret disturbed her.

"Retta my dear," his voice dropped to a soothing apology, "I should not alarm you in this way. You've been brought up to look at these things seriously, and in the main you are right."

"Yes," came faintly from Retta. She was too much overborne by emotion to take up further argument. Turning to the table she looked again at the peerless white roses Ed had given her that day. The girl trembled lest she might find a canker worm feasting amid their satin-snow petals.

"Oh, Ed," she moaned.

"What is it Retta?"

"I thought you were far, far too wise for anything like this."

"Girlie, a little wine once in a while," he began pleadingly, then stopped abruptly for Retta was paler than the flower in the vase on the table.

A flute-note from the band-concert in the neighboring park

broke into the room. It summoned them to the park. As they rode in Ed's car, it took but a few minutes.

"Let's mingle with the crowd," said Retta observing that the program was well advanced. They soon joined some friends on a grassy bank toward the edge of the throng.

Darting in and out among the trees behind them, they espied a lone youth.

Ed peered into the grove, then said, "Why, it's Herman skipping to and fro like a dancing shadow. He has a bunch of handbills."

"Hey, Herman! Bring me one," called Ed.

The youth hastened forward and handed Ed a bill.

Retta watched the young man as he moved lithely back among the trees. "What's the matter with his right hand," she asked Ed.

"I've never found out except that it is useless. Poor Herman! He never did play basketball in high school on account of his handicap, but he did a lot of other things."

Retta began reading the bill by way of changing the subject. Her sympathy was acute, and the retiring behavior of Herman haunted her.

The advertisement was concerning an excursion to Ellen Isle on June twentieth.

"Shall we go?" asked Ed.

"I just can't refuse," declared Retta. "Mother will leave for the coast on the nineteenth and I'll have to take care of little Bob. Maybe I'll coax him to stay with Aunt Louise that day."

"Or you may take him along. A child usually delights in a boat ride."

"That's just it! He might become too venturesome. I don't want to feel worried about him. It would spoil the outing."

"Well, just leave him with Aunt Louise," said Ed. "I don't want that day to be marred for you by a single worry, however slight."

Retta beamed her approval of these considerate words; Ed gave her hand a little squeeze and said, "We'll hire a nice, new boat and have a capital time on the water."

"And I'll pack a lunch in mother's big picnic basket. For 'tis a fact, I'd rather spend a day at Ellen Isle than at any summer resort you can name."

So the lovers arranged their perfect day.

Never had Retta seen Ed happier and handsomer than when he helped her into the boat on Lowell River on the morning of the excursion. The glassy water wound smoothly down toward Ellen Isle, six silvery miles away. It mirrored the mountains and trees. A perfumed breeze rustled among the wild roses along either bank. Ten thousand blossoms seemed to vie with one an-

other 'neath the blithe June sky. The sight moved Retta to fondest admiration and she recited for Ed:

“Yon blithely smiling wild rose hedge
Ablooming by the water's edge
So innocent and free!
With silken petals pink and fair
Aflutter on the balmy air
In guileless rivalry!”

In snatching for a spray of low-bending blossoms along the edge of the stream, Ed almost upset the boat.

“Sit down,” shrieked Retta, as he danced a jig on the floor of their little craft.

Placing the flowers in Retta's lap he said,

“Lady fair, I really must
Either poetize or bust.”

As they glided past the silent, sunny fields the cadence of a meadow lark came now and then, like a ripple of purest joy to their love-enchanted hearts.

By and by Ed ceased to row, folded his arms and gazed into the deep, silent current that flowed on and on so peacefully.

Gradually the boat neared the shore, and Retta, enraptured, beheld the grassy knolls and fragrant bowers of Ellen Isle.

At the mooring Retta was somewhat surprised to meet the young man whom she had noticed dancing in the shadows on the eve of the band concert. He was on duty here and he locked the boat with willing alacrity. Retta watched him closely. To her mind, Herman seemed more skillful with his one useful hand than some persons are with both.

“I'm edified in studying his case,” remarked Retta as they turned toward an inviting knoll.

“Really?” said Ed with a slightly forced laugh.

Ed spent the forenoon fishing and had unusual fisherman's luck. At noon he built a small campfire and arranged the fry. Meanwhile Retta spread out their luncheon in a grassy nook close by.

“I believe I'll go and fetch a pail of water from the west-side spring before we eat,” said Ed. “I won't be gone many minutes.”

He reached the springs and watched the cold, pure water bubbling from the quicksand. He filled his bucket and stooped down to pick some watercress when a hearty-sounding voice arrested his ear.

“Hello, Ed, old timer!” It was Newel Simons who spoke.

“Why, hello, old pal,” responded Ed.

"Here's something better than water, Ed," began Newel; then, noticing Ed's reluctance he went on, "Come on, old timer. You're off duty today. Make it a real holiday."

Although the sparkling flask looked deliciously tempting to Ed, he hesitated and turned with the bucket of water to go back to Retta.

"Here, here!" called Newel holding out the flask entreatingly.

Ed put down the bucket and remarked almost in the language of the ancient Rip Van Winkle, "This drink won't count." He sat down on the bank beside Newel and the two friends began a game of mumble-peg in the damp soil.

Retta waited half an hour, but Ed did not appear. Ten anxious moments were added to the half hour. Still no Ed in sight. She stirred up the little campfire to keep the fish warm. She walked forth and back under the arbor. Growing restless, she climbed a tree for diversion. "I'll just await him here, and he'll wonder what's become of me."

When she came down from the tree she was much relieved to see Mrs. Mecham coming toward her, crocheting as she walked. Retta welcomed her and she prolonged her visit as much as possible. Mrs. Mecham was glad of the change, as she wished not to disturb baby Robert's nap by chattering over him. Not until the child's own voice gave the signal of awakening did she retrace her footsteps toward him.

It was half past two o'clock when Retta started toward the spring to find Ed. As she neared the spot two men from under the trees lifted their boisterous voices in greeting. The girl's quick glance fell upon four empty wine flasks piled against the tree. The loquacious, unsteady voices of the two friends made her instantly aware of what had taken place.

Angered and disappointed, Retta turned back. She would go and pack the untouched luncheon into the basket. (What a patient Griselda she had been!) She hastened her steps, but alas a hungry dog had watched his chance, and during her absence, had made a feast of the meal, leaving not a morsel.

At sight of the dog's muddy footprints on her dainty table linen, Retta sat down and wept.

A far-off peal of thunder caused her to look up.

"Oh, I hope a storm isn't brewing! How on earth will we get home? Ed is in no condition to handle the oars."

She placed the tablecloth and forks and spoons in the basket, then hastened down to the boat at the river's edge.

"You seem to be troubled about something. May I help you?" asked the alert, dark-eyed young man who had charge of the boats.

"Yes," answered Retta in low tone. I need help. Someone must help me and so I'll turn to you.

"Will you please go with me to the spring and help me induce Ed Hale to come down and get into the boat. Do hurry! I want to get him away from here before too many of his friends find out. He's been drinking wine and more wine and more wine—Oh, I can't tell you all!"

"I understand," answered Herman. "Say no more about it."

By skillful maneuvering Retta and Herman enticed Ed to walk between them down toward the mooring. Here Herman took a robe and a cushion and made a bed in the floor of the boat. Little by little, Retta persuaded Ed to get into the boat and lie down for a nap. This done she seated herself in one end of the boat and took an oar. Herman unlocked the boat and pushed out into the middle of the stream, meanwhile assuring Retta that she would reach home before many of her friends found out Ed's folly. Hide it she would for her own sake and Ed's!

"You manage the boat so well," said Retta to Herman.

"Of course I try to do the best I can, Miss Lee," answered the young man; "but I have my limitation," glancing down at his helpless right hand.

Retta's eyes spoke truest sympathy as she replied, "You are surely patient and brave through it all. May I ask the cause of your affliction?"

"I cannot explain," said Herman, "without involving a friend who has been very good to me all his life. It was his mistake, and for the sake of his good name, I hold it a secret."

"That's hard to do, isn't it?" asked Retta.

"Not so hard," answered Herman, "when one bears in mind that a weak character is oftentimes more dangerous than a wicked one."

"Oh? You don't mean to say that?"

"Yes, Miss Lee, I mean exactly that. One doesn't trust a wicked man, but it is easy to forgive the weakling and trust him again and again."

"I suppose you are right," mused Retta sadly. In that same interval a mourning dove uttered its sweet and plaintive cry from the river bank. Its song almost broke Retta's heart. Even the wild rose hedges seemed unsmiling and drooping and stricken with blight.

When the boat finally landed, Ed was able to get out and walk toward home.

"Goodbye, Retta," he said sadly.

"Goodbye, Ed." There were tears in Retta's eyes, for she felt that this was indeed the last goodbye.

She was not surprised to receive next morning this message from Ed:

"I know I acted the part of a contemptible fool, Retta. I don't ask you to forgive me this time. Confound it all! What made me taste that wine? Words cannot express the disgust I feel toward myself, and I know full well that I've made myself forever odious in your sight."

To this letter Retta made no reply. Words failed her and her emotions were too conflicting to be trustworthy. Besides, Ed was aware of his over-powering appetite, his pathetic infirmity of will. Oh, but wasn't he paying in regret, remorse, chagrin and self torture?

Weeks passed. No word from Retta to Ed. No further message from Ed to Retta. Neither made the least attempt to break silence.

Secretly Ed was very grateful to Retta for having kept his folly hidden. It gave him a better standing in the neighborhood. Folks had confidence in him still. Although he had one more year to complete his course at the medical college, his near and dear friends would occasionally call for his assistance in case of emergency. He dressed Edwin Brown's hand when his fingers were crushed in the pulley. He bandaged Jay Hendrick's sprained ankle and helped to set Gene Francom's leg. And it was with a heart throb of pride that Retta heard these things related. "Dear Ed! He may win out yet," she told herself.

Naturally Ed avoided Herman. It annoyed him to feel that this simple Swiss immigrant boy had shown himself Ed's superior in the eyes of Retta. Ed would not willingly meet Herman again. No; not under the most favorable conditions.

It happened one evening when Ed called to leave a book at the home of a soldier who had lost his eyesight in the late World War, he found Herman there reading to him.

"Go right on, Herman," requested Ed, seeing him pause as if to lay aside the book. So he continued the lesson. It was a French text and Herman translated it phrase by phrase and sentence by sentence. When the lesson was finished, Herman, much to Ed's relief, said goodbye and left the two friends alone.

"How often does he help you?"

"An hour each evening."

"You're fortunate," answered Ed. "Herman knows his Latin, too, and that thoroughly."

"But I understand he has a physical defect," remarked the blind student. "His right hand, I believe."

"Yes, through an accident. I don't know the details; but if I had to change places with Herman I'm afraid I should curse the fate that heaped upon me so cruel a handicap."

"Oh, there are worse things," replied the blind student.

"Forgive me, friend," said Ed feelingly. "I spoke with considerable warmth. But Herman's case seems to haunt me for

some reason. Perhaps it's because I've seen his struggles—always fitting himself into a niche for service—elevator boy, janitor, usher, guide, assistant night clerk. And he has real ability could he but rise to a particular calling wherein his handicap need not figure."

The phone rang. A voice of frenzied alarm cried:

"Is this you, Ed?"

"Yes, Retta. What's wanted?"

"Oh, Ed, come! It's my little brother. He's eaten a wild parsnip and is in a convulsion."

Ed was soon in the Lee home beside Retta working over little Bob.

"If he should die," cried Retta, "how would I tell mother? She left him in my care—she left him in my care."

Ed worked rapidly. His calm presence lent strength to Retta. Although an agonizing period to her, within fifteen minutes little Bobbie was relieved and Ed said that he was out of imminent danger.

Retta's joy knew no bounds.

"I want to hold him, Ed."

So Ed lifted the little boy from the bed and placed him tenderly in Retta's arms. What a picture of gratitude she was as she sat beaming upon Ed while she nestled little brother close.

"Don't leave yet," said Retta. I shan't feel safe about him with you gone."

This entreaty fell like sweetest music upon the ears of Ed, and a wave of protective tenderness surged through his heart.

"I'll stay with you until you feel entirely at ease about him," said Ed.

Ed did not leave until past midnight and he promised to call again first thing in the morning.

The forenoon visit was thrillingly happy. Little Bobbie was up and playing marbles in the front yard. Ed and Retta sat engaged in blissful conversation while they watched his play. The occasion seemed to revive all their once fond happiness. In the course of the hour they planned a party for Retta's birthday the following Thursday.

"And I'll come extra early," said Ed, "to help you with the pantomime."

So Retta began at once with the preliminary details of her birthday party. While she worked, her heart sang a wondrous love-rhapsody. Ed had made a new resolve and was not going to disappoint her any more. His golden promises made Retta's future shine "like leaves and flowers and strawberries agrowing on one vine."

Thursday came and Retta marked the place cards and matched the silver, all the time thinking how Ed had offered to come early

in order to help her stage the dear little pantomime. He had stressed this promise and how she counted on it!

The first arrivals at the party were Nell and Walter. Such early comers they! Was it to their credit to be so punctual, Retta wondered.

A few minutes later Phyllis and Ralph, John and Margaret, and Louis and Helen arrived in Ralph's car. Such a merry bunch! Their laughter echoed through the room as they chatted in gay confusion.

Herman next. He came alone. How genially he bowed to the assembled guests. Retta welcomed him warmly, all the time feeling what a slight return was her hospitality compared with the great way in which he had befriended Ed.

A sudden summer shower seemed to hasten the arrival of the other guests. Retta was greeting them one and all, when an agitated voice whispered in her ear. "Land sakes, child, why don't you have your company set up to the table?"

"Is it time to eat, Polly?"

"Time to eat! Why child, I've been standin' ready to dish the victuals the last half hour. The dinner will spoil if you wait much longer."

"We'll commence at once," said Retta, glancing at her watch. "You're right, Polly. We are half an hour late. I'll have them seated presently."

Once more Retta stepped onto the porch and looked up the street. Ed wasn't in sight.

"How can I lead out at this dinner without Ed? Won't it look awkward for a hostess at a formal dinner party to be without—"

"Come on, Retta. Don't delay the dinner," called out Polly.

A bright idea entered Retta's mind. She walked over to Herman.

In a moment it was arranged and Herman was seated beside the hostess.

No sooner had dinner commenced than the phone rang.

"Ed insists on speaking to you," said Retta's aunt. So the young hostess, much perplexed, left her guests.

"Hello, Retta. This you?" came in loud, garrulous tones from Ed. "Say, Retta, is it tomorrow or next day that your party's coming off? Is that so? Well, I've got it all mixed up. Why didn't I make a note of it? Confound the luck."

So selfish and unapologetic was Ed that Retta hung up the receiver with a bang. How it relieved her feelings that the telephone was in Grandma's room, two doors from the dining room. No one had heard a word. She would dismiss the affair from her mind and try, with Herman's aid, to make a complete success of the evening.

But in a few moments the phone rang again and Aunt Louise, covered with embarrassment, summoned Retta the second time to leave her guests.

"Retta," said Ed, "I'm all ready but I can't find my car. It's not in the garage. What am I to do? Oh, say, that reminds me, I believe I left it in Newel's front yard. Yes, I've been out for a lark with Newel. Great time we had! Say, Retta, I'll be there after a while. I'll go and get—"

"Never mind, Ed. Never mind. Don't hurry, whatever you do." Thus finishing the conversation, Retta calmed her inner feelings as best she could and brightened her face with a forced smile as she returned to the table. She found her guests laughing merrily.

"You missed a fine story," whispered Ralph. Herman soon told another one equally good. As the dinner progressed Retta felt relieved and glad. She resolutely pushed into the background her dismay concerning Ed, and determined to be gay and gracious to all.

Instead of the pantomime, Retta asked Herman to introduce a Swiss folk dance. It's novelty charmed the dancers and they repeated it again and again from sheer delight.

On viewless wings the hours passed, and at last, when nearly everyone had gone home, Herman lingered by the door to bid his charming hostess goodbye. His look was eloquence itself as he said in his simple way, "Retta, you've been more than kind to me tonight."

Peering at Retta and Herman from a car parked near the front yard, was a darkly frowning face.

"So the *withered hand* is going to reach out and take Retta away from me?" growled Ed under his breath. "I'll wait for him on the corner of Center and First West, and when I get his eye, I'll make his duty clear to him."

So Ed watched for Herman on the corner. An appalling traffic jam, yet he was easily identified pacing along with the others.

A rumbling truck rounding the corner—a mother's anguished scream for her child, and then Ed saw Herman leap in front of the truck, snatch the baby boy and hurl him toward his mother. It was all over within the twinkling of an eye.

A huge policeman stooped and gathered Herman tenderly in his arms.

"Here! Here!" cried Ed. "Bring him to my car. I'll see that he's taken care of."

Half an hour later, Herman lay with bandaged head in a clean, white hospital cot. Ed hovered over him with ceaseless vigilance.

"I guess I'm pretty much done for," said Herman to Ed.

"Oh, you'll be better soon," said Ed, although he knew full well the hopelessness of Herman's condition.

"In case I'm not, I'd like you to take a message to your sweetheart for me."

"Tell me, Herman."

"She's one person to whom I'm willing to explain the cause of my afflicted right hand."

"Yes, Herman, go on if you can," whispered Ed.

"It came about through an accident acquired at my birth."

"At your birth?"

"Yes, Ed. The doctor, though a good man, had a notion that drinking a little wine once in a while wouldn't hurt him. The night I was born this doctor had attended a wine wedding. He left the wedding and came directly to my mother's bedside unfit for his serious task. In ushering me into the world, he somehow did permanent injury to my right hand. I've really never cared to speak of it to anyone, but Retta wished to know for herself. So just tell her that it was all through the mistake of a good man who thought that a little wine once in a while wouldn't hurt him."

There was silence in the room for many moments, broken at length by a low sob from Ed.

"Is that all I'm to tell her, Herman?"

"Yes, Ed."

And in that moment Ed knew, by the invincible surmise of his soul, that the withered hand had reached out and saved him from himself.

Harvest

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

This day I have been harvesting.
In my gorgeous gleanings here
Behold the colors of a painted year.

I walked beneath a bannered tree
And passed by flaunted field;
I touched a blazing flower face
And plucked from heavy vine,

With Autumn walked and made her colors mine.

Health Work in the Schools

By David H. Fowler

Three million persons is the number authoritatively given as the average sick list for this country. To this number, I judge that we could conservatively add as many more who are somewhat ailing, but are still "holding down" jobs or attending to daily work; not sick enough to go to bed, yet dare not stop work. Many of them cannot afford either to say or to think they are out of health.

Thus, 6,000,000 people in the United States are not enjoying good health. Placing our population at 150,000,000, which perhaps is high, and allowing the usual five to the family, gives 30,000,000 families affected by lack of health.

Do you see what this means? As we count homes along any street, city, or country, every fifth house or apartment contains a person suffering from some kind of ill health.

To draw a pessimistic picture is useless unless it leads us to face the facts—with a remedy in view. Wise men tell us that the first step in solving a problem is to face the facts, however disagreeable.

The net of man's experience since the dawn of history, shows him that while his body is a marvelously tough machine, adjustable and adaptable to an amazing degree, yet it is in some respects a delicate mechanism. Nature has had a hard task to develop a body that will withstand all the conditions to which some people subject themselves. In the second place, there are hereditary tendencies to certain physical weaknesses in some human beings, accentuated by a low state of health of the mother during the period of gestation. So there are two good reasons why a few common-sense health habits cannot be ignored without paying the price. The price is as fearful as our opening paragraph suggests.

How we pay and when, was suggested to the writer by the large number of people we hear complaining of some chronic physical ill in middle life. That it is then, for many of them, too late to act, redoubles the tragedy of it.

There is one time for every parent to think this thing through and to get ready to guide each child away from the dark, grey road these six million travel. That is before the child's birth. The best time for health-habit forming is from birth to school age. Since much of it is left to the schools, the kindergarten teacher must begin on it at once, by simple

"health chores", which are expanded somewhat as the learner goes from grade to grade.

What these simple "health chores" are is common knowledge to parents. If carrying them out as a program equalled this knowledge, this article never would have come to a publisher's desk.

Some parents have for years had a close view of the Modern Crusaders' Health Chores for children, for the reason that some school districts have been guided by superintendents with a clear vision of what is of first value to school children and with moral courage to make this health work really "fasten upon" the pupils' minds. In the hands of each eight-year-old is placed a score card, with his name on it, which really represents an expansion of the program of simple health practices given to six-year-olds or to five-year-olds. The card looks like this, with spaces added at the right for the record of four weeks:

Daily Chores

1. I washed my hands before each meal today.
2. I brushed my teeth thoroughly.
3. I tried hard to keep fingers and pencils out of my mouth and nose.
4. I carried a clean handkerchief.
5. I drank three glasses of water, but no tea nor coffee.
6. I tried to eat only wholesome food including vegetables and fruit.
7. I drank slowly two glasses of milk.
8. I went to toilet at regular time.
9. I played outdoors or with windows open a half hour.
10. I was in bed eleven or more hours last night, windows open.
11. I had a complete bath on each day of the week that is checked (x).

Total number each day

Each morning the child scores himself for yesterday. Teacher and parents survey his scoring.

The program widens each year till the sixth grade is finished or till these "chores" are confirmed as habits. In Grade Five the score card reads thus:

Daily Chores

1. Besides my hands, I washed my face, ears, and neck. I combed or brushed my hair today.
2. I cleaned my teeth after breakfast and the evening meal, brushing front, back, and chewing surfaces of all teeth.
3. I did not use a "common" cup or towel. I coughed or spit only when necessary and was careful to protect others.

4. I was careful to keep myself and my desk neat, and helped keep the whole school and grounds in order.
5. I drank four glasses of water and no tea, coffee, nor any harmful drinks. I did not wash my food down.
6. I chewed my food thoroughly, ate slowly and did not run soon after meals.
7. I ate either some beans, eggs, cheese, fish or meat at one meal. I ate watery vegetables or fruit.
8. I attended to toilet at my regular time, and washed my hands afterwards.
9. I tried to keep good posture and to breathe fresh air always, through my nose.
10. I was in bed ten or more hours last night, windows open. I stretched out "long" when waiting for sleep.
11. I took a full bath on each day of the week that is checked (x). I put on clean underwear at least once this week.

Total number each day

Now comes the test as to whether the children are going to "grow into" life-time habits that bring steady health and zest for life, or whether these health seeds fall on stony ground. That test is: Does the teacher in every school room of those tender grades make a daily check-up of each pupil's score card and let it be known by all that she makes such check-up? If that is done and done through the early years, the child grows into a natural, common-sense way of living, which steers him away from the physical ills that bite so deeply into middle age.

When these few simple health practices are confirmed as habits in the youngster, he or she attends to them automatically and even experiences distress of mind if something blocks the way, if only for once, of doing one of them. And since they come to be attended to automatically, there is no danger of ailments that arise from turning the mind back upon the bodily organs. It is often so turned in middle life, when a carelessly treated body, beginning to protest, painfully fights back.

The teacher's daily check-up of these "health chores" is vitalized and reinforced by frequent discussions with her class of the whys and wherefores of each point in them. With stories, poster-making, games and dramatizations, she amplifies in interesting style and popularizes the whole matter.

Individual examinations of children by the school nurse, and the correction of their defects by a physician when her findings reveal it necessary, is the other wing of the bluebird of physical happiness.

For a school head to engineer a program like this takes both vision and moral courage. He cannot go into it half-

heartedly; yet to arouse teachers to full cooperation requires energy and enthusiasm. By a hundred devices he must educate his public. And here comes the test of his courage: The mass of the public, inclined to resist all change, hug delusively what is and fight all efforts to introduce what ought to be. Among the people, however, there is ever a sprinkling of the more enlightened public. These form the nucleus of the forward-looking educators' strength, acting as the first-line defense. The work is accomplished when educators themselves see clearly and are willing to devote vast energy to their work.

Dr. Cabot, national authority, suggests that the best book on health is the short one. Anyone, child or adult, can learn the few simple things about it that need to be learned; and it cannot be much trouble to carry them out.

I imagine that every person already lives some of these habits. All one needs to do is to start with the others.

For anyone to clutter up his mind with a great number of faddish rules of health will slow down his work. Such a course diverts the mind upon the body—a condition that breeds ill health. The main idea is, whatever your age, start today on this little common-sense program and stick to it.

Gay October

By Jessie Sundwall

All red and gold comes gay October dancing,
With magic gifts her basket running o'er,
She scatters wide a gorgeous trail of color,
And leaves her ripened fruit beside my door.

She clears the air of summer's heavy sweetness,
That we may see a sky of brighter blue;
She filters tinkling waters for the brooklet,
And sends it sparkling on to us anew.

So crisp and fresh comes gay October dancing;
The morning's frosty breath is here to stay;
Then greet the golden harvest month in passing;
Too soon alas, October hies away.



THE GARDEN
Ramona's Marriage Place

Beauty and Romance of Ramona's Marriage Place

By Glen Perrins

Nestled in the quiet center of Old Town, the very beginning of California, established in 1769, lies the picturesque and romantic mission, "Ramona's Marriage Place." It was here that the brown-robed Franciscan, Juniper Serra, planted the cross and erected the first of the chain of twenty-one missions which dot El Camino Real, the King's Highway, from San Diego to Sonoma.

What a beautiful spot! Thomas P. Getz, the owner, says:

"There's a certain charm about it,
With its flowers and the bees,
That seems to rest your spirit
And set your heart at ease.
It brings back fond old memories,
That time cannot efface,
And you feel that God is smiling
On 'Ramona's Marriage Place.'"

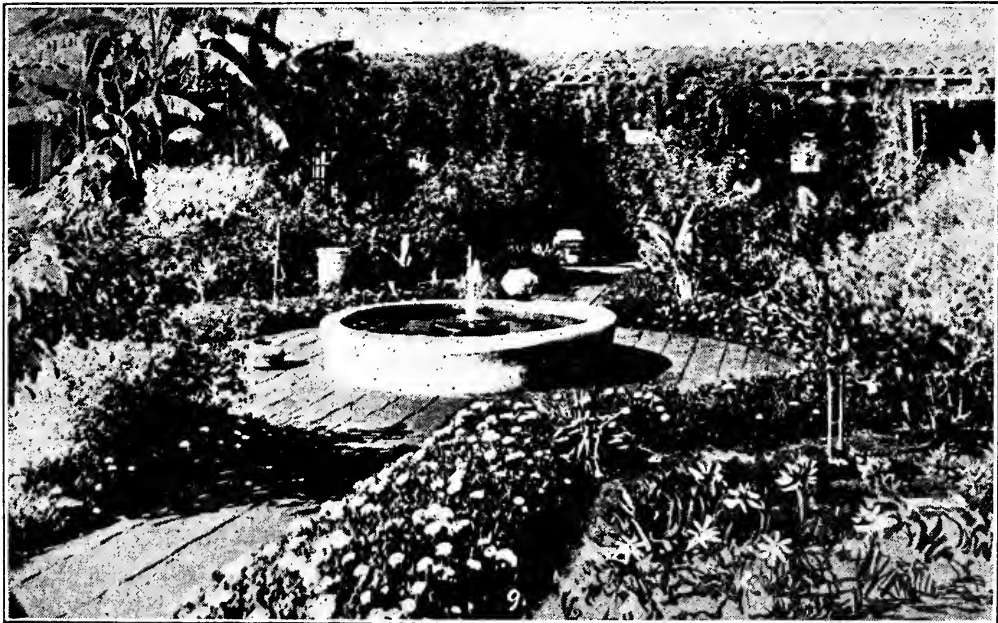
Years ago the sleepy little hamlet Old Town did not realize the romance and sentiment attached to Ramona's Marriage Place, but that was before Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson wrote the throbbing love story, "Ramona," so filled with life and sympathy. The story sent a thrill around the world. The old church with the first Mission Bells brought from Spain, became well known and appreciated over night. The palm trees, the old graveyard, with



THE WISHING WELL
Ramona's Marriage Place

crumbling walls and faded wooden headboards, became famous. Everyone wanted to see the first brick house in Southern California.

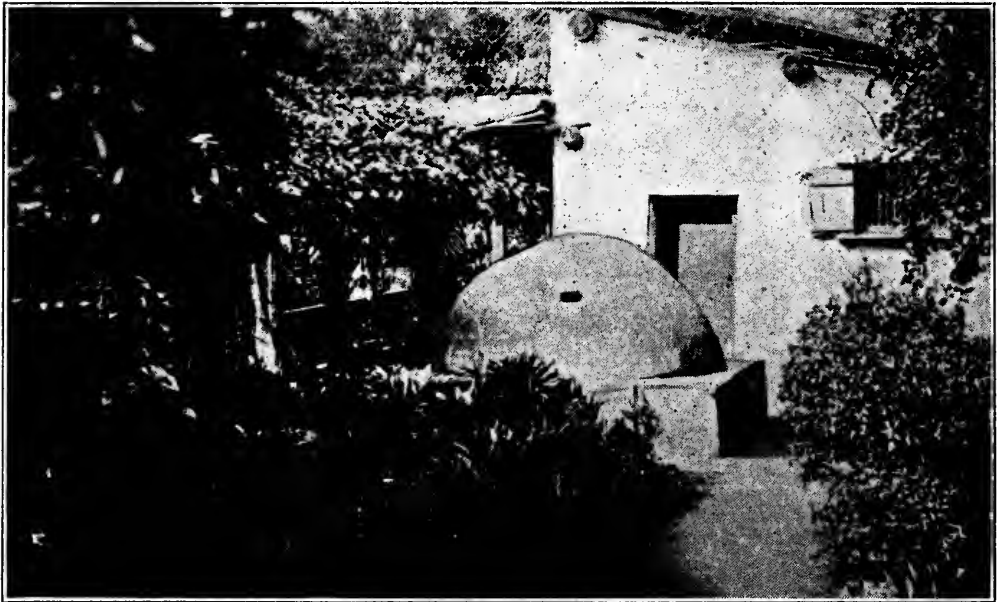
Old Town became a beauty spot resplendent. Tourists by the hundreds stopped and have since stopped each year to see the won-



THE FOUNTAIN
Ramona's Marriage Place

derful marriage place of Ramona, where she and Alessandro, her Indian sweetheart, were married in the old chapel near the Plaza in Old Town, San Diego.

The front of Ramona's Marriage Place occupies the entire block and each wing is almost 100 feet long. The adobe house with its thick walls rests upon huge timbers bound together with rawhide thongs. "Built originally in 1825 by Don Jose Antonio Estudillo, a pure Castilian, whose family was prominent in California Mission history," says Mr. Getz, "it became the favorite gathering place for the culture and refinement of Southern California and the generosity and hospitality of the Estudillos made



THE SPANISH OVEN
Ramona's Marriage Place

them beloved by all. * * * The tender tradition of Ramona's marriage, which had taken place within this house, never departed from it."

The beautiful story of Ramona has cast a spell over the place. The Patio or courtyard shelters beautiful yellow acacia, olive and pepper trees, shrubbery, climbing vines, roses and old fashioned flowers. Orange trees, lemon, loquat, fig, mulberry, guava, zapata, and Catilia cherry trees all blossom and fruit in season there.

One of the beauty spots in Ramona's marriage place is the wishing well. At this romantic place thousands of tourists each year drink of the sparkling waters, toss a coin into the well, and wish. It is said that many of the wishes are granted. The goddess of Good Luck extends her best and choicest favors to travelers at Ramona's Marriage Place. A grape vine, grown from a

cutting taken from the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena, twines about the arbor, always green.

In the museum rooms at Ramona's Marriage Place are hundreds of quaint old relics of the past—Indian prayer sticks, bead work and statuettes, autographed letters, curios, etc. One also gets a glimpse in the garden of the "Caretta" of Broad Wheeled Mexican wagon over 200 years old, and also of the old Spanish bake oven.

On a slab of redwood in the garden some unknown poet has written:

TO RAMONA

The world may burn, the sun may quench
 Its fiery splendor in some vast celestial sea;
 The moon and stars may fade, like love of fickle jade;
 It matters not, so long as I have thee.

Prayer

By Claire Stewart Boyer

Prayer may ride on the Autumn wind
 And miss the gates of heaven;
 But to the kneeling one it gives
 A sort of leaven.

Prayer may stifle in a room
 Too suffocant for peace;
 But to the one whose lips move on
 It brings release.

And whether prayer sing in the heart of a king,
 Or whether a fool make plea,
 To each is left that blessed boon—
 A true humility.

Prayer may ride on the Winter wind,
 Nor reach the gates above;
 But to the soul that prays is born
 New hope, new love.

Tea and Coffee

By Harold L. Snow

Let us be strict in our abstinence from drinking tea and coffee, as well as in our observance of the Word of Wisdom generally. When we study the situation, we may be able to see why Brigham Young made the "advice" given us by the Lord through the eighty-ninth section of the *Doctrine and Covenants* a "law" of the Church. We probably then will quite willingly accept that good Fatherly advice given us by One who sees so much better than we can what is good for us and just what is not.

A pure body and a clean mind are usually willing to make a little sacrifice for something that will draw them a step or two closer to that "Great Power for Good" which is our love for and testimony of the Lord. Tea, coffee, alcohol, and tobacco, along with failure to pay tithing, may all be compared to little worms that gradually eat away the strong foundation of our testimony that the gospel is true.

So here are a few facts concerning the effects of tea and coffee on the human body, to show that both are harmful to the system, just as the Lord suggested in the Word of Wisdom. No; they are not so bad as some of the stronger poisons; but they are injurious to our health and longevity, not to mention their effects on character development.

If a person leads a normal life and is able to master his temper, artificial stimulants will not be necessary to make him "be himself," nor to act as a consolation factor whenever disappointed or depressed. The drug caffeine contained in coffee is present in amounts varying from one to two percent. The ordinary cup of coffee contains from one and a half to three grains of the drug. This is as much as the physician gives as a dose of medicine in many cases to people whose sickness requires caffeine to offset some physical depression.

Because of the increase in blood pressure resulting from the caffeine, coffee should be absolutely forbidden people who have hardening of the arteries, a disease occasionally present in those past middle age. Coffee does, for a time, brace one up for working. But the work is paid for with interest by the tearing down of important organs of the body. One of the first questions asked a nervous individual when taking a physical examination is "Do you drink coffee or tea?"

As far as the stomach is concerned, coffee is not so injurious as tea, which also contains caffeine in addition to a greater supply of tannin than is in coffee. Especially when there is an over-

acidity of the stomach they should be avoided. In general, coffee is decidedly injurious in affections of the stomach.

Personally, I have never drunk a cup of tea nor coffee in my life: about twenty-five years. I am thoroughly convinced of the fact that tea and coffee are meant for medicines, and that the habitual use of them makes drug addicts of us to a certain degree. Besides the ill effects of habit-formation which go with the drinking of tea or coffee, there is the unnecessary stimulation along with various other evil effects which are called by some the "wear and tear" on the body. These effects result not only from the caffeine, but also from the tannin and other constituents of tea and coffee.

In the case of us Latter-day Saints all these and other bad effects are bundled up together with the breaking of a religious principle. We have a good gospel. Let us try hard to live it, not only in regard to some but according to all the principles which have been given to us.

Message and Characters of the Book of Mormon

We are gratified to welcome another book intended to extend appreciation for the Book of Mormon. It comes at an opportune time and is a fitting contribution to mark the centenary of the publication of the book. In a sense it is the story of the Book of Mormon with some of its divine teachings, told through its characters, therefore is very properly entitled, *Message and Characters of the Book of Mormon*. It is told in modern English, and grips the reader with its fascinating style. The task is not an easy one; consequently we congratulate the author, John Henry Evans, on his signal success.

A thing worthy of note is the fact that the spirit of the book has been preserved. It emphasizes what is perhaps the most important message in the Book of Mormon—the testimony that Jesus is the Christ, which all the prophets bear witness to.

Each chapter opens with a story or a bit of philosophy that adds to the interest of the chapter. As an example, we include the following from Chapter Thirteen:

"Hold a fresh lily to your eye and examine its wonders—its white purity, its exquisite outlines, its delicate tracings that no human hand can ever hope to match. And yet all this rich beauty has been made out of mud and slime that gives you a shudder just to look at it. Through the fine arteries of that long, tender stem shooting up out of the still water, in silence and without effort,

that filth has been lifted up and been transformed into a thing of incomparable loveliness.

"It is often so in human life. Good may be got out of everything—provided we have a transformer inside us. A lightning stroke that killed his companion made Martin Luther a monk. The ridiculous shoutings and other emotional antics of a religious revival turned Joseph Smith's thoughts to God. And the horrible murder of the Prophet Abinadi awoke in one of Noah's priests a conscience that stirred up great masses to religious devotion. Truly, the blood of a martyr is the seed of the Church, as has been proved over and over again in the history of the world.

"This chapter, therefore, is to tell of one of these wonder-working miracles in the human heart, which have often been known to transform a man into something that surpasses even the splendor of the lily."

The titles of the chapters have a modern smack and add to the interest of the book; for example, "Two Thousand Boy Scouts," "A Nephite Iago."

We wish to say something about the mechanics of the book. It is one of the very finest books from a mechanical standpoint ever turned from the press by a local author. It is a beautiful book, bound in brown leather, with a full size statue of the Angel Moroni in gold and a gilded representation of the plates upon the cover. The paper and print are of excellent quality; they are soft to the eyes, making easy reading. It is a source of gratification to have a book issued in such thoroughly artistic form. It should be said in passing that the drawings illustrating ancient American culture and civilization are the work of John Henry Evans, Jr.

When the Sun is Blotted Out

A total eclipse of the sun is a rare sight, indeed; scientists often travel halfway around the earth to observe the phenomenon, which seldom lasts, in any one spot, more than four or five minutes. It is an awesome spectacle to watch the sun disappear, to become aware of darkness shrouding the landscape, to see the stars "come out," and to be startled by the flaming corona of the sun—the blazing gases that fling themselves out into space beyond the black disc that hides the sun itself.

In an eclipse the sun fails. Primitive peoples become afraid thinking perhaps some god has been offended and has blotted out the sun forever. Indeed, the very word eclipse suggests this failing, for, according to Webster's New International Dictionary, it comes from the Greek for "a forsaking, failing." When the sun forsakes the earth in an eclipse scientists quiver with expectancy and excitement while the ignorant tremble in mortal alarm.

Notes From the Field

Northcentral States Mission

A most interesting report of the Relief Society activities in the Northcentral States Mission reached the office shortly after the release of President John G. and Sister Allred. Accompanying the letter was a fine photograph of the Minneapolis Branch Relief Society.



MINNEAPOLIS BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY
Northcentral States Mission

Sister Allred writes: "I wish to acknowledge the hearty cooperation and help that we have received from the district presidents and lady missionaries. Sometimes I think that without their support and wise counsel we could scarcely have carried on, especially where numbers were few. All of these branches in the last four years have held bazaars, food sales, and in many other ways have worked hard to acquire funds. The Minneapolis and St. Paul, as also the Winnipeg sisters, have put on plays and pageants.

"I am pleased to report that our Magazine subscriptions have increased from 51 in 1925, to 95 in 1928. We hear many good things about the Magazine, and find that those who take it are the ones who best appreciate the lesson work. The new theology lessons have been very much enjoyed, as also the literary lessons and social service."

The mission was organized in 1925, the membership steadily increasing. In the larger cities summer work has been tried, but so many members go on vacations or move into the country for

the summer that it has been scarcely worthwhile. During the year 1928, Sister Allred visited and held conferences in all the branch Relief Societies. There are nine branches in the mission. All are in good working order, being led by capable and efficient women who have a warm testimony of the gospel.

"In closing I would like to express my joy and satisfaction in being able to help in this work. It has been a great pleasure to mingle with the sisters and to help out whenever I could. It is unnecessary to say that with genuine regrets I am leaving many wonderful people. However, we are ready to welcome Sister Welling; and I am sure that every sister in the mission will sustain the splendid work of the Relief Society."

Northwestern States Mission.

A letter from Sister Pearl C. Sloan, mission president, says: "We are very proud of the work of this Relief Society, of which we are sending the picture."



MISSOULA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY
Northwestern States Mission

With one exception every member of the Missoula, Montana, Relief Society is on the picture; the sister who is not there was ill at the time.

"We have had an unusual year's work, and are looking forward with pleasure to the next season."

In Missoula, Montana, a Relief Society was organized October 31, 1928. There are 27 members of this organization, the picture of which appears, and 26 out of the 27 are subscribing for

the *Magazine*. "We are happy to have the *Book of Mormon* for the theology lessons next season, and feel that it will help us greatly in the missionary work. Members of the various Relief Societies are planning to read the *Book of Mormon* during their vacation. The Kelso, Washington, Relief Society is offering a prize of a year's subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine*, to the first sister finishing the reading of the *Book of Mormon*."

Northern States Mission.

News from still another one of our progressive missions: Sister Allie Y. Pond writes: "On July 28, we had a conference with four of our districts at Nauvoo, Illinois. It was a wonderful gathering—something I shall never forget."

Throughout this mission the benefit of the Relief Society to young mothers has been stressed.



YOUNG MOTHERS

University Branch, Northern States Mission

"The enclosed picture is a photograph of the young mothers, and is evidence that the efforts of the leaders in this branch have been most successful."

Juab Stake.

On June 25, 1929, with appropriate exercises in the tabernacle, the Juab stake commemorated the organization of the Relief Society. Members from all parts of the stake and General Board representatives were in attendance.

A movement is now actively under way to exterminate the flies in this community. The campaign is sponsored by the Juab stake Relief Society. A committee consisting of Mrs. Itha B. Parkes and Mrs. Ethel C. Gadd, has taken the responsibility of having fly traps made and sold to the citizens at a minimum cost. With the assistance of the Boy Scouts, a number of effective traps have been constructed, and it is planned to have enough to supply all the homes of the city.

As an indication of the interest and support of the citizens in this movement, at the initial display of the trap, orders were given for the entire supply now ready for distribution. The campaign to rid the community of flies is meeting with gratifying co-operation from citizens in all walks of life.

Lehi Stake.

On July 9, 1929, under the direction of the Lehi stake Relief Society, an enthusiastic group of sisters met at the Lehi Fifth ward chapel to celebrate the stake's first birthday. A program, excellent in drama and music, was provided. An outstanding feature of the afternoon was a history given of the Lehi Relief Society, beginning with its temporary organization in 1865, up to the present time. A cut glass vase full of choice roses was presented to eleven of the fourteen surviving members of the permanent organization, effected October 27, 1867, under the direction of Sisters Eliza R. Snow and Sarah Kimball. A color scheme of white and gold was carried out. After luncheon an exhibit of the handwork done by the Relief Society members was opened for the public.

Sunflowers

By Kate Thomas

Down on West Temple just above Third South
 In some garage place there's a bunch of gold
 That gleams as fair as any pirates' hoard
 Grilled on the rock of any barren isle.
 Sunflowers! Sunflowers! happy yellow things
 Flirting with gay old Sol; bowing to his whims
 As lord of day and flattering his conceit,
 But never caring really; just glad.
 There with the line of junk shops, dirty bricks,
 (The moulders of a city seldom know
 The glory of a street they let run down!)
 They send their broad smile through the smoke and filth.
 One could not pass without an answering smile.
 Oh, truly, sunflowers know just where to grow.

Guide Lessons for December

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony.

(First Week in December)

BOOK OF MORMON

LESSON 3: TEACHINGS OF JACOB, LEHI'S SON

1. This lesson, which centralizes thought and discussion on the teachings of Jacob, son of Lehi, covers the Book of Mormon from page 70, chapter 5, to page 106, chapter 25.

I. Narrative.

1. The colony divides into
 - (a) Nephites, and
 - (b) Lamanites.
2. Conditions of Nephites.
 - (a) Distance (many days).
 - (b) From tents to buildings.
 - (c) Temple for worship.
 - (d) Industries.
 - (e) Religious life.

II. Doctrines Taught (chapters 9, 10).

1. The resurrection.
 - (a) It is literal.
 - (b) It has been taught often.
2. The Atonement of Christ.
 - (a) Jesus is to appear among Jews.
 - (b) Christ is God.
 - (c) Resurrection is universal as the fall.
 - (d) Atonement must be "infinite"; that is, divine.
3. The Spirit of Man.
 - (a) There is a human spirit.
 - (b) Spirit without a body subject to devil.
 - (c) Spirit knows guilt or innocence after resurrection.
 - (d) After resurrection men are "righteous" or "filthy" still.
4. Qualities of God.
 - (a) Righteousness.
 - (b) Mercy.
 - (c) Justice.
5. Woes pronounced upon.
 - (a) The "learned" in things of this world only.
 - (b) The rich in things of this world only.

- (c) The deaf as to things of God.
- (d) The blind as to things of God.
- (e) **The liar.**
- (f) Those who "commit whoredom."
- (g) The idolators.

6. Invitation to come to Christ.

2. The words of Jacob, found especially in chapters 9 and 10, constitute a very remarkable exposition of doctrines, one of the finest we have in any sacred book. Also it is remarkable in some of its ways of putting these teachings.

To summarize its ideas, we have there the idea that there is a human spirit distinct from the body; that this spirit will, after death, be reunited with the body literally; that Jesus Christ is God and will offer himself for sin; that the atonement must be by some divine person in order to be efficacious; that God has devised a "plan" for the salvation of man, through which are shown His mercy, justice, and goodness; that this plan is free to all, "without money and without price;" that things of the spirit are not to be known through human learning, but only through revelation.

Jacob is here speaking not from information derived from reading books, but from absolute knowledge derived from experience. He says himself that an angel appeared to him and taught him divine things, and Nephi tells us that "Jacob also has seen him [the Lord] as I have seen him." Here then is the unadulterated testimony of one who is a witness of the things concerning which he speaks.

In these days when everybody thinks himself competent to speak of spiritual matters—heaven and hell, angels and devils, the human soul and immortality, God and Jesus Christ—too much emphasis cannot be placed on this matter of the source of knowledge of divine things. For there is a distinction between what we experience and what we read, between mere information and knowledge. When a person has experienced religious truth, he is competent to talk about religious truth, and not otherwise. This would rule out such persons as Clarence Darrow, Luther Burbank, and others when they tell us that there is no human spirit or a future world, because they are telling us what they *think*, not what they *know* through experience. And this distinction cannot be called to the attention of our younger generation too often. Because a man is an authority in law or biology or what not is no reason why his utterances are of any value on religion.

3. One of the chapters quoted in the lesson from the Prophet Isaiah includes that oft-repeated phrase about "beating swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks." Professor Moulton says about this passage in Isaiah in its whole setting: "Quite apart from any question of theology, it may be said that no more precious legacy of thought has come down to us from antiquity than

this Hebrew conception of a golden age to come. It is difficult to overestimate the bracing moral influence of an ideal future. The classical thought of Greece and Rome took an opposite course; their age of gold was in the remote past, the progress of time was a decline, and the riches of philosophy claimed to be no more than a precious salvage. The result was the moral paralysis of fatalism, or at best individualism. The imaginative pictures of Biblical prophecy inspire spiritual energy by bringing a future to work for, and, on the other hand, the weakness of a luxurious optimism is avoided in the writings of an author who, while he puts forth all his powers to exalt the future, insists always that the only way of entrance to this future is the forcible purging out of evil."—Introduction to Isaiah in the *Modern Reader's Bible*.

4. Of the thirty-five pages covered by the present lesson, twenty-one pages are quoted from Isaiah. The passages quoted are almost identical with those by that Prophet in our English Bible.

Nephi and Jacob both, it seems, laid great store by Isaiah's writings, as also did our Savior when he visited the Nephites, after his resurrection. Nephi excuses himself for quoting so much from Isaiah by saying that "whoso of my people shall see these words, may lift up their hearts for all men," thus expressing exactly the same idea of "a bracing moral influence" just quoted from Professor Moulton. In all, sixteen chapters are thus included complete in the two Books of Nephi, besides isolated passages here and there. And Jesus in his personal ministry among the Nephites quotes one chapter, with the introductory clause, "Great are the words of Isaiah."

It appears that the mind of the average Nephite struggled as much as the average modern mind in its endeavor to understand the writings of the Prophet Isaiah. For Nephi explains that "Isaiah spoke many things which were hard for many of my people to understand." And he tells us why they found them hard to comprehend. It was because, having for the most part been born after Lehi and his party had left Jerusalem, "they knew not concerning the manner of prophesying among the Jews." This is the reason, in the main, why we also find the old prophets difficult, especially Isaiah.

For one thing, the prophets were always more or less dramatic, as when Jeremiah went about the streets of Jerusalem with a common yoke on his neck to show his countrymen that the Babylonish king would take them captive. And for another thing, they often spoke of the future as if it were present, as when Isaiah, more than six hundred years before the event, says concerning Christ, "He is despised and rejected of men."

It is interesting also to note the striking difference between such a prophet as Isaiah and the Nephite writers when their proph-

ecies concern the same thing. Both Isaiah and Jacob, for instance, speak of the coming and the earthly ministry of Christ. But the language of the Hebrew prophet is highly figurative and imaginative, even poetic, while that of the Nephite is couched in homely, plain, understandable phrases, such as one person would use to another. The result is greater clarity in the latter, but greater beauty in the former. That is why the writings of Isaiah are prized today for their expressoin almost as much as for their substance. It may, of course, be that this difference is due in part to the languages in which these two men wrote, but it was due most likely in the greater part to what Nephi calls "the manner of prophesying."

5. Recurring to the thought that Jacob is an expert in things of the spirit, we ought to add another thought in this lesson.

It has become fashionable in certain quarters in our times to deny the existence of a personal devil, of angels, of a personal God even, as well as of a human spirit as a thing of itself. The best answer to such a teaching is to set beside these negative ideas, which admittedly have no basis at all in a spiritual experience, the very positive ideas of Jacob and men like him, who experienced the things they talk about.

Experience is the only way in which we can really know anything. This has been said before, but it can hardly be said too often in days like ours when those who have no experience in spiritual matters talk as glibly and as loudly about religion as those who have had such experience. How then can a person without that experience expect to be seriously listened to when he tells us that there is no such being as a personal devil, or a personal God, or angels, or another life? The idea itself is negative, and you cannot of necessity experience what does not exist. About all one can really say in the situation is that one does not believe in these things; one cannot by any possibility *know* that they do not exist.

Compare with this the absolute knowledge of Jacob in the text. He knew because he had experienced. He had seen God, he had been visited by angels, he had felt the power of the Holy Ghost. It was not guesswork with him, it was not a conjecture, nor the result of the reasoning processes; it was a knowledge based on experience. This knowledge any one can obtain for himself, just as Jacob received it. Indeed, Nephi makes a point of this. He had tried to get all his brothers to go to the Lord for confirmation of their father's visions, as he, Nephi, had done. And Jacob had followed Nephi's advice, and received knowledge direct from God.

QUESTIONS

1. What was the cause of division in the colony of Lehtes? Tell some of the results of this division to both sections.

2. Why is this text (chapters 9, 10) so remarkable? Who was Jacob? How did he get his knowledge of the things he spoke about?

3. What does he say of the human spirit, of the resurrection, of the atonement, of God, of the cost of salvation? What is meant by the term "plan" as applied to salvation? Does salvation cost anything?

4. What is the difference between "information" and "knowledge?" How do men obtain knowledge of spiritual truth? Why don't people have a right to speak of spiritual things when they have not had spiritual experience? Apply this thought to the scholars of our own day.

5. Give the substance of the quotation from Professor Moulton concerning Isaiah. Can you think of any ideas taught by our Church that furnish such a moral stimulus by looking forward? How can this forward look be made more powerful in our lives today?

6. Contrast the teachings of the text and the ideas that prevail today on the topics mentioned there. On what grounds would you place your preference for the Book of Mormon teachings respecting these points?

LESSON II

Work and Business

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in December)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR DECEMBER

REVERENCE AND RESPECT

I. *Reverence for God and respect for worthiness in mankind are prerequisites for progress and perfection.*

Real life rises no higher than the ideal.

We grow like what we revere.

II. *Reverence is an unconditional fealty to some one completely worthy of respect and love.*

"It is an affection, a love, as positive, real, warm and imperative in its demands for activity, as the parental instinct."

It is best expressed in prayer and service.

III. *Respect is a just regard for the worth of self and others.*

It is the power of discerning and taking delight in what is beautiful in visible form, and lovely in human character; and, necessarily, striving to produce what is beautiful in form and to become what is lovely in character.—*Ruskin*.

It is best expressed in a clean personal life and in tolerance and sympathy for mankind.

IV. *Reverence and respect can be cultivated throughout life.*

Small children learn reverence and respect through learning obedience; being great imitators, they follow the example set by their elders.

Adolescents are influenced chiefly by ideals worthy of reverence and respect. Adolescence is the period of hero-worship.

Adults can cultivate reverence and respect in adolescents (1) by service to worthy causes, and (2) by themselves showing greater veneration for established customs and beliefs.

V. *Reverence and respect are part of our civic, religious, and personal life.*

Reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead and marvelous in the powers that cannot die.—*Ruskin*.

The preamble to the Declaration of Independence recognizes a "decent respect for the opinions of mankind."

Bacon says, "Cleanness of body was ever deemed to proceed from a due reverence to God."

VI. *Reverence and respect will lead to:*

Development of personality by emulation of high ideals.

Support of worthy laws and customs.

Tolerance and sympathy for humankind.

Greater faith and satisfaction in obeying the laws of God.

Copies of *A Son of the Middle Border* are now available at \$1.00 each, postpaid. Orders should be addressed to Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The lesson outline on *A Son of the Middle Border* is scheduled to appear in the November number of the *Magazine*.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in December)

AN AMERICAN IDYLL

By *Cornelia Stratton Parker*

Cornelia Stratton Parker, author of *An American Idyll*, was born in Oakland, California, September 1, 1885. She took her A. B. degree from the University of California in 1907. She later did post-graduate work at the same university and at the University of Washington. In 1907 she married Carleton Hubbell Parker, who died March 17, 1918. They had three children, Carleton Hubbell, James Stratton, and Alice Lee. In 1919 Mrs. Parker moved to New York, where she worked in factories in order to write for *Harper's* magazine articles on the factory worker. She also lectured on labor problems. In 1923-26 she went to Europe and lived in Geneva, Switzerland. She has written a number of interesting articles and books. Among these are: *An American Idyll*, 1919; *Working with the Working Women*, 1922; *Ports and Happy Places*, 1924; *Jenny the Joyous*, 1924, and other similar things. Her address is 140 Broadway, New York City.

When Cornelia Stratton Parker set about the business of writing "The Life of Carleton H. Parker," her husband, which has been entitled *An American Idyll*, she did it, she says, because something within her urged her to it. She felt that the world, most of all their children, should know him from the many sides which made him, in her opinion, unique among men.

At that time Cornelia Parker probably did not know that she was giving to the world the annals of an idyllic love which would so catch the imagination of the American people that the book would run through many editions. In this little book she has given to her readers a love story so sweet, so intimate, so true, that she has transcended fiction, proving that true romance does exist in the world of fact as well as in the world of fancy.

A writer in *The Chicago Evening Post* wrote of the volume—"If you admire strong men and true; if you enjoy biography, if you like love stories, if naivete appeals to you, if a tale of happiness well told brings you pleasure, then this book belongs on your reading list. It is a book I have heard recommended a dozen times, but no one has been able to describe its charm or fascination."

One year after the death of her husband, when success had crowned their labors and the world seemed theirs, Cornelia began the outpouring of this story of idyllic courtship and married life.

She seems to have opened the flood-gates of memory and to have allowed her soul to pour out through her pen into this little book.

The story is so intimate that one can easily understand Mrs. Parker's feelings when she learned that four thousand copies of her biography were to be issued by the *Atlantic Monthly Press*.

"At that, I came down to earth with a thud," says she. "Four thousand people reading the very inner experiences of our lives! Why it was like these nightmares people have of appearing unclad in public. It was terrible. I had longed to pass on and perpetuate for a few the personality of a great man I knew and loved. But four thousand people—of that number so many would not understand, so many would lose the beauty and helpfulness I wanted to consecrate in the feeling that such things never should have been shared with others."

Yet I believe she was right. Thousands will read, will understand, and will be helped by this idyllic companionship of a man and a woman.

Somebody has said that words are little buckets which come up full of the feeling in the heart of the writer. Mrs. Parker's words came up full, indeed.

Here, again, we have a biography written by one who loved deeply. Therefore, we see, naturally, only the Carleton Parker that his wife idolized. Occasionally she hints briefly of criticism others made of him; but before the criticism is really voiced, she rushes to his defense. In that, of course, as a biography, the book is faulty. The reader knows only one side of Carleton Parker; though, it is true, that is a fine, big, beautiful side.

One wonders as he reads if the book does not reveal Mrs. Parker as fully as it does her husband, and if she, herself, isn't worthy of close acquaintanceship. Few wives would have taken the gambler's chances she did at the behest of the best of husbands.

The wife, eager to preserve her husband's fame as a sociologist and a mediator, quotes occasionally from some of his papers; but it will not go. The reader hastens through to closing quotes, eager to see again the lover-husband.

If an idyll is "a little picture," or if it is a naive, simple, pastoral love story, then in their case this is an idyll, for it surely is a little picture and just as surely it is a simple naive love story. Mrs. Parker makes no attempt to organize her subject matter, but seems to carry on the narrative in a chronological order much as the incidents must have come to her.

One can hardly believe that such a courtship as is described in chapter three could have occurred in so short a time ago. It is refreshing to learn that a young lady can be courted on \$10.25 or "any other cheap figure," and that she can enjoy such a courtship. Carleton H. Parker must, indeed, have been of unusual clay or else—Mrs. Carleton Parker was.

Chapter fifteen is especially delightful and might well be read by every married couple. It is the very idyll of the idyll. Few people have learned to live so well, for few people can so follow their hearts without wondering what the neighbors will say about them.

Yes, the book has charm. The language is simple, direct, but full of feeling. It is as fresh and unconventional as the lives of the two young people it describes. In fact, Mrs. Parker breaks a number of rules of grammar and rhetoric occasionally—thank goodness—but always in the interest of charm.

Through the medium of this romantic chronicle we come to know two genuine people—democrats of the first water—who will no doubt be of great help to us in freeing ourselves from some of the tinsel with which we have gauded up our lives.

According to this narrative, Cornelia Stratton met Carleton H. Parker on the campus of the University of California, September 3, 1903. He was a senior, she a freshman. Their acquaintanceship soon ripened into love, and they became engaged; but owing to lack of funds and her father's hesitancy about giving consent for his daughter to marry a young man with no particular prospects, they did not marry until after her graduation. The ceremony took place September 7, 1907.

Carl Parker, like many young college men, had tried all sorts of work and had begun upon many careers before he finally found his niche.

The two had dreamed of a honeymoon in Idaho, but lack of funds and lack of time shattered their dream. Instead they hired two old horses and a buckboard and went for a three weeks' trip up the Rogue River in southern Oregon.

The comradeship of that honeymoon is typical of their short married life. For that reason I shall quote a paragraph.

"That honeymoon! Lazy horses poking unprodded along an almost deserted mountain road; glimpses of the river lined with autumn reds and yellows; camp made toward evening in any spot that looked appealing—and all spots looked appealing; two fish-rods out; consultation as to flies; leave-taking for half an hour's parting, while one went up the river to try his luck, one down. Joyous reunion, with much luck or little luck, but always enough for supper: trout rolled in cornmeal and fried, corn on the cob just garnered from a willing or unwilling farmer that afternoon, corn-bread—the most luscious corn-bread in the world, baked camper-style by the man of the party—and red, red apples, eaten by two people who had waited four years for just that. Evenings in a sandy nook by the river's edge, watching the stars come out above the water. Adventures, such as losing Chokolada, the brown seventy-eight-year-old horse, and finding her up to her neck in a deep stream running through a grassy meadow with perpendicular banks

on either side. We walked miles till we found a farmer. With the aid of himself and his tools, plus a stout rope and a tree, in an afternoon's time we dug and pulled and hauled and yanked Chococada up and out onto dry land, more nearly dead than ever by that time. The ancient senile had just fallen in while drinking."

The narrative continues with the struggles Parker had for an education, but so sympathetic was Mrs. Parker and so hallowed by love were all the discouraging days and nights that their struggles were lifted into a world of high romance. What might have been heart-breaking to some couples was heart-making to these two.

Wherever Carleton Parker went in search of education in his field, went Cornelia Parker and their children as they came along. After Harvard, the two of them, with only borrowed money to live upon and with two tiny children, sailed off for Europe in search of more sociology and economics and a Ph. D. degree.

"People wrote us in those days," Mrs. Parker says, "'You brave people—think of starting to Europe with two babies!' Brave was the last word to use. Had we worried or had fears over anything, and yet fared forth, we should perhaps have been brave. As it was, I can feel again the sensation of leaving New York, gazing back on the city buildings and bridges bathed in sunshine after the storm. Exultant joy was in our hearts, that was all. Not one worry, not one concern, not one small drop of home-sickness. We were to see Europe together, years before we had dreamed it possible. It just seemed too glorious to be true. 'Brave?' Far from it. Simply eager, glowing, filled to the brim with a determination to drain every day to the full."

There you have the spirit of these two of this delightful book.

In due time the family returned, Ph. D. and all, to take up life at Berkeley again; he as assistant professor on \$1700.00 the year, but still the courageous, democratic lover he had always been; she still adoring.

Later he was called to the University of Washington as Dean of the College of Commerce. In the meantime, however, he had become nationally known as a mediator between capital and labor. His last piece of work was in connection with the threatened strike in the flour-mills during the World War. "In all he had mediated thirty-two strikes, sat on two arbitration boards, made three cost-of-living surveys for the Government."

On Wednesday, March 6, 1918, he took a fever, which developed into pneumonia (possibly the "flu" as it was sudden and strange) and never recovered. He died March 17, 1918.

"His body was cremated, without any service whatever—nobody present but one of his brothers and a great friend. The next day the two men scattered his ashes out on the waters of Puget Sound. I feel it was as he would have had it."

That is the simple story Cornelia Parker has told of her husband. He was but forty when he died, just prepared to enter upon his career. Despite the fact that in so short a time he had become nationally known in his field, if the name of Carleton Parker is to live beyond this generation, it will be because he was genuine, a great lover, and the husband of a wife who could give to the world *An American Idyll*.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Why did Cornelia Parker write *An American Idyll*? Were her motives good?
2. Do you get an adequate picture of the man? If not, why not?
3. What are some of the endearing qualities he possessed? Did his wife possess some of the same qualities?
4. Give reasons why this book has become so popular.
5. Select and read passages that illustrate the charm of the narrative.

Sketch of the Life of Carleton H. Parker

Carleton H. Parker, the subject of this sketch, was born March 31, 1878, in Vacaville, California, of Western pioneer parentage. He had two brothers and one sister. The other two boys, according to Mrs. Parker, had been encouraged to see the world. Carleton planned to spend fourteen months in Europe, his serious objective upon his return being to act as secretary to Professor Stephens of the University of California.

During his youth, in search of means with which to continue his college work, he worked at almost everything that a young Westerner might find to do. He was farmer, miner, and other things. He even became a member of the Western Federation of Miners.

He studied at the University of California; there, on September 3, 1903, he met Cornelia Stratton, who was then in her freshman year. He had recently returned from a trip in Idaho, where he had been hunting with some friends. He soon became rather well acquainted with Cornelia, and to her he related many of his adventures. A friendship was struck up which soon changed into love.

The two decided to marry as soon as possible, to enjoy a honeymoon in Idaho, and to go to Persia. Mr. Stratton, Cornelia's father, however, was not over enthusiastic, since young Parker had nothing upon which to marry. The wedding day was therefore postponed, but not given up. Carl went away to Europe, and Cornelia continued with her studies until she graduated with a Bachelor's degree.

Upon his return from Europe, Carleton lectured for the University of California Extension Division upon trade unionism and South Africa. On September 7, 1907, the two young people married. Their trip to Idaho had to be abandoned, but it was given up cheerfully, as was also the dream of Persia. The two went for a three weeks' honeymoon on a trip up the Rogue river in southern Oregon.

The first months of married life were a period of struggle for the two young people. Young Parker tried the bond business, but did not like it nor did he succeed very well. His work caused many separations, which for the two were hard to bear. For that reason chiefly they decided that he was to go into university work.

A period of study then ensued. Borrowed money and rigid economy made it possible for the family to keep together, though a son was born the year after they were married and other children came rather regularly. They went to Cambridge, where Mr. Parker enrolled at Harvard University. Later, in order to finish his education in the field of economics, he went to Germany, where he received his Ph. D. degree. They especially enjoyed Heidelberg.

Upon their return to America, Carleton Parker was engaged as an assistant professor at the University of California and was later taken to Seattle as Dean of the College of Commerce of the University of Washington. He had held that position only a short time when he died.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in December)

Lesson 18. Summary

In this—the last—lesson we shall restate and sum up the main facts and principles discussed in the seventeen preceding lessons. based on *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*. As previously announced, the next six lessons, January to June 1930, will cover *The Field of Social Work*. No book will be required for the new series. Monthly outlines in the *Magazine* will contain references to appropriate readings.

I

The course of study we are just completing has had two purposes: (1) a survey of present-day knowledge concerning child nature; (2) the promotion of the well-being and education of the young. It is an attempt to furnish the parent and the social worker with a resume of up-to-date, scientific information on

child welfare. In seventeen lessons, it was possible to deal merely with the big, broad principles involved; a wealth of minor facts and details, remains still unexplored. It is hoped, however, that our members will continue their study of one or more of the subjects treated.

II.

The first main division of the subject dealt with our present knowledge of child nature. Here we considered the child's instincts and impulses; his active nature and needs; the development of his intelligence; his social and moral growth; and, finally, his mastery of the arts of expression.

In the first chapter, Dr. Baldwin showed that the science and practice of child development and training are today intimately associated more than ever before in the history of psychology and education. This fact points to many far-reaching changes in education. In order to keep pace with this advance, teachers and parents alike must change their methods of child-training. It was pointed out that children differ widely; individual differences constitute perhaps the most significant of all of the principles of educational psychology. A third principle, also stressed at the outset, can be stated thus: The basis of a strong character and a wholesome personality is a normal, healthy body.

In the matter of instincts and impulses, two things are important to remember: The first is that the infant is not an adult in miniature, but rather a bundle of impulses and instincts,—the raw materials out of which complicated behavior and adult personality are later built. The second is that instincts and impulses cannot be suppressed; they can, however, be directed and socialized. Wise guidance of the child's original tendencies is the chief task of both parent and teacher.

Another major principle is that the normal, healthy child is active, physically and mentally. Much of his activity is play, which is an invaluable preparation for adulthood. Wise parental guidance of the child's play-life is one key to wholesome personality and strong character. Closely related to this principle is the fact that, other things being equal, superior minds are more likely to be found in healthy bodies.

As we pass from the child's physical and mental development to his moral growth, we discover a principle of great importance, stated thus: Character is affected by a multitude of factors—heredity, general health, food, home life, street life, school life, newspapers, movies, parents, companions, habits of thought, occupations; therefore to ensure desirable character in a child, parents and teachers must control all the factors directly or indirectly affecting his moral development.

"There is no such thing as a distinct training in character apart from the rest of the child's development." A child's personality is the joint product of heredity and social influence; and to facilitate the "abundant life," both factors must be intelligently controlled by parents and by society.

In considering the child's mastery of the arts of expression, we saw that language, for instance, is an extremely complicated piece of behavior. Learning a language constitutes the child's first educational task. It challenges and measures not only his own mental powers, but the guidance-skill of his parents and his teachers.

III

The second big division of our subject dealt with present knowledge of child well-being. Here we examined the principles of child-care as they are illustrated in nutrition, mental hygiene, delinquency, the care of the intellectually inferior, and of intellectually superior children.

Specifically, we saw that the five chief causes of malnutrition are:

1. Physical defects.
2. Lack of home control.
3. Over-fatigue.
4. Faulty food habits and improper food.
5. Faulty health habits.

Chief among the principles of mental hygiene we noted the following:

1. Most mental handicaps are preventable.
2. Almost all persons have some degree of inferiority-feeling.
• Compensations for actual or imagined inferiority are quite normal. The problem of child guidance is therefore one of facilitating appropriate compensations.
3. All children and grown-ups normally demand a confidante, i. e. some understanding person who will listen without moralizing.
4. Many personality problems are overcome when the handicapped person is able, through the assistance of others, to objectify his own problems, i. e. to analyze his own difficulty as though it were the problem of another.

In problems of juvenile delinquency two significant principles stand out. First, that "each delinquent child is the product of nine or ten subversive circumstances, one as a rule preponderating and all conspiring to draw him into crime." Second, that it is far

more efficient and humane to deal with children's misconduct in a scientific way than to resort to the old, dubious process of punishment.

The elements of a State program for the care of mental defectives, we found to be:

1. Identification.
2. Registration.
3. Special education in the public schools for the high-grade defective.
4. Segregation in a separate state school for the low-grade defective.
5. Segregation in a separate state institution for the defective delinquent.

We noted that twenty out of one hundred school children selected at random are of such superiority as to demand special education facilities and guidance. About six children out of the average hundred warrant even more flexible classification and more intensified guidance in the schools.

IV

The third division of the course dealt with our present knowledge of education. Here we noted the obvious gap between educational theory and educational practice, a condition due primarily to social change and the social process.

More specifically, we saw how education is becoming scientific by means of (a) objective, verifiable rules and principles, (b) the more or less successful practice of measuring the results of instruction, and (c) the marked tendency to experimentation and research.

Finally, we considered (a) the changing objective in education, (b) recent modifications in the course of study, and (c) newer techniques of teaching. The chief objective in education to-day, is the development of a wholesome personality in the child. By means of emphases on vocations and character, courses of study are more or less converging to this broad purpose. The methods, too, because of the pragmatic tests to which they are being constantly subjected, are more efficient than ever before.

The child is a many-sided creature. His nature—though complex—can be understood; and his needs—though many—can be supplied. Intelligent parenthood is the only answer.

QUESTIONS FOR THE FURTHER STIMULATION OF THOUGHT

1. What important principles of child care, other than those mentioned above, do you feel should be listed in this summary?

2. If individuals differ so widely, why do we not attempt more individual guidance of children, both in and out of school?
3. What are some of the safe rules for the control and elimination of fear in children?
4. What is the nature and extent of character education in the public schools of your community?
5. How can society regulate—if it should—the group affiliations of children without supervising such groups and therefore destroying one of the desirable aspects from the standpoint of the child?
6. What are the mental hygiene problems of your community? Is any attempt being made to solve these problems?
7. Outline and consider together a program for preventing juvenile delinquency in your community.
8. Is it necessary that education lag behind social development? Explain.


Sunsets

By Grace Ingles Frost

Yesterday's sun went down in crimson glory
That flamed the heights with hectic after-glow;
Today's sun told the world a different story,—
It spilled a flood of gold, its wealth to show,
Above the azure rim of western hills;
And of a mist of pearl enhanced the beauty,
With opalescent gems and pastel frills.
Tomorrow's sun—how will it pass? I wonder,
Will it go down beyond a bank of cloud,
Holding in leash the hoarse voice of the thunder
That fain would break forth into clamor loud?
Or will it rend its shroud, and from the darkness
Shine out, clad in a purple majesty
That, exulting in the splendor of its starkness,
Reveals a soul's unswathed divinity?

Oh, to go down in such sublimity,
When there shall come the end of day for me!

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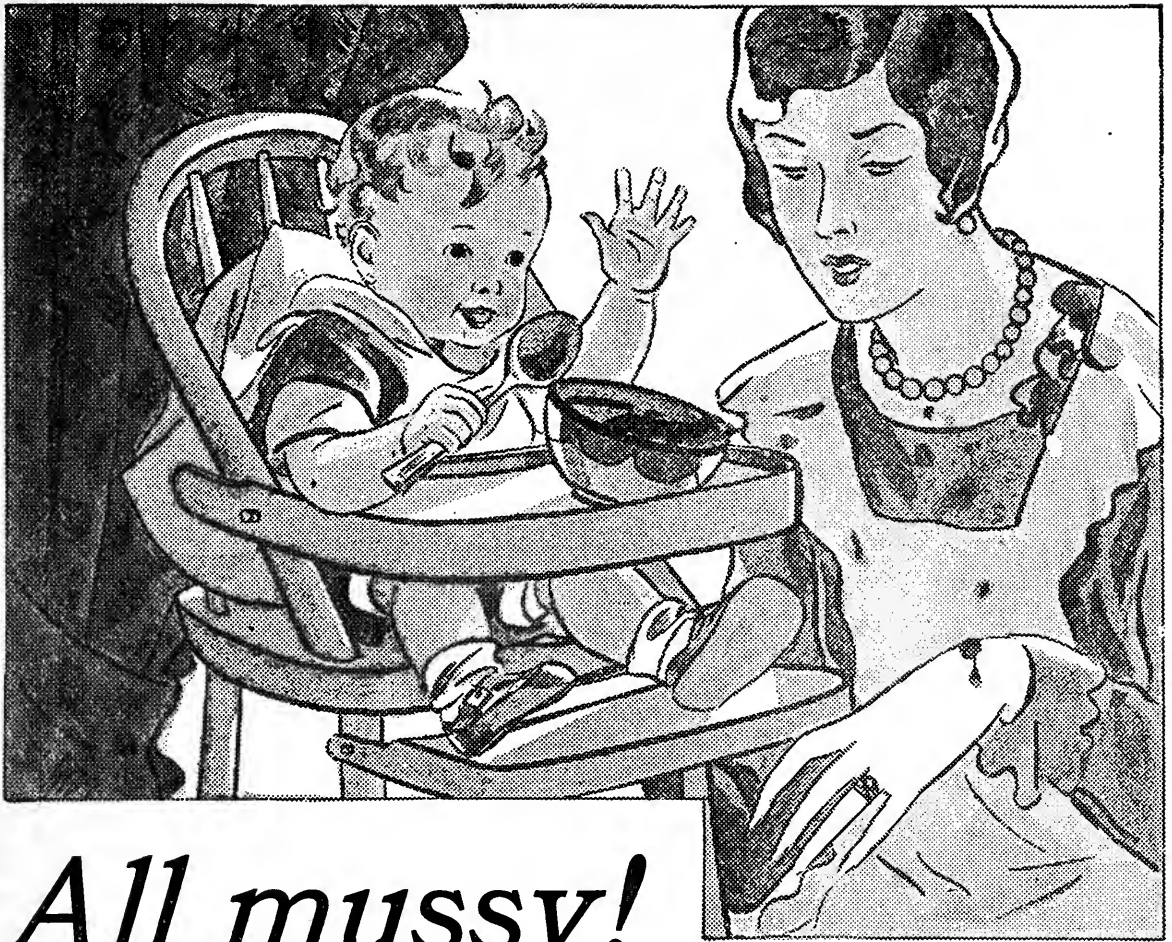
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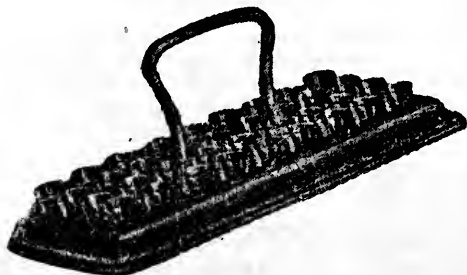
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JOAN OF ARC

Painting by Bastien-Lepage

Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

Domremy's Maid

By Kate Thomas

OMREMY'S maid is standing
'neath a tree

*With listening in her eyes, and
in her face*

A growing purpose; fingers interlace

Then part to grasp the sword that is to be.

England be wary, oft rebuked is pride,

Better a pact with God than Burgundy.

There shall be once He is not on your side:

Domremy's maid is standing 'neath a tree.





JOAN OF ARC

Erected at Orleans, by Princess Marie of Orleans.

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVI

NOVEMBER, 1929

No. 11

Fifth Centenary of Joan of Arc

By Kate Thomas

Oh, to be in Paris when the guide's eyes glow as he leads you from one to another of the Joan of Arc paintings in the Pantheon! If wishes were horses, beggars might ride; and if they were fishes, beggars might swim. It would not be such a bad sensation to be geysered from the nostril of some obliging porpoise if it landed you where you want to be—in France with the marvelous Maid.

Character of the Maid of Orleans

No more romantic figure exists in history than Joan of Arc. However we look at her: as the result of egotism, fanaticism, plain downright superstition, high-souled mysticism, or pure, spiritual worthiness in the hand of the Divine Discerner of tools, she is still a theme for speculation, an object for the tenderest, most reverential love.

Calm, gentle, purposeful, heroic Joan! Unschooled, but gloriously alive little peasant girl with her patriot's heart swelling for the woes of France. Simple, serious, dutifully domestic, young maiden with ears strained for the voices that speak only to her! Keen, determined, full-armored general, raising the siege of Orleans at seventeen years old! Brave, brilliant strategist, following up her victory with a quick line of success (Jargeau, Beaugency, Patay) that in but one week's time had driven the English beyond the Loire! Modest head of the army and exultant subject placing the ruler of her adored country upon the throne! Betrayed, trapped, tricked, and tortured Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France, still worshipful, still true and still trusting, burned at the stake before she had turned twenty!

The Troublous Time of Her Birth

Who so stilted that he does not thrill through this enchaining story? Let us, from half a dozen references, summarize it briefly:

She was born in troublous times. So had been her parents before her. War, as you know, has always been the curse of the earth. In 1338, England and France began what was afterwards called the Hundred Year War. Joan was born in 1412 (at Domremy, January 6). English kings, by marrying French princesses, felt that they were heirs to the throne of France; and the French people had too strong a national spirit to adopt that view. Now in October of 1415, when Joan was about three, the king of France, Charles the sixth, met the invading king of England, Henry the fifth, at Agincourt, and was defeated.

At that time France was practically in a civil war; and the Burgundian faction, which favored England, was the real ruling power.

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” says Shakespeare. Charles sixth of France might have thought that also if he'd had any head to do it with. But he was mentally unfit. The queen, too, preferred a wide-awake prospective son-in-law as ruler rather than a deranged husband. So four years after this decisive battle of Agincourt the queen and the Burgundians made a treaty with the English at Troyes (May, 1420), through which Henry, by marrying the French princess, should be king of France when Charles sixth died.

Intrigues of Kings

Joan's child life was in all this mix-up. For there was the young dauphin, son of Charles sixth, who had not inherited much strength of character from either his unsound father or his English inclined mother, who, except for this treaty, was next in line to the throne. To make things still more interesting, two years after the Treaty Henry the fifth died, leaving an infant son to inherit both thrones. Two months later of the same year (1422) Charles sixth died also. And there was the nineteen-year-old dauphin. France had two kings! Which one would beat the other to the actual crowning?

Joan was only ten now. But it was not the sugar-fed, irresponsible ten of “infantile America.” It was the hard-lived, working ten of the peasantry. France was in a turmoil, having no stable government to combat the general system of brigandage that was going on everywhere. The people needed a king badly, but he should not be an interloper! France was in bondage. The peasantry, always the chief sufferer, was greatly excited.

The Life of Joan of Arc

It had been prophesied that a maid should deliver France from bondage. At thirteen, beneath the “enchanted tree” Joan listened to voices that told her she was that maid—the voices of St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret; and from them she learned

where to find the sword of Charles Martel, which they bade her carry.

Little Joan wanted a real king and a reliable government. She was too young to realize that the aimless dauphin would never form a reliable court, neither did the, to her, unjust agreement of Troyes mean anything but unspeakably disgraceful union. France to be a slave! Forever! And to be finally merged into England! Never! So from ten to seventeen (that mystic number seven!), her heart was a seething 'they shall not pass.' And as those years went by and the English, already in possession of the North, were moving on to Orleans, the key to the South, her voices became more insistent and she with them.

It was now the year 1429. Joan, after many strivings, had at last succeeded in gaining the attention of the dauphin. He gave her an army of five thousand men. She was now the Maid. April 29 she entered Orleans. In May she raised the siege. The dauphin was crowned!

Betrayal of the Heroine

Incensed at the broken pledge of Troyes, Burgundy redoubled his efforts to capture Joan. The young girl wished still to obey her voices; and they were telling her that, now her mission was accomplished, she must return to her home in Domremy. But she was too loyal to her new-made king, who was to be such a traitor to her. Yielding to his importunity she stayed with the army. To her sorrow!

When she attempted the capture of Paris, the king deserted her, disbanding his army. Jealousy, too, was putting its green finger into the fire. Able officers who had doubtless supervised her, did not like all the laurels of victory to be handed to a girl. Perhaps this is partly the reason that in fighting against Burgundy at Compiègne she found herself separated from all but her own brothers, who manfully fought to protect her; but she was pulled from her horse by a Burgundian and taken prisoner. She was sold to the English by the Duke of Burgundy and John of Luxembourg for thirty-two hundred dollars.

Baseness of Two Nations

The English, through the persistent evil machinations of an unspeakably base priest, a Burgundian sympathizer, Pierre Cauchon, who had been ejected from his own see but who seems to have had enough influence with the University of Paris and the Holy Inquisition to bend them to his wishes, returned her to the French Inquisition for trial. And there she met no mercy. Cauchon, the dragon, was her accuser, he was her condemner. By keeping France a nation she had thwarted his ambitions to an archbishopric under Anglo-Burgundian power. Besides, she had received revelation direct to herself rather than through the

church. He had her pat on that. Joan, her faithful heart stung at the charge of heresy, and her flesh, that had borne the wounds of war so bravely, shrinking from a hideous death by burning, piteously pleaded for the intercession of the supreme earthly judge, the pope. Coldly told that the pope was too far away, she was excommunicated; then, in Rouen, May 30, 1431, burned at the stake as a heretic.

The Nobility of Her Soul

So this sweet, pure, loving, tender, girl-warrior, who wept at the tragedy of killing, who dismounted from her horse to minister to a hurt enemy as carefully as she would tend her own, must know the agony of biting flames that sear her lithe, live body; and learn the bitter lesson of the lonely great when, deserted by church and state, he falls back in despair upon his own "unconquerable soul" and that hope which is the immortal part of us—the justice of the coming generation and, beyond, "what gods may be!"

In her case both are working. France today, by placing tablets at the various points of her achievements, is celebrating the wonderful year of 1429. And on February 23, the date on which she had set out to offer her sword to France, the first memorial stone was laid, while bonfires blazed, whistles blew and church bells rang! A later pope withdrew the charge of heresy against her. In 1894 Leo thirteenth declared her venerable. She was canonized May 13, 1920.

As for Cauchon, he was excommunicated after his death by Pope Calixtus IV, "and his body exhumed and thrown into the common sewer."

Vive Jeanne d' Arc!

It is pleasing to note how many English writers are willing to pay high tributes to Joan. As an instance of this we quote from "Jeanne D' Arc," by Alfred Austin, the present Poet Laureate of England:

"You with your unarmed innocency, scaled
The walls of war, and, where man's might had failed,
Crowning, enthroned the Anointed of the Lord.
And should France yet again be called to scare
The stranger from her gates, and hurl back thence
Feet that would violate her frontiers fair,
Not meretricious syncophants of sense,
But the pure heart and patriotic prayer,
Once more would prove her rescue and defense."

From *The Independent*, May 5, 1904.

Young Death

By *Blanche Kendall McKey*

*When roses nod I see your waiting face,
Dawn-tinted, smile above the hedgerow fair;
I close my eyes and feel that you are there—
And then—*

*All the beauty of the Junetide,
Your smile rare,
I feel again!
Again!*

*When stately lilies lift their frail cups pale,
I see the pallor of your rounded cheek;
I close my eyes and see you, lily-fair,
And cannot speak;*

*And then—
All the beauty and the glory that hearts seek
I feel again—
The rise and fall of hushing prayer,
The heavy, flower-laden air—
I breathe "Amen"
Again!*

*When winter stars look down on snow-wrapped fields,
I think of tender hopes that young hearts fed—
So flaming bright they quicken what seems dead;
And then—*

*In spite of lilies' breath I know you are not dead!
You live, I live, and No Man's Land between
Through tears springs green;
There is but one word that my heart repeats
And sings again:*

*"When?"
Roses! Lilies! Starlight!
"When?"*

Joan of Arc as Portrayed in Literature

By *Blanche Kendall McKey*

Even the casual reader of history will not fail to note that out of the great mass of people who dominate the ever-changing scenes which constitute "the past," a few dramatic, appealing figures stand forth boldly, challenging the interest and curiosity of each succeeding generation. Just such a vivid figure is Joan of Arc.

An Enigma of the Ages

For over five hundred years the Maid of Orleans has been the subject of controversy among men. Before the short eighteen years which she lived had gone by, men of the soil of France and of England, military leaders, theologians, and kings, had contended hotly as to whether she was a saint or a witch, and the differences of opinion did not die out with her death fagots. But she not only puzzled her contemporaries, she has likewise baffled succeeding generations. Religionists and scientists have sought to explain her in terms of doctrine and science, but they have not succeeded very well. She remains forever an enigma of the Middle Ages.

An Inspiration to Writers

The study of Joan of Arc as reflected in literature is fascinating. Since 1429 she has been a lamp of inspiration to creative writers. Much that has been penned about her has been lost, but an abundance of material has been preserved and is constantly being augmented. In an incomplete bibliography brought down to 1894, there are found 667 works that deal with her life in general. There are 849 monographs that deal with different phases of her life. There are 160 dramas in verse and 21 operas—2,286 works in all. The compiler, Pierre Lanery d' Arc, says that it would have been easy to pass the 3,000 mark had certain other publications been taken into account. All these contributions antedate 1894. Since that time hundreds have been added.

Contradictory Portrayals of Her

In acquainting oneself with the abundance of material inspired by the Maid of France, one is first of all impressed with the great amount of reiteration to be found in it. From one angle of approach or another, similar ideas are constantly occurring. There appear to be but a limited number of possible explanations of Joan in literature. She is portrayed as a heretic and a witch; as a saintly maid; as a courageous, love-craving woman; as a subject

of ridicule and a tool of the clergy; as a shrewd, natural girl. By selecting outstanding examples to be found in each of these classifications one can gain a fairly clear idea of Joan as creative writers conceive her. Let us choose Shakespeare's *La Pucelle* in "Henry VI," Mark Twain's *Maid* in "The Recollections of Joan of Arc," Schiller's "Die Jungfrau," Voltaire's "La Pucelle," and France's "Vie de Jeanne d' Arc," ending with Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan."

On May 30, 1431, when Joan of Arc climbed the high scaffold to her death, she had been found guilty, among other things, of being a heretic and a witch. This is the picture we get of her a century and a half later in the first part of Shakespeare's "Henry VI." But the portrayal is full of inconsistencies.

Pictures of a Fallen Angel

In the beginning of the play she is drawn with a certain amount of sympathy. King Charles addresses her as "Bright star of Venus, fallen down on earth." She is a heroic Amazon: "Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard," she cries. Later one is uncertain as to her character. In the end she becomes a wicked, impure woman, who needlessly repudiates her own father; a falsifier in league with the devil, who aids her in her fight against the righteous cause of England. While the *Pucelle* of "Henry VI," taken as a whole, is utterly untrue to history, in certain respects she suggests the real Joan of Arc. She is like her in personal appearance, in her warlike attitude, in her patriotism, and in her power to influence people.

Pictures of a Saint

Among the many contributions that depict Joan as a saintly Maid, Mark Twain's "Recollections of Joan of Arc" stands out conspicuously. The German critic Viereck, in 1925 said that Twain's study of the Maid is probably America's greatest offering on the subject. Mr. Clemens gives the eighteen years of Joan's life in detail, holding close to historic facts, especially in the part dealing with her trial and martyrdom. His Maid is appealing, pathetic, wonder-inspiring; she actually sees saints and hears their voices. Spirituality is her fundamental characteristic. "Joan's eyes were deep and rich and wonderful beyond anything merely earthly." In Twain's creation the reader perceives a living, appealing personality, but one removed from the realism of life. She never appears without her halo. This author said of the Maid that she was "easily and by far the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced."

The Maiden Romantic

Somewhat closely related to the saintly Maid is the romantic Joan; and of this type Friedrich von Schiller's "Die Jungfrau"

is an outstanding example. His contribution is one of the noblest delineations we have of the Maid of Orleans. However, it is radically untrue to history.

Die Jungfrau is a girl of sixteen, beautifully moulded, with child-like features. Her body being somewhat delicate, her strength comes from on high. Animated with divine spirit, she is poetical in her actions and speech. Making a covenant with God, she is led to success so long as she subdues all traces of earthly passion. Unfortunately she falls in love with an English general, Lionel, and victory deserts her. Later she overcomes desire, purifies her spirit, and saves her king, dying bravely on the field of victorious battle. According to Viereck, Schiller saw in the fate of Joan the struggle of fearless humanity against overwhelming odds.

The Ridicule by Cynics

Joan as a subject of ridicule and tool of the clergy is treated by two great French writers, Voltaire and Anatole France. Voltaire's "La Pucelle" is a burlesque poem in twenty-two cantos, in which the Maid figures in a variety of adventures that bear witness to her imaginary lack of chastity. Charles VII, Agnes Sorel, Dunois, and other historical characters with Joan make up the action. The poem is comparable to "Don Juan" rather than to any other work. Although the Maid is pictured sordidly, Voltaire aims his satire, not at her, but at society. The poem extends through two volumes.

In regard to the Maid, Anatole France expresses himself thus: "I believe there is nothing in the life of Jeanne d' Arc which will not yield, at the last analysis, to a rational interpretation." From this realistic viewpoint, M. France wrote his "Vive de Jeanne d' Arc," explaining her voices and visions as hallucinations, her actions as the result of the instigation of Catholic priests. He sees Joan as an ordinary shepherdess subject to hysteria. She is over-good, "saintly"; medieval "saintly." One might suggest, stupidly "saintly." The clergy take advantage of her abnormal state of mind and make her a medieval prophetess. M. France does not give the Maid much credit for what she actually achieved, claiming that it was the Archbishop of Rheims who brought about the coronation. This skeptical conception of the Maid met with immediate and violent opposition from layman, clergy, and historian. Among these are Delteil, Monahan, F. C. Lowell, Andrew Lang, and many lesser writers.

"A Shrewd, Natural Girl"

Among the many writers who today conceive Joan of Arc as a shrewd, natural girl, Bernard Shaw stands out noticeably. His realistic Maid, robbed of actual Saints and audible Voices, has not always been received kindly, some people being loath to

accept her visitations as manifestations of intuitions formed within the secret depths of the soul. Shaw feels that the operations of divine grace do not interrupt the course of nature, and that if we understood all her laws there would be nothing unnatural, not even the appearance of saints. Like Voltaire's, Shaw's satire is not aimed at Joan, but at society.

Although literature reveals cases of apparently satisfactory individual explanations of the Maid of France, there is little agreement in the theories about her. No matter how individuals may feel, the world as a whole will doubtless always regard the Maid as an enigma, for her life is too far removed to admit of much new evidence. From the facts which history discloses, almost any theory may be reasonably proved, but up to the present time literature offers for this girl's baffling life no explanation that has been generally accepted.

Public Opinion Divided

Nor has any one writer's conception of the Maid as an individual been accredited by the reading public as a whole. The so-called Shakespearean portrait of Joan as a heretic and a witch passed out with the national prejudice that inspired it. Today, Shakespeare's Pucelle is looked upon with interest as a study, but not as a piece of clever characterization or as a reflection of the historic Maid. Joan's voices are doubtless the chief problem which her life presents, and Shakespeare disposes of them by depicting her as a conjurer in league with the devil, receiving her inspiration from evil spirits.

The Realistic Dreamer

While the saintly conception of Joan of Arc in literature is satisfactory to some, to others it is inadequate. Writers who conceive Joan as saintly reflect her fundamental quality of spirituality to excess while they slight her practicality. History shows that Joan of Arc was more than a visionary, for she brought her dreams to fulfilment. She gave precise directions in regard to her sword and her banner. At her request the former was brought from St. Catherine's church at Fierbois; the latter she designed herself. The field of the banner was sown with the lilies of France, the country she was to save. In the midst of the lilies God, who had sent her, was painted, holding the world and sitting upon clouds. The motto was "Jesus Maria," her watchword. As the banner materialized out of her dreams and her purpose, so did the attack on Orleans, where, lance in hand, she led a charge upon the English.

The Goal of Her Life

From the beginning her goal was the crowning of the dauphin at Rheims. During this ceremony she was ever near the king,

holding her standard in her hand. The great audience was deeply stirred. Paine comments: "The peasant girl had made good her promise. Unknown in January, in July she had crowned a king. They were witnessing an event without counterpart in human history."

As an award for her services, Joan asked that the people of Domremy and Cruex be forever exempt from taxation. This was a most practical and impartial way of relieving her heavily burdened people. In her replies to her tormentors during her trial, the Maid's good sense and clear insight were demonstrated. Many readers feel that the writers who depict Joan of Arc as merely a saintly Maid rob her of much of her charm.

Was it "the Will of God?"

However, the saintly Maid of literature reflects faithfully her prototype in regard to visions and voices. According to Joan's testimony, her Saints and their Voices were as real as any experience in her life. A large class of writers accept the Maid at her word in this respect, feeling that she was super-naturally inspired. Bangs says: "It was the will of God that France should live." Wheaton claims that "God intended France to be, not a vassal, but a country complete in herself, and he chose a selfless instrument for the most difficult part in the accomplishment of his design." The great French historian, Quicherat, a free thinker wholly devoid of clerical influences, admits Joan's voices, saying that the evidence for them is as good as for any fact in her history. There is a class of writers who portray a saintly girl and yet who, like John Lord, neither affirm nor deny divine inspiration. These view her as a religious phenomenon and offer no explanation.

Her Soul's Real Love

As a subject for romance Joan of Arc has been treated in many varying lights, sometimes without regard to historical facts, as in the case of Schiller's "Die Jungfrau." Although the creative Joan of Arc is so often treated romantically, the real Joan was not concerned with love. She was child-like in this respect, and had never experienced a conflict between spirit and flesh caused by earthly passion. She was not torn by desire, as Schiller pictures her. During her long imprisonment and in her martyrdom she was not sustained by the love of the handsome Duke d' Alencon, as Percy Mackaye depicts. Nor was she attracted to the king, as Delteil and other writers conceive her to have been. The real Joan's love for her king was love of her country, of which he was the symbol. Joan was the spirit of medieval chivalry. She was not sexless; she spoke of marriage and of sons as a future

possibility, but her concern up to the time of her capture was the saving of France.

As a rule the romantic Joan in literature, like the saintly one, is depicted as a visionary, actually seeing personages and hearing supernatural voices.

Men's Censure and Their Praise

The disparaging portraitures of Joan of Arc drawn by the two great French writers, Voltaire and Anatole France, have had little influence upon the world's conception of the Maid. The humor of Voltaire's travesty depends upon the reader's acceptance of his Maid as a contradiction of what she really was. His creation is not to be taken seriously. France's skeptical conception, in spite of his skill in the presentation of it, has been accepted by very few people; for history does not bear out France's treatment. As an historical character she is real, not a legend. She is neither a goody-goody nor a victim of hysteria.

Among the writers who protested strongly against Anatole France's "Vie de Jeanne d' Arc," Andrew Lang stands out conspicuously. His "Maid of France" was written in repudiation of the Frenchman's explanation. Lang feels that Joan was possessed of a genius that should be the wonder of the world, and that her voices would have availed little in saving France but for her exceptional endowments. Wheaton, Ince, Delteil, and many others entertain a similar opinion.

To one who accepts France's premise, his explanation of the failure of the voices is very plausible. He holds that inasmuch as they told her what to do and say, the priests were Joan's real inspiration. During her long imprisonment, shut away from their promptings and admonitions, she made statements which grew into false predictions.

A "Modernistic" View

Modernism throws a new light upon Joan of Arc, revealing her as a shrewd, natural girl. Saint-Beuve, Joseph Delteil, Michael Monahan, Bernard Shaw, and others all present this interpretation of Joan, although differing widely in their explanations and conceptions of her character. The modern Joan is *real*. She is endowed with keen insight, extreme practicality, and good sense. She is possessed of the strength of character necessary to make her dreams come true. She is a great warrior and as such reflects well the historic Maid.

But the modern Joan, to an extent at least, has lost much that is spiritual and supernatural in her. Delteil thinks the Maid drew her inspiration from Nature, suggesting slightly F. M. Myers' explanation of Joan in his hypothesis of the Subliminal Self. Both of these treatments suggest Plato's theory of Ideas. Shaw thinks Joan's voices and visions were the result of pure

imagination; Sainte-Beuve believes that they were hallucinations caused by the return of projected thought. Many modern Spiritualists, among them Conan Doyle and Leon Denis, hold that the visions and voices of Joan of Arc can be explained only through the actual appearance of spirits. Indeed, M. Denis promotes the theory that Joan was a great medium.

The More Striking Portrayals

Bernard Shaw's treatment of Joan in the Epilogue to his play is an excellent example of a certain light in which the Maid has been admirably portrayed by many writers. He shows her here as tradition has made her, as the poets sing of her: the Joan who has grown into an ideal, into a symbol of the whispering of God (be he Nature, or Subliminal Self, or an impersonal divine Power, or a Deified Man), into the typification of national patriotism. This tendency in the treatment of Joan of Arc is evident in a great deal that has been written about her.

After five hundred years of controversy and speculation, the riddle of Joan of Arc's inspiration remains unsolved. However, although disputes have arisen over inferences drawn from facts, the facts themselves concerning her life are indisputable. It was Sainte-Beuve who said: "The miracle of this girl's life is best honored by the simple truth." Indeed, Joan appears to be an exemplification of the adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction;" for although writers have enriched literature because of her, they have not glorified her life as history discloses it. The more one studies her brief and tragic career, the stronger grows one's conviction that the literary representations do not eclipse the real Maid of Orleans. Unquestionably, literature has enhanced the theme of Joan of Arc.; but the girl herself, in her simplicity, her spirituality, her courage and lack of self interest, as her words and deeds in history depict her, is greater than the pictures which creative writers give us of her.

The Mystery Unsolved

The historic Joan is not a heretic and a witch. She is not a subject for ridicule, a tool of the clergy, or a romantic love-craving woman. She is neither a saintly Maid nor a shrewd, natural girl. She is such a mysterious blending of the saintly and the natural as no creative artist as yet has shown. She may never inspire greater literature than she has already inspired, but as yet the historical Joan of Arc in her fullness of character has not been reflected in any one literary creation.



JOAN OF ARC
Bronze Equestrian, by Paul Dubois.

JOAN OF ARC

By Andrew Lang

(Reprinted, with permission, from *The Living Age*,
May 31, 1902)

Her eyes were of the ocean gray,
And dark as Hyacinths her hair,
No moonlight blossoms of the May
With her mailed bosom might compare.
There are no maidens anywhere,
There have not been, there shall not be,
So brave, so gentle, frank and fair
As she!

The honor of a loyal boy
The prowess of a paladin,
The maiden-mirth, the soul of joy,
Abode her happy heart within.
From doubt, from fear, from shame, from sin,
As God's own angels was she free,
Old worlds shall end and new begin
To be.

Ere any come like her who fought
For France, for freedom, for the King,
Who counsel of redemption brought
Whence even the warrior-angel's wing
Might weary sore in voyaging;
Who heard the Voices cry, "Be free!"
Such flower no later human spring
Shall see!

1 1 1 1

Saints Catherine, Michael, Margaret,
Who sowed the seed that Thou must reap,
If eyes of Angels must be wet,
If Saints in Heaven have leave to weep,
In Paradise, a pain they keep,
Maiden! an awful memory,
A sorrow that can never sleep
For Thee!



JOAN OF ARC
After the Victory, by Allouard

Joan's Vision

By Clinton Dangerfield

(Reprinted, with permission, from *Munsey's Magazine*,
January, 1903)

*She did not wait for touch of skillful hands
On harps atbrill—she did not wait a hall
Rich carpeted, with mullioned windows set
Through which the light should elo-
quently fall.*



*She saw her vision in the homely fields—
The trodden fields that all too well she
knew.*

*You of environment contemptuous grown,
Lies there no lesson in this thing for you?*

—Copyright by The Frank A.
Munsey Company, 1903.



JOAN OF ARC
In the Luxembourg, Paris, by Henri Chapu.

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EDITORIAL

One of the Immortals

Since Joan of Arc, the French Jeanne d' Arc, or Maid of Orleans, was martyred by the people whom she had liberated and served, five centuries have passed. In the trial nobody came to her rescue, not even the French king, whom she had caused to be crowned, nor the people whom she had freed from the English yoke. Today, barring the Christ, of course, who was of divine origin, she is to some people the most extraordinary person that this world has ever seen. Her immortality seems secure. If monuments in marble and bronze, if paintings on canvas and representations in beautiful colored glass can make one live forever in human thought, then Joan will never die. If a deep-seated admiration and an interest that is far-reaching in all of its ramifications are signs of lasting immortality, then is Joan of the immortals.

By what law of contrast comes it that the girl whose existence her persecutors strove to blot out by fire, should for centuries stand as guard of the cathedral at Rheims, the place where the unfortunate Charles was made king? Shrapnel from big German guns demolished the left tower of the cathedral, while it did little or no damage to the equestrian statue of Joan. Standing there, in armor, she appears to be defiantly guarding this sacred shrine.

In Bernard Shaw's drama, *St. Joan*, the Maid is shown some

of the monuments that have been erected in her honor, among others the statue before the cathedral at Rheims. When she sees it she exclaims, "Is that funny little thing me?" And Charles replies, "It must be you; that is Rheims Cathedral, where you had me crowned." Then Joan cries, "Who has broken my sword? My sword was never broken. It is the sword of France." Another says, "Never mind swords; swords can be mended. Your soul is unbroken, and you are the soul of France."

In this last expression Shaw has reached the pinnacle of wisdom and insight. This girl, in the history of the world the youngest person who ever led a national army, is in a very real sense the soul of France. There are two persons who, dead, dominate France more completely than do any who are living. These two are Napoleon the Great, who, despite his faults, cast over the country a glamor that the French will never forget; and the youthful girl Jeanne d' Arc, who in a sense gave to France both national and spiritual life.

Joan of Arc

That a girl of seventeen should be able to grip the imagination of twentieth century civilization, is one of the amazing facts of history; yet this is true of Joan of Arc.

Albert Bigelow Paine, in the *Mentor* of March, 1926, wrote: "After five centuries Joan of Arc remains the most fascinating figure of history. More than ever she stands revealed as the marvel of all times, the little peasant girl who at seventeen led an army, and in a few brief months threw back an entrenched enemy, led a timid prince to his coronation, and made conquest of a war-weary and all but vanquished people."

An article in the *Bookman of March*, 1926, by Joseph Collins, says: "The ashes of Joan of Arc were thrown into the Seine five hundred years ago. Simultaneously her spirit entered the bodies of men. It has softened their hearts and inspired and elevated their minds. It has convinced them of their close kinship to God. Next to Paul she is today the most illustrious personage of Christendom."

Again, Mr. Collins has remarked concerning her: "When a writer, novelist, poet, biographer, playwright, or historian has exhausted his material he turns to Joan of Arc." So, too, Mr. Collins says: "Now she," referring to Joan, "is the mother of her country, as George Washington is the father of his."

Each year on May 8, a national fete is held in Orleans. This year, 1929, because it marked the fifth centenary, a special program was prepared. May 8 was the date on which Joan first brought food to the beleaguered city of Orleans. Ten days after, the English surrendered to the French. From April 29 until May 8, a celebration was held each day, presenting, say the papers, "on an unprecedented scale the epic of its great heroine, St. Joan

of Arc." At noon on May 7, from the top of the museum tower, a fanfare of artillery announced with great ceremony the unfolding of Joan's standard.

Another feature of the celebration was the placing of a memorial stone in every part of the country that Joan visited. "At crossroads, on the parapets of bridges and elsewhere, the stones form a continuous line marking Joan's travels from Domremy by way of Poitiers, Tours, Orleans, Troyes, Soissons, Rheims, Epernay, Laon, Compiègne, Beauvais, and Chantilly, many of them since 1918 historic points in the fighting history of the United States army.

"Paris itself received two of the stones—one at Porte Saint Honore and the other at Port Saint Denis. The design of the stones was determined by competition. The first memorial was set up at Vaucouleurs.

Myron T. Herrick's introduction to "We," written by Charles A. Lindbergh, says, "When Joan of Arc crowned her king at Rheims she became immortal." There seems to be abundant material to justify the statement of our French ambassador, who so recently represented the United States in the country of Joan's birth and unprecedented triumph.

The Maid of France in Painting and Sculpture

Except the Virgin Mary it would appear that no other woman has inspired so much art as has Joan of Arc. Joseph Collins says: "She is the inexhaustible material for sculptor or for painter."

In the Pantheon at Paris, the building in which France honors her great dead, something after the manner the English honor their dead in Westminster Abbey, there is a group of magnificent mural paintings in which the life of Joan is depicted. It begins with a portrayal of the simple life she lived in Domremy and ends with her death amid flames.

At Chartres Cathedral, one of the most beautiful cathedrals in France, the story of her life is told in colored glass windows of rare beauty. In the chateau at Chantilly, the castle held four days by the Germans in the late war, there is a white marble statue of her kneeling, praying—one of the rarest pieces of sculpture in all France.

On the streets of the cities of Paris and Orleans and many other French cities there are statues of her. A gilded, equestrian statue of Joan in military attire with her sword at her side, stands directly in front of the cathedral at Rheims. A beautiful, white marble statue of Joan the Saint, adorns the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. She is one of the few women to whom a monument has been erected in America; a statue of her is found in the city of New York.

Music—Its Message

By Ida Peterson Beal

“Music is very much like individuals; some pieces are acquaintances, some are friends—depending on their qualities. So-called ‘popular music’ resembles acquaintances—those who come casually into our lives, who attract us for the moment, but who, having no power of sustained interest, pass out of our ken to make way for others like them. They leave no marked impress upon us, nor do they represent character, which is the cross-section running through every conceivable relation. Musical masterpieces, on the other hand, are friends. As is so often true with human beings, their great and enduring qualities, their beauty of character, are not at once apparent, but grow on us with each new hearing until they become a very part of our lives.”

It can be said with confidence and without a thought of exaggeration that music should be considered a necessity in the lives of our people today. Its importance is so thoroughly recognized that it is not looked upon as a luxury but as a necessity. It is one of the chief agencies that afford us an understanding and an enjoyment of the beauties around us. Being one of the elevating and inspirational gifts of God to His children, it spurs us on to deeds that are higher and nobler, while it aids in the building of a real character.

In our material, bustling age we need much beauty to add balance to our lives. To catch the message of music will make us sensitive to loveliness in sight and sound. Our leisure time can become a great opportunity with which to gain enough musical inspiration to become missionaries for music in our homes, in our churches, and in our secular institutions thus bringing color and joy to thousands.

Music is a universal language, the language of the emotions; and the best music is often the simplest, lying easily within the child's comprehension. Every child should grow up in a home wherein music is played. A musical home will be a blessed memory to the child, whose soul will be sweetened thereby.

From the very beginning of our growth in Utah the development and encouragement of music has been demonstrated. Our leaders recognized its limitless benefits in the general welfare of the people. Community singing has always been a great stimulant to tired, weary men and women, and was a real tonic to the pioneers as they traveled westward. Music should be urged as a common-sense, wholesome necessity. We must bring our people in large numbers to a real understanding of good music, and a desire to have part in that music. The intelligent singing of good

songs is for every one a profitable investment in culture; for it establishes an interest in and an appreciation of this art.

"Encourage song as the door through which all may normally enter into musical enjoyment," says one writer; "and listening as the key to an understanding appreciation of music."

An error difficult to overcome is the idea that to sing good music cultivated voices are demanded. Such is not altogether the case. As a matter of fact a chorus of untrained singers may be taught to produce an amazingly good tone. The bond that helps produce this result is a love for good music. Whenever large numbers of people take part, music offers a strong stimulus to community feeling.

In Germany they do not think that when a man has left school his education is finished. Their experience has taught them that attendance at the theatre, the opera, and the symphony concerts constitutes a life-long source of aesthetic and moral education. Thus music enters into the lives of all the citizens. The children, brought up in a musical atmosphere, absorb all that is rich and fine, and this culture appears again in a discriminating appreciation of what is good in music.

Mechanical devices such as the victrola, the ampico piano, and, last but not least, the radio, are entering into the musical education of the people. Walter Damrosch is taking up educational work through the microphone. It is his great love for good music that stimulates him in this new venture. "Through radio," he says, "science reaches out her powerful arms to carry music to millions of people to whom the names of great musicians were formerly little known. The radio audience has shown through its criticism that it knows the difference between a great artist and a mediocre one.

"I confidently hope that our radio concerts will be the means of laying the foundation of a nation-wide love of good music among the youth of America. Given the means of reaching people, as we can through the radio, it is possible to educate them musically without limitations. It is just as easy to accustom them to good music as to bad. The main thing is to catch our young people early enough and to lead them gently into the magic land of music—in a way which will not bore them, but rather will stimulate their sensibilities and awaken their spiritual appetites—a way that will make them want to know more of this wonderful art."

It has been said that "we march forward on the feet of little children." If this is true, and if we wish to become a musical people with an intelligent discrimination of good music and a judgment sharpened and developed by the richness of artistic offerings, we must begin early an intelligent study of music, instill into the minds of the young the love of good music for its own

sake. Later, these young men and women who are interested in singing as well as in instrumental music, will want to express themselves musically, and their accomplishments in music will become a real asset to their community.

In his preface to the hymn book of 1530, Luther declares music to be "the beautiful and heavenly gift of God. Next to theology, with my small ability to judge, I would set nothing higher."

Gratitude

I thank Thee, Lord, for faith:—

*That simple faith which bids me sow the field,
Not doubting that the harvest time will bring
A bounteous yield.*

*And for that faith which scaffolds o'er the mire
Of human wrongs, to form a generous span
Of confidence and trust in erring man.*

*For that sweet faith, from childhood's lips reclaimed,
Which builds a rainbow pathway down the years,
And prompts me in the solitary hour
To share with Thee my hopes, my needs, my fears.*

I thank Thee, Lord, for faith.

—*Alberta H. Christensen.*

A Kind Heart

By Mrs. T. W. Stevenson

It was the morning before Thanksgiving. A biting cold wind whistled around the point of the mountain. It swept powdered snow down the gully, and shook the bare trees along the Jordan river bank.

A child walking on the frozen road struggled to draw the thin worn coat more closely to cover hands blue with cold.

A truck was approaching, spluttering and back-firing.

"Even the truck is cold," thought the child, as he stepped aside and held up a hand. "Give me a ride, Mister," he shouted, as loud as his quivering chin would permit.

The pleasant-faced driver thought, "Well this is once I'll break my rule of never picking up a youngster." Putting on the brake he shouted, "Where are you going this cold morning?"

"To the city," answered the child.

"To the city!" cried the man. "Why you'd never get there unless the wind blew you there. Climb up here beside me, I'll take you." And he reached down a hand to help the trembling child.

"Now," said the man, as he put a corner of the blanket around the boy, "What is your name?"

"Tom—just Tom," he answered hastily.

"Tom," said the man softly, more to himself than the child, "I wish it hadn't been that."

"Why there are lots of Toms," said the child.

"Yes, I know," he said. "I had a little 'Tom' of my own last Thanksgiving. I—I don't like to see anyone named 'Tom' in trouble."

"I ain't cryin' 'cause I'm in trouble," said the child. "The cold just makes me seem like I'm cryin'. Anyway, Uncle Chuck said I ought to have trouble, I've made him so much."

"Ought to have trouble, hey!" said the man, stopping the engine and drawing a thermos bottle from under some sacks in the bottom of the truck. "It was so cold this morning Mother made me bring this hot cocoa that we had left from breakfast. It hasn't been off the stove fifteen minutes," he said as he filled the bottle cap and gave to the child to drink. "Maybe that will warm you a little."

"That's fine," said Tom when he had swallowed the last drop. He did not say, "I have tasted nothing before, today." Why should he, when there had been so many days like this in his short life?

The man replaced the bottle, pulled the blanket up even with Tom's chin, and started the engine.

"It's mighty cold," he said, "but it's good weather for me, I get better prices for my eggs and chickens."

"Oh, are you a chicken-man? It must be nice to have lots of eggs and chickens. My Uncle hates rich people. Poor folks can't have high-priced things. Cold weather is hard for them to live through," said Tom thoughtfully.

"You must have come from one of the farms around here; didn't you raise any chickens?" asked the man, looking down at the thin face.

"I lived with my Uncle on a dry farm across the river. Seems like the farm was no good, and he couldn't take care of chickens, he said, after his sister ran off and left me on his hands."

"What's your name—your last name, I mean?"

"On the slip of paper she pinned on my dress she said, 'You can call him Tom Daft. If he's daft enough he'll stay with you on that deadly forsaken ranch; I won't and I'll never come back'."

"Oh, your uncle is Chuck Allen. Guess I've heard of him," said the man. He drove along in silence, recalling talk he had heard through the years about the Allen family. Only yesterday someone had said that Chuck Allen was tramping to the Coast for the winter.

Presently he asked, "Are you going to some relatives in the city?"

"Yes, Uncle said if he was ever gone longer than two days for me to go to the city and find cousin Sarah."

"Have you the address?"

"No. He didn't have no address," the child said with fresh tears streaming from his blue eyes.

As they passed the city and county building the clock reminded the farmer that he would be late for market. If chickens were plentiful and buyers scarce he would not get his price. In the rush of unloading and interesting buyers, the child slipped away.

It was a busy day. When the chickens were all sold there were errands to do for Mother, and the truck needed some repair work.

It was late when he drove back to the market to get things he had left there. The lights were on. Stores and markets shone, as they always do the evening before the great feast. Never were garlands more green, never were apples more red, or poultry more plump.

Market-men were beaming as they rubbed their hands with satisfaction as customer after customer walked away with arms loaded with bundles. The chicken man shouted a cheerful "Good night" as he passed along. All he wanted now was a hot supper before he started home. He had been thinking of dollars and cents all day, now he began thinking of home, and his wife waiting alone in the big brick house, and his little Tom, for

whom he had taken home candy and a toy balloon last Thanksgiving. He had forgotten the homeless child he had brought to the city.

A heavy hand was laid on his arm. "Stand back a moment," whispered a voice. He looked up and saw a large policeman watching a child at a box of apples. It was his little fellow traveler.

"That's a sharp youngster," half laughed the officer, under his breath. "This thing is going on here all the time. Nothing is safe."

The little blue hand was already on an apple. It faltered a moment, then grasped tightly, then dropped it. He hid his face in his hands. The chicken man stepped up to him and touched his shoulder gently. The child knew without looking up who it was; he had but one friend.

"I couldn't do it; oh, I couldn't," he sobbed, "but I'm so awful hungry," and he fell against the box.

* * * * *

The stars were shining cold and clear. The chicken man's wife sat at the window looking out, wishing the thermometer could go up without lowering the price of eggs and chickens. "It's so cold for John riding from the city alone," she said to herself. She opened the door, hoping she could hear the truck, but the piercing wind sent her back to the blazing fire. She thought of last year when she did not sit alone. She imagined she heard the little voice though it had been hushed nearly a year. How plainly she could see the smiling face, though it had been gone so long. She hurriedly brushed away the tears as she heard the truck. "John must not see me sad," she thought, opening the door, and turning on the porch light.

John came in with something wrapped in the blanket; he laid it on the big dining room table.

"Don't say 'no,' Mother. Let us do something for our Tom's sake this Thanksgiving."

"Are you crazy?" she said, as he uncovered the thin face.

"Wait till I tell you all." When he had told his story he said earnestly, "How could I go to church tomorrow and thank God for his care of us if, with no little one to care for, I had left this child alone in the city?"

"You did right, John," she said, "you always do."

In everything I give thanks.—*I Thess.* 5, 18.

He is ungrateful who expresses his thanks when all witnesses have departed.—*Seneca.*

Pioneers

By *Lais Vernon Hales*

Back-Trailers From The Middle Border—Hamlin Garland

In this the fourth and closing number of his "Trail" books, Hamlin Garland completes his fine record of the development of the Northwest as experienced by the members of a single representative family—his family. The three earlier books told vividly and so honestly of pioneer days and of Mr. Garland's own youth in the West. In *BackTrailers from the Middle Border* he tells how, in middle life, he took the back-trail to the East—the place whence his father began his western march—and completed the circle.

Mr. Garland feels that in taking the back-trail he and his family are as typical of our times as our fathers were of theirs. He feels that the age of physical exploration is almost ended. "The average man of today is too gregarious to be a pathfinder. * * * The love of crowds, the wish to live in great centers, is well-nigh universal. If all the people who wish to live in New York were able to follow their inclination, we should have a city of twenty millions instead of seven."

It is this growing power—this rushing together of those who love cities—that brought the Garlands to New York, where with occasional interesting trips to New and Old England, they reside. On the physical side Mr. Garland hates the city. He "loathes its bad air, its ugly brick walls, its noise, and its ever present garbage cans; but he finds in it the intellectual companionships which he craves." Deep down in his consciousness is a feeling of guilt, a sense of disloyalty to his ancestors; but it is not strong enough to alter his course.

Mr. Garland feels that to outline the dangers of the city is only to add to its charm and appeal, and accelerate this world-wide moving, seeking, integrating. As his first three books embody the spirit of the pioneer, so his last book shows clearly, and I believe honestly, the centripetal forces that are drawing old and young to the large cities of the world.

Coming from "a land where nothing is venerable," Mr. Garland appreciates fully the shrines of our cities. He feels himself at the source of legend when he visits Washington and Mount Vernon, where America's first great president dined and slept. He feels keenly the pathos of Martha Washington's last days in the little attic room, whose window looks out over the grave of her illustrious husband.

Garland laments the decay of the pioneer spirit in himself. He no longer cares to pioneer, even in the literary sense. He has no desire for further hardship. Yet he senses deeply the beauty of the pioneers and pays tribute again to their solid, sterling qual-

ities. Of the Middle West he says, "Confident, ready, boastful, it is for a time only. It is tragic or it is humorous (according to the observer) when a people so hopeful and so vigorous dies out upon a plain as a river loses itself in the sand."

Of the pioneers, he says, "That our forefathers and our foremothers lived in a world as real as our own and with far greater hardships is true. It is probable that their hours of rejoicing were fewer than ours, and yet I shall go on believing that they enjoyed a more poetic world than that in which I live and that they had more courage and less enfeebling doubt."

Back-Trailers from the Middle Border is rich in references to the "intellectual companionships" which Mr. Garland values so much and which are primarily responsible for his back-trailing. He likens the life of an author to a man digging for gold. Once your vein "pinches out, nothing remains but to climb from your shaft and hunt a new lead."

One of the first men Garland met after he moved to New York was William Dean Howells, now old and not at all well, of whom he says, "In the tones of his voice, I detected the wistful resignation of hopeless age." Mr. Howells was troubled about the life after death, and he and Mr. Garland exchanged views on the thought of the old Saxon poet who figured the life of man to be like the coming of a swallow out of the dark into the light of the house for an instant, and then on into the night again.

John Burroughs, a revered friend and later a neighbor of Mr. Garland's, is mentioned often, with love and understanding. Of his "intellectual companionships" in Europe, those of Maurice Hewlett, Joseph Conrad, A. A. Milne, and James Barrie are the most vividly and fully given. As one reads of these delightful companionships with the greatest men of his time, one can understand how the finely grained, charming, gentle Hamlin Garland was drawn eastward from the land of his pioneer forebears.

To those who have not experienced the hardships incident to pioneer life, Mr. Garland's appreciation of his home "in the land of Rip Van Winkle" will perhaps seem far-fetched. But Garland has had much of poverty and illness in his life and he enjoys the feeling of security which he experiences in the city. He has granted the heroism of the pioneer, praising also their loyalty and patient hardihood.

About this book there is the sadness of something completed. For fifteen years Hamlin Garland has been working on this series of books and now with *Back-Trailers from the Middle Border* his story is told and his face is turned to the fireside and the past. But what a past! Though he has his moments of doubt and wondering as to whether the irritations of the subway and the tumult of the pavement are adequate returns for the loss of mountain dawns and prairie sunsets, we feel sure that he will happily blend them and rest content.

Notes from the Field

Boise Stake



BOISE SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

This picture was taken at the opening social in the Second Ward, at Boise. It tells its own story—efficient mothers and beautiful children.

Nebo Stake

In the Nebo Stake Tabernacle, on Sunday, August 18, 1929, a thoroughly successful Relief Society Class Leaders' Convention was held, President Mary P. Harding presiding.

Professor William H. Boyle from the Brigham Young University gave an illuminating address on fundamentals in teaching. Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund of the General Board of Relief Society, followed, emphasizing the same thoughts. John F. Oleson, stake seminary instructor, asked for the support of the Relief Society, in the seminary work. Special instructors in the various departments were: Theology, Professor Boyle; Literature, Mrs. Algie Baliff of Provo; Social Service, Miss Hermese Peterson of the Brigham Young University; Music, Mrs. Hannah Condie Packard of the Brigham Young University; Visiting Teachers, Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund.

The Class Leaders' Convention, together with the large stake social the preceding Tuesday, made a very fine beginning for the

Relief Society work of the year. In the social, all the wards took part. Those who participated in this delightful entertainment numbered, perhaps, more than four hundred, mostly members of the Relief Society.

Morgan Stake

At Como Springs, August 20, 1929, was held one of the best socials and flower shows ever put on by the Morgan stake Relief Society. Present at the invitation of the stake president were: Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, General President of the Relief Society, and other members of the General Board. The program was both musical and literary, each ward furnishing a number. In variety, quality, and number, the flower entries would be difficult to duplicate. Following the program and the display of flowers, luncheon to 280 guests was served by the stake board.

Shelley Stake

From Shelley stake comes a most interesting report of activities during the past year. One very fine accomplishment was realized through the thrift and energy of the stake Relief Society. More than \$500.00 was earned and contributed toward the stake tabernacle, which has just been completed.

The stake officers planned also and consummated three summer events, one for each month. That for July was a stake outing held on the 9th in the Goshen ward—a most successful entertainment, nearly every woman in the stake being present, making a total of 575. The August event was a flower show, which was held during the quarterly conference, August 17 and 18, in the beautiful new tabernacle. In this show, planned and carried out by the Relief Society civic pride committee, each ward had a separate display, all blending most harmoniously. That there had never been so many beautiful flowers grown in the stake before, was the opinion of all present. After the conference four large loads of choice blossoms were taken to Idaho Falls and given, with the compliments of the Relief Society, to the two hospitals there.

The event for September combined a district teachers' convention and a banquet. In each ward during the summer months a Relief Society conference was held. Stake officers report all ward workers much interested in their program, and eager for the lesson work to begin again.

Rigby Stake

A gratifying report of Relief Society activities in the Rigby stake, covers the fiscal year just ending. The Society was active during the summer months, holding its annual flower show, class leaders' convention, and two clinics. One clinic was held for the examination of heart and lungs, another for children of pre-school

age. By enlisting the services of a public health nurse, this stake has co-operated well with other agencies. During the late winter months, at the home of Stake President Lettie E. Call, the stake board entertained its ward presidents, counselors, and secretaries.

Salt Lake Stake

In order to demonstrate some outstanding piece of work that has been accomplished, it is the desire of the Salt Lake stake Relief Society board to set aside one day towards the latter part of the year. This year the field of art work was chosen. Members were asked to bring any piece of work—sewing, rugs, quilts, or any type of article made during the year or at a previous time—but it must have been a result of lessons in the art department, or must have been accomplished through inspiration received from Relief Society activities.

The exhibit, held in the spacious new Nineteenth Ward Amusement Hall, was most successful. The room was redolent with the fragrance of a flower garden placed in the center, while, side by side around the room, were thirteen booths variously decorated and filled with pieces of art work—afghans, lampshades, rugs, quilts, flowers, painted articles, remodeled clothing, and so on. The booths, decorated with flowers made by the women of the Relief Societies, were gay and beautiful in their originality.

“Excellence in art,” says Hilliard, “is to be attained only by active effort, and not by passive impressions; by the manly overcoming of difficulties, by patient struggle against adverse circumstances, by the thrifty use of moderate opportunities.”

If Mr. Hilliard had been in the Relief Society and had its activity in mind, he could not have spoken more truthfully. By earnest hard work, under many difficulties, these women produced an especially fine exhibit. The judges declared it impossible to select any one booth and call it the best, because all were so praiseworthy.

Prizes were given to each ward for some distinctive display: For the greatest display of outlined articles, for the best general display, for the best quilt and handwork, and for the most artistic booth, also for the one with the greatest number of useful articles, and for the best exhibit of remodeled clothing.

Refreshments were served on small tables, and music was furnished by the excellent West Junior High School orchestra. This affair, all declared to be one of the most charming ever given.

Pioneer Stake

As a fitting close to the season's work, and also to celebrate the organization of the Pioneer stake Relief Society in 1904, a delightful entertainment was given by the officers of the Pioneer stake Relief Society, on June 28, 1929, in Pioneer Stake Hall. The

hall was beautifully decorated with summer flowers. After a short musical program, a pageant depicting the organization and growth of the Relief Society work of the Pioneer stake, was given. It was an excellent portrayal of the patriotic service rendered by these women during the 25 years since the organization. Dealing with a very important historic period, it showed the manifold activities—philanthropy, patriotism, and also the educational and spiritual development. The pageant portrayed the helpful work of the women of this stake during the World War, the institution of a stake library, and other examples of real progress. Music was furnished by a string orchestra. Beautiful costumes in pastel shades, worn by the dancers, who were a part of the pageant, made a very lovely picture. Not the least interesting, however, was the living picture of the women responsible for this work—the former presidents of the stake.

After the closing remarks, the afternoon was spent in games and social entertainment, at which all the wards of the stake were guests, and were served with delicious refreshments.

Big Horn Stake

The motto for the year 1929 in the Big Horn stake has been "Self Improvement." At the same time it was the special aim of the Relief Society to build up and improve the work of the visiting teachers. The work is responding to the efforts put forth, and improving in a satisfactory manner. At the Work and Business Meetings a plan has been put into effect whereby every member, no matter how varied the talents, would be interested and employed. One group would furnish the entertainment, and another the luncheon, the latter often supplying a recipe for the dish served if the members so desired. The second group would paint vases or frame pictures, while the third would be making quilts or some one or the other of the old home arts. This plan, decidedly successful, has greatly increased attendance at the Work and Business Meeting.

Big Horn stake has gone through the process of early pioneering, where all energy was spent in subduing the soil. Maintenance of life having been successfully accomplished, the sisters of the Relief Society feel that beautifying the land is the next great achievement. To this end, the flower department of the Relief Society has asked every woman to plant a shrub or ornamental tree. Over a thousand shrubs have been planted, one ward alone planting 243.

Ward conferences this year have been in keeping with the flower program, the churches being always decorated for the occasion. One little branch held its conference so early that there was not a flower in the village, nevertheless a beautiful bowl of Chinese Lilies graced the speakers' stand. It was only on close

scrutiny that it was discovered that the bulbs were onions, while clever paper flowers duplicated real lilies.

Annual day, in the Big Horn stake, is fast becoming an outstanding event. The wonderful spirit at these gatherings adds much to the work. Good programs both spontaneous and previously arranged, together with pageants and one act plays, help to make the day enjoyable.

The Glee Club is carrying out a fine program, and furnishes excellent music at the various meetings.

The work of compiling the Cook Book is nearly completed, and the stake board is convinced that it will be a monument to the good cooks of the organization.

So many of the wards desired to continue the weekly meetings during the months of July and August that the following program for summer activities was decided upon: For July, Testimony Meeting: theme, "Ideals of Our Pioneers"; at the Work and Business Meeting, besides continuation of the present plan of work, a program giving biographies of the early stake presidents; on July 16, "The American Indian;" on July 23, Home talent night or a pageant; and so on through the summer, always with something particularly appropriate to the times.

Woodruff Stake

On Thursday, August 15, 1929, the Woodruff stake Relief Societies held an exhibit in the Evanston ward chapel. One hundred and fifty persons were present. The exhibits comprised diverse kinds of handwork, cut flowers and living plants. Each ward made a special prize quilt, the quilts being especially excellent. Officers of the Lyman stake were present, and acted as judges of the exhibit. During the program a thirty-second silent tribute of love and respect was paid to the memory of Mrs. Sarah Martin of the Hilliard ward, recently deceased, whose loss is deeply felt. The exhibit was an unqualified success, promising much good for the future.

A Thanksgiving Prayer

By Elsie E. Barrett

Dear Lord, we are thankful for health,
For the bearing of burdens each day;
For the friends who have made our lives brighter,
For Thy mercies along the dark way.
Grant us wisdom, O Lord, every hour,
All the true from the false may we see;
May we find greater joy in true service,
And be worthy all blessings from Thee.

Guide Lessons for January

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in January)

BOOK OF MORMON

LESSON 4—PROPHECIES AND DOCTRINES

This lesson includes the matter between Second Nephi, chapter 25, and the end of the Book of Jacob—pages 106 to 150, inclusive.

There is almost no narrative or story details in the lesson, the only thing of the kind being the account of the kings after Nephi I, the incident about Sherem, and the suggestion of difficulties between the Nephites and the Lamanites. The great bulk of the matter, as suggested in the title of the present lesson, is an explanation of doctrines. Following is a brief outline:

- I. The Word of Nephi.
 1. Prophecies (Chapter 25-30).
 - a. Concerning the Jérusalem of Nephi's day.
 - b. Concerning Christ among the Jews.
 - (1) His name foretold.
 - (2) Rejection of him by Jews.
 - c. Concerning the "last days."
 - (1) Coming of the Book of Mormon.
 - To whom given.
 - How viewed by Gentiles.
 - Value to mankind.
 - (2) Conditions at time book is given.
 - (3) Times subsequent to appearance of book.
 2. Teachings.
 - a. Baptism of Christ—significance.
 - (1) Obedience in ordinances.
 - (2) Narrowness of way suggested.
 - b. Reception of Holy Ghost.
 - c. Prayer a safeguard afterwards.
- II. Book of Jacob.
 1. Jacob receives "Small Plates."
 2. Political events—kings.
 3. Teachings and warnings.
 - a. Pride over riches.
 - b. "Fornication and lasciviousness."
 4. Parable of the Vineyard.

- a. The parable itself.
- b. Interpretation of it.
- 5. Incident of Sherem.
 - a. Sherem's fascination and doctrine.
 - b. What became of it.
- 6. Conflicts with Lamanites.

Notes

1. *The Miracle of Prophecy.* Of all the miracles we read about in sacred literature, the least explainable or even understandable is that of prophecy. Yet it was one of the commonest with the ancient prophets, whether in the Hebrew or the Nephite nation. And certainly one of the most remarkable is the one by Nephi in this lesson. For in it he tells us about Christ among the Jewish people and the Nephites, who was not to come for almost six hundred years; about the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and how it would be looked upon by the people among whom it appeared; about the religious conditions at the time of its appearance; and what would take place among the nations after its coming forth.

One part of this prophecy, or rather series of prophecies, is equally striking whether we regard the prediction as being uttered by Nephi twenty-five hundred years ago or by Joseph Smith a year or so before its fulfilment. It is the statement of how the book the prophet was then translating would be received, or, strictly, rejected by the people. "A bible!" they are made to exclaim, "a bible! we have a bible and need no more bible." As a matter of fact, that is the very language objectors to the Book of Mormon have been using for a hundred years—Christians, all. The remarkable character of this forecast would at once appear, if we should ask any author today in the beginning of his work to foretell the exact words the public will use when it is issued.

One of the puzzling things about this attitude of Christian people towards the Nephite Record is their thoughtless inconsistency in the matter. For here they are, on the one hand, hopelessly divided religiously, a condition due to the inadequacy of the Hebrew Scriptures, and there they are, on the other hand, refusing even to consider a volume that purports to be from God and that makes plain what is obscure in the book they accept as the word of God. "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!"

2. *Nephi on Baptism.* It is a strange thing that Nephi should give a discourse on baptism six hundred years before John the Baptist teaches it. Which goes to show that it is one of the oldest of the ordinances in the Church, and not at all confined to the Christian dispensation and after.

But Nephi has some views on the subject that have not been sufficiently considered, even by those who have taught and prac-

ticed the ordinance as much as we have. For instance, he gives two reasons for the baptism of our Savior, and this centuries before the event. They are, first, that Jesus wanted to set the pattern in obedience and, second, that he wanted to show how strait and narrow the Way is. (The word is improperly spelled "straight" in the Book of Mormon; in the Gospel it is given as "strait," which means "confined, distressful, difficult"—very obviously Nephi's meaning.) In addition to that he throws light on the remission of sin in baptism. It is in the "baptism by fire and the Holy Ghost" that sins are remitted or forgiven, whereas we have always connected it with baptism by water; and Nephi's explanation appears the more reasonable.

The prophet says nothing about faith and repentance here, but takes it for granted that they will have been already adopted by the candidate for baptism. For no one would be baptized unless he had repented first, and he would not have repented unless he had believed before that. So Nephi's exposition may be termed an exposition of the "first principles and ordinances of the gospel," and certainly it is one of the finest to be found anywhere—brief, clear, simple, easy to understand.

Indeed it goes farther than the first step in salvation, for it includes the rest of the plan. And what do you suppose that is? Prayer. Nothing can go to the heart of the matter any better than that. For prayer keeps one in close touch with the divine Spirit, and keeping in tune with that, one is not likely to stray far from the path or be in a quandary what to do as one goes along.

An excellent little treatise on the subject, these two chapters, and excellently worded too.

3. *The Small Plates.* Here is as good a place as any to take up a matter that is often found puzzling in the study of the Book of Mormon. It is the matter of plates.

One gathers from several passages in the Record that the people of Nephi were taught to read, that there was popular education to that extent at least. In connection with Sherem we are told that the people "searched the scriptures," after which they "hearkened no more to the words of this wicked man." These scriptures, Orson Pratt thought, were "probably copies made from the Brass Plates"—that is, the writings which Lehi brought with him from Jerusalem. If so, then the Nephites would most likely have copies on some other material than gold plates. For Jacob (4:1) speaks of the "difficulty of engraving our words upon plates," and infers that the reason for writing on plates was "that the things which we write upon plates must remain." And he goes on to say that "whatsoever things we write upon any thing, save it be upon plates, must perish and vanish away." The clear inference here is that they did have "other things" upon which they wrote "things" that were not intended to be per-

manently preserved. What these were the Book of Mormon does not inform us.

Nephi began and carried on a history of his people from the time the colony left Jerusalem till his death, and requested that the work be continued by his historian successors—which was done. This work was on what he called the “larger plates,” and covered mainly political events. But as he went on, he was requested to make “smaller plates,” for a “wise purpose” in the Lord of which he, Nephi, was in the dark, and on these he was to record the distinctively religious history of his people—prophecy, doctrine, religious development, miracles, revelation, and so on. And this he did.

This “wise purpose” did not come to view till Joseph Smith translated the golden volume, in 1829. With Martin Harris as amanuensis, he translated the first leaves of the larger plates of the book—which covered one hundred sixteen pages of manuscript. This manuscript Martin Harris lost, and the Prophet was advised not to attempt a re-translation but instead to substitute the “smaller plates” for that part of the “larger plates” of the regular record. Thus it is that we have “the more religious part” of the Book of Mormon to begin with—the first one hundred fifty-seven pages of our present volume.

As for the rest of our book, it is nearly all an abridgment of the general record of the Nephites, made by a man named Mormon, who lived toward the close of the Nephite nation—almost a thousand years away from the first Nephi. This is why the Nephite Record as we have it is called the “Book of Mormon.” Between the “smaller plates” of Nephi and this abridgment is an introductory chapter, called the “Words of Mormon.” So that the Book of Mormon in its present form comprises (1) the small plates of Nephi, (2) an abridgment of the general history of the Nephites by Mormon, (3) an abridgment of the record of an earlier people called Jaredites by Moroni, son of Mormon, and (4) some closing chapters by Moroni.

4. *The Sealed Book.* In our present lesson Nephi calls attention to a point in connection with the golden volume delivered by Moroni to Joseph Smith, which deserves a paragraph or two here.

That book, as we know, consisted of two parts—one of free leaves, about two-thirds, and another of leaves that were sealed, about one-third. Only the unsealed part was translated by the Prophet. What was the sealed part about? When are we to know its contents? Nephi answers these questions in a general way in our text.

The sealed part of the book, according to our authority, is “a revelation from God, from the beginning of the world to the ending thereof.” It was not translated by the Prophet and its contents made known at the time because of the “wickedness and

abominations of the people." Moreover, "the revelation which was sealed shall be kept in the book until the own due time of the Lord, that they may come forth; for behold, they reveal all things from the foundation of the world to the end thereof." Then these words of the sealed part "shall be read upon the house tops; and they shall be read by the power of Christ; and all things shall be revealed unto the children of men which ever have been among the children of men, and which ever will be, even unto the end of the earth."

Hence the Latter-day Saints have something to look forward to in connection with the Book of Mormon. After Joseph had finished translating the Record, he gave the plates, sealed and unsealed, back to the angel, "who has them to this day." So that when the time comes for the part which was sealed to be made known, the book will be available for the purpose.

It is a very interesting world in which we live.

Questions

1. Tell about the sealed and the unsealed part of the Book of Mormon.
2. Explain the larger plates and the smaller plates of which Nephi speaks in the text.
3. What was the "wise purpose" in the making of the small plates?
4. Give the substance of Nephi's discourse on baptism.
5. Why is prophecy miraculous? Would it be a good thing for us to know all about what is to happen to us before it comes? Why?
6. Is what is prophesied bound to happen *because* it is foreseen? Or has the foreseeing of it anything to do with making it come to pass? Explain in the light of Martin Harris's episode and the small plates.
7. What does Jacob have in mind when he speaks of wives and concubines?

LESSON II

Work and Business

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR JANUARY

(This topic is to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in January)

CHEERFULNESS

- I. *Cheerfulness implies a bright and equable temper and shows itself in the face, the voice, the action.*

II. *Cheerfulness a Gospel Doctrine.*

1. Men are that they might have joy.—*II Nephi, 2:25.*
Faith promotes cheerfulness; repentance assures us of it; the Gift of the Holy Ghost gives utterance through a cheerful heart.
2. Scriptures admonish us to be cheerful.
Serve the Lord with cheerful heart and countenance.—*Doc. and Cov. Sec. 59:15-18.*
Be of good cheer, it is I.—*Matt. 14:27.*
Be of good cheer, Paul.—*Acts 23:11.*
A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.—*Proverbs 17:22.*

III. *Cheerfulness a Positive Power in Character Building.*

1. It can be taught and learned.
Serenity of mind comes easy to some, hard to others.
Teach the duty of happiness as well as the happiness of duty.
Let the child feel the joy of doing some kind act each day for some one else, and to express his feelings to you, his mother.
Encourage children to sing and whistle at their work, to see the funny side, to look for and tell a good joke as Abraham Lincoln did.
2. Cheerfulness is as contagious as measles.
Children are sensitive to the emotional moods of the family.
How essential, then, for parents to be cheerful. Cheerfulness dispels gloom and doubt.
Cheerfulness in the home is to children as sunshine is to flowers.
If people only knew the medicinal power of laughter, of good cheer, of the constant, unrepressed expression of joy and gladness, then half the physicians would be out of work.

IV. *Cheerfulness an Asset in Winning Success.*

It is the bright and cheerful person that wins the final triumph.
Everybody avoids the company of those who are always "blue."
Be an optimist; cheerful people are welcome in any group.

"Fate served me meanly but I looked at her and laughed,
That none might know how bitter was the cup I quaffed,
Along came Joy and paused beside me where I sat,
Saying, 'I came to see what you were laughing at.'"

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in January)

A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER

By Hamlin Garland

Hamlin Garland, author of *A Son of the Middle Border* and many other novels, poems, and articles, was born in Wisconsin in 1860. His birthplace was a frontier farm; his parents were pioneer people who were wresting from the wilderness a meager living. Before young Garland was eleven years of age, the family had moved three different times ever westward to more thinly populated territory.

Like frontier boys of our own state, Garland attended school only a few short months during the winter, but finally graduated from the Cedar Valley Seminary, Iowa, after which he taught school for a few years. Becoming interested in literature, the young man finally went East to Boston, where he met a number of literary men including William Dean Howells. Beginning to write, he soon was making a fair living.

His Stories Are Stirring

After he had been somewhat weaned from the West, he returned to visit his parents and family. The prairies took on a new light. He saw the drudgery and the hopelessness of farm life as it was then. Returning East, he wrote a book of short stories, which he called "Main Traveled Roads." This book was published in 1891. These stories, in the opinion of many people, still rank as Garland's best, for he was at home in them and spoke out of a sore heart.

Fred Lewis Patee says: "What Mrs. Freeman did for New England, Hamlin Garland did for the Middle West, the only difference being that Garland was the pioneer depicter of his middle border farm lands and Mrs. Freeman was the last of a long line of story tellers dealing with Yankee life." "His pictures grip the imagination like Zola's," Mr. Patee continues; "they do not depress, they anger, they stir the blood, they call for action."

Garland has written a number of strong poems also. Though he is now a man 69 or 70 years of age, he is still at work. Few of the things he ever wrote can be loved for their sweetness, but they can all be admired for their strength and vigor.

Anyone who has been reared on a farm any place in the West will find in Garland's *A Son of the Middle Border*, a partial relation, at least, of the story of his own life. In this story of a pioneer

family, Mr. Garland has given us pictures of farm life that in color and realism have never been equaled in any other literature that I have read.

Gives Both Sides of Farm Life

Usually those who know little about farm life have been the ones who have romanced about it. James Whitcomb Riley, for instance, a youth who never spent a day on the farm in his life except as a visitor or on-looker, gave us "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin" and other similar poems; true pictures, certainly, but revealing only one side of farm life. Mr. Garland has given us in a masterly manner both sides.

On account of his realism, Hamlin Garland has been classed with the writers of protest. His *Main Traveled Roads*, a book of short stories mentioned in *A Son of the Middle Border*, reveals, as no other stories have ever done, the sordid side of farm life, the drudgery, the struggle. In fact, they have been important in bettering conditions on farms. They are the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the farmer and his wife and children. So austere were they that even many farmers said they were overdrawn; but they served to hold up before the American people the hopeless condition of the farm folk.

Fred Lewis Patee in his *American Literature Since 1870*, says of *A Son of the Middle Border*, "It is an autobiography and it is more; it is a document in the history of the Middle West. It has a value above all his novels, above all else that he has written, saving always those tense short stories of his first inspiration."

Typical Pictures of Men and Boys

In this book we have an excellent picture of Garland himself, and in addition some epic pictures of his relatives, fearless and fine pioneers of the Middle Border. The Garlands, the McClintocks, and a few of the neighbors are drawn with a masterly hand, as are the farm scenes that adorn the pages of this most interesting volume.

"The Old Soldier," Garland's father, is a typical pioneer such as are found in scores of homes in our own intermountain West, yes, in practically every family. Few of us who read the book will lay it down without saying, "This man Garland was just like father," or Uncle Jim, or some other of our relatives or friends. Ever looking beyond the sunset, ever eager to engage in the struggle with virgin sod, ever determined to make next year pay, Mr. Garland was just like many a "Mormon" pioneer who has written history in the sage and soil.

David McClintock, especially, is another picture of a great man that will haunt the reader. Big, brave, but artistic of soul,

he was not especially made for the prairie, where his lot was ever cast and where he played a losing game. A dreamer who could not bring himself steadily to fight the grim battle expected of him, he saw his less talented yet thriftier neighbors increase in property as he declined. That story has been told a thousand times on the frontier, where there never is a variety of employment. The misfits are always pathetic though lovable and fine.

Hamlin Garland is called a realist, a writer who sees the romance of life, but penetrates it and tells also of the realities. As is indicated in this book under consideration, he was a worshiper of Howells and Walt Whitman, brief portraits of whom he gives in his masterly manner. The very fact that *The Hoosier School Master* was so keenly enjoyed by this middle-border boy would indicate, perhaps, that in his own writing he would turn rather to realism than to romance.

"This Land of My Childhood"

The whole gamut of a farm boy's likes and dislikes is run in this book—from Thanksgiving on the farm to milking cows in muddy weather and fanning wheat by hand. Nothing, or very little, at least, is left out. The author's memories are so strong upon him that he bursts out, after describing a country Thanksgiving visit, "It all lies in the unchanging realm of the past—this land of my childhood. Its charm, its strange dominion, cannot return save in the poet's reminiscent dream. No money, no railway train, can take us back to it. It did not in truth exist—it was a magical world born of the vibrant union of youths and firelight, of music and the voice of moaning winds—a union which can never come again to you or me, father, uncle, brother, till the coulee meadows bloom again unscarred of spade or plow."

That nature, surrounding the boy on the prairies, had its effect upon him is indicated by passages like this one taken from Chapter Eight: "Meanwhile above our heads the wild ducks again pursued their northward flight, and the far honking of the geese fell to our ears from the solemn deeps of the windless night. On the first dry warm ridges the prairie cocks began to boom, and then at last came the day when father's imperious voice rang high in familiar command, 'Out with the drags, boys! We start seeding tomorrow'."

In the latter part of the book the budding author and school teacher is more and more in the East with his work; but his heart remains in the West despite the commiseration he feels for his family when he returns to visit them.

Garland's Own Life Is Portrayed

The Son of the Middle Border is his autobiography. It begins with his very early youth when his father, a soldier in the Civil War, returns home at its close to take up life where he had

left it off. The story pictures the Garlands and the McClintocks, a family of which Hamlin's mother was a member. It then goes forward picturing the grim struggle with poverty on one hand and the stubborn virgin soil on the other as the family moves westward, ever westward, until they at length reach North Dakota.

Young Garland obtains an education through self-struggle, and with a little help prepares for teaching. Eventually he goes East, where he meets a number of authors whose influence leads him to attempt to write. His first productions were what we would now call feature articles; later he began writing short stories and novels with the farm life of the Middle Border as the backgrounds. With these he was very successful, for the reason that he had struck into a field which had never before been used to any great extent by writers.

His parents grew poorer and poorer on their big homestead in Dakota until at last the successful young author returned, induced them to sell their farm and return to Wisconsin to a home he had awaiting them.

"The first question which you have a right to ask me is this: Is it true?" says Mr. Garland in a foreword addressed to "My Young Readers." He replies, "My answer is as direct as your question, *It is.*"

Since this book will probably be in every public library and in most high school libraries and since an excellent edition may be obtained for \$1, I shall not attempt to quote more from it.

My suggestion would be for the one who gives it in the class to have the book with her well-marked in order that she may read striking passages or passages that give good pictures of these pioneers of the Middle West who, after all, are much like our own pioneers. Some of the farm scenes might be read and discussed as well as passages of beauty such as are found at the close of chapter fifteen, in the middle of chapter twenty and elsewhere.

This book, as printed in "The Modern Readers Series," has questions and helps at the back which may prove helpful.

Questions and Problems

1. Who is Hamlin Garland? Why has he a right to picture farm life?
2. How does he rank as a writer of short stories and novels?
3. Are his pictures of farm life too grim?
4. Why might his stories be called the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of farm folk?
5. Read "Under the Lion's Paw" and "Up the Coulee" and "Among the Corn Rows;" then comment upon their pictures of farm life.
6. Read passages that to you were especially impressive.
7. What effect has the life of Hamlin Garland had on the west?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in January)

THE FIELD OF SOCIAL WORK

LESSON 1. THE NATURE AND SCOPE OF SOCIAL WORK

We now begin a consideration of the six lessons devoted to the Field of Social Work. The purpose of this and the five lessons which follow is to acquaint our members with the nature and scope of social work as an endeavor to promote human happiness. We shall, of necessity, have to be brief. Class leaders and others will find the references cited in these lessons helpful in elaborating the subjects treated.

The six lessons will include (1) the nature and scope of social work, (2) poverty and dependency, (3) physical and mental diseases, (4) physical and mental defects, (5) crime and delinquency, and (6) the organization and administration of social work.

WHAT IS SOCIAL WORK?

The following definitions are selected from among the best and most representative:

Social work is not a clearly defined single field corresponding to a single need, but includes many diverse occupations which have as their tasks to supplement the work of the other professions. For example, the school visitor supplements the work of the teacher; the public health nurse the work of the physician; the family visitor the work of parents; the Bureau of Personal Service, or Legal Aid Society, or probation officer, and the settlement worker is found on many kinds of committees. (Tufts, *Education and Training for Social Work*, Russell Sage Foundation, 1923.)

In the United States of America "social work" has come into use in recent years as a comprehensive term, including reformation and all other conscious efforts, whether by the state or on private initiative, to provide for the dependent, the sick, and the criminal; to diminish the amount of poverty, disease, and crime, and to improve general living and working conditions. (Edward T. Devine and Lilian Brandt, *American Social Work in the Twentieth Century*.)

Social work is the business of producing, changing or adjusting social organizations and procedure in the interests of human welfare according to scientific standards. (L. A. Halbert, *What is Professional Social Work? The Survey*, New York, 1923, page 25.)

Perhaps the nearest we can come to a definition is to say that social work is the art of adjusting personal relationships, of helping to overcome the difficulties which may arise—for example, between native and foreign born, between employer and employee,

between school and home. (Stuart A. Queen, *Social Work in the Light of History*, Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1922, page 18.)

WHAT FORMS DOES SOCIAL WORK TAKE?

There are many ways of classifying the various fields of social work. As a matter of fact, there is no one exact way. The following, for instance, is a classification of the fields of social work based on their relation to various institutions and to society as a whole. It is the work of Tufts, in the book cited above, page 24.

1. *As related to the Family:*

worker are found on many kinds of committees. (Tufts, *Education Care for the family as a whole, Family Welfare Societies,* Home Service of Red Cross, Public Welfare Departments doing "case work" in families.*

Care for special types of adult or adolescent individuals such as deserted wives, unmarried mothers, the aged; Domestic Relations Courts.

Care for children, in their own homes, through child-placing agencies, through protective agencies, in institutions.

Housing, considered from the point of view of the homes of families, and of men and women not in families.

Visiting housekeeper or visiting dietitian.

2. *As related to Government:*

Civic agencies designed to organize public opinion for reform or improvement of government or for co-operation with it, reform leagues, city clubs, committees of various sorts with professional executives or secretaries.

Offices of government, particularly in the administrative departments which have to do with giving relief, with mothers' pensions, with factory legislation and child labor laws, with institutions for the care of the blind, the insane, the sick, the dependent and the delinquent. The Children's Bureau, juvenile research bureaus.

The legal field, including especially the juvenile court, with its agents; probation officers, and parole officers; legal aid societies, for aiding discharged prisoners; societies which include both public officials and others interested in penal problems, such as the American Prison Association and its various affiliated societies.

3. *As related to Economic Institutions:*

Agriculture, county agents, home demonstrators, leaders of boys' and girls' clubs, such as poultry clubs, corn clubs, and the like.

Commerce, associations of commerce, chambers of commerce, in so far as these take an interest in community problems.

*The L. D. S. Relief Society would be classed as a family welfare society.

Industry, employment management, arbitration procedure, nurses, recreation leadership, administration of workingmen's compensation, labor unions (in certain aspects.)

4. *As related to Hygiene and Medicine:*

Public health, including physicians, inspectors, nurses, laboratory workers, and other officials.

Special fields, anti-tuberculosis campaigns, tuberculosis sanitarium, social hygiene committees and leagues.

Visiting nurses.

Hospital social work.

Nutrition work (which might be included also under care for children or under work of home demonstrators in the rural field).

Psychiatric social work.

Mental hygiene.

5. *As related to Organized Recreation:* (This is analogous to 3 above in that recreation like the economic field is supposed to be primarily left to individual initiative, but is found to need attention from the point of view of social and public interests.)

Recreation for children, playgrounds, summer camps.

Recreation for young people and adults, club work, gymnasiums, community music, pageants, dramatic presentations. (Recreation cannot be sharply defined from the fields of hygiene, of education, and of ministration to the higher community life through the nobler arts.)

6. *As related to Education and the Arts:*

The school as social center in both rural and urban districts.

The work of school visitor or visiting teacher.

Vocational guidance.

Providing scholarships for children otherwise unable to remain in school.

The public library.

Clubs for study, reading, parliamentary practice, debate.

Boy Scouts, Campfire Girls.

Education of special groups, such as immigrants, workers, illiterate adults, et cetera.

Education in music, and the graphic and plastic arts.

7. *As related to Organized Religion:*

Work of the church or synagogue along similar lines to those noted under 1, 4, 5, and 6 above.

Work of the Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association, Knights and Ladies of Columbus, and the Young Men's Hebrew Association for young people in cities.*

*The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, and the Primary Association naturally fall into this group.

Rural work of the church.

Community work of the Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association.

Industrial work of the Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association.

Work of the Salvation Army, Volunteers of America.

8. *As related to Institutions for cultivation of Friendship or Mutual Aid: Clubs for children and adolescents.*

(Certain types of social work are not comprehended under any of the above classes. The reason why they cannot be placed in relation to some one institution may be either because they supplement several institutions, or because they aim to supply some need or to promote some end for which society has not as yet organized any specific institution.)

9. *Activities for certain groups, racial, geographic, occupational, which combine several of the fields above named:*

Work with immigrants, with the Negro, with the American Indians.

Specially organized work for the mill village, the mining community or the lumber community, or for homeless and migratory groups.

City clubs, community centers, the Country Life movement.

10. *The Settlement.*

A second method of classifying social work is that of listing the various types of work done in a typical community. The following list, taken from the charities directories of New York and Philadelphia, presents a cross-section of social work. The multiplicity and range of social-work activities will readily be seen.

	1919	1920
	<i>New York</i>	<i>Philadelphia</i>
Agencies having to do with health.....	412	224
Child welfare agencies	233	147
Settlements,* social centers and housekeep- ing centers	227	608
Relief societies	180	102
Societies for civic and economic betterment by means of surveys, investigations, edu- cation of the public, etc.....	157	369
Adult homes	136	112
Agencies for obtaining or providing em- ployment	123	46
Special educational opportunities, agricul- tural, musical, etc.	118	71

*The Neighborhood House is perhaps the best example of a settlement that we have in this region.

Philanthropic agencies with a predominantly religious purpose	96	191
Agencies interested in naturalization, colonization and work for immigrants.....	91	28
Correctional and protective agencies.....	81	54
Societies serving special groups	81	60
Negroes	29	36
Soldiers, sailors, or their dependents	25	10
Clergymen	8	
Medical men	7	
Indians	5	
Artists	4	
Firemen	3	
Recreational facilities	63	88
Banking, loan and saving societies	23	10
Milk stations, diet kitchens and lunch rooms.	20	23
Conferences and federations which include social work agencies	12	20
Legal aid societies	11	2
Societies for the protection of animals	9	14

A third method is illustrated by the divisions of the National Conference of Social Work, an organization of social workers which meets annually in various parts of the United States to consider the current problems and practices in the field.

Division I—Children.

Division II—Delinquents and Correction.

Division III—Health.

Division IV—The Family.

Division V—Industrial and Economic Problems.

Division VI—Neighborhood and Community Life.

Division VII—Mental Hygiene.

Division VIII—Organization of Social Forces.

Division IX—Public Officials and Administration.

Division X—The Immigrant.

Division XI—Professional Standards and Education.

Division XII—Educational Publicity.

HOW IS SOCIAL WORK RELATED TO THE OTHER PROFESSIONS?

Measured by the accepted standards of a profession, social work and social workers are truly professional. In the first place social work and social workers have no ulterior purpose in their work. The client in social work, as the patient in medicine, is the center of attention. His interests and his welfare are always uppermost. In the second place the field comprises a definite body

of principles and practice for which training is necessary. In the third place the profession is controlled by its members and all who are identified with it are governed by a democratically-evolved set of ethical standards. In these respects and in many other ways social work is on a par with law, medicine, engineering, nursing, teaching, etc.

Social work is both auxiliary and a separate field of activity. It is auxiliary in the sense that many of its services are the logical extensions of already-existing professional activities. As has already been suggested, the medical social worker, for example, might be viewed as an auxiliary to the physician; the legal aid worker as an auxiliary to the court; the visiting teacher as an auxiliary in the school, etc.

And yet, in a very real sense, social work is a distinct profession, corordinate in rank and independence with the traditional professions just mentioned. Thus, the service of the family case worker is altogether unique and is auxiliary to no already-existing profession or field of endeavor. This is also true of many other social workers, such as the community organizer, the public welfare administrator, the social executive, the social investigator, etc.

In these respects then we have a new profession calling for education and skill, the equal of that required in law, in teaching, and even in medicine. Proof of this fact is the existence in the United States today of over twenty schools—most of which are connected with colleges and universities—for the professional training of social workers.

To be sure, a great deal of social work has been—and still is—done by intelligent, untrained volunteers. The tendency, however, is more and more in the direction of professional training. There are, however, many forms of social work which can be done by volunteers working under the direction of trained social workers. One of the outstanding features of Relief Society work is the stupendous service which has been rendered by thousands of intelligent Christian women whose chief equipment for their work is their general education, their common sense and their love for their fellowmen. It is unnecessary to add that this work is greatly appreciated.

Questions

1. In what respect do the definitions for social work given above differ from one another? What is your own (or your class leader's) definition?
2. What are the specific problems attacked by social work?
3. What social and economic conditions have brought social work about?

4. How is social work related to alms giving? How does it differ?

5. What are the specific forms of social work in your community?

6. How does the procedure of a trained social worker differ from that of an untrained volunteer?

7. What are some of the commoner objections to professional social work and social workers? How valid are these objections?

8. What, in your opinion, are the qualifications for a social worker, on the side of (a) personality, (b) education, (c) training?

9. What problems in your community might be better solved if the services of trained social workers were available?

References

(In communities where there is a public library, stake officers will do well to ask the local librarian to secure and place on reserve the following books.)

1. Karl De Schweinitz, *The Art of Helping People Out of Trouble*; Houghton, Boston,

2. Stuart A. Queen, *Social Work in the Light of History*; J. B. Lippincott and Company, Philadelphia.

3. Alice S. Cheyney, *The Nature and Scope of Social Work*; American Association of Social Workers, New York, price 50c.

4. *The Annual Proceedings of the National Conference of Social Work*; University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Illinois.

5. Robert Kelso, *The Science of Public Welfare*; Henry Holt and Company, New York.

6. *The Survey* (published twice a month).

Raked-Up Leaves

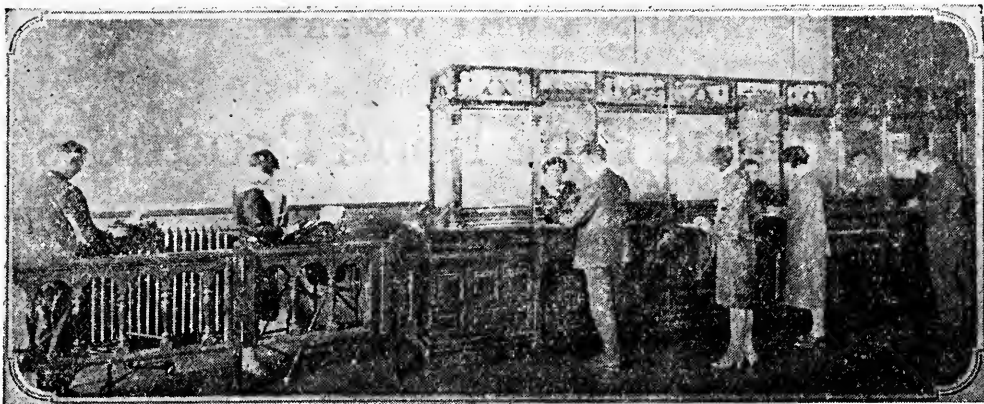
By Vest Pierce Crawford

Here are the last of all the leaves.

Painter, I've seen your new-budded tree
 And your summer-swayed bough,
 I've seen your Autumn grandeur,
 But these leaves, you cannot paint them now.

Once they wore the colors of the dawn;
 Now they are raked-up leaves
 With all their splendor gone.

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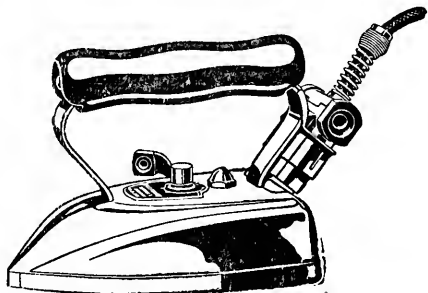
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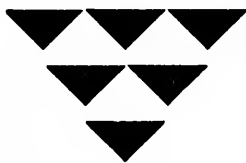
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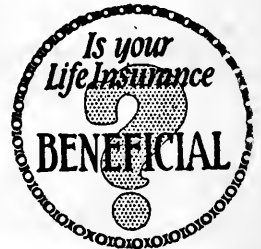
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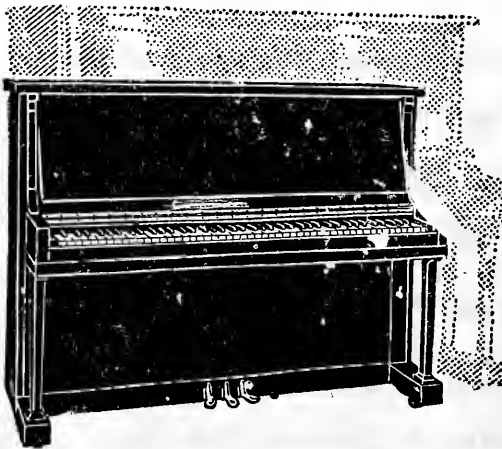
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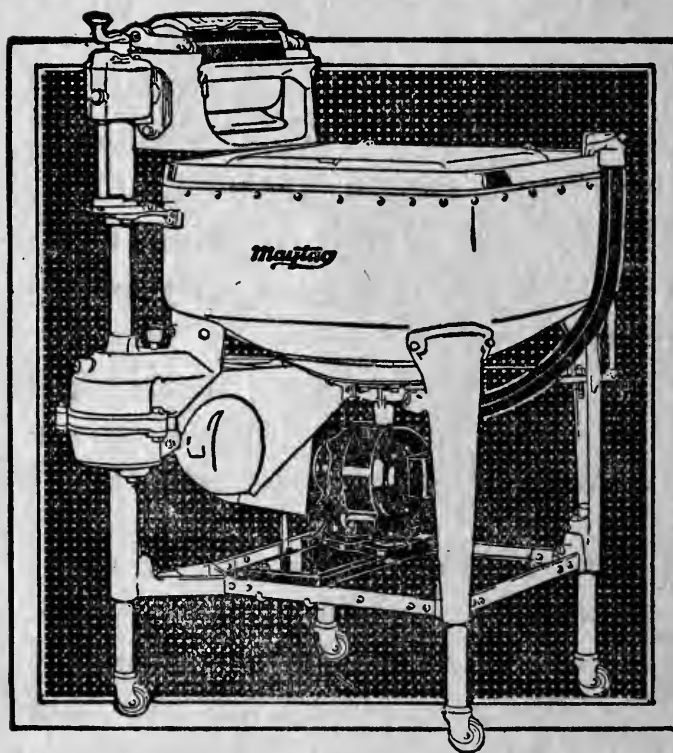
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December,
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Vol. XVI
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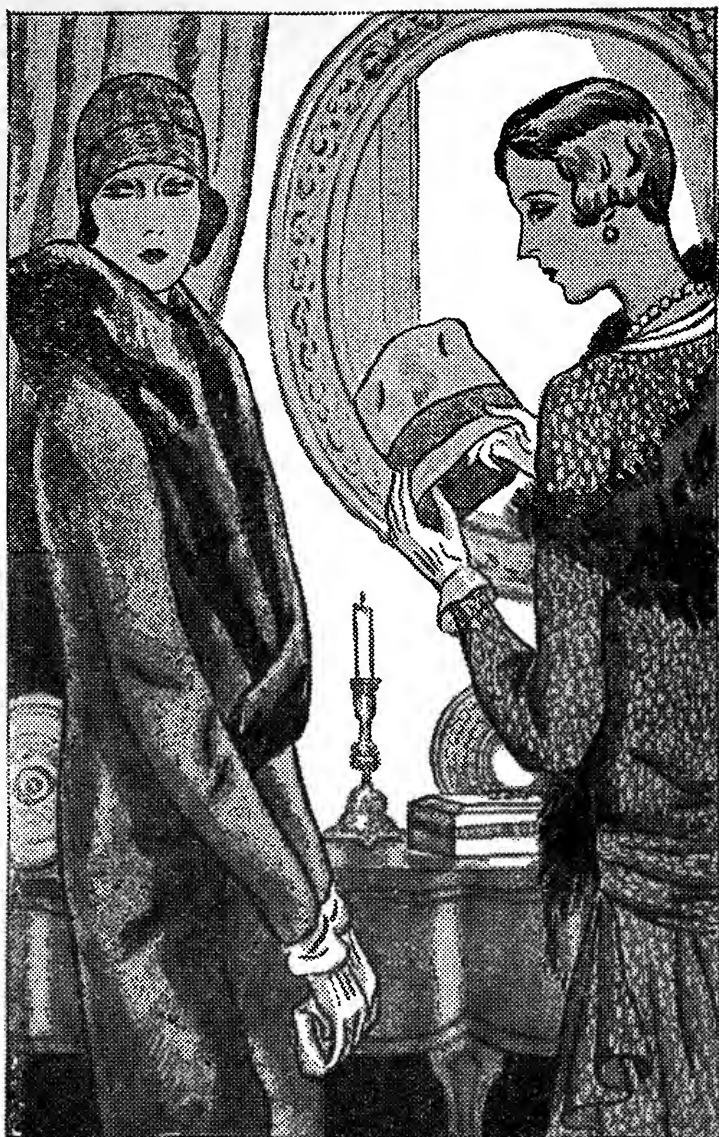
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see the
back of
your neck"

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VOL. XVI

DECEMBER, 1929

NO. 12



THE MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA
BY RAPHAEL

MADONNA

By Claire Stewart Boyer

Her
love
springs
elemental
from a great
maternal sod,
And grows and
reaches till it holds
The very stars of God;
Her duties are the shining
* * * joys * * *
That grace Maternity
And hang like Christmas
ornaments
upon
that
holy
tree.





THE HOLY FAMILY
BY MURILLO

THE Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XVI

DECEMBER, 1929

No. 12

A Day in a Jewish Village in Russia

By Franklin S. Harris, President, Brigham Young University

I should like to have you go with me for a day to a Jewish village in southwest Russia in what is known as the Ukraine. We shall take the evening train at Moscow. After traveling southwest for about twenty-four hours, we pass through the beautiful city of Kiev, situated on a high bank overlooking the Dnieper river. Kiev has one of the most interesting histories of any city in Europe, but that is another story. The village that we are to visit is further on southwest.

In the study which I am making as a member of a Commission for planning the colonization of the Jewish people of Russia, it is desirable to get a clear insight into the inner life of the Jewish people, hence the visit to many of the places where they are living. The village to which I am taking you is one of the many places examined by the members of our commission. This particular village was visited by Mr. L and me. He was born there and has many relatives living in the vicinity, and has an intimate knowledge of the conditions.

The through train on which we were riding did not stop at this village, so we had to go on to the next one, where, at three o'clock in the morning, we were met by two of Mr. L's brothers and a number of relatives. Waiting till nearly five, we took the local train back to the village. A large group of Mr. L's relatives was at the station to meet us.

It may be needless to say that there are no sidewalks on pavements in a village of this kind, and the black, heavy soil makes first-class mud. Mr. L and I were put into the one waiting *Isvostchik*, a one-horse, buggy-like conveyance used all over Russia, and were taken to the house of one of the brothers, while the others trailed after us through the mud. After the greetings, we had to partake of refreshments; then came visiting between Mr. L and his relatives whom he had not seen for more than two years. There were brothers and brothers-in-law, cous-



A BUSINESS STREET IN A JEWISH RUSSIAN VILLAGE

ins, and cousins-in-law, and all the children, making up about thirty in all.

As everywhere in Russia this household was very much crowded. The theory at the present time in this country is that all houses belong to the Government, which assigns on the average about one room to the family; but since this family had a number of branches and many children, four rooms were assigned to it.

During the day Yiddish was the principal language spoken. Occasionally when a non-Jewish person came to visit us, Russian was used. I knew very little of the latter language, but by using German I could get along in a fairly satisfactory way with the Jewish people, and particularly well with the young people, since they speak more clearly than older ones. Yiddish has German as its foundation, but has developed into a separate language using the Hebrew alphabet.

While Mr. L visited the older relatives, I found myself constantly surrounded by a group of young people. There were two young ladies fifteen or sixteen years old and a boy about twelve who seemed to be contesting for places near me. In my more optimistic moments I assumed that they came to me because they liked me, while during periods of pessimism I decided that my popularity may have resulted from the fact that they wanted to hear me speak German, or to hear me tell about America, or to examine some of my strange personal effects, such as a

pencil that had ink in it. Some of them seem never to have seen a fountain pen before. Whatever the cause may have been, I was very much the center of a group. I preferred to look at the young ladies, but the boy was better to talk to.

There was a brother-in-law who was a bookkeeper, and one who was a worker in a poultry packing establishment; there was a nephew who was a photographer and a brother who had a job that classed him as one of the elect workers. There was an older brother who had been broken by the vicissitudes of revolution and persecution; then there were the wives of all of these and the children.

All in all, they were very much like the families we might find in any of our smaller towns in Utah. Certainly they were well informed and as intelligent on general matters as we ordinarily encounter. The limitations in household devices and equipment growing out of raids and persecutions left much to be desired in the way of arrangement of meals and methods of serving. They had one distinct luxury in the house, however—a wash stand, with a tank behind the mirror into which the water was poured so that it could run out of the tap into the wash basin and then be drained into a bucket below—a semblance of modern convenience which I was glad to use.

After breakfast, while the family visited, I took a half hour's nap since we had been up practically all of the previous night making connections and seeing the other part of our delegation get off at their various villages. The beds, somewhat similar to



A ROW OF DWELLING HOUSES IN A JEWISH RUSSIAN VILLAGE

those found in Germany, are interesting. They are feather beds with a large feather pillow which extends nearly to the middle of the bed. The covering is a sort of light feather bed inclosed in white linen, which can be changed in place of changing the sheet.

During the middle of the forenoon the clouds cleared away and the sun came out, so we took a trip through the village. On the main street we saw rows of peasant women, displaying their products to all who passed. They had brought in their eggs and other wares and were lined up along the street in the mud. There were dozens of these street venders with everything from cloth to live chickens for sale. This street had about ten feet along the middle paved with cobble rocks. Along this pavement a constant stream of peasants passed in their little low-wheeled wagons pulled by tiny ponies. There were groups of people standing about talking, and everywhere curious eyes were turned toward us and our photographic apparatus.

Later, during the afternoon, we went out with Mr. L's moving picture machine. Almost the whole village followed to watch the process of taking a moving picture. So great was the commotion that the local police officials took us in and made us show our identification papers and explain what we were doing there, why we should be taking a moving picture, and a lot of other questions. We finally answered all of their inquiries and they released us.

The local photographer wished to take our pictures, copies of which he said he would send to us. When we went into the front room studio the curious crowds so filled the door and jammed the windows that he had to take us out into the back yard, herding off the crowd while he took our pictures.

In the crowd that passes along the street, most of the women are in their bare feet, many of them carrying heavy loads, while some have water in two buckets suspended from a pole over the shoulders. Many are in rags. As at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, we see along the way many a Jewish brother with long whiskers. Most of the young people, however, are wearing Russian costumes, as if they were courting the favor of the Government by throwing off the ancient costumes.

Most of the houses are built of a sort of adobe or cheap brick and are plastered with mud, some of them whitewashed. Although some houses have tile roofs, many are covered with rye straw about a foot thick. On every hand there is evidence of poverty. If anyone had means he would not display it in Russia, because no worse title can be applied to one than to be called "*bourgeoise*," and the Government taxes very heavily all who have more than the average of wealth.

During the afternoon it rained again, so we returned to the house, where anti-Jewish persecutions of previous years were re-



THATCHED ROOF HOUSE IN A JEWISH RUSSIAN VILLAGE

counted. One of the men told how a cousin, who was a dentist, had been killed by Russian peasants whom he had previously served free; but during these pogroms, which are outbursts of race hatred, no one seems to escape.

During the civil war following the withdrawal of Russia from the World War there were 2,500 pogroms in 900 separate cities and towns, some places suffering as high as three, four, and five such outbreaks; certain towns were completely wiped out, men, women, and children being killed. There were 200,000 orphans left and twenty per cent of the women were left widows. The statement went abroad that all the trouble of the Russians came from the Jews and the latter were massacred by the thousands. The village in which we are visiting has seen many of these raids. The recital of the story, with the shedding of many tears, brought to my mind Haun's Mill, Nauvoo, and Carthage. The Jewish persecution in Russia is such a manifestation. With the coming of the new regime, an attempt is made to eliminate all race persecution and to allow each people to develop its own culture. The people in the villages, however, have vivid memories and are in constant fear that something may arise to bring on a repetition of past atrocities.

With the coming out of the sun we got into one of the curious wagons and rode to a nearby peasant village. We inspected the local school in a brick building as modern as any such buildings in those parts. The teacher showed us the semblance of a laboratory; and while he was very proud of the equipment, we would consider it primitive. It is, however, a step in the right direction; and

though all could not be accommodated in the school with its two teachers, there is hope for a new day in Russia due to the increased interest in education.

It must be said to the credit of the Jewish people that they are easily the best educated group in Eastern Europe. Throughout the ages, in spite of persecution and poverty, they have maintained their interest in education. This is probably one of the chief reasons why they have been able to survive in the presence of hostile associates. They have been more capable than the other peoples, and have got along in spite of adversity.

Our train did not leave until three the next morning, but the family would not go to bed; to the last child all insisted on staying up until our train left. I begged for an opportunity to take a nap about one o'clock, but was awakened more than an hour before the train left, so that I would be sure to be ready and so that there would be a little more visiting. Though most of these



A GIRL BELONGING TO THE
FAMILY THAT PRESIDENT
HARRIS VISITED

people had been up twenty-four hours, none of them went to bed, contenting themselves with little naps.

When it came time to go, we all marched in a procession through the mud. Every child joined the company. One of the young ladies took hold of my arm on one side and a young man on the other, so that I should not slip in the mud.

When we reached the station twenty minutes before the train was due, we found dozens of people sleeping around on the floor just as they do in all stations in Russia.

At the whistle of the train we said good-bye all around two or three times and went out and said good-bye again at the car steps; then I reached out through the car window and shook hands with everyone as a final farewell. In order to show their respect two of the men went with us on the train to the next station and when they left, each of them gave me a good-bye kiss on the cheek.

Even though I had known these Jewish people only one day I seemed very near to them; they were like old friends. I left with a greater determination than ever that the Commission which I represented would do everything possible to alleviate their suffering and to give these good people an opportunity to live happy lives unmolested by hostile neighbors and freed from the abject poverty which is now their portion.

Music in the Home of Hamlin Garland

In the stirring sketch of pioneer life in "A Son of the Middle Border," by Hamlin Garland, we get a splendid idea of what music meant to the family and its closest neighbors so far removed from contact with the rest of the world. It was a great part of the entertainment of these early heroes and heroines. They often spent the evening sitting around the fire-side singing their favorite songs. Quoting from the story we have Hamlin Garland's own description of these delightful occasions.

"Our home was a place of song, notwithstanding the severe toil which was demanded of every hand, for often of an evening, especially in winter time, father took his seat beside the fire, invited us to his knees, and called on mother to sing. These moods were very sweet to us and we usually insisted upon his singing for us. True he hardly knew one tune from another, but he had a hearty resounding chant which delighted us, and one of the ballads which we especially liked to hear him repeat was called 'Down the Ohio'. * * * Mother, on the contrary, was gifted with a voice of great range and sweetness and from her we always demanded Nellie Wildwood, Lily Dale, Lorena or some of Root's stirring war songs. We loved her noble, musical tone, and yet we always enjoyed our father's tuneless roar. There was something dramatic and moving in each of his ballads. He made the words mean so much. It is a curious fact that nearly all the ballads which the McClintocks and other of these powerful young sons of the border loved to sing were sad, * * * and the memory of their mellow voices creates a golden dusk between me and that far-off cottage."

Having caught the thrill of their favorite music, would it not be a fitting tribute to these worthy people to sing some of the songs which they loved so much? With this thought in mind the suggestion is made to have some of their songs sung on the day when the literary lesson on "A Son of the Middle Border" is given. If this suggestion finds a favorable response "Belle Mahone" and "Lorena" could be sung with great effect, thus bringing in a bit of the atmosphere of the Garland home. These were two of the songs Hamlin's mother sang. Many of the songs mentioned in the story are out of print, but these two songs can be obtained by writing to Wm. A. Pond & Co., 18 W., 37th St., New York, or to Daynes Beebe Music Co., 61-63 South Main St., Salt Lake City.

Evergreen

By Elsie Talmage Brandley

The little pink area on the map which indicates the relative position of British Columbia is as unenlightening as the tiny black dot denoting the town of New Michell. A casual glance at the black dot set so carelessly down upon the pink expanse discovers nothing except that the dot is perhaps as small as any dot can be and still retain its standing as a full-fledged dot. A less casual glance, one colored with a bit of imagination, might lead to the additional conclusion that certainly life in such a place must be unendurably dull, and that a person was favored of fate if his path on the map of life lay along a route of more conspicuous dots. But that conclusion would have been reached before one had heard the story Ruth Mason had to tell of the joy she had found in New Michell. After that the thing would assume different proportions, perhaps.

Ruth had lived the whole of her twenty years in Oregon, where her father operated a large saw and planing mill inherited from his father. The Masons had been known in the surrounding counties as the "lumber people" ever since the first of the name had come west for gold. Finding instead the glory of the Oregon pines, they settled down to live and work among them. Ruth's earliest recollections dealt with trips on her father's back across the little ravine between the large, comfortable log home and the roaring hungry mill, which they pretended was a giant who must be given an uninterrupted diet of choice pine-morsels. The spicy aroma of the woods was her first smell-memory, and she always felt that the fulness of life's beauty filled her heart as the fragrance of the pines filled her nostrils; and the combination had resulted in an unusually fine and contented existence. Her little girlhood had known nothing of strife, or sorrow. The woods, the sky, the flowers, her books, family, and curly hair seemed all that any girl could ask of the gods, and life abundant flowed through the veins of her. She exulted, she scintillated; and withal she radiated serenity.

"Funny about Ruth Mason," the few neighbors of the locality would say. "She never was what you might call pretty, with that nose; but there's something about her face you like to look at." Which was quite true. There was a vivacity, a joyousness, about the girl which made one feel that a light was burning steadily and brightly behind the gray eyes. Her face, with its crown of wavy copper hair, was one of those that in passing left the impression that at least in one girl's heart all was right and good.

She was just twenty when she met Larry Roberts—tall, genial

Larry, who had come in the capacity of assistant manager of the New Mitchell Lumber Company to learn something of a new planing mill which the Mason people had installed. The planing machine amounted to almost nothing at all, but the trip was epoch-making, for the hour that Ruth turned the gray tranquility of her eyes upon Larry, he was a changed man. In his heart he found that he had been unconsciously harboring an abstract image of the girl for whom he was seeking—how else could he account for the sudden realization that at last she was found? She was the coming true of dreams long dreamed, and Larry was fairly breathless with the wonder of it all.

It was all settled before he went back. They were married in September, standing in a grove of the pines they both loved, and with the autumn sunshine sifting through the boughs to set its seal of benediction on the two heads bowed in a flood of wonder and incredible gratitude.

Then came the haste to get everything ready to catch the train at the little station and start off for the new place they were to call home.

"Larry, what fun to eat at these darling little white tables! Don't you love the cool clink of the ice when the car rocks a little and sways the dishes to one side?"

"You're a sweet thing, Ruth. Everything is fun to you, isn't it?"

"No, Larry; some things are much more than fun. This trip is. It's glorious, heart-crushing, unbelievable."

And the evenings, looking out at the passing landscape as it grew more and more shadowy in the deepening dusk, with here and there a light shining out from a little cabin, were almost unbearably sweet.

"Think you'll be able to stand it 'way off from your people, in a little house like that one?" Larry would whisper.

"Stand it, Larry? I only wonder how I've stood it this long anywhere else."

"Ruth, I want to make you happy. No, I can't do that, for you are so happy already; but please God, I'll keep you happy, dear."

Tears from the depths of a new-found spring of joy welled up in her voice. "Oh, Larry," was all she really said, but Larry heard much more.

There could be volumes written about the home-coming, and getting settled in a little house o' dreams; but all such unimportant details must be left out to make room for Goldie McGee.

Goldie was so called according to that unfathomable rule of boys which decrees that a nickname shall imply something which the nicknamed is not. Goldie McGee was as ungold as can well be imagined, with his black, part-defying hair cut square above

heavy black eyebrows, which in turn were above eyes too dark to be expressive. Swarthy skin, a very husky voice, and perpetually dirty hands all combined to produce the effect of unqualified darkness, which inevitably resulted in the name of Goldie.

If there was anything golden about the boy, it was his smile, about which there hovered a suggestion of spirituality almost incongruous with the rest of him. And it was his smile that won Ruth.

She saw him first one day in late October, when the Indian summer sun had lured her out of doors to putter around, as she called it. The immaculate little cabin was in spotless order, and as near heaven as an earthly habitation can be—without flowers. The lateness of the season had precluded the raising of anything outside, but Ruth's passionate love of growing things had sent her in search of something she might transplant into boxes, to give the finishing touch of hominess to the place. Her quest had been successful—ferns and moss and vines had all been discovered, and left where they were until such time as a window box would be ready to receive them.

A long, narrow box from the store gave perfect satisfaction as to size and shape, and, with an ease born of long experience, she set to work to cover the outside with bark, thus transforming a once plain box into a rustic fernery. It was a touch of home, for play-hours all Ruth's life had been closely associated with chairs and little cupboards covered in just such a fashion.

This particular autumn day was so lovely that it fairly hurt her who, sensitive always to the beauty of nature, was now, loving and loved, unusually responsive to it. The wooded hills, rising in sharp relief against the glow of the sky, pressed on her soul with a sudden ache. She felt that she could endure nothing more perfect—somewhere in the back of her head she was going over and over some lines she had read once—"Let fall no burning leaf; dear Lord, let no bird call. Let fall no burning leaf; dear Lord, let no bird call." No, that was not quite right. There was no "dear Lord" in the poem, but it didn't matter. She wanted a "dear Lord" in it anyway.

Her wealth of vitality was expressing itself by means of vicious choppings and hammerings as she prepared the strips of bark for their destined places on the fernery. The violence of the exercise had brought a flush to her cheeks and a glow to her eyes. The thrill of activity shot through her whole being, and with red lower lip caught between rows of even white teeth she looked like the spirit of the autumntide.

And thus, Goldie McGee, coming over to borrow the wrench, came upon Ruth. Involuntarily he stopped short to stare. Then "If you ain't a peach. You sure are. If you ain't a winner," he

exclaimed; and the earnestness of his tribute made up for any possible lapse in grammar.

Ruth's first reaction was one of complete astonishment, followed so quickly by an appreciation of the boy's spontaneity that she beamed an unmistakable welcome, and held out her hand.

"You must be Goldie McGee. Larry has told me about you. Won't you come in?"

He accepted her invitation readily, with none of the adolescent awkwardness she feared might follow such an outburst. Goldie had seen a new kind of woman-person; one who could hammer things, and from the way she was biting her lip, the boy knew that the hammering was counting for something. He said so.

"You don't act like most girls when you hammer. Ma can't hit anything when she tries, and neither can Sis, and they get awful mad cause I laugh. What you makin'?"

"A fern box, so I can have things that grow in the house all winter. It seems to me that spring is nearer if there is greenery in the window. Don't you think so?"

"I dunno. Never tried it. But I believe I could nail some bark onto that there box."

"You can, I'm sure. There is a piece all cut to fit. Go ahead."

Goldie went ahead, and nailed on piece after piece of the rough covering, finding in the occupation a stimulation quite new to his experience. Funny how it made him feel. No use being mean, and knocking good things to pieces when it was just as much fun to fasten bits of wood together that weren't any good, and make something decent out of them.

"Wish I'd thought of this long ago. Ma would too, I bet. She hates me to be whittlin' around everywhere, but I can't seem to help doin' it, somehow." Ruth felt a pang of yearning toward Goldie. In his mobile face she read a little of the satisfaction he was finding in this simple outlet for energy which he had been led to regard as destructive. The making of things! The joy of it! The thrill of it! She loved the boy already.

Then, after awhile, "Goldie, let's go inside; shall we? We don't need to finish the box today, you know, and I've a whole jar of spice and raisin cookies in the house, just aching to be eaten by a boy of your size."

"Cookies?"

"Yes, I should say cookies. Great big ones. Larry is a perfect baby over them, so I always have far too many for just the two of us."

An hour later there were not too many cookies for anyone. Goldie had done his best, which, in that particular respect, was very good.

"Will you have just one more, Goldie?" Ruth asked him as he was about to depart.

"I could chew one, maybe, but I sure couldn't swallow it, Mrs.—Miss—"

"Miss Ruth is my name, Goldie," she helped him out.

"Sounds kinda like you look. Now I gotta go."

"Will you come again tomorrow? I need lots of help with my fern box."

"Sure will. G'bye, Miss Ruth."

Goldie forgot the wrench he had come for.

When he came the next day his exuberance had moderated, but as he got well into the work at hand it partially returned.

"Miss Ruth, what d'ye know about it—Ma wasn't a bit struck on havin' me come over here. She said the craziest things, that I didn't get at all."

"I'm sorry, Goldie. Why didn't she want you to come?"

"Dunno. She and Sis looked at each other, and said somethin' about the kind of a girl who'd take another girl's fella away from her, or somethin' like that."

"Did she mean me, Goldie? Did I take another girl's fellow? I didn't know it, if I did."

"How could you know it when you didn't do it? Larry wasn't never Sis's fella. She was just hopin' he would be, was all. He used to come over to supper once in awhile, and then play checkers with me or Dad; and Sis kinda thought he was there to see her, but he wasn't. 'nd Ma crocheted a bedspread for Sis's box that took her about a year, and it made her sore when Sis didn't need it. See?"

"But, Goldie, if your mother really doesn't want you to come over here, perhaps you hadn't better come. I don't want her to—"

"Naw, she just sputtered a bit, cause that's her way. She's darn glad to have me cuttin' on your back porch instead of her kitchen floor."

So the matter rested there. Ruth could not bring herself to send the boy away, for into the interesting occupation he had discovered, he put an intensity that fairly frightened her. No wonder he had been regarded by neighbors as something of a terror. Poor kid, with nothing given him as an outlet for the surplus steam. He was the best boy in the world.

At length the fern box was finished, and the two, now quite inseparable outside of school hours, took a tramp into the woods for the greenery. It was a brisk day in early November, with a purplish haze casting a mysterious veil over everything, and the tang of the autumn woods permeating every fibre of them with its crispness. It was a day of heart-wrenching loveliness, and Goldie's response to it all was touching. The birds, the river, the clouds in their billowy whiteness, all seemed to speak to him with

voices he understood best, and not once did he speak to his companion, or she to him; and yet that trip was to both, a cementing of their friendship.

Within a day or two after that, the job was done, and Goldie appeared to be so lost without it that Ruth hastened to think up something else.

"Christmas will be here soon, Goldie. How would you like to make a window box for your mother, and surprise her?"

"Think she'd like it? She thought it was kinda nutty to be tinkerin' so long on yours."

"Oh, I'm sure she would like it, Goldie. Presents we make for people are always far nicer than any other kind. And perhaps she doesn't know how lovely a thing it is to have something green in the house when everything outside is icebound. Why, Goldie, to watch the new little fern tendrils unroll, and know that you yourself have watered and cared for them, gives a joy I can't put into words."

Goldie caught her spirit.

"Kinda nice to know you were keepin' the little rascals from freezin' to death, too."

"That's exactly what I mean, Goldie. It is a very pleasant thing to know you have helped some helpless thing. Try to remember that always, will you?"

"Yeh."

They set to work on the second box, and the pleasant congeniality of the hours spent with the boy was to Ruth beautiful. She loved his blunt, untactful way of speaking out the thing that was in his mind. Often some observation of his amazed her with its maturity of viewpoint; and she knew, with the humility that comes with such a realization, that she listened to the thoughts of a soul that was far, far older than the youthful little body harboring it. Manliness was cropping out, unformed, and scarcely understood, but it was an absorbing study.

The work on the box went forward at about the same rate of speed as the cookies went inward. Ruth devoted three mornings each week to the preparation of the afternoon refreshments; for whereas Larry's cookie longings were easily appeased by a weekly cookie-bake, Goldie was not so temperate. As a measure of gastric precaution, Ruth took to using less sugar and spice, but it lessened the consumption not a whit. Sometimes talkative, and sometimes thoughtfully silent, Goldie's hands were always busy and his jaws kept pace.

"Wish Mom knew how to make these cookies, and would do it." he said once. "I told her I bet you'd teach her, but she acted as though she never heard a word I said. Not that it matters much, 'cause I eat so many over here that I couldn't get away with another if our whole house was full of 'em."

Ruth smiled at him; and he smiled back. They were good friends, these two.

Three days before Christmas the box was done, and a thing of loveliness it was. Instead of the broad slabs of bark, they had covered this box with small, evenly matched twigs from the pine boughs, and a little design had been worked out on each side. Exhilarated with the success he had achieved, Goldie had been fired further, and had worked out a Christmas greeting on a board a foot square, and adorned with somewhat crooked letters whittled from sticks and put together to form the hearty, if uneven message, "Merry Xmas, to Mom, from Goldie."

His delight knew no bounds. It was great, this making things for people, when they hadn't even asked you if you would. He could hardly wait for Christmas, to see what Mom would think about it all.

It was too late for ferns; they had been frozen for over a month. But Ruth had decided to spare half of hers to make the gift complete. That was to be her Christmas surprise for Goldie. But she had reckoned without the boy.

The morning before Christmas, he came over all bundled up in his warmest coat and mitts. He was jubilant over something.

"Miss Ruth, I've had the best idear. It happened sometime in the night, I guess, for I found it in my head when I woke up."

"Fine, Goldie. Hurry and tell me what it is. From the way you look, it must be something perfectly scrumptious."

"It's that I've thought of a way to get plants for the box for Mom's Christmas gift. Its the evergreens upon the south Galloway Mountain. They never freeze, and they'd be just as pretty as ferns, wouldn't they? Green, and everything."

"What a perfectly lovely plan, Goldie. How did you ever come to think out anything so great? I call it downright inspiration." Ruth's enthusiasm was not feigned, and the lad glowed under her commendation.

"Guess she'd like it better, all right, if it had some plants in it, wouldn't she?"

"Will you be gone long, Goldie?"

"No, it's not so far. I'll easy get up and back before dark."

"Here, take a pocketful of cookies along with you. Take every pocket you have full, and I will have some nice hot soup ready for you when you get back."

In a moment the boy was gone, and in her mind Ruth tried to follow him in his pilgrimage. There was something about the thought of him, away upon the white, lonely mountainside that caught her by the throat. He was such a game little chap. She hoped he managed his trip nicely, and wasn't disappointed in his search.

Larry came in from the mills about three for his lunch, and found an almost tearful wife.

"What's the matter, Honey?" He was all solicitude.

"Oh, nothing, Larry, only of course it is the first Christmas away from home, and I think I must be just a teeny bit homesick."

"Where's Goldie? I've sorta been depending on him to keep you company these busy days."

"Maybe that is one thing I'm worried about. He is away upon the South Galloway Mountain after evergreens, and it seems so cold and lonesome to think of him alone up there. After he gets back we'll be so busy getting his gift for his mother ready that I'll be all fine again."

"That's good, Ruth, for I'll be pretty late at the mill tonight. The paymaster went home for the holidays, and I have to stay and pay off the men."

"How late will you be, Larry? Not too late to fill our stockings, I hope."

"Fill our stockings! I never filled stockings in my life. What makes you think I'll know how the thing is done?"

"Don't you know, Larry Roberts, that when a man asks a girl to marry him, he virtually promises to fill stockings every Christmas from then on?"

"Still a bit of a kid, aren't you, Ruthie? Well, you can count on me. Hang up the very longest hosiery you own, and I'll surprise you."

Ruth's thoughts kept going back to Goldie.

"Have we ever been upon the mountain where Goldie is, Larry? Perhaps I wouldn't feel quite so worried about him if I knew just what he was doing."

"We haven't been as far as the evergreen, but we went along the trail on that very first hike we took after coming here. Remember?"

"Do I? Could I ever forget? I'm so glad you told me, for now I can picture the boy on his quest. And come home as soon as you can, won't you, Santa Claus?"

"You bet I will," and with a quick kiss Larry was gone.

The short afternoon was gone, and the chill of the mountain evening had settled down before it seemed possible. The sound of steps on the back porch brought Ruth's heart into her throat, from relief. She hadn't realized how concerned she had been until the moment when the concern was ended.

When she opened the door, she faced Goldie's mother.

"Well, Mrs. McGee, I'm so glad to see you. Come in."

The warmth in the girl's voice gradually faded before the relentless unfriendliness of the other.

"Where's Goldie McGee?"

"I think he'll be back here any instant. He told you where he was going, didn't he?"

"He told me he was going up on the mountain on an errand. A great one you are, sendin' a kid off on a wild goose chase the day before Christmas. I've got forty chores for him to do."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. McGee. Truly I am. It was thoughtless of us, but he was so anxious to—"

"Well, it don't matter. I thought this was a good chance, anyhow, to come over and speak my mind to you. About Goldie, of course. I'm good and sick of the way he spends his time over here—never home to chop his wood, never hungry at mealtimes because he's stuffed full of your sickening cookies—not satisfied with anything me or Kit does for him, because he thinks you can do it better."

"But Mrs. McGee, I haven't known I was making him discontented. I haven't purposely—"

"No, I guess not. But you might have known, if you'd taken the trouble to think. Anybody could get a kid away from his mother if she went at it the way you have."

"You are tired tonight, Mrs. McGee. I'm sorry that Goldie went away today and left you so much to do. If I have done anything to hurt you, I beg your pardon, and I'll be more careful in the future. I have been lonely, and Goldie was friendly to me—a stranger. The boy needed something to keep him busy, and I have tried to help him. There has been no thought of anything disloyal to you."

Mrs. McGee was unconvinced.

"Don't you think I have enough work at home to keep him busy—me with no other boy to help? But you get him over here and let him whittle everything to pieces, so's he'll feel that home ain't home to him no longer. And now its come to your sendin' him goose-chasin' after heaven knows what nonsense for you, and its dark as a pocket, and him mebbe lost on that Galloway slope. Might stay there and freeze to death for a Christmas gift to me. How'd you like that?"

Ruth's throat felt dry, and there was a tingling back of her eyelids. The thought of danger had never occurred to her. Goldie was such a little Gypsy that he knew every step of the trails for miles around—but what if he had lost his way? What if he were hurt?

Larry would be very late, he had said. The flashlight was bright—she would go in search.

Slipping into the next room without a word, she put on her warmest coat, gloves, and stout overshoes. Passing back through the kitchen, she secured the searchlight from the drawer, and with only a brief "I'll try to find Goldie for you," she was out in the crisp chill of the winter night. The big sled Larry used for haul-

ing fire-logs was against the porch, and this she dragged along behind her. In her heart was a little quiet prayer. "Please don't let sorrow come to us this Christmas Eve. Please, please lead me to Goldie."

All along the way she tried to imagine how she would feel as she came back. If only she found the burden she sought. And if only it were not too limp and white and still a burden.

As she walked rapidly down the road, she heard her name called. Mrs. McGee getting panic-stricken, no doubt. Anyway, there was no time to stop. Moments might be too precious.

A short way up the slope Ruth had to moderate her speed. The incline was steep, and as the moon passed behind a dense cloud-bank, she realized how dark and uncharted was the way, and began to wonder at her folly in attempting a solitary search in the blackness of the night. If only some sign might be given her. If only a single ray of hope might gleam more brightly within her heart.

Just then the clouds drifted apart, and from out their midst shone one bright, bright star, and to the frightened girl it might have been that glorious star that shone so fair another Christmas Eve, in Bethlehem.

Courageously she renewed her climb, flashing the light to right and left of the path and calling at intervals, "Goldie! Yoo-hoo! Goldie!" And after about an hour which had seemed endless to her, when hope was waning, and the star had hidden itself in the clouds again, she heard the faint reply, "Yoo-hoo!"

With joy pounding through her being, and forgetting the weariness and despair, she sped onward, calling once or twice, but saving her strength for the further physical effort which lay ahead.

She came upon the boy suddenly, lying in the snow. One foot was caught in a gnarled root and his arms were full of overflowing of evergreen. Ruth dropped to her knees with an ecstatic little sob of relief and gratitude.

"Goldie, old boy, are you hurt? Are you frozen? Oh, I'm so glad, so glad to have found you."

"Hello. No, I don't believe I'm froze, but it'd be pretty chilly by mornin' I reckon."

"Have you been lying here long, Goldie?"

"Dunno just how long. Got my foot caught in something, and couldn't git around to git it loose, somehow."

Untangling him from the binding root was a matter of only a few moments. It was hard to tell how seriously his foot was injured, though the swelling was ugly enough to indicate something amiss. Ruth arranged the sled-rope in such a way as to make a pair of reins by which she could guide the sled from behind, and managed to get Goldie settled in a fairly comfortable position, with the evergreen held tight. As they began the diffi-

cult descent, Goldie was heard to murmur happily, "If you ain't a peach! You sure are a peach."

Getting down was a slow and very difficult process. The hill was steeper even than it had seemed in the climbing, and the dead weight of the boy carried the sled forward too fast, so that the strain on the girl was terrific. The blood pounded in her temples until it seemed that they would burst, and the ropes cut into her hands and burned with increasing pain.

How long the trail! How much more of it could she endure? The way stretched on ahead, down and down, without the lights of the town even discernible. Goldie, weary and happy was fitfully sleeping, jerking out of his delicious drowsiness whenever an especially sharp bump was negotiated, then drifting back into a doze again.

It began to snow, softly and soothingly, for a white Christmas. Ruth was only half conscious of the fact, for now a numbness had begun to creep over her, and a dullness into her brain. She felt as though she were a machine, going on and on, knowing that before long a cog would slip, and the whole engine stop.

But no cog slipped, even though the hammering in every vein grew louder, and the throbbing pain more throbbing. It was almost unbearable, but through it all was the half-memory of another Christmas journey, when a woman, no doubt in pain, had made a long, hard trip, and had not faltered. Mary, whose little lad, born that night, had given the whole world all that it knew of love and service. Mary had endured. Ruth, too, could endure. And thus thinking hazily, almost past the awareness of her physical anguish, she tugged away at the ropes, and guided the sled on down the Galloway hill, safe into the flat east of the home road.

It was over soon. Larry, having come in and found where she had gone, had already started up the road. Meeting the travelers, he picked Ruth up and carried her the rest of the way, with the rope caught over his arm to drag the sled and Goldie along behind.

The kitchen door of the little home stood open, warmth and light streaming out a glad welcome. Mrs. McGee, her face streaming with tears, was standing back with pride warring with contrition for supremacy on her face. The sight of Ruth, white-faced and exhausted, melted the rancor and envy she had nourished, and in a flood of relief and shame, she dropped down beside the couch on which Larry had laid his wife, and burst into a confused babble.

"Miss Ruth, can you ever forgive me, dearie? Can you ever forget what a horrible old woman said to you? To think you'd risk your own life to go out after my boy, and him gone to get me a present. I found the blessed message he whittled for me—and me sendin' you out with the bitter words and feelin' I did."

Ruth's answer was a wan smile, but one of complete forgiveness and understanding.

Goldie, looking in amazement from one to the other, could scarcely comprehend what was going on. Something had happened. Something wonderful. His mother was looking at Miss Ruth as though she liked her, and Miss Ruth was as glad looking as though she had already opened her Christmas mail.

And right there in the middle of the room was standing the plant box for his mother—and she was seeing it before Christmas.

“Aw shucks, Mom, this was supposed to surprise you tomorrow. That's what I went up on the mountain for—to get the evergreen. How'd you happen to come over here on Christmas Eve anyhow, and spoil the surprise?”

Goldie McGee's mother turned on him a new look—and her face was suffused with a light he had never seen there before.

“Why, Son, I came over fer two or three things, I s'pose. First I want to ask Miss Ruth if she'll accept a crocheted bedspread fer a Christmas gift; and then besides, I want to git the recipe fer the cookies you like so well.”

Goldie felt an electric shock go through him. Something had happened, sure enough, to show him that his mother did care about him after all. Words struggled for utterance, and then came forth incoherently.

“Why, Mom, I didn't know you could be so pretty. If you ain't a peach! You sure are. And if I ain't glad I got you the evergreen! I sure am!”

And the bells in the little town began to chime twelve, ushering in the beginning of Christmas Day.

Memory

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

Thin-lined as a silver thread
Are the winding roads of Nazareth.

Misty as clouds hung out at sea
Are the barren hills of Galilee.

But Mary, I know, cannot forget
The manger place at Bethlehem,
The Christ on Olivet!

Semi-Annual Conference of the Relief Society

By Mrs. Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

The semi-annual conference of the Relief Society was held on October 3, 1929, in Salt Lake City, Utah. There were two sessions—a general officers' meeting in the Auditorium of the Bishop's Building at 10 a. m., and a general session for the public in the Assembly Hall at 2 p. m.

The attendance at the general session was notable—ten of the missions and more than seventy stakes had representation. With the exception of Mrs. Lalene H. Hart, who is on a mission with her husband in Canada, and Mrs. Jeannette A. Hyde, who is acting as Collector of Customs in Honolulu, Hawaii, all General Board members were in attendance.

President Louise Y. Robison presided at both sessions. Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, general chorister, was in charge of the music, which was especially attractive. In the morning, the solo by Mrs. Edward herself, accompanied by Professor Beesley, and in the afternoon session the congregational and the choir numbers with the choice instrumental trio by the Evans Sisters, were all artistic and inspirational. Ushers were provided by four of the city stakes—Ensign, Liberty, Grant and Granite.

Officers' Meeting

MRS. JULIA A. F. LUND

General Secretary and Treasurer

Before calling the roll of the stakes this morning, I take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to the various stakes and missions for the prompt and helpful responses to our letter asking for suggestions relative to the record books for the stakes, the wards and the missions. Accept our thanks for the response which has been most general. We assure you that, just as far as it is possible, we have taken into account your suggestions. The books, now in course of preparation, will be ready for distribution in time for the beginning of the year's work. We sincerely appreciate your very hearty co-operation.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

On this beautiful morning I am thankful to see so many at this conference, and I greet you all with love and blessing. It is

encouraging to know that many who cannot be here are praying, with love in their hearts, for our success.

We enjoy hearing from our presidents. We keep in touch with their work, and appreciate the presence of sisters from far-away stakes and missions.

We have an unusual number of changes to report—probably never before so many changes as this year. With sorrow we report the death of one of our faithful, fine presidents, Sister Lily Belle Gledhill of the Sevier stake. A marvelous president, she was full of love, charity, and steadfastness, faithful all her life, having served the Relief Society for many years. After continued ill health, she passed away during the summer.

The other presidents, too, have given faithful and fine service. Having carried the burden so long, they were willing to pass it on to someone else. The names of these splendid sisters we would like to present in token of our esteem for the work they have done.

Organizations and Reorganizations

<i>Date</i>	<i>Stake</i>	<i>Released</i>	<i>Appointed President</i>
June, 1929	Moroni (organized)		Mrs. Anna Blackham
Sept., 1929	Sharon (organized)		Mrs. Eva Giles Gillespie
April, 1929	Emery	Mrs. Louisa Oveson	Mrs. Margaret Peterson
May, 1929	San Juan	Mrs. Lucinda A. Redd	Mrs. Hattie R. Barton
May, 1929	Weber	Mrs. Marianne Browning	Mrs. Katherine G. Wright
June, 1929	Summit	Mrs. Mary P. Jordan	Mrs. Myrtle Richens
June, 1929	Sevier	Mrs. Lily B. Gledhill (deceased)	Mrs. Estella P. Poulsen
July, 1929	Hyrum	Mrs. Susannah Nielsen	Mrs. Laura L. Christensen
Aug., 1929	No. Davis	Miss Emily Brough	Mrs. Elizabeth H. Layton
Aug., 1929	San Fran.	Mrs. Eva B. Merrill	Mrs. Sarah H. Carruth
Aug., 1929	So. Sevier	Mrs. Ada Anderson	Mrs. Annetta Christensen
Sept., 1929	Cottonwood	Mrs. Vera P. Wahlquist	Mrs. Emily M. Carlisle
Sept., 1929	Wasatch	Mrs. Mima M. Broad- bent	Mrs. Nellie C. DeGraff
Sept., 1929	Boise	Mrs. Florence E. Lewis	Mrs. Mary C. Martineau
Sept., 1929	Shelley	Mrs. Cora M. Christensen	Mrs. Bessie Kelley
Nov., 1928	East Central States Mission		Mrs. Fanny S. Smith
June, 1929	Eastern States Mission	Miss Olita Melville	Mrs. Alice D. Moyle
June, 1929	Northcentral States Mission	Mrs. Harriet H. Allred	Mrs. Phoebe M. Welling
June, 1929	Tahitian Mission	Mrs. Vera T. Burton	Mrs. Marguerite S. Burbridge

This summer we have suffered the loss of a beautiful woman, Sister Emily S. Richards, a former member of the General Board. To Brother Richards we feel to express the sympathy of the whole Relief Society. Many of you older sisters will remember Sister Richards when she visited your stakes, and will recall how kind and faithful she has been. As she always attended conference, we miss her here this morning.

There are a few things we should like to explain. You know that at our October conference we try not to take up any new business, but just comment upon rulings already made. In early summer we sent a letter to the stakes concerning the 50c temple fund. We have asked that every Relief Society woman in the Church either do one day's work a year in the temple, or pay the equivalent, 50c a year, so that one woman can be redeemed by each member—a beautiful work which I am sure the Church has been very happy to have done. In the Relief Society we have over 60,000 women doing regular work, and possibly 30,000 others doing extra temple work, so that the women's work is far in advance of the men's. For the time being, we ask the sisters to try to get the brethren interested, either to do their work or to make contributions so that it can be done.

Pooling the Wheat Interest: The General Board felt that by pooling the interest received from the wheat fund, more could be accomplished. In many stakes this plan has worked admirably. Wherever any bishops have not shared our viewpoint, but have encouraged the sisters to keep the interest in the wards, the stake presidents have been disturbed or discouraged because of this apparent lack of co-operation. The ruling has been modified to the effect that the wheat interest shall be used only for health purposes, and it is hoped that, in stakes where the funds are not pooled, none of our ward presidents will use a dollar of the fund without the approval of the stake president. Certain ward presidents write that they have no need of wheat interest for health purposes, and they desire to use it in building meeting houses or amusement halls. It is so difficult to imagine such a condition that we wish these ward sisters would confer with the stake officers. In stakes sparsely populated, it is difficult to pool funds without a great amount of work. Where wards are scattered, or where stake presidents have no definite plan for health work, our advice is that the fund be retained in the wards and expended under the advice of stake officers.

Requests that we change our day of meeting from Tuesday afternoon have been numerous, but we feel that we should only lose by changing the day. So, unless it is with the request of the Priesthood presidency (and then kindly take it up with us) we advise that our meeting time remain Tuesday afternoon.

In the missions the situation is different. I recall that in the East, the women in one district could meet just as well on Tues-

day afternoon because they were mostly the wives or mothers of students; while just a short distance away the membership was made up mostly of women who were working in factories and shops, and they could not attend in the afternoon.

On program for Work and Business meetings, we have a committee from our General Board—Sisters Amy W. Evans and Lotta Paul Baxter—who will communicate with you. If we can find out which departments have been a success in your stake, we shall pass the plan on to another stake that is in need of help.

This summer, in the Benson stake especially, we have had a beautiful expression of love for children. Sister Lyman and her helpers have arranged for sixty-four underprivileged children to be entertained there. We are grateful also to city stake Relief Societies that made it possible for these children to go. One local sister, Mrs. Mary P. Carlson, has made a valuable contribution each year. She sends her check to help pay for these children to go on trips. Other children have been sent out—two to Box Elder stake, one to Timpanogos, and one to Preston. I cannot think of anything more inspiring. When these children come home with gifts for mother, they have jellies and jams and other good things. Fourteen of our children have been at the tubercular camp where I had the opportunity of seeing them.

We have great joy in store for you, since our dear Sister Williams is to give you a word of greeting. I shall be glad if you will stand for a minute to show your appreciation.

PRESIDENT CLARISSA S. WILLIAMS

My dear—I hope I may say—fellow-workers, even though I have not been working very much, except with brain and heart. During the year that I have been away from you, you have been almost constantly in my thoughts. I feared that I could not control my emotions as I looked around and saw so many of those whom I knew so well and worked with so long; but I know that they feel, as I do, that it was a good time for someone else to take up the joys of Relief Society work.

Next to your families, the work that you do in the Relief Society is the greatest joy that you have. With deep interest I have listened to the roll call, and to the report of President Robison. If I might make a suggestion, it is that you continue your missionary work of converting the brethren and the sisters to the thought that the wheat fund interest should be used solely for health work. I feel to lay this on you as a solemn mission. I believe that it carries on the sacred thought that our fore-mothers had when they instituted the gathering of the wheat, thus making it possible for this vast sum of money to be distributed to the wards and missions.

It seems to me that in heaven they are looking, I will not say down, but around us, to know what we are doing and what our

ideas and our objects are. Will they not rejoice that you have grasped the spirit they had in gathering these funds? Will you not assume it as a solemn mission to educate first the brethren and then the sisters? because there are few of our sisters not educated to this thought. Then it will be easier for you in your wards and in your stakes to see a little boy or a girl who needs a pair of spectacles; or one who should have his teeth filled; or another who needs an artificial limb; or a child who is tubercular and needs the assistance that science can give him.

I desire to say again how much I love you, how sincerely I appreciate the work you are doing; and you that do not know me or that I do not know, I love just the same. If you are united and seek the spirit of the Lord you will succeed, and the Relief Society work will prosper. Think from what it has grown in all the years that are past, and look forward to what it may become in the future! Is this not a vision worth seeing?

I pray that joy and happiness may reign in your homes, and that you may have pleasure in all the duties you have to perform.

MRS. VERA T. BURTON

Former President, Tahitian Mission Relief Societies

There are few here that know just where the Tahitian Mission is. Many times I have been asked, Where is the Tahitian Mission? It takes in the whole group of the Society Islands, and is 2,000 miles south of the Hawaiian Islands, or just twice as far from here. You board the ship at San Francisco, then for ten days travel on the sea without seeing land.

The first sight of land is the small island of Tahiti, and it looks very small, though it is ninety miles around and rises about 7,000 feet straight out of the water. The inhabitants are dotted along the sea shore. It is a beautiful place—it is like a flower garden. Papeete, the city, means a basket of water, so named because from the top of the 7,000 foot cliff is a wonderful waterfall, foaming down into the valley as if it were falling into a basket. The coloring is beautiful; the skies are the bluest I have ever seen, as are also the waters; and I have seen many waters.

For three years in the Tahitian Mission there was just one white woman belonging to the Latter-day Saints and one white child, so that you can imagine how, at times, my feelings blended in with the azure skies and the blue ocean. But then, as we look back, we think of just the bright things, and Tahiti is really a beautiful place.

Except in the small branch at Tahiti, I have not had much experience in the Relief Society, because we had to travel in small schooners covering from three to seven hundred miles. One trip I took is outstanding in my missionary experience. Boarding a

small schooner about 8 o'clock one Monday morning, we landed in Takaroa three and a half days later. Schooners are generally driven by the wind, but this one had a motor on it.

Takaroa is a small coral island—you can hardly imagine how small. If you would just take off your wedding ring and plant it in Salt Lake, you can imagine how small it would seem as you look out and see the grand palms rising out of the water. The beautiful church house there stands out above the cocoanut palms—an inspiring sight.

When we arrived, one of the sisters shook us by the hand, saying, "Live in our house as long as you are here." A beautiful little wooden bungalow it was, covered with flowers, the most beautiful roses, the soil for which she had carried from Papeete. Can you imagine anything more beautiful than this little house where we dwelt for five weeks, waiting for a ship to return to Papeete?

I was the second white mission president's wife to visit the islands since our mission has been in the South Seas, and my little boy was the first white child of a missionary to go there, so you can imagine the joy and excitement among the people at our coming.

In Tahiti they are doing Relief Society work just as we are trying to do it here. They have their funds for the poor; they take care of the dead; they wash the clothing, do the cooking, take care of the missionaries. They raise funds for the Relief Society by climbing the cocoanut trees for the nuts. These they crack open, take out the meat, then dry it and sell it to the traders. They have their quilting bees, making wonderful colored quilts. The beautifully blended colors are marvelous to us, their materials being poor, yet beautiful and effective.

While we were there they were so happy that almost daily they feasted and banqueted us. The native people are the happiest you ever meet. They worry about nothing, being happy all the time, no matter what comes their way. It would be wonderful if we could have just one little bit of this in our make-up. In Tahiti the work conforms to the plan of lessons; but in the islands practically all Relief Society work is left to the elders, who do very well in teaching the native sisters.

Once a month we have a regular work day. Three Tuesdays in the month are devoted to lesson work and other things pertaining to their families and the care of their children. They have their socials, and it is wonderful how beautiful they can make a social with their flowers.

These dear sisters down there are devoted and sincere. If they had taken tea or coffee, they would go before the congregation of the church and ask to be forgiven and to be admitted back into the work.

MRS. IDA S. PETERSON

Former President, Danish Mission Relief Societies

It is truly a pleasure to give a report of our little mission away over in Denmark. Most of the people there have to work for a living, and we have our Relief Society meetings in the evenings. We do not stop during the summer, but hold meetings the year round. This work is recreation to our people there. We have a sort of moving congregation; for as soon as they are able, they emigrate. To those who remain, we teach the fundamentals. They delight to hear about the gospel—the really big thing in the mission, since other things come afterwards. The true Relief Society spirit is with the Saints in the European Mission. The love of the gospel is great in their hearts, and, of course, that includes everything that is beautiful and good. The spirit of the work is wonderful. These people sacrifice everything. Our ward teaching in these cities is almost perfect. In each of our branches we have from 90% to 100% of the homes visited every month. There are seven fully organized branches. Copenhagen is a large and beautiful city. To meet the sisters requires that the visiting teachers ride street cars, buses, or walk; but they enjoy teaching.

Denmark is a very beautiful country, and the Saints in Denmark love the gospel; thus the mission work is carried on there just as well as in the German or French missions. We keep in close touch with the missionaries, and all work together for the one great cause. We have enjoyed the *Relief Society Magazine*.

I am happy to be back amongst you, and I wish to thank you for this opportunity of reporting.

MISS OLITA MELVILLE

Former President, Eastern States Mission Relief Societies

I have been engaged in Relief Society work for the past two years only. The first year I was a member of the Boston Relief Society, and during the last year presided over the mission Relief Society. During that short period I have learned that it is an opportunity for every woman of the Church to be counted a member of the Relief Society. My experience in this work has impressed upon me more than ever the truth of the saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Last November there were 27 Relief Societies in the Eastern States Mission. During the year we had the pleasure of organizing new ones at Syracuse, Oceanside and Palmyra; also in White Sulphur Springs and New Martinsville, West Virginia. The New York Relief Society was divided into three, adding two more to our total, which brought it up to 35, with a membership of approximately 500.

Relief Society work in the Eastern States Mission, unlike that at home, has many different types of Societies. Some are com-

posed entirely of university women, who have a good understanding of the work, with splendid lessons. Others, composed of sisters who are converts from foreign countries, labor under great difficulty because of their handicap with the language; yet they have the spirit of their work at heart, and they are doing wonderfully well. In some of our remote districts the women walk miles to attend, and many of them never miss a meeting during the year. With some this is their only source of education, and they are learning to become better mothers and better wives. When people see what the sisters are doing, they desire to become affiliated with such an organization and become members. Then they study the lessons. As soon as they learn that the gospel has been restored, they are baptized. There is a divine plan in all things; I believe that we are sent to the place where we are most needed and are given means and abilities with which to uplift ourselves. During the last two months of my mission I had the opportunity of traveling with Sister Moyle, my successor. I learned to love her, and am happy that one so capable is to take the work over.

When we think of the first organization, and the small number at that time, then look over this great gathering of women here today, we feel the words of the Prophet at the first meeting have been fulfilled: "And I now turn the key to you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time. This is the beginning of better days to this Society."

I love this work because it comes nearest to the hearts of those in trouble, and not only gives relief, but also saves souls.

MRS. HARRIET H. ALLRED

Former President, Northcentral States Mission Relief Societies

I rejoice this morning that I have the privilege of giving a brief outline of the Northcentral States Mission Relief Society. When I was called to undertake this task I scarcely knew where to begin; but with the help of the Lord, and of my husband, I was able, in some degree, to do this work. It has been a great joy—it has been my recreation; I have never considered it work. It entailed much activity, and the work of the mission president is a little different from that of the stake president, because there is more territory to cover.

Our mission comprises part of what used to be the Canadian mission, that is, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the Dakotas and Minneapolis, a tiny bit of Wisconsin, a small piece of Ontario, and the very slight eastern edge of Alberta. We had only one Relief Society in Canada—in Winnipeg, where we have a very fine branch. In Montana we have four branches—Billings, Belfry, Harlem, and Chinook. In the Montana districts we have women who had been in Relief Society work at home; so I feel that we were more than blessed in having such experience available. We

started with five organizations; when I left in July, there were nine and one district.

We have other branches—one in St. Paul, one in Minneapolis, one in Grand Forks, South Dakota. We have one teachers' district, by way of experiment, in Bergland, Ontario, which is forty or fifty miles from Winnipeg. There are a few sisters living in Bergland who wished to do Relief Society work. Their numbers were too few for an organization, but they were eager and anxious for the privilege. We made a plan for them, which seemed to be working well when I left in July, whereby they function under the wing of the Winnipeg branch. We call them the Bergland District of the Winnipeg Relief Society. If this plan works out all right, probably there may be other districts organized.

I met many wonderful women—many real Latter-day Saint women, who have the gospel and the welfare of each other at heart. We appreciated the assistance of the missionaries in the Relief Society work. They came and helped us with our meetings. Occasionally we had to ask one to be an officer. We prefer to use the local talent, but where that was not available, the lady missionaries were called to assume the responsibility. But the elders had to help with the organizing, and very often they would say: "Sister Allred, if we had known that we would have this phase of the work to do in our missionary labors, we would certainly have paid more attention to Relief Society work before we came here. We did not realize the importance of it, and the wonderful things that may be learned, and the help it may become to a community."

The Minneapolis branch was the largest of the nine, and had about 45 members; St. Paul had 41.

The lesson work, as a rule, worked out beautifully. Some of the sisters have said that the lessons just seemed to fit in, being just what they needed every time they came to study them.

General Session

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

We are especially happy to see so many of our dear sisters here on this day which had so beautiful a beginning. A call from President Grant said that he could not be with us, but asked me to give his love and blessings, with greetings from the First Presidency. This morning our own President Clarissa S. Williams extended her love and greetings to all of us.

Sister Vilate R. Ivins, from the Hawaiian Islands, was instructed by the sisters there to bring greetings from them, not to the Relief Society of Scandinavia, or of the Southern or the Western States, but to the Relief Society of the entire Church.

MRS. VILATE R. IVINS

If I were standing before a group of Hawaiian people, I would say "Aloha", and they would answer back, "Aloha." The

love this word conveys is greater than that of any other word you can think of. The Hawaiian women are big in body and in heart; full of "aloha" for the work of the Lord. At the head of our Relief Society in Hawaii is Sister Oliva S. Waddoups, a wonderfully fine woman, in charge also of the women's work in the Hawaiian Temple. Her two counselors are fine Hawaiian women; there may be some in the congregation who know Sister Fernandez—a life-long friend to the missionaries and still strong in the faith.

As well as bringing the "Aloha" from the Hawaiian people, I bring it also from the Samoan, Japanese, and Tahitian people. In our meetings is the dearest old Japanese sister — one of the first converts to the Church in Japan. Faithful in the work, she first went into the temple not understanding a word of English; yet she understood everything that was said to her.

Our work in Hawaii is similar to that reported by mission presidents today. We follow the *Relief Society Magazine* — the theology lessons, the testimony days, the work and business meetings. Our women make beautiful quilts, take care of the sick, bury the dead. Among the lady missionaries is a nurse, Sister Gedge, from Salt Lake City. Our enrollment is large; the mission includes five islands. At the present time they are having their conference in Hawaii, sometimes spoken of as the metropolis of the world, because of the different nationalities there.

PRESIDING BISHOP SYLVESTER Q. CANNON

This gathering is evidence to me of the interest that is manifest in Relief Society work.

I was impressed in listening to the talks that were made this afternoon. I do not believe you really know how powerful your influence is; and if you do begin to appreciate how important it is, I am sure you will realize the care that should be exercised in all that you do in your official capacity. Outside people say, "If we could only get the Relief Society to help us, we should be sure of success." They have even said that the Relief Society is able to put over elections. We do not admit that to be true; but it shows that many people think that the Relief Society has political as well as moral influence.

The Relief Society has various fields of activity from an educational, a moral and a spiritual standpoint. One of the important duties is the administration of relief. We have suggested to the bishoprics of all of the wards that they ought to place that work where it can be effectively carried out. The bishop can turn over to the Relief Society the investigation of charity cases, and can be assured of proper investigation; and recommendations for relief, if carried out by the Relief Society, will remedy the condition. When I speak of relief I do not mean financial

relief only, but other service that will enable every family and every part of a family to become self-sustaining and independent.

PRESIDENT LOUISE Y. ROBISON

A General Board member came back from one of the stakes where she had been for several days; some of the sisters had taken her to the train. When she came home she said, "I have resolved, after seeing what those wonderful ward presidents do, that I will do better work." You do stimulate the General Board. This General Board representative said that what the ward president had done in the ward she had visited was almost unbelievable; and I think that is true of every one of our ward presidents. I pray that you will have health and strength, that you will have influence in your homes, that the Lord will bless you with your people, that you will know their needs, that no child will be neglected and that no person who is in your care will suffer.

I thank you for coming out, I thank these busy men who have come to help us today. I thank Brother Tracy Y. Cannon who came and helped us with our music, and Sister Edward, and all who have helped to make our meeting a success.

The proceedings of the conference will be continued in subsequent issues of the Magazine

Children's Books

By Lais Vernon Hales

"No college English, no finishing school course in art and literature, will give men and women what they might have had if books had been as much their friends in childhood as the children next door."

To select books for children it is absolutely necessary to have a clear conception of their interests and activities. The child will miss a natural companionship with books if we select the books that *ought to be read* instead of the books that *will be read*.

Choose Books of Action

The little child lives in the immediate present; he wishes to hear about things that belong to his environment—what he sees, hears, or handles. He likes best to hear his own experiences reproduced exactly as they have happened to him. The most representative contribution to the experience story is *Here and Now Story Book* (E. P. Dutton).

A little later the child wants to hear stories about other children who do the things he likes to do. Here is the place for stories of dogs, cats, rabbits, and other animals. He will appreciate immensely Helen Bannerman's *The Story of Little Black Sambo* (Stokes) because Sambo had just those experiences which he longs to have. He is not yet ready for fairy tales or any-

thing remote, fantastic, or far away. After full experience with the actual he will enter more freely and joyously the world of the imagination.

When Romance Begins

Later, during the third and fourth years in school, the child reaches out for the vivid, the romantic, the thrilling. His interest in people calls for hero books. They may be fairly long, for the child has discovered the charm of the book "that lasts a long time." Do not give abridgments to children; they are unsatisfactory, confusing, and unliterary in approach. One recalls Anne Carroll Moore's statement against abridgments and adaptations—"A piece of literature is an organism and should therefore be put before the scholar, no matter how young, with its head on and standing on both its feet." Rather than give the child abridgments, Miss Moore would have him learn "judicious skipping," as by omitting the long descriptions in Scott and Cooper. They are now ready for *Robinson Crusoe* (Scott, Foresman and Company).

With adolescence, love for adventure becomes closely related to the quest for realization of youth's ideals; and the literature chosen must voice dreams and visions. Now come the stories of King Arthur, the *Odyssey*, the *Song of Roland*. We may use some of the finer new things such as Cornelia Meigs' *The New Moon* (Macmillan) to excite curiosity and induce more reading. Thus the new literature may be used as a stepping stone to the classics.

Avoid "Series" Books

All early books for children should be told in strong motor terms and should be simple stories of actual child experience. This is the surest guide in selecting literature for the young child.

As to the "series habit," which is too easy and encourages mental laziness and satisfaction with the obvious, we can do two things. Give the child many kinds of vivid experiences in daily life to develop his mental alertness and curiosity. This will enable him to reject the colorless, commonplace experiences of the "series books", and will surround him with desirable books with which the poorer ones cannot compete. Once alive to the delights afforded by good books that tell him things that he wants to know, a child is well on the way toward developing valuable reading habits, which will endure for a lifetime and which will fill with profit and pleasure the leisure time that is fraught with possibilities for good or ill. There is no child who does not care to read if the right books can be found.

Children Like Poetry

As the unwaning popularity of Mother Goose testifies, children like genuine poetry. In poetry children prefer direct, colorful rhythms, lively actions, and rollicking humor. Poetry be-

longs to children. They warmly welcome the fine poetry of Walter de la Mare. When parents and teachers have allowed them to, they have cared for the matchless songs of childhood in William Blake's *Songs of Innocence* (Minton, Balch & Co.).

During the tenth and eleventh years children demand ballad poetry. Among the new things they are ready for John Neihardt's *The Song of Hugh Glass* (Macmillan). Children also appreciate much of our best lyric poetry, but they must be allowed the utmost freedom in following individual preferences. The poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson and Eugene Field should not be given indiscriminately to the young children. Many of their poems are appreciated later on.

They Like Men and Nature

Children are genuinely interested in biography if it conforms to their natural predilections. Biography exerts a powerful influence, next only to the influence of a personal friend, and should be given in plentiful amount. Helen Nicolay's *The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln* (Century) is good. Books of geography and travel also are fascinating to children.

As to Nature stories—"no fairy tale, no story of adventure, possesses greater power to command the interest of the child than do true stories of insects, birds, plants, animals, stars, man, and the earth itself, provided they are well presented through skillfully selected material." The *Burgess Flower Book for Children* and the *Burgess Animal Book for Children* (Little, Brown & Co.) are delightful mediums of introduction to the flower and animal life about them.

Get Illustrated Books

The best illustrated books for children are good economy as a rule, "since it is the best literature which has attracted to its service the work of the best artists. One book of pleasing proportions, with good paper, attractive print, wide margins, artistic binding, and beautifully conceived and executed illustrations which fit a worth-while text, is worth a dozen cheap editions of the same text. Children need good and beautiful bindings. You can give books to children but you cannot make them like them. The book must do that. The picture books of Randolph Caldecott are very good, especially his *The House That Jack Built*, *The Babees in the Wood*, *Sing a Song of Sixpence* (Warne & Co.).

The above material has been gleaned from *A Handbook of Children's Literature* written by Emelyn E. Gardner of the College of the City of Detroit and Eloise Ramsey of the Detroit Teachers College. It was published recently and is without doubt one of the finest of its kind. It is sane, conservative, exhaustive. To the wide-awake teacher or mother it is indispens-

able. Besides the material touched upon above, there is included a valuable course of study which enables any mother to guide her children through an entire course, beginning in babyhood and ending well after adolescence. It ought to assist materially in answering the annual question "What books shall I give my children for Christmas?"



Childhood Tuberculosis

By H. E. Kleinschmidt, M. D.

Few people know that children may have a disease of the lung glands which is different from adult tuberculosis, but often a forerunner of it. When discovered during childhood the prospects are far brighter of maintaining health than when the child has grown up, and the disease may have developed into the commonly known type of tuberculosis. Because of this, one of the primary reasons for conducting the Christmas seal sale is to raise money to promote the early discovery of those children who now have within their bodies the seeds of grave future danger.

Usually the condition is unknown to the family. There are no clear and unmistakable evidences of it apparent to the eye of the physician at a cursory examination. Its detection requires special skill and experience aided by the tuberculin test and the X-ray.

Certain warning signals indicate those children who should be given the benefit of these tests. The child may show signs of underweight and slight weakness; his appetite may be poor; he may be somewhat pale; he may tire easily and be lacking in pep. But all these symptoms may be due to other causes—only the tuberculin test and X-ray in the hands of a competent doctor can ascertain the facts with certainty.

In the beginning this condition is not lung tuberculosis at all. The breathing surface has not been invaded. In childhood the disorder is usually confined to small glands about the size of beans, which are located at the point where the windpipe divides into two branches, one going to each lung. These glands serve as filters. If the germs of tuberculosis get into the lung, the lung glands tend to stop them from getting into the blood circulation, but in doing so the glands may themselves become damaged. Ultimately the injured portion of the gland is replaced by a hard gritty substance called calcium, which makes a distinct shadow on the X-ray plate.

Children who live or have lived in homes with adults having tuberculosis should be given these tests, as it is close contact with

the disease that is most dangerous. Undernourished children who fail to respond to intelligent feeding and plenty of sleep should also be examined. Perhaps the best thing is for all children to have such a thorough examination, with X-ray and tuberculin test.

Lung gland tuberculosis can usually be prevented from developing into lung tuberculosis. By shielding children from receiving additional large doses of tubercle bacilli, active tuberculosis can usually be avoided. If there is another case of tuberculosis in the family and it is impossible for him or her to be in a sanitarium, every precaution should be taken, such as never kissing the child, scalding and washing separately all dishes and eating utensils and destroying the sputum, preferably by burning. The patient most certainly must sleep alone.

The child with lung gland tuberculosis should be relieved of all possible strain at home and in school. Strenuous exercise and fatigue must be avoided. Defects, such as bad teeth and tonsils, must be corrected and good daily health habits cultivated. Nourishing food, sunshine and fresh air in abundance are essential. Ten or more hours of sleep at night and rest periods of an hour or more morning and afternoon are necessary. Just as rest is the secret of successful treatment of tuberculosis, so also is it the most important preventive of that disease. In fact, everything possible should be done to build up the child's general health.

Preventoria established in some communities conduct special supervised school work for children threatened with tuberculosis, heart disease and other handicaps. These schools aim to help parents carry out the health-building program outlined above. Such all-year-round work as is here described is fostered by the National Tuberculosis Association and its 1,400 affiliated organizations throughout the country. They are conducting their annual Christmas seal sale from Thanksgiving Day through Christmas.

In Utah the Tuberculosis Association is combating the disease by teaching the importance of frequent health examinations, and the necessity of keeping the children up to their normal weight. The Christmas Seal Camp, in Big Cottonwood Canyon, which is conducted for six weeks each summer, is one of the ways in which this education is accomplished. Here children are not only properly fed and supervised but they learn health habits, which enable them to continue the improvement in health which begins in Camp.

The second means of carrying on tuberculosis prevention is the field nurse, who goes from county to county promoting health examinations, clinics, teaching classes of mothers and, when there is no county health service, making inspection of school children.

The third means used is the furnishing of health teaching material to school teachers. This consists of posters, pamphlets and plays.

These activities are made possible through the sale of Christmas seals.

Large plates mainly historical events
small plates the religious history of nephi's people

Guide Lessons for February

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in February)

BOOK OF MORMON

Lesson 5. The Good King Benjamin.

This lesson, which includes the material between pages 150 and 181 of the Book of Mormon, falls naturally into three sections, as is shown by the following brief outline:

Outline

- I. Close of the Small Plates of Nephi.
 - 1. The words of Enos.
 - (a) His "wrestle before God."
 - (b) Conditions during his time.
 - 2. The words of Jarom.
 - (a) Who Jarom was.
 - (b) Conditions in his day.
 - 3. The words of Omni, Chemish, Abinadom, and Amaleki.
- II. The words of Mormon.
 - 1. Who Mormon was.
 - 2. When he lived.
 - 3. His abridgment.
- III. Beginning of the Larger Plates (Mosiah).
 - 1. Conditions in 124 B. C.
 - 2. King Benjamin.
 - (a) Type of man and king.
 - (b) His speech from the tower.
 - (1) On service.
 - (2) On duties of kingship.
 - (3) On Christ.
 - (4) On Charity.
 - 3. Mosiah II.
 - (a) Character, Education.
 - (b) Delegation to Land of Nephi.

The people were laboring and had to be preached to
who was Jarom
this was the one

Notes

1. *The Words of Mormon.* It was said in a previous lesson that one of the difficulties found in reading the Book of Mormon lies in its structure. In the present lesson this difficulty comes into clear view. For, at the conclusion of the Small Plates of

Nephi (page 157), 200 B. C., we come all of a sudden upon "the Words of Mormon," a character who lived some four hundred years after Christ.

We learned in our last lesson how this comes about.

The larger plates of Nephi, which were but one set out of many during the history of the Nephites, were used to set down the events year by year as they took place. But the small plates of Nephi covered only the first four hundred years of Nephite history, and were "more religious" than the larger plates. And when Martin Harris lost the first part of the manuscript translation, Joseph made a translation of the small plates, instead of re-translating the other account. Of course the "Words of Mormon" form an introduction to what follows, or a link between the two.

Notice the difference between the two translations, so far as the form is concerned.

The translation of the small plates is in the first person, while that of the work that follows—at least the abridgment part—is in the third person. And this fact is in harmony with the assumption that the Prophet made a translation of a real record, instead of making up the work out of his head, as he is charged with having done. If the third person had been used throughout the first 157 pages, which is not supposed to be an abridgment at all, then it would have been a very serious objection to the Book of Mormon claims to being the history of a real people, which would be very hard to overcome, if not impossible. But as it is, it is a striking evidence to the truth of its claims.

2. *A Sidelight on Prophecy.* One of the illuminating sidelights on life and religion so often appearing in the Book of Mormon comes in connection with this episode of the Small Plates.

A good many people find themselves puzzled over the apparent casual connection between human agency and prophecy. If an event is foreseen a dozen or a thousand years before it happens, it is sometimes thought that the mere foreseeing of it makes it come to pass by a sort of predestination. But that is not the case. There is no relation whatever between the act and the foreseeing of the act by the Lord.

The Lord, twenty-four hundred years before the revelation of the Book of Mormon to the Prophet Joseph, foresaw that Martin Harris would lose the manuscript, and, foreseeing that act on the part of Martin, prepared for it. The act of Martin Harris in losing the manuscript would have happened anyway whether or not the Lord anticipated it and provided against it, for that was the man's disposition and nature, as brought about by the play of cause and effect. And the Lord did not see fit on this occasion to interfere in the situation. But, knowing that a certain condition

would arise, he provided for it beforehand. The Lord did not make Harris lose that manuscript.

3. *Benjamin a Just Ruler.* The account of King Benjamin in the Book of Mormon is surely one of the high lights of the Nephite Record as we have it. This covers the first six chapters of Mormon's Abridgment.

A ruler is supposed to be a guide to the people in their struggle towards the light. But how rarely has this been the case in the history of mankind. As a rule, the kings and emperors have acted on the assumption that the people were made for them instead of them for the people. And that was particularly true before the rise of the people to political power. It is too often true today, also, when self-seeking politicians get into office.

But here, in Benjamin, we have a model king. His character and acts cannot be duplicated in history. Alfred the Great in early England comes the nearest to being like Benjamin of any we can think of. And even if we look upon the Book of Mormon as a work of fiction, conceived by Joseph Smith, as some critics would have us believe, instead of a history of a real people, as the Saints contend, it is assuredly a fine and energizing thing to have created a character as noble and conscientious as King Benjamin.

He is as tender toward his subjects as a kindly father is of his own children, and as solicitous about their welfare. Moreover, he is a Christian—and that is saying a great deal,—for even Christians today do not always act like Christians. And the people respond nobly to his appeal to their better selves.

His teachings are far in advance of his day, whether you consider the Nephite nation or contemporary nations in Europe.

He works for a living instead of taxing the people to support him in regal state. While he has punished, as king, any transgression of the law, yet he has not attempted to be unjust, or to enslave any of his subjects, as he might have done. On the contrary, he has taught them the principles of self-government and helped them to put these into practice.

But most of all, he places himself on an equality with them, puts himself on the same level with them. This is most extraordinary in a king. He says, for instance, that he has the same infirmities of body and mind as they have. Nor does he take to himself any credit for being their king, for he was chosen king and has been "suffered" by the Lord to be their ruler. This, too, is extraordinary in a king.

And then look at his advanced views on service. Service is the slogan of the twentieth century, not only in religion but in business as well. But here is a king who made that his ideal twenty-one hundred years ago. Even if we make King Benjamin the creation of Joseph Smith, still he is three-quarters of a century ahead of his time. And the idea of service is elaborated upon

by this early ruler. "If I, whom you call your ruler," he says, "do labor to serve you, then had not ye ought to labor to serve one another?" And then he adds that since he serves the people, they should serve one another, and all serve God. "When ye are in the service of your fellow beings," he tells his people, "ye are only in the service of God." Here is the true Christian ideal of life, which the world has been nineteen hundred years trying to grasp, and our comprehension of it at the end of this period is not nearly so clear as that of this humble Nephite king.

Benjamin also had some fundamental ideas on charity. The Nephites had the poor among them, it appears—as indeed what nation has not? Also they had among them persons who felt that the poor were poor because they had brought upon themselves their poverty, and who said this to justify themselves in not relieving the distress they saw around them. But the kindly Benjamin told them plainly that in saying this they had "great cause to repent" and that except they repented they would "perish forever" and have "no interest in the kingdom of God." That was strong doctrine. The only legitimate motive for giving is love, the king taught. "Love one another," he said, "and serve one another."

A wonderful king was Benjamin, and a wonderful man—a true Christian.

Questions

1. Explain how it is that we have the Small Plates of Nephi instead of the regular abridgment of Mormon. Suppose we had the lost manuscript abridgment, what difference would we observe?
2. Tell the incident of Martin Harris' loss of the Book of Mormon manuscript. (History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 20-28.)
3. Refute the idea that a person's acts are predestined to take place. What is the difference between "predestination" and "foreordination?"
4. Who was Mormon? When did he live? How comes it that his "Words" appear in our Book of Mormon 125 years before Christ?
5. Describe the character of King Benjamin. Why is it remarkable that we should have such a person before the Christian Era? How do you account for his character and teachings?
6. Tell about Benjamin's ideas (a) on equality, (b) on service, (c) on charity.
7. Are his ideas on charity as applicable today as they were then? Why do you think so? What are our modern notions as to why some people are poor and how they should be looked after? What effect has indiscriminate giving (a) on the giver and (b) on the receiver?

LESSON II

Work and Business

Teachers' Topic for February

(This topic to be given at the special teachers' meeting the first week in February)

PATRIOTISM

I. Definition.

Patriotism is a love of country and a devotion to its welfare.—*Daniel Webster.*

"I therefore believe it my duty to my country, to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies."—*The American's Creed by W. T. Page.*

II. Value of Patriotism.

A. Creates love of country.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land?'"—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel by Scott.*

B. Encourages observance of law.

One of our solemn duties today is to stand by the Constitution and the flag of our country—to pledge a new allegiance to both. We know that the American flag stands for liberty under the law; that liberty is protected and made safe by law; and that only through obedience to law can liberty exist. Peace and security, which result from a good government, depend upon obedience to good laws.

"Let no man break the laws of the land, for he that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land."—*Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 58, verse 21.*

"And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me;

"Therefore, I, the Lord, justify you, and your brethren of my church, in befriending that law, which is the constitutional law of the land."—*Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 98, verses 5, 6.*

C. Promotes Security of Life, Liberty, Property.

"Nowhere in the world is there a government of so much liberty and equality."—*Lincoln.*

"Our country asks us to live for her, and so to live and to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory a place fit to grow the best men and women—thank God, I am an American."—*Daniel Webster*.

D. Develops respect for the flag, and thus

Aids in creating the proper national spirit.

"Through all the ages some flag has been an emblem to inspire men's hearts with confidence and hope and reverence."

Do we understand the proper observance and use of the flag, and know its history?

III. *Cultivation of Patriotism.*

A. By knowledge of history and laws.

B. By reading biographies of statesmen and pioneers.

C. By learning songs, stories, and traditions.

D. By observance of national holidays.

E. By cultivating peace-time patriotism.

"There is a necessity of remembering that carelessness and lawlessness are apt to manifest themselves during protracted peace times rather than during war. 'Eternal Vigilance is the price of liberty.'"—*Law Observance and Enforcement Bulletin*.

"So its home again, and home again, America for me,
My heart is turning home again and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

—*Henry Van Dyke*.

The Names of Santa Claus

As Christmas draws near, the name of Santa Claus becomes vividly present in all children's thoughts. It is often on the lips of their parents, too, with this and that admonishment to be good! Santa Claus is also called St. Nicholas, and, sometimes, Kriss Kringle. It is interesting to find out where he received these names.

St. Nicholas, according to Webster's New International Dictionary, was a bishop of Myra, Asia Minor, about the year 300 A. D. "He is the patron saint of Russia, and of seafaring men, thieves, virgins, and children." From these multifarious duties, St. Nicholas seems to have selected one by which to be best known. "As the bearer of presents to children on Christmas Eve his name has been corrupted to Santa Claus," or, as it is occasionally spelled Santa Klaus.

Kriss Kringle is a quite different name. It comes from the German "Christkindl," meaning the Christ child, or a Christmas gift, a diminutive of "Christkind."

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in February)

THE LOST COMMANDER—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews is the daughter of the Rt. Rev. Jacob Shaw and Ann Louise Shipman. On December 31, 1884, she married William Shankland Andrews.

The first story by which she was widely known was "The Perfect Tribute" which was published in 1906. Since that time she has written a number of books and various articles for some of the best magazines.

She is now living at Splitrock, Syracuse, New York.

"A great commander was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a woman."—*Sir Edward Cook*.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews takes the above quotation as a sort of thesis for her very readable life of Florence Nightingale, the mother of modern nursing. That idea is like the ground cloth of a piece of tapestry behind the colorful patterns of the twelve chapters of the volume which was published in 1929 by Doubleday, Doran & Company, Garden City, New York.

On account of the fact that she has been a rather prolific writer since about 1906, Mrs. Andrews will not be a stranger to most of the Relief Society sisters. Her little story of Abraham Lincoln—"The Perfect Tribute"—was one of the most popular short stories of the first quarter of this century and has had a very wide circulation.

Those who know her work will have some idea before reading it what *The Lost Commander* is like, especially from the literary point of view. Mrs. Andrews in this as well as in many of her other works, has a tendency to be over sentimental. But in the main she restrains her story except in dramatic places where she allows herself to drift dangerously near to what newspaper men call "sob stuff." She has a facility of expression, however, and an imagination which add charm to the story.

Mrs. Andrews begins the book with an imaginary incident in the life of Florence Nightingale. She pictures the little girl ready for a ride in the carriage with her very dignified and stylish mother at Embly, Hampshire, England, where the Nightingales lived. The nurse leaves the child for a moment while she goes away to attend to something. In that moment a dirty, wounded cat comes along, excites the pity of the little girl, who scoops her up in her arms, much to the detriment of the immaculate clothes she is wearing. The author introduces this imaginary episode to indicate that Miss

Nightingale, though a child of wealth and ease, the daughter of dignified English gentle folk, had from earliest childhood profound interest in the wounded, the maimed, and the sick of all classes.

This bent in the girl's character is traced through her young womanhood to the time when she took up nursing as a life's work.

On account of the author's propensity to mix imaginary incidents with the facts, the reader is sometimes a bit bewildered and is not sure just which is fact and which is fancy. This adds to the literary interest of the book, no doubt, but detracts from its value as biography.

Another disconcerting feature is the frank statement that the author has set out to show that Florence Nightingale was in truth a "lost commander." With that thought comes the suspicion that the author has selected her facts, not to give a true and adequate picture of her subject, but to prove that she really might have been a great general had not fate made her a woman.

Mrs. Andrews is bitter in her denunciation of Strachey, the English biographer, on the ground that he purposely selects uncomplimentary facts to present, thus painting an incorrect portrait. She says, "Strachey is a very 'smart-Aleck' artist indeed, whose trick is to make his sitters as ugly as possible, and yet preserve a likeness." And again: "People ought to condemn the more Strachey's dishonesty. If Strachey were dull, one could forgive him—in fact, one would probably not read him. A clever criminal deserves a deeper hell than a stupid one, not only because he does more damage but because he is more aware of his damaging."

Of course the reader smiles over that statement, for Mrs. Andrews might be accused of selecting only those features to paint in that will show Florence a great commander, a fine figure everywhere. She may be merely looking at the other side of the shield. She does admit, reluctantly, that in the Lady-in-Chief's last years she was imperious, almost impossible, but she excuses her as deftly as she can.

Despite its faults, the book is very much worth while in that it does give an interesting picture in an interesting way of this great leader of modern women, who gave her life to a great cause; a work out of which has radiated many movements that have been important in the evolution of the world in the direction of better health, better care of soldiers during both war and peace, better care of all sick, in fact, and a clearer understanding of women. According to Mrs. Andrews, she was the first woman ever to be appointed to any important office in the British government.

Florence Nightingale was the daughter of Frances Smith and William Shore, who later, on account of inherited property, took the name of Nightingale. This high-minded, splendid young couple went to the continent for their honeymoon, remaining several years in Italy. While there, two daughters were born to them,

Frances Parthenope and Florence, named after the cities of their birth. The younger, Florence, was born in 1820.

Upon their return to England in 1821, the family lived at Lea Hall and later at Lea Hurst, Hampshire, on the Derwent River. In 1825 Embley Park was secured by Mr. Nightingale and also became a home of the family.

The girls were well trained by Mrs. Nightingale in the art of managing a household, and, according to the times, were given a thorough education. Florence could speak several languages fluently and was accomplished in other ways. Though these girls had everything that position and wealth could afford, Florence was restless, feeling that life without some high purpose was not sufficient.

While yet a very young lady she went on a visit to Rome, where she met Sidney Herbert and his charming wife, becoming intimate with both and loving both dearly. This was a very important acquaintanceship for the reason that Sidney Herbert later became Secretary of War and assisted Florence Nightingale in carrying on her chosen work.

To indicate the bent of the girl's mind, it is interesting to note that in 1850 she wrote in her diary: "I am thirty, the age at which Christ began his mission. Now, no more childish things, no more love, no more marriage. Now, Lord, let me think only of Thy will."

Mrs. Andrews reviews briefly the history of nursing; she shows that nursing in the modern sense was not known at that time. Sisters of charity, it is true, had nursed the sick since early Christian times, but in continental Europe and England the nurses of Florence Nightingale's time were "drunken, immoral, and untrained."

In 1833 Pastor Theodor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth, Germany, founded a school for nurses. He had in mind, however, only sisters of the Church. This school really got under way in 1836, when Florence was sixteen years of age.

She heard of the Fliedner school in 1846 through a report which was sent to her by Baron Bunson. Despite the entreaties of her parents, especially her mother, she entered this school in 1851 and remained three months. She had found her work. "This is life," she wrote. "Now I know what it is to love life."

In 1853 she went to visit the sisters of charity in Paris and to study the whole nursing situation. Later she became superintendent of one of the nursing homes in Harley Street, Paris, where she received training that was of paramount importance.

In the year when she went to Paris came the Crimean War. British soldiers, fighting hundreds of miles from home, were poorly cared for when they fell sick or were wounded. A dispatch from Constantinople said: "No sufficient preparations have been made

for the care of wounded, not sufficient surgeons, no dressers and nurses. . . . In Scutari it is found that the commonest appliances of a workhouse sick ward are wanting, that men die through the medical staff of the British Army forgetting that old rags are necessary for the dressing of wounds."

On October 14 and 15, 1854, Florence Nightingale and Sidney Herbert exchanged letters regarding the matter, and in seven days 38 nurses had been recruited to send to the front. On October 27 they sailed from France, arriving in Constantinople on November 4. These women and their Lady-in-Chief found four miles of cots six inches apart, each bearing its wounded soldier, most of whom had not received the commonest kind of first aid. These women literally rolled up their sleeves and went to work.

Mrs. Gaskell, the novelist, said of Florence Nightingale, "She seemed as completely led by God as was Joan of Arc:" so wholeheartedly did she enter into nursing and so indomitable was she in securing what she wanted for the soldiers. Sidney Herbert said, "Those thirty-eight nurses on the way to Scutari are truer successors to the apostles shipwrecked at Melita than thirty-eight cardinals."

Mrs. Andrews cleverly connects Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" with this charge of the women upon the war sufferers. Her comparison is made all the more effective by the fact that the battle of Balaclava had just been fought when the nurses arrived and many of the wounded of the famous "six hundred" fell to their charge.

The treaty of peace was signed in Paris March 30, 1856; on August 6, Florence Nightingale returned to England.

Funds had already been gathered for a nurse's home, but it was not until 1859 that Florence Nightingale began the school. She advertised for candidates, and on June 24, 1860, fifteen probationers were admitted. They became the first lay nurses in the world's history and a new profession had been born. The first class of 13 was graduated in 1861.

Nursing, Mrs. Andrews declares, is Florence Nightingale's greatest and most lasting monument, although she was instrumental in opening the whole world to the entrance of women.

It was not until 1871 that Dr. Susan Dimock established the first nursing school in America.

The closing years of Miss Nightingale's life—she never married—though she suffered much from illness, were active ones. She would not stop until many of the evils she had seen during the war were wiped out. She was instrumental in having a Royal Commission with four sub-commissions established. These Mrs. Andrews calls Miss Nightingale's four chicks. They were:

1. A sub-commission to put barracks and hospitals in sanitary order.

2. A commission to organize a statistical department.
3. A sub-commission to institute an army medical school.
4. A sub-commission to reconstruct the army medical department and other big things.

From her bed she continued her work, directing many movements during the troubles in India although she did not leave England. She was also instrumental in starting a movement for rural hygiene.

She wrote a few books, and many reports and papers. The best known of these is "Notes on Nursing."

In 1907 King Edward offered her the Order of Merit. In August, 1910, she closed her career at the advanced age of 90. She was buried in Hampshire with her people, though before her death she was offered the privilege of resting in Westminster Abbey. She preferred to be with father and mother in the beautiful country where she had spent her childhood.

One closes the book feeling that it is good to have known, even remotely, this woman who dedicated her life to a great cause, and won immortality through her service to mankind.

Questions and Problems

1. What is the evidence that Mrs. Gaskell was right in her statement regarding Miss Nightingale?
2. Read the "Charge of the Light Brigade."
3. Why might it be said to be a questionable practice for a biographer to take a proposition to prove in the biography?
4. Has Mrs. Andrews, in a book like *The Lost Commander*, any good right to criticize Strachey so severely for being dishonest?
5. In what way did the work of Miss Nightingale differ from the work of the Relief Society?
6. Some one might describe a first-class modern hospital and point out differences between it and earlier ones, or even home nursing methods.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in February)

THE FIELD OF SOCIAL WORK

Lesson 2. Poverty and Dependency

A. *The Extent and Causes of Poverty*

It is important to distinguish between poverty and destitution. Destitution is a state of absolute and utter want; poverty

is merely a relative scarcity of the means of subsistence. Poverty, therefore, is much more frequent than destitution.

Because communities do not keep accurate statistics and there is no way of comparing one community with another, the amount of destitution and poverty in any country at a given time is almost impossible to determine. Political economists, at different times, have estimated the number of people in a state of poverty. Their estimates range all the way from one to ten per cent of the population, with five per cent as the median. This would mean that at any one time about five per cent of the entire population are receiving some sort of public or private assistance.

There is no common agreement, either, as to the specific causes of poverty. The most reliable opinion on the subject holds that poverty, like disease and crime, is a uniform consequent of many different antecedents. That is to say, poverty is a symptom of social disease, just as a high temperature is a symptom of physical disease; and many totally different factors can produce it.

Jamison B. Hurry, formerly Medical Officer at University College, Reading, England, has called our attention to the "vicious circle" characteristics of poverty:

"In the ordinary course of economic law, the reaction provoked by a social disorder tends to arrest such disorder. For example, idleness is checked by indigence, crime by social ostracism, alcoholism by dyspepsia, insanitation by ill-health. By this natural process the social organism maintains itself in health. Where a Vicious Circle is present, the ordinary sequence is modified. The reactions which should be beneficent are maleficent and intensify the disorder. Poverty, one of the most important of social evils, is to some extent subject to the usual economic law, since it has sequela which render it disagreeable and therefore to be avoided. Unfortunately, however, there are other potent factors which aggravate in lieu of arresting the primary disorder, and cause poverty to become self-perpetuating. As Solomon pointed out many centuries ago: 'The destruction of the poor is their poverty.'"

Typical examples of this "vicious circle" relationship are the following:

Poverty—improper housing—ill health—unemployment—poverty.

Poverty—improper food—malnutrition—low wages—poverty.

Poverty—ignorance—inefficiency—poverty.

Poverty—alcoholism—unemployment—poverty.

Poverty—improvidence—borrowing—poverty.

In a word, we may say that the causes of poverty are any and all circumstances that operate to deprive a person or a family of the necessaries for subsistence and efficiency. Chief among these,

are ill health, low mentality, unemployment, indolence, limited education, low wages, improvidence, physical and mental handicaps.

B. *The Care of Dependent Adults*

The oldest institution in English-speaking countries for the care of the pauper is the almshouse, or, as it is sometimes called, the "poor house" (in England it is still called the workhouse). This institution became firmly established under Queen Elizabeth, in the seventeenth century. Our Puritan and Pilgrim ancestors continued the pattern in this country, with the result that every American county either has an almshouse or makes an arrangement with a neighboring county to care for its indigent old men and old women.

Originally, the almshouse was a "catch-all" for indigents of all sorts,—the insane, the unemployed, dependent children, the crippled, the blind. One by one these latter groups have been taken out of the almshouse, to be cared for in other ways, leaving only the homeless, indigent adult. Almshouses have little to commend them. They carry with them an unfortunate stigma which the inmates always resent. "Over the hill to the poor house" is a phrase that suggests the nature of public opinion on the subject. The food, the lack of stimulating occupation, and the isolation from free society, are among the common objections to the place.

In order to avoid the stigma of the "poor" house and at the same time to secure the advantages of congregate living, many religious groups—for example the Jews, the Lutherans, the Baptists,—provide homes for the aged of their own denomination. The stigma has been further removed from these institutions by requiring inmates to pay a small amount per month or at the time of admission, towards their upkeep. This plan of caring for helpless, indigent, old people has much to commend it.

Institutional care for indigent adults becomes necessary only when such persons lack savings, a private income, or children who will care for them. In order to stem the tide of pauperism and to enable the aged to live in self-respect outside of the "poor" house, most modern states and nations have considered—and some have adopted—the old-age pension. Kelso, in *The Science of Public Welfare*, says:

"All the important nations of Europe have legislated upon the subject of old age pensions. These with Australia, New Zealand in the East, and Argentina in the South, together with Canada, Alaska, and five of the United States, make up a grand total of thirty-one jurisdictions recognizing some form of old-age pension. Seven countries which have non-contributory pensions are mostly English speaking. They comprise a total population approximating 70,000,000. Fifteen nations require some form of contribution by the pensioner. These have a population totaling some 240,000,000."

Old-age pensions have not been popular in the United States. Arizona, in 1914, passed the first pension act and abolished the almshouse system. Unfortunately, the law was declared unconstitutional. Since that time Alaska, Nevada, Montana, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Utah, and a few other states have adopted old-age pension laws of one sort or another. At best, these laws are inadequate because the pension is too small and the age limit—usually sixty-five or seventy—is too high. As Kelso further says,

“While the public is willing to succor the helpless out of sympathy as a private charity, they are not yet ready to pay out their subsistence to the improvident and other of the fraternity of the necessitous under some reasoned claim of right. It doesn't go down with the individualistic American people. Meantime the problem should be recognized for just what it is—the riddle of the empty stomach. Experience of decades, yes centuries, with the public poor shows beyond question that the only way to relieve indigence adequately from the point of view of the dependent, and safely from the point of view of society, is through friendly personal case-work, wielding a sympathy tempered always by justice.”

C. *Care of Dependent Families*

Supplementing the almshouse—the system of “indoor” relief—is the plan of money doles, supplies of food, clothing, coal, etc., called “outdoor” relief. Monies for this service are, of course, secured through taxation. This system is objectionable because it permits of so much abuse, graft, and patronage. Yet it is far more economical when well administered than the almshouse system used exclusively. If careful case-work investigation is made of applications for relief, “outdoor” relief has much to commend it.

The backbone of most private philanthropic work is what is called family welfare work, such as is administered by the Charity Organization Societies, Family Service Societies, Relief Societies, United Charities, etc., throughout the United States. Family welfare work is becoming less and less a matter of furnishing relief in money or in “kind” and more and more a matter of rehabilitation. It is in connection with this type of social work that the art of case-work is seen at its best.

Private philanthropic societies are not restricted by law as to the kind and amount of help that might be given to their clients. In many of these societies an adequate budget is allowed for the families under care. In some societies, notably the Jewish, this service has even taken the form of setting up a tradesman or an artisan in a small business.

D. *The Care of Dependent Children*

Up until the beginning of this century the orphanage was the main institution for the care of dependent children in Anglo-Amer-

ican communities. In 1909, however, President Roosevelt called the famous White House Conference to consider the general problems of child welfare in America. At this time the concensus of opinion was decidedly against the orphanage as a place for dependent and delinquent children.

The general principles concerning which there was substantial agreement among social workers at that time are the following:

1. Preservation of home ties wherever possible.
2. The paramount importance of preventive work.
3. The superiority of the foster home as a substitute for the natural home.
4. The adoption of the cottage plan for institutions.
5. The incorporation of child-caring agencies.
6. State inspection of the work of child-caring agencies.
7. Education in institutions as part of the public educational system.
8. The keeping of adequate records.
9. Physical care.
10. Co-operation among child-caring agencies.

The beginning of the twentieth century saw also the introduction of the juvenile court movement in the United States—a movement that has spread to every state in the Union and to most civilized countries throughout the world. The purpose and basic principle of the juvenile court is well stated in "A Standard Juvenile Court Law" published by the National Probation Association, 1928.

"The purpose of this act is to secure for each child under its jurisdiction such care, guidance, and control, preferably in his own home, as will conduce to the child's welfare and the best interests of the state; and when such child is removed from his own family, to secure for him custody, care, and discipline as nearly as possible equivalent to that which should have been given by his parents."

While, ideally, children should be supplied with as normal a home life as possible, there is, nevertheless, much to be said in favor of certain types of institutions for dependent children, especially when these institutions are administered by the state. Take, for example, the so-called "state school system" as it is administered in Minnesota and Michigan. Following a careful examination, children are committed to the state school by the juvenile court. There the child is detained only until approved private boarding-homes can be found. The child is made a public ward, the State Board of Control becoming his legal guardian. On an average children remain only a few months. They receive good medical care and appropriate training in the common branches, manual training, and domestic science.

Another type of public child-saving activity is the boarding and placing-out system, as it is conducted in Massachusetts, New

Jersey, Indiana. The Massachusetts Department of Public Welfare has extensive powers and duties in the care and custody of delinquent and dependent children. The system for dependent children is essentially one of supervision in approved boarding-homes.

Another type of social work for dependent children is sometimes called the "mother's pension." This plan of allowing a widow with dependent children a sum of money each month in order that she might remain at home to look after her children, began in Illinois and Missouri in 1911. At the present time forty-two states and the District of Columbia have enacted mother's pension laws, or "aid to mothers" laws. A unique feature of this system of public care for dependent children is the fact that in about half the states the responsibility for administering these laws has been placed upon the local juvenile courts. This has had the advantage, in many places, at least, of minimizing the abuses that often accompany any system of outdoor relief.

Questions for the Further Stimulation of Thought

1. How much destitution is there in your community?
2. How would you find out how much poverty exists in your community?
3. Is there an almshouse in your county? If so, what is the age, sex, nationality, religion, physical and mental health of its population? Is the food, clothing, recreation, medical attention, adequate? Have you ever visited this institution? If not, why not?
4. If there is no almshouse in your county, what arrangements do your County Commissioners make for the care of indigent adults?
5. Are there any private homes for the aged in your community? If so, under what auspices are they managed? What are the requirements for admission?
6. What are the arguments for and against old-age pensions? Is there an old-age pension in your state? What are its provisions?
7. What are the essential characteristics of case-work with dependent families? Do dependent families in your community get this sort of service?
8. What are the arguments for and against the orphanage? Why did the American Legion, following a careful study of the situation, decide recently to use the system of child-placing instead of institutions for the care of war veterans' dependents?
9. Is juvenile court work in your community administered according to the White House standards of 1909?
10. How much is spent on mother's pensions in your county? What is the average amount allotted to each widow? Are careful investigations made before pensions are granted?

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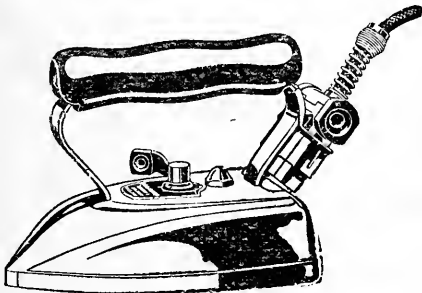
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