The Lifted Ensign
Orson F. Whitney

The Supreme Religious Differential
Rudger Clawson

M. I. A.—Builders of Youth
George Albert Smith

Economic Aspects of L. D. S. Achievements
Stephen L. Richards

Achievements of the Church in Education
Richard R. Lyman

Home on the Peter Whitmer Farm,
Site of the Organization of the L. D. S. Church,
April 6, 1830.
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No instrument has brought more joyous pleasure to the American home than a fine piano. The beauty of the Kimball models in tone and design carries an especial appeal to those who love elegance and distinction.
FORECAST

Shortly after this issue of the Era comes into the hands of our readers the general conference, commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the Church, will be held. April 6, 1930, will be a notable date in our history. The general conferences are always instructive. This is certain to be outstandingly inspirational.

Following the excellent articles in the April number by some of the general authorities and others, the May issue will contain contributions from all the others of our leaders.

The First Presidency of the Church will have a message of importance, which will point the way to eternal life to all who sincerely and humbly seek it.

The patriotism of this people, their loyalty to the country and its government, their response to every call which has been made upon them will prove interesting and profitable reading. Likewise the story of our temple building and the sacrifices made to carry out the command of the Almighty, by doing in these sacred buildings the personal and vicarious work necessary for salvation, will be of interest.

Our Sunday Schools are said by many people outside the Church to be the best in the world. A comprehensive account of their activities will be presented.

What is your idea of the New Jerusalem? A forth-coming article will not only create interest but will at the same time answer some of the questions concerning the establishment of that long predicted city.

No account of Church achievements would be complete without considerable space being given to our missionary work. An article on this subject, written by one who has spent many years in the field, will be presented.

Patriarchal blessings are original with this Church—at least the idea was taken from no modern institution. What these blessings mean to the Latter-day Saints will be told by one in authority.

The Improvement Era

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

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Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October, 1917, authorized July 2, 1918.

Manuscripts submitted without the statement, "At usual rates," are considered free contributions. Photographs, unless their return is especially requested, will be destroyed. Published monthly at Salt Lake City by the M. I. A. General Boards; $2 per annum. Address: Room 406 Church Office Building.
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I, therefore, extend a cordial invitation to all those who may be contemplating a visit to Salt Lake City to attend the spring conference of the L. D. S. Church, to visit me and inspect the products which I have the honor to represent and upon the happy and auspicious occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of this Church, I offer hearty and sincere congratulations.

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A Marvelous Work

By HUGH J. CANNON

FOURTEEN months before the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Joseph Smith made known what he claimed was a revelation from on high, wherein is found the declaration that a marvelous work was about to come forth among the children of men.

Viewing the circumstances which surrounded him at the time, barely past his twenty-third birthday, his poverty, lack of opportunities for education, limited acquaintance with the world's affairs, already in disrepute because of the ridicule and opposition aroused by some of his former statements, one can hardly conceive of a prediction less likely of fulfillment.

In the light of its history is there anything marvelous about the work which, under such unpromising circumstances, has its birth April 6, 1830? Out of the multitude of reasons for answering this question affirmatively, the following two are suggested for consideration:

First, its originality. "Mormonism" is not the outgrowth of anything else. This statement is made in face of the fact that it was recently described by a newspaper writer as a "hodgepodge of ancient mythology, Mohammedanism and Judaism with a thin veneer of Christianity."

Its conception of Deity, while strictly in accord with ancient descriptions of the Father and the Son, is wholly different from anything else in the world of today.

Can anything this side of ancient Christian history be found after which Joseph Smith could have patterned the Church organization? It has always evoked wonder, and yet only a few years ago critics said it was not more perfect than the German army. But the organization claiming Christ as its originator has endured, growing in virility with each year, while the man-made German army is no more.

No one can accuse Joseph Smith of having modeled the Word of Wisdom after any other document or practice, ancient or modern. In his day the word temperance was almost unknown and total abstinence from the use of liquor unthought of as a principle which could be generally practiced, while tea, coffee and tobacco were usually considered harmless.

The missionary system of the Church was and still remains unlike anything else in the world.

The "gathering" of its members from the four quarters of the earth was not an idea gleaned from any other existing group. That it should be thought of at all is surprising; that it could be successfully carried out and people of different nationalities welded together in the face of mob violence, the death of their leader, an appalling march of a thousand miles into an unknown desert, is so strange that it is startling.

Building temples and devising a system of ordinances to be performed therein, baptizing for the dead, teaching that the marriage covenant to be eternal must be performed for a longer period than until death severs the relationship, are all an important part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and were not borrowed from any institution of this age.

Neither were the peculiar ideas held by this people on Priesthood, on tithing, fast offerings, the Sacrament or ward teaching.

Second, its Persistency. The Church has met storms of opposition, the like of which have hardly been seen in this civilized age. These periods of stress have passed and been followed by smiling skies, then more storms and sunshine again; but through it all the Church has gone serenely forward, its members filled with the calm assurance that the Helmsman would bring it safely through every danger. There have been occasional mutinies of a more or less serious nature. The modern Gospel net was not unlike that of ancient times and gathered in all kinds of fish. But unfortunate as were these apostacies they had no permanent effect upon the main body except to hold gloweringly before the eyes of faithful ones the importance of remaining true, for they were able to see the spiritual darkness and mental unrest, amounting in some cases to actual despair, of their former associates.

The roots of this system were so imbedded in firm, unyielding soil that it has remained unshaken for a century. Mob fury, the injustice of corrupt or prejudiced officials, the unwillingness of the president of the United States to redress wrongs, persecution, ridicule, loss of friends, all have proved unavailing.

Was it a "happy accident" that men were found who could carry the work forward without loss of efficiency when through death a reorganization of leading quorums was necessary? That Joseph Smith could hold his people together was a miracle. One vividly imaginative might say that the coming of Brigham Young at the crucial hour was a coincidence. But these "happy accidents" have now become a habit. Men or storms or sunshine may come and go, but "Mormonism" goes steadily onward, without haste or rest.
April and the Eastertide

By ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

THROUGH nineteen hundred and thirty years of peace and war, prosperity and adversity, faith and apostasy, darkness and light, the celebration of Easter has come down to us. It is one of the truly significant occasions on the calendar, Christmas being the only other one of equal import. In churches lilies and glowing candles and low-toned organ notes bespeak the solemnity of the time; in nature the renewal of plant life, thawing of ice-bound waters and return of the birds to old haunts suggest rejuvenation and awakening. People everywhere partake of the half-solemn, half-festive atmosphere and divide their attention between filling baskets and the listening with reverently bowed heads to the beautiful music to be heard throughout the land. All nature and the resumption of nature's processes are called into notice, and from them much of spiritual assurance is deduced. Easter is the glowing promise that though we die, yet shall we live again.

The return of spring after the death-like sleep of winter; the passing of the crawling caterpillar into the corpse-like chrysalis, and the subsequent emergence of the winged butterfly; the coming forth of a living bird from the tomb-like recess of the egg; these and other natural processes of development have been used as illustrative of the resurrection. Each of them is defective, for in no instance of such awakening has there been an actual death. If the tree die, it will not resume its leafage with the return of the sun; if the pupa within the chrysalis or the life germ within the egg be killed, no butterfly or bird will emerge. When we indulge in such figurative illustrations without most thorough caution, we are apt to conceive the thought that the body predestined to resurrection is not truly dead; and that therefore the quickening which is to follow is not what the revealed word declares it to be. Observation proves that the separation of the spirit from the body leaves the latter an inanimate mass, no longer able to resist the processes of physical and chemical dissolution. The body, deserted by its immortal tenant, is literally dead; it resolves itself into its natural components, and its substance enters again upon the round of universal circulation of matter. Yet the resurrection from the dead is assured; the faith of those who trust in the word of revealed truth will be vindicated, and the Divine decree will be carried into full effect. (Articles of Faith, by Dr. James E. Talmage.)

The event of the resurrection is widely celebrated by the observance of Easter. Universal belief in the divinity of Christ is bespoken at this time, else why would his birthday be held in honor? Other great teachers and leaders have come, been hailed with acclaim, and gone their way leaving new thoughts and ideas for those who listened and who would follow; but these men do not command the homage of a world!

For five hundred years those who call themselves free spirits because they prefer prison life to army service have been trying desperately to kill Jesus a second time—to kill him in the hearts of men * * * demonstrating as certainly as two and two make four that Jesus was a myth * * * and that all the gospels can be reduced to a clumsy mosaic of prophetic texts. Others conceived of Jesus as a good, well-meaning man, but too high-flown and fantastic, who went to school to the Greeks, the Buddhists, and the Essenes and patched together his plagiarisms as best he could to support his claim to be the Messiah of Israel. Others made him out to be an unbalanced humanitarian, precursor of Rousseau and of divine democracy, an excellent man for his time but who today would be put under the care of a alienist. Others to get rid of the subject once for all took up the idea of the myth again, and by dint of puzzlements and comparisons concluded that Jesus never was born anywhere. * * *

And still Christ is not yet expelled from the earth either by the ravages of time, or by the efforts of men. His memory is everywhere: on the walls of the churches and the schools, on the tops of bell-towers and of mountains. * * * Take away the frescoes from the churches, carry off the pictures from the stairs and from the houses, and the life of Christ fills museums and picture galleries. The frescoes are in the papers, and you find his name and his words in all the books of literature. * * * Cesar was more talked about in his time than Jesus, and Plato taught more science than Christ. People still discuss the Roman ruler and the Greek philosopher, but who nowadays is hotly for Cesar or against him; and where now are the Platonists and the anti-Platonists?

Christ, on the contrary, is still living among us. There are still people who love him and who hate him. * * * The fury of so many against him is a proof that he is not dead. The very people who devote themselves to denying his ideas and his existence pass their lives in bringing his name to memory. (Pepin's Life of Christ.)

If the people of the world have within themselves reason to believe in the divinity of Christ, how much greater reason have the Latter-day Saints, who have been called out of the world because of greater knowledge. The prophet Joseph Smith in our own time, saw the resurrected Redeemer, and because of the many evidences of Joseph's divine calling, we know that he spoke only the truth in declaring that this vision had come to him. The recent and unquestionable testimony we have of the Savior is of such power as to change our whole lives, if we will but accept of its influence. In the face of the incontrovertible evidence of the literal resurrection of the body after having passed through death, all values must be adjusted to accord with it. From a fleeting and virtually meaningless succession of days, earthly life has become of tremendous importance because of its ultimate resolution into eternity. Trials and temptations are temporary, and a means of proving our sincerity; doubt and discouragement cannot long endure, for a destiny of glory lies ahead. Death loses half its bitterness and suffering half its sorrow, for they are but steps leading to a condition in which death and suffering no longer are.

The state of mortality is inevitably best with some questions and doubts, but how lovely a gift is this day in the spring on which to pause and consider the outlook: this Easter day when we are reminded of our right to earn the glorious destiny awaiting the proof of our worthiness. And that Easter does come at this season is in itself cause for rejoicing, for what Lowell says of every clod, that it, "groaning blindly above it for light, climbs to a soul in the grass and flowers" surely can be said with greater truth of the human heart. Somewhere in the universe are new lights which will answer all our questions and quiet all unrest; and the climbing blossoms into beauty of character.

This is the season of renewal, when it becomes possible to cast off the restrictions and limitations of the past, and nurtured by the sunshine of belief in our own immortality, strive to live better lives, thus proving our great love for him, whose life gift to us we commemorate, at Easter-tide.
The Lifted Ensign—
A Call to Israel

By ORSON F. WHITNEY
Of the Council of the Twelve

"And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth."—Isaiah 11:12.

Speak thou, and let the winds thy story tell!

ELIAS:

A VOICE that crieth in the Wilderness:
"Make plain and straight the Highway of our God!"

One Hundred Years, on Time's swift pinions flown,
Since raised the Ensign for the Gathering—
One hundred years, and still the standard waves,
Summoning the chosen from world-wandering,
Calling the covenant people from afar,
To greet the coming of their God and King.

Children of Jacob, Isaac, Abraham,
Sheep of the flock the Shepherd comes to fold!
How have ye answered to his beckoning call?
What have ye done his pathway to prepare?

Give answer, Ephraim, from thy mountain height,
Where streams the signal seen and sung of yore—
First-born of God in these, Earth's final days,

*Written for the Centennial Celebration of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 6, 1930.

EPHRAIM:

Tell on!—tell on! Truth wearies not mine ear.
I tracked the lone untrodden wilderness.
Here, 'neath my virile touch, once barren
Now sing for joy and bloom delightfully.
I've planted Zion's outposts, firm and strong.
Rock-fortressed by the everlasting hills,
Where Faith expectantly doth bide the hour.
When Zion's self from Eden's soil shall rise.
Thrilled by the glad acclamation: "The Bridegroom comes!"

Nor all my ministries on Western shores,
Nor all my sympathies with next of kin.
Have I not stood on ancient Olivet,
And offered prayer to heaven for Judah's weal?
Have I not combed the universe and drawn
The choice of nations to this favored land,
Where homing tribes shall shout to trembling hills,
And lift hosannas to the listening skies.
What limit to His merit or His claim?

And tell me, when did Christian charity
Mean justice for the wronged, 'neath trodden Jew?
Mercy, forsooth! what mercy have they shown?
Who slaughter 'neath the banner of the Cross?
Too much we hear of love and charity,
From lips of hate, from hearts of cruelty,
Boasting a leader whom they follow not.
Prating of love, but never practising.

This Jesus, whom they laud, not emulate.
Good man—'e'en great perchance. But why a God?
Joseph and Mary's son, a common Jew,
Who sat at feet of rabbis famed for lore,
And learned from them, yet brought forth nothing new.
Why should the knee of Israel bend to him?

The Improvement Era for April, 1930

I MESSIAH?—Him I see not in the man
Whom Christians name the Christ, their holy one.
I see not in their God my fathers' God,
Whose covenant abides with Abraham;
Who spake to Moses in the fiery Mount,
And gave the Law to govern Israel.
The Improvement Era for April, 1930

Which on the cross He pardoned and forgave.  
Man — merest man will die a friend to save.  
Who but a God, to save both foe and friend?  
And very God was He, though human-born,  
Divinely-gotten Child of Deity.  

But why waste words upon those recreant Jews,  
Those pseudo Christians — false that mask as true?  
The salt can lose its savor — so with them —  
Unworthy parts, bespeaking not the whole.  
Why dwell upon these human happenings?  
Unprofitable polemic wranglings!  
Lift thought and argument to higher planes.

JUDAH:  

A MEN! say I. And now to me make plain—  
To me, who am so dull — this mystery:  
What need had Israel of this Nazarene?  
Why came a Christ, great Moses having come?  
And why a Gospel when the Law was known?

ELIAS:  

WHAT need of Christ — the Lord — since Moses came?  
Moses to Christ was but as part to whole,  
Preface to book, mere river to the sea,  
And all the dispensations of the past,  
When heaven hath gladdened earth with spirit showers,  
Are but as streams that to one ocean flow.  
Why separate the Gospel from the Law —  
Greater and less — container and contained?  
Why part God from his prophet messengers,  
Sent from Above to voice and work his will,  
And preparation make for mightier things  
Than e'er were known among the sons of men;  
Completing what creation's morn began,  

When Gods in glory launched a universe?  

JUDAH:  

BUT Abraham — the solemn Covenant —  
Jehovah's sacred promise to His own:  
"In thee and thine all men, all nations blest" —  
Spoken these words upon the idle wind,  
That now they be as though they ne'er had been?

ELIAS:  

'TWAS Christ made covenant with Abraham,  
Jesus, Jehovah — for the twain are one;  
Then gave Himself that covenant to fulfill;  
And mixt His people with earth's alien tribes,  
That all — not Israel only — might be blest,  
Nor least and last of nations fail to share  
In blessings showered through him upon the world,  
Sprinkled, as rain, with his believing blood;  
Peopling the arid wastes of unbelief,  
With souls responsive to the clarion call  
Shaking the seas and isles and continents,  
And gathering what was scattered ages gone.

JUDAH:  

BUT Moses — what of him?  
Lived he for naught?  
Sayest thou his mighty mission was in vain?

ELIAS:  

NAY; but to round his glorious ministry,  
To link the lesser with the greater part,  
And make effectual all that went before,  
In this, the dispensation last of all,  
Came he the Keys of Gathering to restore;  
Lest Ephraim's rallying standard wave in vain  
O'er Joseph's land and Zion's, seen afar  
By seers and prophets from thy household sprung.

Whose sacred words flow down the centuries  
To find fulfillment in this ample age,  
Where past and present, sire and son must join,  
Perfection reign, and all in Christ be one.  
Ephraim his part hath played, and thou no less,  
In God's great drama — "Marvel and Wonder" named.  
Wherefore, complete thy story, well begun.  
What hast thou done His pathway to prepare?

JUDAH:  

HIS pathway! — his, the peasant carpenter,  
Whose body, stolen from the tomb, long since  
Hath crumbled and returned to native dust?  
Granting, for argument, he is to come.  
Why should I strew with palms his earthward way?  
Why for his coming should my soul prepare?

ELIAS:  

BECAUSE He is thy Father and thy Friend,  
Because He is the God of Israel —  
Buried yet risen Savior of mankind,  
Author and Giver of eternal life —  
What hast thou done that He on earth may reign?

Silent? Then wouldst thou choose one speak for thee,  
Who ne'er unfriendly was to thee or thine,  
But sympathetic in thy sorrows all?  
For thou hast borne the brunt of martyrdom,  
Alike in Christian and in heathen lands,  
Enduring long and suffering patiently,  
While lesser breeds have trampled thee and spurned.  
Driven — despoiled — tortured and trodden down,  
Drinking the bitter cup, Captivity,  
Yet still, through groaning, pain-racked centuries  
Honoring Jehovah's name, Jehovah's law,  
Spreading the knowledge of the living God.
Amid the shrines of Baal and Ash-toreth.

Why 'twas thy hand the instrument became
Of purpose heaven-ordained ere earth began,
Whereby, through sacrifice and death, came Life,
To rescue and redeem a fallen world—
No mortal knoweth. Only this men know:
Christ did not cast thee off. He that forgave
Is still thy Friend—as are true Christians all;
For none love God who hate what God doth love.

Forth in these modern days thine eager hand,
To build anew the old Jerusalem.
To raise once more her walls, oft leveled down;
To gather in thy sons and daughters fair,
And sow a sterile land with fruitfulness;
Redeeming thus thine ancient heritage,
That Zion's King may sit on David's throne.

Not all thy sons thy waried arms uphold,
Not all are Hur's and Aarons in the strife.
Summon thy woldings from the tinselled show,
Where folly reigns and ruin works its will.
Teach them to play a better, nobler part.
And walk with thee the greater "Great White Way."

Rouse all that slumber beneath sordid spells,
Or unto gods of dust low homage pay;
Bid them to bring their gold and jewels rare,
Their heaped up stores of precious merchandise,
Their wealth, like Pelion on Ossa piled,
And beautify the Holy Place of Him
Whose law shall yet from Zion's land go forth,
Whose royal edict from Jerusalem.
For Israel o'er Amalek must prevail,
And repossess in full the Promised Land.

Ah! Judah, could'st thou see what Ephraim sees—
Thy monarch in that lowly Nazarene.
Long-symbolized by the oft-slain paschal lamb,
Prophetic of the Sacrifice Supreme.
Wouldst thou could'st see what ancient seers discerned,
What spirit-quakened eyes may now behold—
Messiah in that Prophet first-of-all,
The Moses of a mightier Exodus
Than e'er was dreamt of in rabbinic lore;
Deliverer of a captive universe,
In bondage to the powers of death and hell!

And thy Deliverer in a day to come,
When hostile legions thunder at thy gates.
When half thy city hath become a spoil,
As written in the scroll of prophecy.

Then shalt thou see and feel His wounded hands,
Then shalt thou fall and worship at His feet;
And all that fight 'gainst Jacob's, Judah's God,
Shall be as dust and ashes whirlwind-blown,
As flying chaff before the hurricane.

JUDAH:

What confirmation hath these mighty claims?
How can I know if such great things be true?
If I be blind, who will my sight unscale?

ELIAS:

He who makes blind to see and deaf to hear—
Hearken to Him and whomsoe'er He sends.
Bow to the sceptre of the Son of God,
The gospel of the High and Holy One.
And by that Gift which maketh manifest
Thou'lt clearly see and of a surety know
The message Ephraim brings thee is divine—
Old and yet new, the Everlasting Truth,
Pure from the presence of our fathers' God.

Fresh from the fountains of Eternity.

JUDAH:

Why Ephraim? Why his proud pre-eminence,
Tower amon'g the tents of Israel?
Would thy word or thine determine all?

ELIAS:

Because it is the word of Israel's God,
Whose servant I, as I would fain be thine:—
The God of Moses and of Abraham,
The God of patriarchs and prophets all,
The God of Israel free and Israel chained:
God of the humble and the pure-in-heart:
God of the just, in every age and clime:
The Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary,
The King of Kings, the crucified and crowned.
Come, weary-laden, He will give thee rest.
And thou shalt tread the rose-strewn path of peace.

EPHRAIM:

Heed, Judah! heed Messiah's messenger.
Hearken to me, thy brother and thy friend.
No more doth envy of thee sour my soul,
Nor doth thine anger vex me, as of yore.
Forgiven as I forgive, clean, clear I stand.
And I am sent Good Tidings to proclaim.
No man-made creed—no dogma vague, unsound—
The Ancient Faith, pure, simple, sweet, sublime,
The Gospel in its plentitude of power,
The Gospel in its fulness—this I bring.

ELIAS:

JUDAH! 'tis Ephraim calls—he loves thee well,
And what thou lackest fain would he supply,
His envy hath departed—brother, friend.
He haleth thee. Oh be thou friend to him!
Why stand aloof? Why doubt and hesitate?
Jerusalem and Zion are as one.
See Japheth launch his ships to
people them!
The Gentile, all unknowingly doth serve
The cause of Him who summons
Israel
To Joseph's land, to Judah's hills and vales,
Behold them in their flight from
Babel's doom,
Borne on the shoulders of the Philistine!

Be not outstript in such a glorious
race,
Judah, arise! Put on thine ancient
might.
Expand thy soul, enlarge thy
sympathy;
Join hands with Ephraim, and
bring to pass
All that the prophets and the seers
foretold!

JUDAH:

THY speech I can believe most
kindly meant,

Thy motive pure and generous and
just.
But who can change the course of
destiny?
Who void what Great Jehovah
hath decreed?
'Tis conscience guides me, and high
Heaven alone
Doth hold, of that mysterious
lock, the key.
Yet something tells me we shall
meet again.
God grant it be as friends! And
so, farewell.

The Stone Was Rolled Away

By L. D. STEARNS

The city dozed fitfully—uneasily. Even in sleep, oppression
weighed heavily against the sensibilities of both high and low—
wise and simple. The King of the Jews—he who had dared call
himself son of God—had been put to death. That special menace to
earthly power was ended. The tomb had been made fast—a watch
set. But the strange darkness that had settled like a pall over the
earth, at the moment of his death, added to the terrific earthquake
that had rent the temple from top to bottom, had been most disquieting.
The hardest, even, had been touched with strange nausea; the bravest had whispered, "What if—"
and let the thought go unfinished. Its ending was not pleasant
to contemplate. The awful business was over—finished! Best
to forget it—to put it out of one's thought!

The second day passed slowly.
People had begun to breathe more easily—to go about their business
with lighter hearts. In the home of John the mother of Jesus wept.
Sadly, Peter went to and fro—his heart heavy. He could not forget
his repeated denial of his Lord.

Sorrow sat drearily upon all the little band who had loved and
believed in him who was thus crucified.

As night approached, the wind
rustled through the trees. Not
a bird sang. A dull, leaden hue
almost obscured the sky. Earth
seemed sodden with a slow mist
that appeared to gather and drop,
like tears, from Nature's eyes. So
long the night—so slow! So very
slow!

At last a break—a tiny glow
creeping above the hills, yet few
saw it! Tired eyes were closed.
The weary city slept. But in the
shifting greyness—very early, while
it was still not light—Mary Magdalene and the other Mary arose,
and carrying spices and ointment
went to the sepulchre, that they
might, if by chance some one could
be found to roll away the stone,
one more anoint the body of their
Lord. Their eyes, heavy with
grief and loss of sleep, did not note
that the grey strangeness of yester-
day had broken, or that the tiny
thread of light, creeping slowly
upward in the east, held a hint of
dazzling brilliance. Pondering,
they reached the tomb. "And when
they looked, they saw that the
stone was rolled away!"

SUDDENLY, magically, the
earth flamed into glory. Christ
had spoken! "Go to my brethren,
and say unto them, I ascend
unto my Father, and your Father:
and to my God, and your God!"

Finished? No! From every quarter of the earth today—from
tree, and shrub, and bloom,—
from brook, and star, and sun,—
from cloud, and mist, and sod,
the echo spreads and rolls, "My
Father, and your Father: my God,
and your God!"

AGES may come and go—theo-
ries rise and fall; creeds may
surge this way, and that; but
sweetly, steadily, mightily, the echo rolls.—"My God, and your
God!" Catching the rhythm of
the swelling notes, humanity—
solemn, sinfull, disordered, but
still beautiful humanity, with its
divine capacity for love and holiness,—looks up, searching, seek-
ing! Deep, deeper, and ever deeper,
a tiny flame strikes, here and
there, into life.

We are ignorant of much; we
may not be able to formulate with
exactness our conception of God's
power; but when his voice rolls
down the abyss of time, he who
hears it knows that God has spoken.
As warmth dissipates the chill from hitherto cold hearts, one
knows, of a surety, that one no
more is cold. Before one glows a
vision, reaching straight to Para-
dise! Faith swings up, and up!
More, even, than faith. For as
tides shall roll, and seasons change,
and daylight follow night, the
touch and sense of Divinity with-
in the soul, its strength, its sweet-
ness, will have a power all its
own, as far removed from mere
emotionalism as the east is removed
from the west. He who has felt
it, been warmed and sweetened by
it, knows, in very truth, the re-
ality and power of him who "roll-
ed the stone away."
TIMES without number in the last one hundred years the question has been asked, What, after all, is the precise difference between the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and other Christian denominations, Protestant and Catholic? In other words, is there some one thing that is a characteristic mark of "Mormonism," and, if so, just what is it?

To the superficial observer, whether within or without the "Mormon" Church, the difference might seem to lie in parts of its ritual, or in its marriage system, or in its compact and effective organization, or in its vast network of proselytism, or in its so-called materialism, or in all of these combined.

But that is not the case. The real difference between "Mormonism" and other Christian bodies is to be found within, not without. For back of any ritualistic peculiarities that may appear, back of any organized effectiveness, back of any apparent self-advertisement and commercialism, back of everything that may show on the surface is an intangible reality.

And that is Priesthood.

Outsiders as well as insiders, if pressed for their opinion, would readily admit the accuracy of this judgment.

Not polygamy, not solidarity, not propaganda, not materialism has been responsible for the opposition that the Church has almost continuously experienced in this age. These at bottom have been merely excuses, not reasons. The real point of attack, whether consciously or unconsciously, has always been Priesthood, the claims of the Saints to direct divine authority.

Moreover, speaking now from the viewpoint of the Saints themselves, not the "auxiliaries," not the educational system in the Church, not the missionary system, not the various principles and ordinances of the Church, not even the organization of the Church itself is the main thing in their minds. The main thing in their minds is what lies behind all these and vitalizes them and gives them meaning—Priesthood. That is why, in the last analysis, everything in "Mormonism" comes back to Priesthood and acquires significance therefrom.

Priesthood is therefore not only the point of divergence between the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and all other Christian bodies, but the very quintessence of this religion—the thing without which it could not possibly exist.

Priesthood, with the Saints as with other Christian churches, is authority delegated by God to man by which man acts for Deity in His name in a way that makes any act performed by man under this divine warrant as valid as if it were done by the Lord in person. Only, the "Mormons" lay great store by the Priesthood than any other Christian body whatsoever.

The theory is very simple. Man is literally, and not figuratively, a child of God. God is in a very real sense the Father of the spirits of all men. This being the case, it naturally follows, first, that the Lord is very much concerned about our welfare both here and hereafter and, secondly, is both anxious and able to provide a means by which we, His children, may overcome any factors in our environment that do not make for our growth. That means is the Church.

The Church is therefore God-made, not man-made—God-made, because it requires higher wisdom than man possesses. It is the form through which the substance works, the tangible through which the intangible operates, the pattern through which spiritual ideals manifest themselves. In a word, the Church is the incarnation of Christian truth. For as the human spirit expresses itself through the human body, so the Gospel—God's spell, or power—expresses itself through the Church.

But the Church needs to be conducted by the same wisdom that brought it into existence in the first place. The vehicle requires to be guided so that its precious cargo shall be safe. Hence the Priesthood. Moreover, Priesthood is in the main the channel through which communication between God and man is maintained.

Thus questions as to whether the Church should be ruled by elders or bishops or apostles, whether baptism ought to be by immersion or by sprinkling, whether infants may properly be baptized, whether a priest may forgive sins, and a hundred other similar questions of government or principle or ordinance, become
matters ultimately for men to decide who hold the Priesthood by undisputed right, not by men who have arrogated this authority unto themselves. Also any alterations made in the Church, either in its form, or its substance, are by themselves of small moment. The all important point is, Have they been made by duly accredited representatives of God?

But Priesthood, in the view of the Saints, is a matter that touches more than our present existence. It concerns the entire span of the eternal spirit, whether in its pre-earth life, its life here and now, or its life after this.

PRIESTHOOD was known in the unembodied state. Jeremiah, the Bible tells us, was "sanctified" before he was born and "ordained" to be "a prophet unto the nations." Abraham likewise, as we are informed in a modern translation of an old document, was "chosen before he was born" while he was still "in the midst" of the "intelligences that were organized before the world was," and he was appointed one of God's "rulers" that were to be in the earth-life. That is, these two men were endowed with the Priesthood in the spirit-state. Not only these two great prophets, but others as well were "set apart" for specific work to be done after they should be incarnated in the flesh.

And after this life also, first in the intermediate state and then in the resurrection, Priesthood will be as necessary as in our present state. For organization inheres in human association, in all forms of existence. It is a thing of the intelligent spirit, not of the body, and this irrespective of whether the spirit is embodied or not or whether, if embodied, its tabernacle is mortal or immortal. Even in the next life there will be educative processes to be set going and carried on, and this work must be done by those who are properly qualified, both by nature and by credentials. And that means Priesthood.

THIS importance attaching to Priesthood in the minds of the "Mormon" people it is that led the Prophet Joseph Smith, the founder of the modern Church, into an original and impressive line of conduct in relation to his pre-destined work in this dispensation.

The Heavenly Gift
By RUTH MAY FOX

ONE hundred times the bells have tolled the passing of a year Since Faith and Truth clasped hands and pledged the message they held dear. Should roll the clouds of error back into oblivion's den, The Dove of Peace should yet find rest within the world of men.

But first must come authority from Him who rules the sun, To minister in His most name, the All-transcendent One, Who holds the keys of life and death, who bids the silent tomb Give up its dead to glorious life, man's everlasting boon.

Ambassadors must be sent forth endowed with heavenly power To raise His royal standard on every roof and tower: To preach repentance to a world beset with sin and woe, That every man might find a friend, the gift of love bestowed.

So faith unlocked the heavenly gates and light came streaming through, The light that shines in darkness but only seen by few: And Truth rejoiced exceedingly and scattered jewels rare On hill and dale throughout the earth for men to find and wear.

Then progress from his slumber bëapt and saw the splendid gleam, Emitting rays that stirred the world and Science caught a beam; She spread her wings and wowed her wand till earth and sea and air. Responded to her magic touch, and marvels everywhere.

Amazed mankind while nature sighed that she should be the sleek, Of mortal man who claimed the right the first commandment gave, To wrest earth's secrets from her breast, the elements subdued. To hold dominion in his grasp and make the old world new.

What hath man wrought? all living things in wonderment exclaim. The dwellers of the sea and air, the mountain and the plain. All glory to the heavenly Light which seals intelligence And leaves man partnership in God's omnipotence.

Once having decided in his own mind to set up a church, he might have assumed the prerogatives of religious leadership, as many others before him had done, without asking himself any questions as to his priesthood. Or, having asked them, he might have imitated the practice of many religious reformers before his time, and sought to trace his authority back through dubious channels to some one else.

But he did not. He broke utterly with both past and present, so far as the churches were concerned. Instead he sought and obtained fresh contacts with God.

His first great revelation is well known to those who are familiar with the rise of "Mormonism." Likewise the story of how the Book of Mormon was revealed through the ministrations of the Angel Moroni. In the first vision he learned through a personal visitation, that God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ were veritable personages, that they were two beings and not one, as was generally taught in his day, and that the heavens were not as a canopy of impenetrable brass over man's head. In the second heavenly manifestation he learned of the ancestors of the American Indians, of the history of these peoples, and of the numerous revelations and visions vouchsafed to the Jaredites and the Nephites.

One would imagine that two such glorious manifestations as these would be sufficient warrant to proceed to the organization of a church. But Joseph Smith did not think so, even though he had been told in the earlier vision that the Church would be restored through him. For in neither of these revelations did he receive authority to establish the Church of Christ.

Accordingly, as he tells us, in May, 1829, while he and Oliver Cowdery were praying "in the woods" near Harmony, Pennsylvania, John the Baptist, acting, as he explained, under the direction of the ancient Apostles Peter, James, and John, appeared to them. Laying his hands on their heads, he ordained them to the "Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins." Subsequently—in May or June, 1829—the Apostles Peter, James, and John appeared to Joseph and
Oliver "on the banks of the Susquehanna river" and ordained them to the apostleship, making them "special witnesses" to the name of Christ and giving them "the keys of the kingdom and of the Dispensation of the Fullness of Times."

Thus the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints rests upon the secure foundation of an authority conferred upon its "first elder" by men who were ordained under the hands of the founder of Christianity himself. And every man now holding any degree of spiritual authority in the "Mormon" Church, if he wished to do so, could trace his Priesthood back directly to that "first elder" in the organization—Joseph Smith.

A DISTINCTIVE feature of Priesthood among the Latter-day Saints is its democracy.

In the religious history of the world it would appear that the men holding the priesthood in any community were limited to a comparatively small group of carefully selected persons trained to the service. And this is true of Christian as well as of pagan peoples, in modern as in ancient times. It is true of even the Israelites before our Savior's time.

But Priesthood in the "Mormon" Church is in striking contrast to this. For with us it is very widely distributed. In a total male membership of almost two hundred ninety-five thousand, approximately one hundred fifty thousand hold the Priesthood in one of its grades. Deducting those under twelve years of age, at which time the Priesthood is first conferred, we have a situation where practically the entire male membership of the Church holds the Priesthood. This is altogether without parallel in the long history of religion.

If there is any man in the organization who does not have the Priesthood, it is either because he does not want it or because he does not care to live for it. For every boy is urged to aspire to the office of elder, that being the grade which entitles him to all the rights, privileges, and blessings of Priesthood in general. Nor is there any special qualification or discipline necessary to hold the Priesthood, other than faith, good works, and a desire to "magnify" the calling.

A GREAT social leveler, this "Mormon" idea of Priesthood. It tends to make all men the same height so far as concerns access to spiritual blessings. And it brings about this religious equalization, not by lowering the high, but by raising the lowly. The president of a big business corporation and the man who runs his elevator not only stand on the same plane in their Priesthood meeting, but the hired man may even be a presiding officer in the "quorum" of which his employer is a member. And nothing is thought of it. Than this power of Priesthood there could be no greater stimulus to individual achievement and self-respect.

Another striking characteristic of Priesthood among the Latter-day Saints is the method by which it is exercised.

It is commonly believed by non-members of the Church that force, compulsion, coercion, threats, are the means by which government is conducted in "Mormon" communities, and that this element of external control is all the more potent because it is underground. That indeed has too often been the method used by religions in the past, even by churches that bore the name of the lowly Nazarene.

But that has never been the method sanctioned by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The founder of "Mormonism," when asked how he managed to govern such a heterogeneous body as he had gathered in Nauvoo, Illinois, is said to have replied, "I teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves." And that this statement was more than an off-hand remark spoken on the spur of the moment, is evident by the policy he laid down very deliberately and included in a volume intended to be for the direction of his people.

"The rights of the Priesthood," he says, "are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and 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."

THAT has always been the ideal held by the Church, and if any man has presumed to employ the Priesthood as a means of compulsion, he has deviated from the spirit as well as the letter of this standard requirement. The only element the Church considers legitimate as an instrumentality of religious government is love. For, according to the Prophet Joseph Smith in the same statement quoted above, "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."

Such then, in brief, is the character of Priesthood, in theory and practice, among the Latter-day Saints.

It is of the very essence of the Church here below. It furnishes the groundwork of revealed religion. It is co-extensive with the eternal spirit of man, and inheres in human associations. It was given anew in modern times to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and not inherited by him in a manner involved in doubts and questionings. And its motivating power is love rather than compulsion.

IN the hundreds of years since the organization of the Church in this dispensation, Priesthood has undoubtedly been the most potent factor in religious education among the Saints. Accessible, as it has been, to every man, it has given him a dignity and a self-respect, and furnished him with an incentive to character-building through thought and work, such as could not have come to him in any other way.

It is therefore safe to say that without the Priesthood the "Mormonism" we know today could not possibly persist, and that with it there is a power in the Church of incalculable value making for righteousness here and for salvation and exaltation in the world to come.
Another Utah Man Honored

By ROBERT L. JUDD

President Hoover has recently appointed Dr. Edgar B. Brossard, of Utah, Chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, the highest authority in the country on tariff matters. By this appointment the President has shown again his very commendable policy of selecting well-trained men of sound judgment for the public service they are to perform. It is a distinct honor to the State of Utah and reflects great credit on its religious and educational institutions.

Chairman Brossard is a product of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and its teachings and an alumnus and former professor of the Utah State Agricultural College. Like most young men of the Church, after graduation from the State College he filled a mission spending three years in Europe, where he was for two years the first President of the newly organized French Mission, with headquarters at Paris, France. He has always been actively engaged in Church work as Sunday School teacher or superintendent, or in the work of the Priesthood. At present he is President of the branch of the Church at the capital. Although he has been away from home much of the time attending eastern universities or following his profession he has always found time to attend to his religious duties. One has only to talk with him to learn that he has a deep affection for the principles of the Gospel and a sincere appreciation for his membership in the Church.

Dr. Brossard, a trained economist, is recognized as one of the leading authorities of the country on the tariff. He was first appointed a member of the tariff commission by President Coolidge in 1925, and has served continuously since that time.

Dr. Brossard was born and raised on a cattle ranch near Oxford, Bannock County, Idaho, April 1, 1889. The Brossard family lived there nearly 30 years, being one of the early pioneer families of the West, but about 30 years ago moved to Logan, Utah, that their sons and daughters might attend college there. Because of his training and experience Dr. Brossard knows first hand the farm and livestock problems of the country.

After graduating from the Utah State Agricultural College in 1911, and completing his three years in the mission field, Dr. Brossard spent three additional years in graduate study in other universities—one year at Cornell University in New York and two years at the University of Minnesota. From the latter institution he received the degrees of Master of Science (M. S.) and Doctor of Philosophy (Ph. D.). He specialized in economics and farm management and wrote his major theses on agricultural economic problems. He has made careful study of the tariff and other technical problems of public finance and has taken special courses in advanced statistical methods, cost accounting, and economic and industrial development and management, which information adds to his usefulness in the work of the tariff commission.

During the three years that Dr. Brossard was in Europe he became acquainted with the economic, industrial, agricultural, and political conditions of the leading countries, especially of Western Europe.

Returning to the United States, he was employed as a tariff expert in Agricultural Economics and Farm Management by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Utah State Agricultural College. While in this position he made investigations of the business records of hundreds of farmers and their efficiency in managing their farms, and upon analyzing their business statements and farm practices, demonstrated methods of improvement. He taught the farmers how to keep farm accounts, how to determine the costs of production of their farm products, and the benefits to be derived from a careful business analysis of farming operations. He also assisted in making farm business analysis studies in Illinois and in Minnesota in cooperation with the United States Department of Agriculture, and made some business analysis of farms in New York State.

For a number of years he taught the subject of economics, agricultural economics, and farm management in the University of Minnesota and the Utah State Agricultural College. He has also had about 12 years' experience in research along these lines. He is author of numerous technical and popular bulletins, articles, and addresses on the tariff and the economic problems of agriculture.

From 1923 until his appointment as a member of the Tariff Commission in 1925, he was employed as economist for the Commission, and for more than four years he has been a member of the Commission, and this has enabled him thoroughly to acquaint himself with its work and to render valuable and satisfactory service. This appointment along with others made in recent years shows the standing of members of the Church in the eyes of the intelligent and informed persons of the world, which is in striking contrast with the conditions of 100 years ago.
Nauvoo Homes of Early Church Leaders
From the Green Mountains to the Rockies

By JOHN D. GILES
Member of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.

TRULY "Nauvoo, the beautiful," is today just a memory as compared with the city which, in 1844, was the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith and most of his followers. Neglected, abandoned in sections, merely a shadow of its former self, but still beautiful because of its charming location and its ideal setting in a great horseshoe bend of the Mississippi, the city chosen by Joseph Smith as the site of the Temple and the place where the first real attempt of the "Mormons" at colonization was made, is now merely a country village.

From the day when Nauvoo was selected as the seat of Church government to the day of the martyrdom, it made rapid and steady progress, and grew from a village of a few homes to one of the largest cities in Illinois. It was larger than Chicago at that time and rivaled Springfield, the state capital.

EVER since the martyrdom it has declined. Today it is a town of approximately 1,200 people. With the murder of the Prophet and his brother it became apparent that the town was doomed. The terror of those awful days caused many to move away immediately; and two years later the great body of the Saints, under the leadership of Brigham Young, abandoned the city and started across Iowa on the journey that eventually brought them to the Rocky Mountains.

In the days of the Prophet, the Temple stood on the hill, overlooking the Mississippi on three sides. To the west the front of the Temple faced the river, whose great bend at this point also brings it to the north and south of the Temple site, making an unusually choice setting and being largely responsible for the title, "Nauvoo, the beautiful." Certainly it would hardly merit that description today were it not for its charming location.

The Temple, the pride of "Mormons" and unprejudiced non"Mormons" alike, is now like the glory and former beauty of the city, but a memory. Nothing remains to mark the spot save the old well which supplied water for the baptismal font. Every stone, every bit of evidence that a Temple once occupied the spot has been carried away. No marker, no monument—nothing but grass and weeds.

UPON the occasion of our last visit, the Temple site was offered for sale. A representative of the owner offered an option (with no payment to bind it) based upon a price of $1,640, the purpose being to resell it to the "Utah Church." Needless to say no option was taken and no sale was made, at least on that basis. Since that time, I am informed, a cottage has been erected on part of the site, indicating that a purchaser was finally found.

To contrast the Nauvoo of 1930 effectively with that of 1844, two mental pictures are necessary. The
first is that of a thriving, prosperous city of 20,000 to 25,000 inhabitants, the largest city in that section and the envy of the surrounding towns. To say it was a thriving city but states the fact. From all directions people came to Nauvoo, either to join the Saints, learn about them or to trade with them. The city was in many ways a “boom” town and unfortunately attracted many undesirable characters, the type always found in the vanguard of new communities. Men having but one purpose, to take advantage of every opportunity, fair or foul, to profit from the activity of the city, found their way there. But others came also. From New England, from the Eastern States and from the South came converts who were real pioneers. From Europe came skilled workmen.

Between Montrose, directly across the river, and Nauvoo there was a steady stream of commerce carried on by means of ferry boats. With Carthage, the county seat, some twenty miles away, with Quincy, down the river, Burlington to the north and other communities, there was considerable commercial intercourse.

The city was admirably platted. Main Street, running north and south, with the river as its terminus at either end, marked the center of activities. To the east the Temple occupied the highest spot of ground and could be seen from all parts of the city. Near it was the arsenal. In all parts of the city substantial homes were built. Today, nearly a hundred years later, all the homes shown in the group picture on another page are still standing and, despite the fact that for years little or no effort at upkeep has been made, most of them are in excellent condition. The home of Parley P. Pratt was remodeled by the sisters of the Catholic church but, because of some financial difficulty, has not since been used. The homes of Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff and Lorenzo Snow, all of whom later became presidents of the Church, are still standing and are especially pointed out to tourists as the former homes of presidents of the “Mormon” Church.

The cottage used by Joseph Smith as his first home in Nauvoo, near which is the grave of Emma Smith, the Mansion House, the home of the Prophet at the time of the martyrdom, and the Nauvoo House, intended to be used as a hotel but never fully completed, are also still standing. All three are now owned by the “Re-organized” church, title having come down through Emma Smith the Prophet’s widow to her sons and finally to the church with which they became affiliated. The Mansion House is used as the residence of the presiding elder and is visited by thousands of tourists each year. The cottage and the Nauvoo House are used during the annual reunions of the “Re-organized” church which bring thousands of people to Nauvoo. That the buildings erected in the development of Nauvoo were well-built and substantial has been proved by the fact that nearly a hundred years of service finds them still in use.

Now contrast that picture with the view one gets today. The population has dwindled to approximately 1,200. Several cities within a radius of a hundred miles are larger and more prosperous. The only commerce of any consequence carried on with surrounding communities consists of a generous crop of Concord grapes which are ferried across the river to Montrose and then shipped north and west via the Burlington railroad.

The old Main Street is practically deserted except at its northern junction with the river, where are located the Mansion House, the Cottage, the Nauvoo House and the public tourist park. Further south only tumble-down buildings indicate where the center of activities was in the early days.

The old printing office is rapidly crumbling away and, being given no care, will soon be obliterated entirely. The street is overgrown with grass and weeds. No effort is made to keep up the streets or property in this section.

The present business section, very small in comparison with that of former times, has been shifted to Mulholland street to the south and on the hill, nearer the Temple site. The lower ground, sloping toward the river, formerly the busy part of the city, is now almost entirely devoted to grape vineyards, the growing of grapes being the principal and practically the only industry of the community.

With the exodus of the Saints Nauvoo took on a strangely vacant and deserted appearance. The city which had risen so rapidly and had been the scene of such marked
activity resembled a western mining town after the ore had "played out." In 1849, three years after the "Mormons" had left the city, Itienne Cabot, leader of the French Icarian Communists led his followers to Nauvoo where they took possession of many of the vacant houses and attempted to establish a communistic colony. Among them were many artisans and professional men. Following the example of the Saints they established industries and business enterprises.

BUT the plan proved impractical. Dissension arose among them and the formation of small social groups and cliques finally led to the collapse of the movement and Nauvoo was again abandoned. Some of the buildings erected by the Icarians still stand as reminders of their occupancy of the city. Among them are a large apartment house and a school house built of Temple stone.

Neglected, dilapidated-looking, except in the newer section, deserted entirely in some sections and yet inhabited by people who still look forward to a restoration of the city and a return to its former importance and activity, Nauvoo presents a pathetic picture as it stands today. The Unity Club, in an attractive circular given to visitors to the city, points out the advantages of Nauvoo for industrial, commercial and agricultural enterprises. Its attractions are summed up in the circular as follows: "As a suburban town Nauvoo should attract many city dwellers. The beautiful bluffs and sites overlooking the Father of Waters would make ideal places for pretty homes for people who admire beautiful and healthful, natural surroundings. And here is rich soil for truck and fruit farming, the garden spot of Illinois. This is an ideal spot for a summer resort. Nauvoo has the requirements of a modern city, with many natural advantages and resources. We have a splendid water works and sewer system, fine natural drainage, excellent factory and residence sites. Its inhabitants are anticipating a rehabilitation and future greatness and they firmly believe that its favorable situation destined it to become a large city."

In addition to the Temple site, the homes of Church leaders, the old cemetery, the Mansion House. Cottage and other points mentioned, there is one additional attraction which no visitor to Nauvoo should miss. It is the museum of "Mormon" and Indian relics, antiquities, curios and manuscripts maintained by William Rheimbold at the Oriental hotel. The museum is in the lobby of the hotel and is free to visitors. Not only is there a remarkable and extensive collection of important and interesting Church relics but in the Indian collection are more than 2,200 arrowheads, which the owner has gathered within ten miles of Nauvoo, indicating that in the past the site of the city has been an important Indian battle ground. Other evidences of the presence of Indians in large numbers in that vicinity are contained in the collection.

When the Saints evacuated Nauvoo they crossed the river to Montrose, and thence across Iowa to Kanesville, now Council Bluffs on the Missouri river. Crossing the Missouri Brigham Young and his followers, who later became the pioneers of Utah, and the intermountain country, established themselves at Winter Quarters now a part of Omaha from where the migration westward began. Farther down the Missouri valley are Independence, Liberty and Richmond. Visits to these cities will be the subject of the next installment of this travelogue.

My Needs
By MRS. NESTOR NOEL

"Man wants but little here below; nor wants that little long."

THAT anyone should have ever used these or similar words seems an impossibility. It simply cannot be! Ah well, he did not live in 1930! How easily he must have been satisfied! How many of the pleasures of life he must have missed!

Judging from myself and those around me I find our needs are manifold.

I need a little corner of the earth that I can call my own, whereon I can build me a house—the house of my dreams! It must have a front porch overgrown with rambler roses, a back porch shadowed by honeysuckle, a side porch leading on to a tennis lawn, another porch approached by French windows, leading to the garden, and what a garden!

IT is not bound to be a big garden, but it must boast of a lover’s lane, it must grow beautiful flowers and possess nooks and corners shaded by great trees where I can sit with congenial persons whose tastes are similar to mine. Did I forget to say this garden must have a fountain, and a deep pond where goldfish sport and enjoy life? Walking about there must be my setter, Caesar. In and out of the bushes, I must see my Persian Cat, Flossy, with her

(Continued on page 422)
The M. I. A.—Builders of Youth

By GEORGE ALBERT SMITH
Of the Council of Twelve and General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A.

MUTUAL Improvement! How pregnant with meaning are those words Mutual Improvement, particularly when they are applied to the activities of an entire community! The idea embodied therein is one of the corner stones of Christianity. While the organization of the Mutual Improvement Associations was not contemporaneous with that of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, the underlying thought of reciprocal helpfulness has ever been a characteristic of this movement. As an illustration, in the very early and troublous days of the Church the "School of the Prophets" was called into being with this as its objective.

In many communities there are prodigal sons who have to be redeemed, and the Church has ever been mindful of their worth and has gone out to seek them and where possible induce them to return to the fold. But more vital even than this commendable work of rescue is a far-reaching activity which aims to reduce to the minimum the number who stray.

To effectively touch the lives of young people, just entering the pubescent state and the years immediately following, is almost invariably a difficult task, but there is a way which leads into the innermost recesses of every heart if it can but be discovered. To find that way, to get into the heart of the individual, to plant there seeds of righteousness which will outgrow and choke out the seeds of evil, is the mission of this organization. This can usually, perhaps always, be accomplished if the right agencies are put into operation. However, the wide range of individual tastes makes necessary a great variety of preventive methods.

While the M. I. A. invites the middle-aged and even the aged to enroll as members, an invitation which is accepted by many, its mission primarily is with those boys and girls and young men and women who are passing through the most critical period of their lives. Its aim is to secure to its members in their youth a conscious testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, by the development and exercise of the gift of God within them, bestowed upon them in their childhood by the laying on of hands of the Priesthood; and so prepare and, in a measure, qualify them for the missions they are expected to perform.

Every experienced person knows that this cannot be done by the lecture method. Vigorous and independent youth wants to work out its own problems and is determined to be an active factor in the scheme of things. With this thought in mind young men and young women are usually called as officers of the M. I. A. organizations. They preside in the meetings and to a very great extent arrange and carry out the programs. Their own constructive suggestions are always given consideration and frequently tried out. This is demonstrated by the M Men's idea, to which many a boy owes his salvation. It had its inception in a group of young men who were given permission to experiment and perfect plans. The results were carefully analyzed and proved so satisfactory that the movement soon became Church-wide.

FIFTY years ago over eleven hundred young men marched, carrying at their head the banner of the Associations inscribed with its motto, "The Glory of God is Intelligence," and the declaration "Ten Thousand Strong.

About that same time a "reading course" was adopted and the first year's series of five volumes issued. Suggestive lectures treating upon religion, history, science, literature and biography, to which readings from the books provided were intended as supplemental, became the fundamental order of exercises, the basis of future manuals.

In 1879 the Contributor, the official organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, and ten years later the Young Woman's Journal, organ of the Young Ladies, came into existence. Through the opportunities thus afforded hundreds of young men and women acquired the taste and habit of writing for publication, and by their efforts laid substantial foundation for authorship of merit. Musical and oratorical contests of imposing importance became features of the annual conference to which two or three days in the month of June were devoted.

AFTER seventeen years of usefulness the Contributor was discontinued, to be followed in 1897 by the Improvement Era. The Young Woman's Journal continued uninterruptedly for forty years when it joined fortunes with the Era in the autumn of 1929.

Because of the fact that every member of this Church should be prepared to give, at home or abroad, a "reason for the hope that is within him" public speaking has always been encouraged. This
prompted President Brigham Young to say at the time of the organization of the Y. M. I. A.: "We want our young men to get into the habit of bearing testimony. They may say they haven't any testimony to bear; get them to stand on their feet and try and they will soon find that the Lord will put into their mouths things to say and give them utterance to many truths they had never thought of. They will get testimonies as they try to bear them. Get them to stand up and try. More people have obtained testimonies while standing on their feet than down on their knees praying for them."

It should be remembered that at the time the M. I. A. was launched, opportunities for schooling in this community were rather limited. In a new country where primitive living conditions obtain, a natural tendency is for active young men to become reckless, rough, and uncouth. Inspired Church leaders provided as an antidote for this condition, activities leading toward faith, culture, and refinement. They had unwavering confidence in the integrity of the young people, knowing that, with all their faults, they were submissive and obedient to counsel and would react satisfactorily to constructive suggestions.

Built upon such fundamental principles, it was expected that these parallel M. I. A. organizations would go constantly forward. In the main they have done so with no set-back or serious failure. They have well, if not perfectly, preserved the spirit and aim of their being and to that extent have rendered service to the Church and afforded invaluable experience to its members.

This brief historical background of M. I. A. objectives is given merely with the view of showing the importance in which the principle of mutual improvement was held during days of hardship when, to people of less faith and vision, all the energies of the community might easily have been devoted to conquering the desert and acquiring some of the more tangible things of life.

Today there are 895 joint associations in the organized wards of the Church and 138 more in the established missions. These latter are scattered from South Africa to the "land of the midnight sun," from Tasmania through the important islands of the Pacific, and from Argentina to Canada. The total membership in round numbers is one hundred thousand.

Every boy of twelve years is eligible for the Boy Scout organization which has become a part of the M. I. A. program. Here he does, under specially selected leadership, what Scouts do elsewhere. At the time when habits are most easily formed, he learns to be God-fearing, obedient to authority, considerate of others, honorable in his conduct, in short, to lay a foundation upon which worthy manhood may be built.

Scout work in this Church is not different from that of other communities, except that it is correlated with the duties of the deacons' quorum, to which every properly trained boy of twelve is expected to belong.

At fifteen he may become a Vanguard where he is given a program of advanced Scouting adapted to the tastes of boys who are beginning to feel the urge of manhood. At this age they are not satisfied to follow the commands of others, but aspire to leadership themselves and feel very much superior to their smaller brothers and acquaintances. The first novelty of Scouting has worn off, and they crave something new. A program suited to their tastes and desires is therefore prepared which fits into the Priesthood work assigned to the ordained teachers, and more responsibility is placed upon them.

Two years later, and until he has reached the age of twenty-four, he may be an M Man and finds here an outlet for his energies along athletic, musical, social, and intellectual lines. These M Men are given the privilege of choosing their own officers, and all have the opportunity of being on one of five committees selected to carry forward the program.

At an age when many young fellows consider it smart to violate the law, he may be put on a committee whose duty it is to promote the current M. I. A. slogan: "We stand for the preservation of our heritage through obedience to law." Or his assignment may be to lead out in movements directed to the beautifying of his town and the improvement of community life.

The M. I. A. has also made delightful and adequate provision for the girls of the Church, with most gratifying results. The girl of fourteen years is enrolled in a Bee-Hive swarm. During the two years as a Bee-Hive girl, she is taken through a program of activity unsurpassed anywhere. Based upon the Spirit of the Hive, described in Maeterlink's "Life of the Bee"—that unseen power which moves and actuates to selfless achievement—the girl learns the Bee-Hive Code, "Have Faith, Seek Knowledge, Safeguard Health, Honor Womanhood, Understand Beauty, Know Work, Love Truth, Taste the Sweetness of Service, Feel Joy"—a code which if incorporated in her life will assure happy, peaceful womanhood.

Into life she goes, filling cells with the honey of experience from the fields of Religion, Home, Health, Domestic Art, Out of Doors, Business and Public Service. There is an excellent opportunity for her to discover interests which might serve as a guide in her choice of hobbies as well as vocation.

The beauty of Motherhood is the paramount thought of the Bee-Hive plan, as expressed in the words of the Builders' Purpose:

As bees bring to their building
Obedient and purposeful service,
So into the hive of life
I enter to do my part.
Faith I have in my fathers—
Faith to move me to action.
Health I hold in my keeping
Health to guard and to cherish
That life may come to my children
Pure and in limitless power.

There are over 11,000 Bee-Hive girls at present engaged in active work, besides countless thousands of others who have been touched with the charm of its influence.

The Junior Girls are sixteen and seventeen years of age. They are the girls on life's threshold: beauty is their watchword and the rose is their flower. Their courses of study include subjects which deal with beauty—the beauty of good manners, of unselfishness, of goodness, of truth, and greatest of all, of the Latter-day Gospel.

Their project is a cultivation of an appreciation of beauty through
the raising of flowers, and many churches and homes have been made sweet and fragrant by the placing therein of lovely blossoms grown by the girls.

**The Gleaners, 10,000 strong.** are the older girls of the M. I. A. whose ideal is Ruth of old. As she gleaned in the wake of the harvesters, so do these modern girls follow the trail of Knowledge and gather the perfect stalks which they bind into the sheaves of daily life and glowing womanhood.

**Mindful of the Church ideals,** they delve into subjects of home management, marriage, child training, health, etiquette, and character, all of these being touched with the spirit of Gospel teachings.

In many of their activities they join with the M Men and seek expression in drama, dancing, public speaking, music, games, handicrafts, etc., and in them they learn to live fully and busily.

With home as a central theme, and a daily contribution to its honor and happiness as their project, the Gleaners are daily reaping the blessings which the home-loving pioneers sowed and cultivated for the benefit of the generations to follow.

It would be difficult to find in the world another concerted plan for the activities of young people which is comparable with that provided for the M Men and the Gleaner Girls. Not only do these cover a wide range of activity but in quality they are of a type which commands respect.

**Those unfamiliar with this organization would be surprised at the large percentage of the membership which is active.** Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that all participate with ardor in some form or another. For example: It is conservatively estimated that eight thousand M Men tried out for the basketball tournament last year, and even more men are participating this year. Certain requirements are made of the contestants, among them being that the player does not use tobacco or liquor.

In the drama contests last year, six thousand young people took part; ten thousand contestants entered for the dance; six hundred M Men and an equal number of Gleaner Girls participated in the public speaking try-outs; eight hundred in the male quartette; four thousand in the mixed double quartettes; fifteen hundred in the girls' double trio; and one hundred fifty in the dance orchestra. Altogether more than thirty thousand contestants participated in the special activities. Naturally there were a number of duplications because of some taking part in more than one event, but to offset these there were many who acted as coaches, trainers, accompanists, etc.

With all the attention given to the young, adult education is not overlooked. The course prepared for the Adult Department, followed studiously as it is in many cases, is worth several hours of college credit.

To the M. I. A. has been assigned the responsibility of directing the leisure-time activities of the Church. "What are you thinking when you don't have to think, and what are you doing when you don't have to do anything?" These pertinent questions are carefully considered by the Community Activity Committee, whose duty it is to study the field of dancing, dramatics, moving pictures, music, physical activities and home recreation; and by the Adult Committee, whose duty it is to study the field of adult recreation. "The wholesome use of leisure time" among the entire Church membership is the M. I. A. aim.

With such an objective and with such a divinely inspired and far-reaching plan, with a magnificent army of devoted workers, surely no goal is beyond our reach.

**Well supervised recreation will continue to interest the better element of the community and a genuine desire for the best in life will be apparent in the youth of the Church.** The best in this life prepares us for the highest blessings eternally. Each day should hold for every person the investment of self for the benefit of others. By such an attitude we move in the direction of success and our happiness here and hereafter is assured.

If the earnest, intelligent efforts of the M. I. A. workers continue, the fruits of their labors will be happy, clean men and women who have passed through the period of adolescence safeguarded from the evil habits that often destroy all hope of a successful life.

The following statements regarding the value of M. I. A. work were collected at random from among a large number on file. Some are from people well known in the community, others come from men in more modest circumstances:

President Heber J. Grant: "It has been valuable beyond expression."

Anthony W. Ivins: "I have always been associated with the organization (fifty years) and have been greatly benefited by my association with it."

Richard R. Lyman: "It has been one of the greatest aids in arousing and retaining my interest in Church work."

Junius F. Wells: "It has been a constant inspiration, exciting my deepest interest and devotion. I regard activity in it as the most important labor of my life."

Levi Edgar Young: "It has shown me the value of religious training in the days of our youth."

Oscar A. Kirkham: "It found me. It blessed me. It gave me opportunity for my best work and has graciously rewarded me with my greatest joys."

Adam S. Bennion: "Teaching Y. M. M. I. A. boys gave me my first love of teaching."

Joseph A. West: "Nothing in my life (I am now 74) has given me more genuine joy or been more profitable to me than the connection with the M. I. A. cause."

Arthur F. Barnes: "It has been invaluable to me in various labors in the Church."

Wilford A. Beesley: "Working in the M. I. A. developed a deeper insight of the value of the Church to me and appreciation of it."

President Peter M. Hansen: "It inspired a desire to live a clean life and to devote myself to a life of service."

William N. Davis: "A faithful friend urging me upward and onward to better and nobler deeds."

James O. Bullock: "I have only to say the M. I. A. is one of the best schools of religious instruction."

Joseph H. Ellison: "It has helped me wonderfully in learning the law of the Lord."

Edward H. Anderson: "It gave me an opportunity for expression in many ways which has given me joy and much satisfaction."
Resurrection
By Linda S. Fletcher

I spoke to my heart:
"Why leap and sing?
Do you sense the Spring,
When, a lacy symphony
"Gainst the sky, each leafless tree
Weaves a wintry tracery
All of gloom a part!"

Answered my heart:
"Gray is the sky,
But the breezes passing by
Breath of sweet expectation
Tell of joys so soon to be:
Pulsing life awaking, free,—
Movement soon to start."

Chiding my heart:
'Ere night is gone
You tarry to the dawn!
While in voiceless harmony,
Million stars make melody,
Night winds sigh so sleepily,
Night-things thither dart."

Replying to me:
"Know that the light
E'er effaces night!
Winter, night-time, death, unroll!—
Yet no terror feels the soul,
Knowing truly this its goal:
Life eternally!"

Mood
By Bertha Roberts

I t was morning and spring
In my garden
I watched the sun flash from the skies
And make sparkling gems of the dewdrops
A-glitter in violet eyes!

Today I remembered my garden
Out there from this pain I could flee
But the dewdrops were all
Tears of sorrow—
Life, what have you done to me?

On Hearing "La Paloma"
By Eave Decker Dix

The strains of a symphony—
Haunting, tender, alluring—
What do you leave me to wonder?
Concealing mystery and love?
Eyes that bring memories—
Pigment thoughts that pain.
Longing, seeking, hoping—
Ah, what depths of emotions you touch!
I see — white gossamer clinging to a maiden
A dove and blossoms—sunlight—
Then—the mystic fragrance of a flower.
And, after that—there is naught
But pathos in your melody!
Alone I am again—and wondering—

Does any other month spell such enchantment as does April? Brisk breezes, bearing vigorous promise of renewal; warm sunshine melting the cold heart of winter, and touching earth with an awakening finger; points of green stubbing through the sod; and bird calls. April could not but be joyous, for earth's beauties are insignificant in comparison with the eternal promise of the Easter-tide. Let earth put on her loveliest attire, let hearts vibrate, and poets and singers lift voices in glad music to proclaim the glory of the risen Lord!

Christ is Risen
By Claire Stewart Boyer

Christ is risen! And with Him rise
All the glories of the eyes:
Shouts from bulb and seed and tree,
Breathing nature's mystery.

Christ is risen: And mankind hears
All the music of the spheres:
Bird and babe and choirs singing,
Hearts rejoice and church bells ring.

Christ is risen! And from men's souls
Virtues rise toward heavenly goals:
Courage, faith and charity,
Seeking out divinity;
Justice, wisdom, hope and love
Soar on wings toward Him above;
Resurrected — earth and men!
Christ is risen once again!

Spring
By Claire Stewart Boyer

I have loved Spring so endingly
From years since first I knew its fragrant breath.
It has been balm of Gilead
For all my pain from broken toys to death.

And when spring smiled in other lands
And my small world was held in winter's snare,
I closed my eyes and ran up icy hills,
And dreamed that spring was glowing through my hair.

When I have passed life's one bright spring
And winter grips my earth in silver frost.
No matter what steep icy hills
I climb, nor how my soul is terror-tost
If I can cling with childish faith
To that sweet practice, that refreshing art,
They shall not say of me that I am old
For spring shall blow eternal through my heart.

Sonnnet
By Clive Lovett Cleaves

I hear a strain of music faint and far
Into my soul it softly comes a-winging
As thro' some angel band on distant star
Smote chords, and set the universe to singing.

Soon beauty's glow invades my daily mind,
And mistily I see supernal glory
Descend, and clothe in light the stumbling blind.
Who cannot see the Author for his story.
Then soul to soul in brother-love is mated,
And sin is done. Illusion's tower falls,
As from the birth of time was surely fated.

Anon, triumphant life through heaven's halls
Hunts mournful death — to his drear death belated.

The music fades — once more the harness galls.

It is Raining
By Mary M. Porter

Gladly the withered earth
Takes eager refuge.
And basks serene, content,
Beneath the deluge.

Trees bow their dripping leaves,
In trust confiding.
Their most secretive cares
To heaven's chiding.

And I would that in my life
Would come sensation
To stir my shrivelled soul
To aspiration.

Oh, that refreshing tears
Would ease my sorrow.
And give to me the hope
Of glad tomorrow.

Morning Song
By Shirley Rei Guðmundsdóttir

In spite of all the night has wrought
I rise: "Good morning, World!"
I cry, and lift five fingers wide
To dawn clouds, softly curtained.
And push my night thoughts back, to see
The fresh grass blades, dew-pearled,
And their gay sister daffodils
Gold-yellow in the sun;
I fill my loom with matin rime
That springtime has begun,
And spin the bright day back again —
That darkness had undone.
Economic Aspects of L. D. S. Achievements

By STEPHEN L. RICHARDS
Of the Council of the Twelve

HOLINESS to the Lord” inscribed over the door of a mercantile house and the word “Zion” incorporated into the names of banking and other business institutions indicate an unusual and significant condition in the business world of the twentieth century. The names of presiding Church officers set out and advertised as corporate heads and officers of large business enterprises call attention to a situation which has few if any counterparts throughout the country. Indeed so completely have business and the church been divorced in recent years throughout the world generally that the mere mention of religion in connection with financial affairs usually evokes only a sneer or smile of amused contempt. Religious principles, sentiment and dominion have long since passed in the world of secular affairs. With their passing the church as the representative of organized religion has admittedly lost a great part of the vital influence that it once held over the lives of men.

It is more than “passing strange,” therefore, that in this day our Church—the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—should boldly and frankly own, man and operate active, competitive business institutions. It stands out as peculiar as does many another feature of our Church work and organization and its real significance can be understood only by those who comprehend the underlying genius of the organization and mission of the Church.

We interpret the restored Gospel in terms of living. Our theology is not a mere abstract philosophy which has no application to life. Anything which contributes to the happiness, well-being and eternal good of man is within the province of religion. Since man’s happiness is largely dependent on his temporal welfare, the Church has never hesitated to interest itself in these temporalities. This has made the Church vital to its members. The Kingdom of God in the conception of the Latter-day Saints is ultimately to be a temporal as well as a spiritual kingdom, and the preparation which the Church makes for the establishment of the Kingdom must of necessity contemplate material things. This view, however, is not in opposition to earthly government, for it is a cardinal principle subscribed to by all Latter-day Saints that the governments of men shall be supported and upheld by them. Then, too, the Priesthood as the presiding and directing power in the Church has always been charged with the responsibility of conserving not only the spiritual but also the temporal welfare of the people. This power is not exercised by compulsion but by persuasion and kind direction. It has been a most potent factor in guiding the financial destinies of the people. Even direct revelations from the Lord have been given in these latter days concerning temporalities, and so much attention has been devoted by the Priesthood and Church organizations to the prosperity and financial welfare of the people that we have been charged by our critics with gross materialism in our worship.

They who have so criticized us, however, have not understood that this apparent materialism has been underlaid with a foundation of intense and sincere spirituality; that in the conception of a Latter-day Saint his material advancement is but incident to and necessary for the accomplishment of his chief purpose in life, which is to promote the work of God and win for himself exaltation in the celestial kingdom. All of the means and property which the Church or its members accumulate are in the true conception of things to be regarded as trusted assets to be consecrated and devoted to the establishment of the Kingdom. It is not expected that all of a man’s property shall be turned into the treasury of the Church for official distribution. He is expected to be a steward of that portion which is left in his custody and discharge his stewardship always with respect to the objectives just mentioned.

So, with these understandings on the part of our Church as an organization and its people individually, it is not so strange that from its earliest days the Church has sought to make every contribution possible to the temporal welfare of the people and the communities in which they live.

Its contributions have consisted not alone in the advancement of money, but also in bringing to the people inspired direction and counsel with reference to their needs and problems and a spirit of cooperation and organization which have been invaluable in meeting.
the situations with which they have been confronted. This direction and cooperation and the spirit of deferential obedience to the Priesthood have been chiefly responsible for the well-merited reputation of our people as notable colonizers and empire builders.

It would be impossible within the scope of this brief article to even name the many projects of a secular character to which the Church has made contribution. There is scarcely a single phase of the economic and commercial development of the country wherein its members have resided which has not been touched and directly influenced by it. The members of the Church for the greater part of its history have lived on the frontier. Ever pushing and being pushed westward from the Atlantic seaboard, they have constantly been confronted with the problems and hardships of the pioneer. The Church as an organization has been their sustaining friend, giving infinite aid in the making of roads, the building of bridges, the construction of reservoirs, ditches and canals, comprising extensive irrigation systems, the stocking of farms and ranches and the acquisition of the land itself, the establishment of stores, factories, mines, banks, insurance companies, lighting plants, water systems, railroads, commercial buildings and substantially every other activity and enterprise involved in the economic development of a country and a people.

Almost any one of these items would furnish an interesting theme for study and exposition in relation to the participation of the Church therein. A volume, for instance, could be written on such a subject as the contribution of the Church to irrigation, or to the beet sugar industry. How engaging and romantic would be an account of the organization, operation and decline of the old silk factory in Dixie! I never pass the remnants of the old mill but that my imagination is stirred and thrilled at the courage and audacity of such a project when the country was so new and forbidding.

Some day I think these interesting stories will be written and published. When they are, they will recount a record of achievements and a genius for organized, cooperative helpfulness in the economic life and struggles of a people and a country, the like of which has never before been set out.

California Poppies
By MARY C. SHAW

Shining faces greet the sunrise.
Breeze-blown in warm noon tide's glow,
Closing gently with the twilight
—Poppies everywhere we go!

Golden theme of tale and legend
Woven into Spanish lore,
Filling all with glittering beauty
—Native of our western shore.

Sun-spilled blossoms of the southland
Springtime hills and vales enfold,
Sea-green laces, jewel's splendor
—California's cup of gold.

Each and every flower of our gardens is native and in its very own, true home somewhere or other in this wide earth.

Eschscholtzia or California poppy, as the name indicates, grows wild in many sections of the state, and all through springtime its flowers paint our hillsides with splashes of glorious color.

In those early days when the Spaniards sailed along our coast, they called it "The Land of Fire," while mariners twenty-five miles at sea, because of the vivid color, were guided by these gorgeous poppy fields glowing so brilliantly in the sun.

This "cup of gold" was studied and named Eschscholtzia, for himself, by a German botanist, J. F. Eschscholtz, more than a hundred years ago, and since then the flower has become more and more popular for the garden, both in our own country and in Europe.

The plant is very lovely, indeed, even before the blossoms appear, for it has delicate, finely-cut, gray-green foliage and a neat and attractive habit of growth. Sprays are unusually satisfactory when used as greenery in bouquet mixtures, so the plant is really one of the very best even for small gardens.

The flower itself is composed of four satiny petals which push off a tiny green nightcap and unfold very early in the day. There have been many changes from the original wild form for busy hybridizers have wrought wonders.

The late Luther Burbank, along these lines, worked with the poppies for years. From a few scattering ones which showed distinctive characteristics and a tendency to break away from the ordinary bloom, he started his wizardry, and from these so-called "sports" Mr. Burbank finally developed crimson, snow-white and marvelous fire-flame poppies, so one can now have an almost endless variety of beautiful tints and shades. Besides the well-known golden-orange there are lemon, cream, tangerine, copper, apricot, rose buff and ivory white, while many flowers are two-toned, having a lining of a different color from the outside of the petals, and some are even double.

Select a sunny location for the California poppy. The plant is quite adapted to any soil. It does not, however, relish too great a supply of moisture but will endure drought exceedingly well, growing and blooming in the meantime.

Sow thinly very early in spring and where the plants are to remain, for like all other poppies, they are always averse to transplanting.

(Continued on page 431)
Ideals and Early Achievements of the Church in Education

By DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN

Of the Council of Twelve and of the General Superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A.

The educational achievements of a people indicate their intellectual ideals. With members of the Church these aims, these ideals, are founded upon instructions that came to the Church early in its history through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Intellectual Ideals of a People

The Glory of God is Intelligence. (Doc. and Cov. 93:36). "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance." (Doc. and Cov. 131:6). A man is saved no faster than he gets knowledge. (History of Church, Volume IV:588). To our people these words have come to represent the views of the Prophet Joseph Smith, concerning education; and they have kindled in the breasts of the members of the Church the ambition to eliminate ignorance, to disseminate knowledge, and to increase intelligence.

Education, however, as understood by the Prophet and as encouraged by the Church, means something more than scholastic learning. It aims at building up character, honor, dependability; it means efficiency. It demands the complete development of physical, mental, and spiritual powers. Its aim is high. It endeavors to accomplish the greatest good. It embodies charity, love, sympathy, vision, insight, intelligent effort. It is education which signifies living a Christian life—doing to others as we would have others do to us, and literally putting into practice the doctrine that it is better to give than to receive. It requires interest primarily in the welfare of others. It rejoices at the prosperity of friends. This ideal, if finally achieved, will so exalt a people, that the oldest and most stubborn enemies of mankind—poverty, dis-

Moral Standards Interwoven with Intellectual

To live in accordance with the ideals and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, to be free from wrong doing, to be able to lie down at night to sweet dreams with a satisfied conscience—these are what we regard as important elements in education. Some other high educational ideals that have come to us through the Prophet are that "the Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance" (Doc. and Cov. 1:31), that "whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection," and that the more knowledge and intelligence a man gains in this life, the greater will be his advantage in the world to come (Doc. and Cov. 130:18-19).

Joseph Smith! Where did he get these ideas, these ideals? A poor boy, born in the country, he had no opportunity to get more than the slightest degree of education—merely what is to be had in the most modest rural school; with no opportunity to attend a college, without contact with a great library or with scholars. Joseph Smith! I am looking now and have for years been looking to find someone wise enough to explain him.

The clear-cut, powerful language he used, the unusual and far-reaching doctrines he taught, the influence he has exerted over the lives of hundreds of thousands of people—whence came these powers?

If he was not guided and directed by inspiration, as his people believe, then let some wise man come forward and explain his unusual leadership, his wondrous teachings.

The Church Stand on Knowledge

The Church, always intensely interested in schools and scholarship, has taken but one attitude. That attitude is expressed in these words: "Religion, morality, and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

Schools Always Established

From its very beginning, an outstanding characteristic of the Church has been the establishment of schools and the promotion of education.

Early Church history records a great amount of persecution, the Saints often being driven from their homes. Yet whenever a sufficient number settled in one place for even a few weeks, a school was started.

As early as June, 1831, a com-
mittee was appointed to select and print school books.

In the summer of 1833, while the people were migrating to the vicinity of the present Kansas City, Missouri, Parley P. Pratt, because of his intellectual attainments, was called to organize and conduct a school. He says: "The place of meeting was in the open air under some tall trees in a retired place. To attend this school, I had to travel on foot and sometimes with bare feet at that, about six miles." Match, if you can, that kind and quality of zeal for knowledge.

THOUGH the Church was not organized until April 6, 1830, the first issue of the "Morning and Evening Star," in June, 1832, emphasized the necessity for schools. All the way beside the long line of travel that has been followed by the Church, school facilities have been improvised—under the trees, in tents, in wagons, by camp fires. In Kirtland, Ohio; in Jackson County, Clay County, and Caldwell County, Missouri; in Quincy and Nauvoo, Illinois; and in Montrose, Iowa, the paths of the Church have been blazed by the light of the schools it has everywhere set up and fostered.

In 1846, after the exodus from Nauvoo, so great was the interest in education that schools were established in the temporary settlements of Garden Grove, Mt. Pisgah, and subsequently in some forty settlements in Pottawatamie County, Iowa. Schools were later conducted in Kanesville, now Council Bluffs, Iowa; in Winter Quarters, now Florence, Nebraska; also in Pueblo, Colorado, where the sixth detachment of the Mormon Battalion and a number of Saints from Mississippi had temporarily located.

Education on Plains and Frontiers

IN the "History of Caldwell and Livingston Counties" (National Historical Company, 1886) the following concerning Far West, Missouri, occurs: "The Mormons very early gave attention to educational matters. There were many teachers among them, and school houses were among their first buildings. The school house in Far West (1836–9) was used as a Church, as a Town Hall, and as a Court House, as well as for a school house."

Adult Education Provided

NOR was the interest in education confined to children. As early as December, 1832, instructions were issued to establish "A School of the Prophets." Here the doctrines of the Church, the life and teachings of Jesus, and the principles of righteousness were taught to the Elders. On Feb. 18, 1833, Orson Pratt, who had returned the previous day from a short mission to the East, was admitted as a student in this school. This man's mentality and scholastic attainments show that the work done must have been of high quality.

For a time, in a school conducted in the Temple at Kirtland, many of the leading elders of the Church devoted themselves to the study of Hebrew.

IN February, 1835, within three weeks after the opening of the Kirtland school, the classes had become so large and the house so crowded that many had to be excluded. (Wm. E. McLellan's Report.) Mr. McLellan writes: "I have taught school in five different States and have visited schools in which I was not engaged as a teacher; in none, I can say with certainty, have I seen students make more rapid progress than in this."

A school for teaching Hebrew was conducted during the winter of 1835 by Professor Joshua Seixas. Great interest was aroused in the study of ancient languages.

Early Schools at Nauvoo. The First Church University

DURING the ten years that followed, the members of the Church were so persecuted and driven that notwithstanding their unusual interest in schools, educational work was seriously hampered. About Nauvoo, however, good permanent school houses were built.

The interest in advanced scholarship was such that on Dec. 10, 1840, when the Church was but ten years old and its membership only 25,000, the University of the City of Nauvoo was established as the head of the school system of the people. Governor Thomas Collin of Illinois signed the charter. Nauvoo was a flourishing place, "the city beautiful." Among its important and outstanding features were schools and school buildings, which, however, became a total loss to the Church when, in 1846-7, the people were forced to abandon their homes and start westward.

Improvised Schools of Early Utah

HARDLY had the pioneers completed their matchless march across the plains, July 24, 1847, when schools were begun. Since there were no school houses, classes were held in tents and wagons. Sawed-off pieces of logs served as seats; letters cut from old newspapers and pasted upon shingles took the place of ready-made charts.

During the winter of 1847-8 two small schools under Julian Moses and Mary Jane Dilworth were conducted in what was then known as the "Old Fort" in Pioneer Square, in Salt Lake City. Oliver B. Huntington commenced school in the Old Fort in November, 1848; his 30 by 50 foot school house was the first in the Valley. It was located in the northwest corner of the Fort and built as a part of the Old Fort wall. It had a six-light window; but since there was no glass to be had, pieces of cloth, greased with fat, were substituted. When weather would permit, the door was left open to admit light. The walls were made of split logs, laid close together. The roof was covered with dirt; the floor was hardened clay. Boards from an old wagon-box served as tables. The source of heat was a fireplace in which sage brush was burned. The boys and girls, healthy, strong, and unaccustomed to a fire in their own homes, did not seem to notice the cold in the school room.

ALMOST any book was used as a text—those that had not been burned for fuel nor thrown out during the long journey across the plains. In some schools one book had to serve a whole class.

A record dated April 2, 1849, has the following: "There have been a large number of schools the past winter in which Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German,
Tahitian, and English languages have been taught." Before Christmas of that year the pioneers had new schools in operation, and more were started with the arrival of each new company of immigrants.

In fact during the year 1849, schools were commenced in each of the 19 wards of Salt Lake City. School houses, mostly adobe buildings, were erected in nearly all of these wards before 1852.

When Captain James Brown purchased the Goodyear Fort, where now stands the city of Ogden, schools were at once organized there. The same forward-looking spirit was manifested at Provo, Manti, and other towns as early as '49, schools being one of the first matters to claim the attention of each group of settlers. As a rule they were conducted first in private homes and later in school buildings, which served also for church services and social recreation.

These early schools were maintained first by tuition and donation; later, as they developed, by territorial appropriations.

In 1857 the Territorial Superintendent reported log school houses and slab seats in most of the settlements. These were the results of the struggles of a people who were not only surrounded with poverty but were 2,000 miles beyond the frontier of civilization.

When we take into account the poverty of the people in those days, and the arduous labors they had to put forth in order to redeem the desert, it is perhaps not too much to say that the sacrifices they made and the successes they achieved in the establishment of schools are without parallel.

Effects of the Town-Community System

The population of early Utah was neither urban nor rural, but a sort of mixture of these two elements, and possessing characteristics not found in any other American community. This society, a development arising from the peculiar nature of the country and of the religious and industrial conditions of the people, caused them to develop a strong sense and condition of social unity. The small size of the tillable areas, the necessity for irrigation, the Indian dangers common to those early days, the organization of the Church into wards and stakes—all contributed to the development of small, compact, closely united town communities, without a strictly rural population in any of them, and resembling in almost every important respect the early New England type of community life. With each group of settlers, the religious and political institutions of the community developed together.

In town communities, education has always found its most fertile soil; and since the main purpose of those who settled Utah was to develop their ideals of temporal and spiritual perfection, it is not surprising to find in the Utah Annual School Report, 1898-1900 (Roylance), many interesting comments on the resulting growth of education. He calls attention to the fact that the social effects of the "Mormon" organization are important, that no church ever possessed a more nearly perfect organization, or surer means of reaching and influencing all of its members and securing their active response. With method and aim the public schools utilized this organization. He says further that for the most part Utah schools have had no back-woods communities to deal with; that there were few schools of the cross-roads type, and little of the primitive ignorance that characterizes many older communities.

Significance of This Zeal for Learning

In 1850, with great hopes and small resources, the University of Deseret, now the University of Utah, was born. Orson Spencer as Chancellor of the Board, with other college-bred men among the pioneers, worked enthusiastically for higher education—an exhibition of the ideals of the people.

It is surprising, Professor Roylance notes, that the people of Utah in those early days did so much for education. They were actually more isolated from civilization than were the early settlers of America. Surrounded by savages, often hostile, their country invaded by a Federal Army which threatened their extinction as a community, their loyalty questioned, their crops repeatedly destroyed by drought, crickets, and grasshoppers, they yet placed in the public schools from 30 to 50 per cent of their children.

A Vigorous Teaching Force

Many of the teachers of Utah between 1875 and 1890 were, perhaps, even above the average of professional ability at the present time (1900). They were probably of finer character, greater intellectual caliber, and stronger individuality than many modern teachers with more years of preparation behind them. There was a vigorous virility about their work that is often lacking since the schools have been better systematized and their work more closely supervised; and, while we feel a just pride in contemplating the present improved conditions of our school system, it might be well to ask whether this period of struggle and distress might not have developed some characteristics that we would better not discard without careful consideration.

"Our schools began when Utah began, and they have grown as Utah has grown. Many of the ablest men and women of today received their education in the public schools before 1890, and their words and deeds are sufficient alone to indicate the kind of training that was given them. *** We are indebted to the early settlers of the country for the greater part of the excellent educational advantages which we now enjoy. Our education is deep-rooted in the soil that nourishes all our institutions. *** There is no blot upon the pages of the history of education in Utah. It is a record of persistent energy, of faithful adherence to higher purpose, and a constant struggle through difficulties that would long since have discouraged men of weaker character."—Roylance Report, 1900.

Pioneers of Western Education

The members of the Latter-day Saint Church have to their credit the establishment at Fort Supply of the first school in Wyoming; and like priority is true also of the school established at Fort Limhi in Idaho. Early attention to educational matters was given at Genoa (now of Nevada); and when Orson Hyde and his colonists arrived in Carson City in...
The University of Utah Rescued

Many and serious were the early struggles of the University of Utah. In March, 1882, for example, because of the refusal of the legislature to place desired patronage at the disposal of Governor Eli H. Murray, the governor expressed his resentment by vetoing the bill appropriating money for the University of Deseret.

A group of public-spirited citizens, all members of the "Mormon" Church, rescued the University at this time by advancing money for aiding in the construction of a building. This roll of honor follows:

Feramorz Little
William Jennings
Trustee-in-Trust of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
Horace S. Eldredge
Joseph F. Smith
John R. Park
George Q. Cannon
Henry Dinsmore
Sharp and Sons
Robert T. Burton
John T. Caine

Industrial School and Agricultural College

In 1888 among the measures enacted by the legislature was one for bonding the territory for $150,000.00 for the establishment of the Agricultural College and the Reform School. Thus the first bonded debt of Utah was incurred for educational purposes.

First University Courses

The curriculum of the University was to include all living languages and the sciences. Both sexes were admitted. The attendance in 1870 was 546. In 1882 it had an academic, a normal, and a preparatory department. The courses for which certificates were awarded included mathematics, Greek and Latin, ancient, medieval, and modern history, natural history, physical science, political economy, logic, and English literature.

"It is probable," says the historian Bancroft, "that in the University of Deseret more has been accomplished at the average cost for each pupil of $50.00 or $60.00 a year per capita than in any similar institution where the pretensions were greater and the expense in proportion" (History of Utah, p. 711).

Standards of Educational Work

The high character of the educational work done by the Church may be judged by the remarks of Bancroft on the University of the City of Nauvoo. He says that the president, who was professor of English, was James Kelly, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a ripe scholar. The professor of mathematics, Orson Pratt, was a man of pure mind and high order of ability, who, without early education and amidst great difficulties, had to achieve learning as best he could; and in truth he achieved it. The professor of languages, Orson Spencer, was a graduate of Union College and of the Baptist Theological Seminary of New York. The professor of Church History, Sidney Rigdon, was versed in history and skilled in oratory.

The same high standard was maintained in the University of Deseret. In the curriculum the Celtic and Teutonic languages were to rank side by side with the Romanic, and all leading languages spoken by men were to be included. Astronomy, chemistry, engineering, and other branches of science were to be studied. "For, having sought first the Kingdom of Heaven, the Saints were now assured that knowledge and all other things should be added unto them" (Bancroft, p. 326).

As early as 1848-9 there were many schools in which Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, Tahitian, and English languages were taught. German books were brought and used in order that the elders might learn that language (Bancroft, pp. 324-5).

In every community today where the "Mormon" people are sufficient in number to wield an appreciable influence, the finest buildings in all the communities are the public schools. To the American public school system, the Church gives its loyal and undivided support.

(Education as a Church activity will be dealt with in a second article.)

The Contagion of Attitude

By MARY M. PORTER

There worked in a canning factory one summer a young girl who was trying to earn money to help defray her college expenses for the coming school year. She was one of a cosmopolitan group of eight or nine women, who were snipping a special kind of bean. Wages being determined by the number of pounds of the vegetable snipped, it was natural that these workers, most of them facing a grim struggle for life, should want to be kept busy as much of their working time as possible. So avid was their eagerness for the beans, and so rapidly did they work, that these women quite often depleted their supply before a new consignment was brought to them. Hence, when they did have the chance to fill their pans, they greedily did so, one being jealous and cross if another happened to secure a greater amount than she. Each was glumly absorbed in her task, sombre, shifting eyes, compressed lips, and strained face manifesting her suspicion and hostility.

The college girl, a new-comer, infected with the dominating spirit, had at first adjusted herself to it, until one day, while nervous waiting for the carrier to replenish the bean-box, she began to think: "What's all this worthless, anyway? The few more beans (Continued on page 424)
Out of the Burning

Chapter Five

ENVIRONMENT could not transform Curly Harrison overnight. For weeks she remained the timid, shy child of the hills. But gradually the dipped hair regained its natural color and lustre, the pimples disappeared, the grimy skin yielded to proper foods and tender care. The worn nails yielded to polishing, and a dentist managed to save her teeth. Dr. Locke cured the injured toe, all the while berating the mountain people for ignorance and neglect.

Echo came frequently, timing her visits to court sessions. She brought clothes surpassing Curly’s wildest dreams. Trim oxfords encased the feet which had only known shoes for winter; stylish coats, clever hats, always duplications of the clothes purchased for the judge’s daughter Portia. A beautiful white bed, all her own, was the most valued gift. Curly thought often of the home-made, narrow, hard couch on which she and Millie had slept for so many years.

UNLIKE Portia Harrison, Curly did not accept her new fortune as a divine right. While Portia’s eyes became calculating and appraising, Curly’s filled with the wonders of her good fortune, and joy in her surroundings. She never ceased to marvel at the changes. Water, hot or cold, flowed into the beautiful white sink as you willed. No totting of heavy buckets up a hill. Milk in shiny bottles appeared on the porch over night. No weary hunt for an elusive cow over barren hills. The kitchen stove cooked at the turn of a button. Aunt Eunice did not know what doty chips were. She did not even put the precious coal in her stove, which the beautiful cardinal had helped Curly to find. It became a pleasure to watch the girls of Harrison Home do their laundry. No barrel tubs; no back-breaking rubbing over faded old clothes; no “bilin’” over outdoor fires. A wonderful machine did all the work and the waste water miraculously disappeared through a hole in the floor!

A little at a time, as they felt she could grasp it. Eunice and Echo told Curly the story of her life. She learned that the dignified, stern judge, who always wore a white carnation in his buttonhole, was really her father; that the pretty Echo, who showered her with kisses and hugs and clothes, was actually her mother; that the dainty, overdressed, spoiled Portia Harrison was her twin sister. She learned with astonishment that the Turner family were not father, mother, brother and sister, but in reality, kidnappers who had altered her whole childhood.

CURLY accepted all these changes and alterations with the adaptability of childhood, and an older philosophy flavored with the knowledge of privation and want. She felt no bitterness toward the mountain family, for they had loved her as their own. She felt no resentment toward the real father who refused to acknowledge her as his child. She expressed only humor at her sister Portia’s superior airs, at her ill-mannered stare which never hinted of recognition. Whenever Portia encountered Curly dressed like herself, she flushed in anger, hurried arrogantly on, and later berated her mother for allowing Aunt Eunice to copy her clothes for a foundling! It became a game between them—Portia and her father on one side; Eunice and Echo on the other, secure in their claims, but willing to allow time its own course of adjustment. While Portia learned to swim and dance and ride, her sister passed through a period of marvelous readjustment. While Portia quarreled with her governess, quelled her mother and wheedled her father, Pamela acquired a real education from Aunt Eunice. The old judge had owned a fine library, enlarged by many additions from Eunice. Curly had free access to this treasure-land. While Portia spoiled her digestion with too frequent sodas and vexed her riding master with wild rides, Curly learned the secrets of the masters. Dickens and Scott, Hugo and Maupassant, Cooper and Longfellow became her friends. History and poetry, essays and fiction were consumed avidly by the starved soul. Studies that were irksome tasks to Portia were privileges to the child who had known so much poverty and privation. While clothes, amusements and entertainment made up Portia’s life, they were only accessories to Curly, who dreamed daily of future accomplishments.

“DAD,” announced Portia at one of the morning classes. “I want a car—all my own. There’s a clever little roadster over at Beacon’s; pale blue. My, but it’s keen!”

“Who,” continued Judge Harrison unperturbed, “who was the predecessor of Charles the first of England?”

“It can do fifty per, easy,” mused Portia. “Now, Dad, please, lay off that musty old history. Why worry over dead kings when the hills are green and blue cars are coaxing?”

“If you want a car, you will merit it. You cannot go on to law college unprepared. You must have grounding in languages, history, literature and mathematics.”

“Who wants law college?” countered Portia. “Not me!”

“You will be educated as an attorney, Portia. Meet me at the li-
brary tonight at five, and I will examine you for an hour. Sort of a quiz. If you meet my expectations, we will then discuss cars."

"I was going riding after school with Spike Reeves. We want to gather violets. Mother likes them so much."

"If you pass my requirements, I may consider the purchase of a car," reiterated her father. For once Portia's tactics of persuasion were unavailing. She coaxed and pouted, and finally flounced from the room. She had only one solution. She was wearing the becoming new spring outfit of green which her mother had purchased.

THAT afternoon Curly Harrison hastened from school to the library. She was trying for the debating team and the bibliography of her subject called for varied references. How happy she was! She felt confident of a place on the team. Mother Echo, as she affectionately called Mrs. Harrison, had furnished a beautiful suit of green. Curly worked on, unconscious of time, until she felt, rather than saw, a shadow pass over her. In the subdued light she looked like Portia—green suit, tight green hat. Judge Harrison, punctual to the minute, sat down, laid his cane and silk hat on a chair, and proceeded with the verbal examination. He jumped from Savonarola to Mary, Queen of Scots; from the Renaissance to the World War; from geometry to Ben Hur; from the nebular hypothesis to Evangeline. Other students put up their work and left, but the couple in the corner stayed on. The man was pompously erect, the girl deferentially attentive. Curly Harrison knew her father had made a mistake. Other people had made the same error. But he had never spoken to her before, and she could not resist this opportunity to prove her accomplishments. Finally he sat back, reached for his cane and hat, visibly pleased. "Really," he conceded, "you are better informed than I had hoped. Tomorrow we will inspect roadsters." He rose to leave, waiting for her to follow.

"If you don't mind, I have more references to look up," Curly shrank from spoiling his complacency. "I will come later."

DELIBERATELY, dignified, his caration seeming to revive with his own jubilancy, the judge descended the library steps. He collided with a young woman hurrying in.

"Pardon me," she cried, then shrank back crestfallen. The judge, too, was nonplussed. "Portia!" he cried, "You—here? I have been interviewing—what does this mean?"

"Spike ran out of gas, and we had to walk home. I couldn't make it sooner. My chest hurts now, I've hurried so."

"Whom did I talk with?" demanded her father. "For a long hour I have questioned a young woman whom I mistook for you. She was wearing your clothes. Who is she?"

"Ask her," flashed Portia, visioning a lost roadster. "Her answer might interest you."

JUDGE Harrison did not re-enter the library. But he paced his study half the night, batting with his traditional pride. The next morning he wrote the Governor and the Board of Pardons, recommending the pardon of Silas Hoggan. He intimated that the sentence might have been too severe.

The enticing days of April rolled on to June and commencement. Portia was determined to keep the matter of her graduation dress a secret. She did not want Aunt Eunice to duplicate it, as she seemed to have done so frequently before, so Portia refused to discuss its color or style with her classmates. Some quirk of nature had made this other girl similar in appearance; Aunt Eunice had given her the same surname, and duplicated their wardrobes whenever possible. It was unpleasant to Portia to be twitted about her double; to be asked concerning her under study; to have their scholastic standings compared; to be questioned about her lost twin, who was buried out in Montana. Fortunately, the girl herself did not force her company upon Portia. She had other avenues of occupation. While Portia played tennis, she studied Cicero; while Portia and Spike Reeves broke speed regulations, the quieter girl walked for exercise, marked papers for overtaxed teachers, or assisted Miss Eunice in the many tasks of Harrison Home. She gave no thought to her commencement gown; Mother Echo had taken that responsibility.

COMMENCEMENT night. Judge and Mrs. Harrison in a box... Privately, the judge was (Continued on page 433)
A Spiritual Philosophy of Life
By MILTON BENNION
Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah

VI

The Metaphysical Basis of Ethics

What Are the Grounds of Moral Faith?

MORAL faith is grounded in either religion or philosophy or both. Moral skepticism is inconsistent with the fundamental concepts of religion as it is with any constructive philosophy. One who believes that the world is fundamentally spiritual; that in this world there is progress toward realization of the good; that the good is attainable by those who seek after it; and that there is in process of development a community of persons with God as their pattern and inspiration who are progressively realizing the good; such a person cannot be either a moral skeptic or a pessimist.

"As has often been said, it is not so much the pain and suffering of life which crushes the individual as it is its meaninglessness and hopelessness."*

MORAL skepticism is commonly associated with a meaningless or a hopeless view of life, or with both, since the one naturally grows out of the other. Moral skepticism was as radical and rampant among certain "enlightened" Greek teachers of youth as it now is with some contemporary writers. The general formula of the skeptic is that there are no universal or general standards of right; that each individual should, therefore, satisfy his own personal desires; whatever may chance to be. This moral skepticism was commonly

associated anciently, as it is today, with rejection of all religious faith, together with failure to develop a constructive philosophy of life.

Closely allied to moral skepticism is the now popular fashion of setting aside the moral standards long recognized and tested by the most spiritually enlightened of mankind and the substitution therefor of a code of morals based upon the materialistic view of life and the supremacy of the demands for bodily satisfactions, for gratification of the appetites and passions, for living the unrestrained "natural" life with little regard for the future, either their own or that of their fellow-men. As for any regard for God, moral freedom, and immortality, these are regarded as outworn superstitions that have been dispelled by the brilliant light of modern science, so interpreted as to yield the familiar mechanistic materialistic view of the world.

The conception of the world maintained in this series is the opposite of this; it, therefore, logically leads to a very different attitude toward religion and ethics. These two disciplines are here combined in the common cause of upholding a system of morals that will lead to realization of the highest and the most enduring values of life. No religion has survived and had great influence with enlightened peoples that has not included a system of morals, positive morals that have stood the test of centuries, and when practiced, have yielded enduring satisfactions.

The case has been similar with systems of ethics, which provide the theoretical foundations for practical morality. Narrow, shortsighted systems of ethics have been the progenitors of short-sighted and irrational moral practices, which have, in turn, led their followers either to destruction or to revolt against them. It is an historical fact that exponents of this type of ethical theory have in the end become pessimists. In one notable instance in the history of Greek thought, one of these was called "The Persuader to Death."†

Moral faith is grounded upon belief in the possibility of distinguishing between right and wrong, and in the further possibility of bringing both individual and social life more nearly into conformity with the right.

How is Right Determined?

The conception of right grows out of judgments of value; judgments of value grow out of desires. The highest concepts of right grow out of the highest and noblest desires. Such concepts are commonly called moral or religious ideals. The most widely recognized of these ideals among civilized, historic peoples are, in large measure, the product of the recognized spiritual leaders of mankind. This fact is illustrated in Confucius, in China; Buddha, in India; Socrates, in Greece; Moses, in the wilderness of Sinai; and Jesus, in Palestine. The historic moral standards and ideals of the civilized world have been established in large measure by these spiritual leaders and their disciples. The great mass of mankind have been wanting in the moral initiative, the insight, and the courage to bring forth such ideals. These same individuals and groups in large numbers have, however, the capacity to recognize and to approve these ideals as they are made clear to their understandings and appealing to their emotions. Thus millions have acknowledged and venerated moral ideals that they could themselves but feebly realize in practice.

These historic facts are not offered as a final solution of the question here at issue, i. e., How is an individual here and now to

†Hegesias.
determine the right? Before this question can be answered with satisfaction there are other problems that should first be solved.

What Are the Basic Moral Values?

Jesus and the most spiritually enlightened of his contemporaries held that this basis is found in the love of God and the love of fellow-men. The German philosopher, Kant, held that there is nothing in the world that is good-in-itself other than good-will. These views, coming to us from most eminent leaders in the fields of religion and ethics, certainly are worthy of rational analysis and evaluation by every one who seeks to understand the foundations of morals.

Whatever notions any one may have of God, all can agree, including skeptics in religion, that the idea of God as held by Jesus and the most spiritually minded of the Hebrew prophets was characterized by attributing to him the highest good, including love or good-will toward mankind. Love of God then implies love and absolute loyalty to the good, when it is discovered. This is a first principle of ethics and religion. Why search for the good except on the assumption that it is desirable and that when it is found it will become the object of loyalty? Scientists make much of loyalty to truth; artists, of loyalty to beauty; investigators in the fields of ethics and religion very logically make equal demand for loyalty to the good. The good, however, in its broadest sense includes the true and the beautiful. The good is therefore, not opposed to either science or art, nor is it limited to them. The good, while it emphasizes distinctly moral and religious values, as commonly recognized, also evaluates and finds place for everything that contributes to the ennobling of life, to the development of personality. Loyalty to the good, then, includes loyalty to the true and the beautiful, but, more than this, it means also loyalty to the highest religious and moral values.

In case of the great mass of mankind the content of the good is accepted dogmatically. It may be as tenets of their religion, as the laws of the state, or merely as the customs of the society of which they are members. This does not satisfy the demands of philosophy nor does it satisfy the popular demands of the youth of the twentieth century. We have already said that the good is determined by judgments of value, that judgments of value rest upon desires, and that the highest good, therefore, grows out of the highest and most noble desires. The problem, then, is to determine which desires are highest and most noble, and what particular judgments of value grow out of such desires.

In this inquiry, as in all investigations, something must, in the beginning, be taken for granted. In the sciences generally these basic assumptions are called presuppositions. It has already been indicated that in ethics good-will toward fellow-man is such a presupposition. It can be justified on two grounds, it will be generally admitted in theory, and without it a system of ethics is impossible. This being granted we have at once a basis for testing the moral quality of desires; those are highest and noblest whose satisfaction contributes most to the lasting good of all mankind. To put it negatively, a desire, the satisfaction of which is in any way detrimental to the welfare of humanity is not one that can be approved. On the other hand that desire, satisfaction of which contributes most to the welfare of humanity, is approved as highest and best.

What constitutes the welfare of humanity? The satisfaction of desires that may be enjoyed by all mankind, including all the generations that are yet to come. There must, then, be harmonization of desires. This is made easy in proportion to the extent of good-will that exists on the part of each toward all. In the absence of such good-will harmonization of desires is impossible.

Speaking in terms of religion, the love of God and of fellow-men furnishes the basis upon which a complete system of morals can be determined. Since in this standard the love of God is manifested in love of fellow-men, and this in turn, is manifested in seeking the highest good of all, the problem again becomes one of eliminating all desires, attitudes, and actions that hinder and of fostering desires, attitudes, and actions that help each and every individual to enjoy the full satisfactions that can be thus universalized.

What is the general type of these satisfactions? It is at once evident that they are spiritual satisfactions, again using the term spiritual in its broadest philosophical meaning—all non-material values. This does not mean values wholly apart from material things. It does mean values that all can enjoy in common, and that such enjoyment by one helps rather than hinders others to like enjoyment. This is true of all knowledge: of appreciation of art—the beautiful in literature, in music, in form and color; of appreciation of nature with respect both to truth and to beauty; of appreciation of the loving and the noble in human relations, of friendly cooperation within social institutions, of justice in civic affairs within the state, of good-will and orderly administration of justice in international affairs. All of these are spiritual values, growing out of the higher and more noble desires of individuals, societies, and nations. It is evident without argument that realization of these values by one individual or one group helps others toward realization of the same values. Two persons cannot eat the same loaf of bread, but two people or a million may partake freely of the same bit of knowledge, appreciate the same glorious sunset, or vote with satisfaction for measures that will ensure equal justice to all. But what about that loaf of bread? Is bread to be eliminated from this program because the same particles of bread cannot be shared by all? Are we building ethics, religion, and a system of morals in the air? No, due account will be taken of the material basis of the spiritual life. These material goods are not to
be regarded, however, as ends in themselves, but only as means, necessary means, in the process of attaining the spiritual values which are to be regarded as essential elements in the development of personalities, and therefore, as having intrinsic value.

It is one of the essential functions of the state to see that equal opportunity is provided to all in the use of material resources necessary to the attainment of spiritual values; and, of course, otherwise to keep open to all the road to realization of these spiritual values.

With these broad general objectives laid down, the right thing to do in any particular situation may be determined by the relation of the consequences of the act to the ends here set up. That conduct is right which promotes these ends, that conduct is wrong which thwart them. Is it right to be truthful? Is it wrong to lie? Is it right to protect childhood against greed? Is it wrong to allow the unscrupulous to exploit children for financial gain? May not one who questions all authority and tradition in morals find that, in the light of the foregoing principles, these questions almost answer themselves? They are, to be sure, very simple questions selected for purposes of illustrating the method. In the complex civilization of today there are many questions pressing for solution that are by no means so easy. They may, however, be solved by the same method.

What is Worth Striving For?

CERTAINLY not material goods at the expense of spiritual attainments—the enduring satisfactions of life. This does not mean that material goods are to be despised, or that their possession is in itself degrading. When used as means for the promotion of spiritual ends their utility is beyond question. This means that one who possesses material goods beyond his own needs for the purposes here indicated is morally bound on the principle of goodwill towards or love of fellowmen to use these goods for the benefit of his fellows, rather than to satisfy pride, personal ambition, or other selfish desires. This is not an idle and unrealizable suggestion. It is now in large measure being practiced by at least some of the great captains of industry. These are pursuing spiritual aims as their ultimate goals. In their own way they are serving God by serving their fellow-men. This is the essence of religion. Those who prefer a strictly mundane point of view may simply serve their fellow-men, and call it a religion of humanity, or merely a system of morals.

Easter Symbols and Customs

By L. D. STEARNS

Easter—anciently termed the "Festival of Flowers"—is the sacred festival of Spring. The name Easter came, originally from Oestre, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring, who was also worshipped as a personification of the East, where sunrise appears, bringing in the new day. It was thought that spring vegetation, of every form, was subject to her will.

In some localities the festival is ushered in at daybreak by trumpets from the church towers; in other places, pealing bells ring out the triumphant message of good cheer.

Until quite recently, in some parts of northern England, men and boys went about on Easter Monday, each carrying a decorated chair. Placing within it any girl they chanced to meet, they held it high above their heads until she either paid a forfeit of sixpence, or gave a kiss to the lifter. The program was reversed on Tuesday, the women and girls then going about lifting the men.

In olden days the hare was a symbol of the moon, and since the Egyptian word "un" had the three meanings—hare, period and open—all these words gradually became associated with springtime and Easter, which was quite natural, considering the fact that the exact time of the Easter celebration depends upon the moon.

According to an old fable, an exceedingly beautiful snow-white hare slipped into houses after midnight at this time, and left numerous colored eggs about.

The egg, always typical of new birth and creation, was used by our forefathers to represent the revival of life at the vernal equinox. It became immediately connected with the re-birth, or resurrection, of Christ, and the two—the hare and the egg—became, quite as a matter of course, twin Easter symbols. The earliest eggs were always colored red, symbolizing the blood of Christ.

In our own country the giving of eggs is confined mostly to children; but in some of the other countries it has come to mean the giving of beautiful and very expensive gifts among adults. Slav women are particularly noted for decorating the egg more beautifully than those of any other nation, although the French eggs are wonderfully clever and beautiful, being sometimes composed of expensive materials, as silver or mother-of-pearl, and holding gifts of jewelry or money.

An interesting story is told concerning an Easter egg on exhibition at the Berlin Museum. The egg, which was fastened into an iron case, or shell, was said to have been sent by a prince to a beautiful princess. Upon being opened a silver lining was revealed, in which was set a secret spring, which upon being pressed, opened to a golden yolk. A second spring opened this yolk, disclosing a crown of flaming rubies. Touching still another spring, the jeweled crown dropped an exquisite diamond ring—the pledge of the young prince's affection—into the lap of the princess.

The old Druids, far back in ancient times, were accustomed to stain eggs with wild blossoms and roots and present them to neighbors to bring sun, and insure good luck with the crops. Kernels of grain were also used as symbolizing creation, or re-birth, at this season.

(Continued on page 432)
The Seventy

By RULON S. WELLS

In Behalf of the First Council of the Seventies

The order of the Seventy is doubtless of ancient origin, as we may naturally conclude from the writings of Moses, Ex. 24:1, 9, 11, and Numbers 11:16, 17, 24, 25. These references to the Seventy, however, although very significant, are nevertheless so meager that we find difficulty in determining the nature of their duties or in connecting them with the subsequent organizations of that body, either in the meridian of time or in this latter-day dispensation. This much, however, is certain, that their calling was of high spiritual importance in the work of God during the administration of Moses, for we read in paragraph 25 above referred to, that "the Lord came down in a cloud * * * and took of the spirit that was upon him [Moses] and gave it unto the Seventy Elders" and "When it rested upon them they prophesied and did not cease."

Nor is it at all to be wondered at that subsequent references in the old Testament are lacking. (unless we assume that the institution of the "Sanhedrin" is an outgrowth or continuation of the order of the Seventy, which, to say the least, is purely speculative, and extremely doubtful) for it is made known to us in modern revelation that the Lord in his wrath against the rebellious children of Israel "took Moses out of their midst and the Holy (Melchizedek) Priesthood also." (Doc. and Cov. 84:24, 25). This, of course, included the Seventy, but the lesser Priesthood continued among the children of Israel until John and the coming of our Lord when again the Church was established on the earth and the Melchizedek Priesthood was again restored, together with the fulness of the everlasting Gospel with all of its gifts and blessings including its pristine authorities. This dispensation is marked by the personal ministry of our Savior among men and we read of his choosing the Twelve to be his special witnesses or Apostles and commanding them to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark 16:15.) This was a great undertaking for twelve men and what could be more natural than again to call the Seventy to assist them? Their ministry was accompanied by wonderful spiritual manifestations so that "even the devils were subject unto them," and we are reminded of that other Seventy who were chosen to assist Moses.

Little else is recorded in the Scriptures regarding the Seventy, but this is sufficient to show the nature of their calling and the important part they had in the work of the Lord. How well the Twelve carried out the command to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" is attested in holy writ and although not specifically set forth it is only reasonable to suppose that the Seventy were called to assist them in this gigantic undertaking.

Had the Church continued to exist upon the earth through the centuries which followed this Messianic dispensation doubtless there would still be found in its organization the Twelve Apostles and the Seventy, together with the other officers which Christ set in his Church. (Eph. 4:10).

Shortly after the departure of the Apostles grievous wolves made their appearance "not sparing the flock," as was predicted by the Apostle Paul, (Acts 20:29-30) and the universal apostasy or "falling away" took place as further predicted by him in his Second Epistle to the Thessalonians (II Thess. 2:3).

During that period when "darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people." (Isa. 60:2), it is no wonder that these divinely appointed officers should be discarded and others substituted. But now, in these last days, the God of Heaven has set up his Church and kingdom and it shall never be destroyed nor be left to other people but it shall stand forever. (Dan. 2.)

On April 6, 1830, in fulfilment of this and many other predictions of the prophets, the Church of Jesus Christ was again "set up" on the earth. The Lord has again come down from heaven and taken of that spirit that was upon Moses and upon Christ and his Apostles and the Seventy and given it to these latter-day Apostles and Seventy and other divinely commissioned officers of his Church, and as of old "when it rested upon them they prophesied" and "even the devils were subject unto them."

The First Quorum of Seventy in this latter-day dispensation was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith, at a meeting held in Kirtland, Ohio, on February 28, 1835, just two weeks later than the date on which the Twelve Apostles were chosen and ordained, and, as was the case with the Apostles so again with the Seventy, they were chosen from among those who had gone up to Zion with the Prophet in "Zion's Camp,"—men who had proven their integrity and were determined, if need be, to lay down their lives in redeeming the land of Zion.

The First Quorum, like all other quorums of Seventy, is, when fully organized, composed of seventy members of whom seven are chosen and set apart as presidents. The names of members of the First Quorum including the first seven presidents are given in full in the History of the Church, Vol. II, pages 203-4.

To many this was something both new and strange, unlike all other quorums and organizations where the rule was one president and two counselors; but in the case of the Seventies, there were to be seven presidents, of equal power and authority. Many people have
marveled at this while admiring the manner in which Joseph proceeded in the organization of the Church. With what perfect assurance and unhesitating confidence was every move made! He always knew just what to do to complete this organization which is said, even by our enemies, to be the most perfect organization in the world. How was it done? He had a vision in which the Lord showed him his Church in active operation, and, although the work was necessarily done little by little, yet, when com-
pleted, every part found its proper place in one harmonious whole. Nowhere do we find this vision recorded but frequent references to it are made both in the History of the Church and in the Doctrine and Covenants. It is forcefully drawn to our attention in referring to the Seventy in the following passages:

"And it is according to the vision showing the order of the Seventy, that they should have seven presidents to preside over them, chosen out of the number of the seven.

"And the seventh president of these presidents is to preside over the six; and these seven presidents are to choose other seventy besides the first seventy to whom they belong, and are to preside over them.

"And also other seventy, until seven times seventy, if the labor in the vineyard of necessity requires it.

"And these seventy are to be traveling ministers, unto the Gentiles first and also unto the Jews.

"Whereas other officers of the church, who belong not unto the Twelve, neither to the Seventy, are not under the responsibilities of travel among all nations, but are to travel as their circumstances shall allow, notwithstanding they may hold as high and responsible offices in the church." Doc. and Cov. 107:93-98.

"It must not be understood that this passage limits the number of quorums to seven times seventy, for the Prophet, at the time the quorums were being organized, stated that "If the first Seventy are all employed and there is a call for more laborers, it will be the duty of the seven presidents of the first Seventy to call and ordain other Seventy, and send them forth to labor in the vineyard, until if needs be, they set apart seven times seventy, and even until there are 144,000 thus set apart for the ministry." History of the Church, Vol. II. Page 221.

There has been a strong sentiment against multiplying the number of quorums of Seventy. From the foregoing it would seem there is no real occasion for any such anxiety, for the responsibility placed upon them of preaching the Gospel to every creature will require a mighty force. Think of it! 144,000, more than two thousand quorums if need be can be called unto this service.

Among the early achievements of the First Council of the Seventy, our attention is called to a very notable event in the "Seventies Course in Theology, First Year Book, page 8, par. 11:

"Perhaps the greatest work achieved by the First Council of the Seventies in their organized capacity, was the organization of the Tabernacle and leading it from Kirtland, Ohio, to Adam-ondi-Ahman, Missouri, a distance of 860 miles. The camp numbered 105 families, 529 souls in all. They left the vicinity of Kirtland on the 6th day of July, 1838, and arrived at Adam-ondi-Ahman on the 4th of October, of the same year. A full history of the organization of this camp and its journey is to be found in the History of the Church, Vol. III. pp. 87-148.

The Second Quorum of Seventies was organized soon after the First. Regarding the increase of quorums in Nauvoo, I again quote the following from the First Year Book, page 8, paragraph 12:

"At the October Conference, 1844, the number of the Seventy was greatly increased. On the third day of the conference, Elder George A. Smith moved that all in the Elders' quorum under the age of thirty-five should be ordained into the Seventies, if they are in good standing, and worthy, and will accept it. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously. The members were added to make in all eleven quorums, and forty more were ordained to be part of the twelfth quorum. (See minutes of Conference, Times and Seasons, Vol. V. p. 695-696.) By the first of January, 1845, the number of quorums had increased to fourteen, and a Seventies' library was started, which caused the editor of the Times and Seasons to exclaim:

"Ten years ago but one Seventy, and now fourteen (quorums of) Seventies, and the foundation for the best library in the world. It looks like old times when they had 'Kirkath Sapher,' the City of Books."

"Meantime the Seventies had built a large brick hall in Nauvoo, known as the 'Seventies' Hall,' and on the 26th of December, 1844, this building was dedicated with imposing ceremonies extending through an entire week. Most of the members of the Council of the Apostles participated in the dedicatory services. It may be of interest for the Seventies to know that the heroic hymn, 'The Seer, the Seer, the Seer,' by the late President John Taylor, was written for these services, and by the author to President Brigham Young. (Times and Seasons, Vol. V. p. 767).

"The arrangement was made for two quorums to be in attendance at the dedication each day with their wives and children, and a number of invited guests. By this time there were fifteen quorums in existence. By the 19th of January, 1846, the number of quorums had increased to thirty." (Times and Seasons, Vol. VI. p. 1096.)

After the arrival of the Saints in Utah and for some time thereafter, the quorums of Seventy, being so badly scattered, were unable to meet in quorum capacity but were meeting in what was known as 'mass quorums;' but in 1883, under instructions issued by the First Presidency, then consisting of Presidents John Taylor, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, the Sevens of Seventy effected a reorganization of the quorums by establishing quorum districts throughout all the stakes and wards and receiving all those residing within such districts as members, upon their presenting certificates of good standing both from their original quorum and from the bishops of the wards where they resided. New members were also added by ordination and vacancies in the Councils were filled.

This move resulted in greatly increasing the number of quorums until in 1904 there were some 146 quorums and approximately 10,000 Seventies, including those at large who had not yet joined any of the quorums.

In 1907, by permission from and with the cooperation of the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve, a notable movement was undertaken by the First Council of the Seventy. A systematic course in theology was inaugurated in all the quorums of the Seventy. Of course various lines of study had previously been conducted in the quorums, with almost as many different plans as there were quorums in the Church, but in this new move a uniform progressive outline was provided covering a period of five years. This new outline was entitled "The Seventy's Course in Theology" and was issued in five Year Books, each one containing a sufficient number of lessons for the year's work. These Year Books were written and compiled with great care and extensive research by Elder B. H. Roberts and provided an outline of study which, in our opinion, has never been excelled.

As a result of this move there was a general awakening of interest and enthusiasm among the Seventies; so much so, that in the following year a general committee on outlines was appointed by the Church, no doubt influenced to some extent by the notable success of the Seventies, and ever since (but never prior to this move) regular and uniform courses of study have been provided for all the quorums of the Priesthood.

This move also brought about the ordination of more Seventies, as it was thought prospective missionaries should be brought into these quorums and receive the benefit of this course of study; and furthermore, the First Presidency in their letter of July 6, 1904, in
order to strengthen our depleted quorums had previously sanctioned such ordinations and advised that in "selecting Elders to be ordained Seventies care should be taken to pick out young men likely to develop within them the qualifications of becoming successful preachers of the Gospel." The maximum membership was reached on Jan. 1, 1923, when the Seventies numbered 12,068. The number of quorums likewise increased until in 1928 when the 224th quorum was organized.

HOWEVER in 1927 it was thought by the presiding authorities of the Church that this number should be greatly reduced and another move was inaugurated in which the Twelve Apostles, under whose direction the Seventies are called to labor, took an active part. As a result of this move much of the Seventies who had filled one or more missions and had now grown gray in the service but were no longer available for missionary work were transferred by ordination to the High Priests' quorum, provided, of course, they were found worthy of this promotion in the Priesthood, and at the same time many Elders who were considered worthy and available for missionary service were ordained to the office of Seventy.

Notwithstanding this, however, forty quorums were disorganized so that now in the beginning of this Centennial year, deducting from the maximum number of 224 the number of quorums disorganized we have 184 quorums with a membership on December 31, 1928—the latest available figures—of 9,342. Thus the membership of the Seventies quorum has been reduced below the status of 1904, while the High Priests have increased until they now number 17,033.

In connection with this latest move in which a more active cooperation with the presidents of stakes was earnestly solicited, an extensive program of study and activity was undertaken and the auxiliaries of the Church-Sunday Schools and Mutual Improvement Associations—were brought into requisition. To the former was assigned the duty of conducting the Priesthood classes, outlines for which were to be provided by the general authorities of the Church and in connection with the latter the quorums or parts of quorums were to meet in what is called their Tuesday night "Priesthood M. I. A." meeting in which reports of all their activities were to be made and assignments for the ensuing week were given. To give a full explanation of this undertaking would require more space than I now have at my disposal. I will therefore only add that it is a well thought out plan to which much study and careful consideration has been given by the general authorities of the Church and particularly by the Council of the Twelve who, under instructions from the First Presidency, sponsored the move.

This plan is now, with some minor modifications and with varying degrees of success, in active operation but nevertheless may still be considered more or less as a "noble experiment," and is even now under earnest consideration by the leading councils of the Church with the confident expectation that eventually a plan will be evolved wherein the great body of the Priesthood shall qualify for its high responsibility and "every man shall learn his duty, and to act in the office in which he is appointed in all diligence," (Doc. and Cov 107:90) and as this relates to the Seventy he shall qualify himself through diligent study and right living to be a preacher of the Gospel, "a bearer of the glad tidings of great joy" and "an especial witness for the Lord" for this is the calling of the Seventy.

In this connection it is interesting to note that all of the First Council of the Seventy have been or are now mission presidents.


J. Golden Kimball, President of Southern States Mission, 1891-1894.

Rulon S. Wells, President of European Mission, 1896-1898.

Joseph W. McMarrin, President of California Mission, 1919, still presiding.

Chas. H. Hart, President of Canadian Mission, 1927, still presiding.

Levi Edgar Young, President of Swiss Mission, 1902-04. Temple Block Mission, 1922, still presiding.

Rey L. Pratt, President of Mexican Mission, 1907, still presiding.

I Stand Upon a Mountain

By ANGELYN WARNICK

I WISH that I could find descriptive words with which to express the lift of soul I always feel when I stand upon the summit of a mountain peak and look around. I climb upon the highest rock and stretch out, but still I cannot reach the hazy blue, and an eagle circles high above my head. I breathe the pure fresh air that blows above the smoke and dust and confusion of man's abode, and I can look down upon my world, flat and insignificant, so far below.

I can look away and still away to other peaks and at the edge of distance I can see a far ridge proping up the sky.

I can look down on the tops of towering trees, down to the silvered paths of tumbling waters, and on the valley full of doll houses, patch-work fields and ribbon roads. I can see the prickly underbrush and jagged rocks that annoyed me on my ascent, and from the top they look so trivial, I wonder how they halted me.

I wish that I could express this lift of soul but I can't. I can only let the wind play in my hair and feel a mighty urge, a high emotion. A multitude of half formulated ideas surge up into my mind, which I can never quite translate into words.

If I could, how gladly would I do it to help my neighbors down there in the city, who cannot see beyond the walls of brick and stone they have constructed; who think the world is a smudgy factory, a set of screeching wheels and whirring belts, or rows of up counters, much as an ant might think the universe the suburbs of his hill.
Debunking the Debunkers of the Scriptures

By SUSA YOUNG GATES

THERE is an evident desire, if not determination, on the part of some of our pseudo-scientists to tear away the veils of sacred reverence from all that is holy and solemn. Their avowed purpose is to puncture the bubbles of reserve and reverence which we elderly fundamentalists have wrapped around our acceptance of creeds and dogma, while they give sympathetic support to those whose religion is science and whose God is the Debunker. These essayists and lecturers, within and without our university halls, have ignorantly assumed, it would appear, that we elderly devotees of the rostrum have never had doubts to settle, questions to seek answers for, or religious problems to solve.

Perhaps the one vital difference between them and ourselves is that we ancients took our personal difficulties into the decent retiring rooms of our own minds, seeking assistance from God in prayer, while they strip their own gaunt and unlovely souls bare in the public market place and on the lecture rostrum. The spectacle thereof is not edifying. As to the youth of today, some of those who think at all have become so accustomed to these ideas that they pass their teacher’s expose up as another educational whoopee. Those who don’t bother to think, just glance with bored eyes at the indecent publicly exposed mental disrobing of religious and scientific adjustments with the yawning inquiry, “What’s it all about, anyway?”

The two main horns of the religio-scientific circus bull are: Revelation and the Bible.

REVELATION, as quoted from various scientific agnostics, is variously a mental gymnastic, an evidence of hysteria, or an acknowledgment of a personal inferiority complex. The ultra-liberal scientific modernist gladly admits that the evolutionary processes of the mind demand some forms of devout emotion in their upward climb to complete intellectual independence. We old-timers should express our humble thanks for such crumbs of religious comfort which fall to our palsied hands from the altar-fires of these brilliant reformers who are waking us up to scientific truths.

I suggest here a careful study of the Prophets Joel and Amos.

The Bible, Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants are to me even as the personalities of my parents, sacred: sacred to them, and revered by me so that I would preserve their human failings, physical and mental, from all earthly eyes. When I speak of them I instinctively relate all that is good and true about them, leaving the trifling faults out of the picture. Don’t you do the same? How would you feel to have some callous debunker come along and joke about your father’s double chin or your mother’s cross eyes? Would you join in the merriment?

I have little patience with the debunkers who have dragged out every fault or rumored fault about Abraham Lincoln, George Washington and Queen Victoria.

So, too, if some lecturer were to give an address on the Prophet Joseph Smith, my father Brigham Young, or Abraham or David, I would thank him if he would quote the histories written by their friends, not those prepared by their detractors.

The critics are much given to quoting from everybody outside the Church, but almost never from the Bible.

In 1928, Roger Babson printed the following in one of his bulletins: “Charles P. Steinmetz, who was unanimously recognized by the General Electric Company and other great similar organizations as the world’s foremost electrical engineer, was once visiting my home. While talking over with him prospective future inventions in connection with radio, aeronautics, power transmission, etc., I asked him: ‘What line of research will see the greatest development during the next fifty years?’ After careful thought, he replied: ‘Mr. Babson, I think the greatest discovery will be made along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history. Yet we have merely been playing with it, and have never seriously studied it as we have the physical forces. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have hardly been scratched. When this day comes, the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has seen in the past four.’ ”

Huxley wrote: “True science and true religion are twin sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to be the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious, and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. The antagonism of science is not to religion, but to the heathen survivals and bad philosophy under which religion herself is often well-nigh crushed.”

Too many of our modern students defy doubt. They almost reach the point of the Know Nothing Party in ancient Greece. They declared at last that “we know not that we know not.” So too, those who cultivate the negative attitude, reach the point maintained by Edgar Saltus in his “Theses on Negation:”

“There is no help there, nor is there any elsewhere. The Orient is asleep in the ashes of her gods. The Star of Ormazd has burned out in the skies. On the banks of her sacred seas, Greece, hushed forevermore, rests on the divine limbs of her white immortals. In the sepulchre of the Nazarene, humanity guards its last divinity. Every promise is unfulfilled. There is no light save perchance in death. One torture more, one more throb of the heart, and after it—nothing. The grave opens a little, flesh falls in, and the weeds of forgetfulness which soon hide the tomb grow eternally about its vanities. And still
The voice of the living, of the just and of the unjust, of kings, of felons and of beasts, will be raised un silenced, until humanity, unsatisfied as before, and yet impatient for the peace of which life has distant but last, with its treasures, to fertilize the furrows of space where worlds ferment.

"On this vista the curtain may be drawn. Neither poet nor seer can look beyond. Nature, who is unconscious in her immorality, entrancing in her beauty, savagery in her cruelty, imperial in her prodigality, and appalling in her convulsions, is too: only deaf, but dumb. There is no answer to any appeal. The best we can do, the best that has ever been done, is to recognize the implacability of the laws that rule the universe and contemplate, as calmly as we can, the nothings from which we are come and into which we shall all disappear. The one consolation that we hold, though it is one which may be illusory too, consists in the belief that when death comes fear and hope are at an end. Then wonder ceases; the insoluble no longer perplexes; space is lost; the infinite is to seek, the face is done."

THE Bible has many counts against its sanctity as portrayed by the modernist; yet take comfort—in spite of all that can be said against it, one finds therein precious historic facts, strains of devout piety together with some most potent poetic effusions. The critics take refuge in an acknowledged fact that the symbol of man's creation from a lump of clay and the woman's from the rib of the man in the same folk-lore legends which fit the earth's creation into six days of twenty-four hours each, while the whole story belongs in the same category with Joshua's sun legend. The witch of Endor ties exactly with the damsel at Philippi, both evidencing the childishness of Saul and Paul who could record, much less believe, such ancient error.

IT is but a step farther for these critics to turn their scientific eyes upon Jesus, his miracles, his impossible virgin birth, and still more un-scientific resurrection. But though I am some four years past the superstitious Biblical span of three-score years and ten, I am expecting all that and more in my own short term of life. More— I look to see them clawing at my revered belief in the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants. And I shall watch the process, as I am doing today, of their disillusionment with mingled sadness and amusement. They are so immature, these debunkers. I have been the mother of ten sons, and have traveled along their own questing religious ways side by side with them, helping when they wanted help, but in ways respecting the decency and dignity of silence and reserve in regard to these sacred and solemn personal revelations. I could not strip them or myself mentally and spiritually naked except in the recesses of our own minds and homes. When appearing outside my own life's inner chamber, I seek to clothe my spiritual or mental deficiencies in the usual robes of decent restraint with which most men—and almost all women—prefer to appear in public. I remember always that there is need of innes as of outer concealment of physical, mental, and spiritual deformities.

NOW, in my effort to debunk the debunkers amongst us, I wish to add a few words concerning my own attitude on this subject. I am wholly and fully converted spiritually—as well as convinced mentally—that revelation from our Heavenly Father to his children on earth has been and is a divine truth. To me, "The Bible is the word of God as far as it is translated correctly." As to the age of the world, the time consumed in its organization, I am happy to find that our modern revelation in the Pearl of Great Price teaches that after the creation of the earth Abraham "saw it was after the Lord's time—for as yet the Gods had not appointed unto Adam his reckoning." And, too, I am happy in the assertion of my Prophet, whether in his two, when speaking about the age of the earth, as claimed by scientists even then to be millions of years—"How long it has been organized it is not for me to say, and I do not care anything about it."

Then the whale story is to me a matter of complete indifference. I am so glorified in the soul-building words of Jonah, which have soothed my suffering hours of despair and lifted up my worship to my Father who succored Jonah and my own humble self that I never stop to wonder what kind of a big fish—ship or submarine—it was which enclosed Jonah till he had learned his lesson.

AS to the poetic symbolism of the creation of Adam and Eve and their subsequent story, the Pearl of Great Price and the revela-
HER DAY OF GLORY

EUPHEMIA Gray

—Femie, for short—slammed the door shut almost viciously upon the departing guest. "Blab, blab, blab!" she scolded to sleepy-eyed puss, snugly ensconced on the cretonne rocker. "Nothin' but talk 'bout their husbands and children; I'm sick and tired o' listenin'!"

She sat down on a blue breakfast chair and began to unlace her high shoes—concession to company. Thank heaven, the Y. P. S. C. wouldn't meet at her home for another six months. Femie straightened suddenly and sat up half-smiling. Her lips, narrow and pale red, looked almost pretty when she smiled—they had such whimsical, tender curves. "My lands," she exclaimed aloud. "Young People's Sewing Circle! Never thought how funny that sounds now. Grace is fifty-two; Alma, forty-seven, and I, I'm," she started at the painful figure, forty-six! Let's see, nearly thirty-five years sence we begun that sewing circle."

A GREAT heaviness descended upon Femie as she arose to tackle the huge pile of dinner dishes left from the company. She attributed this depression quite naturally to her stomach—didn't all ailments originate there?—but a psychologist might have told her that it came from her mind. Year after year she'd seen her girl friends get married, have babies, and eventually fling great tidings of grandmotherhood at her. Month after month, she had heard the sly hints, the open sarcasm, the searching questions as to why she had never married. Only today Grace had said, "Didn't anybody want yuh, Femie?"

Cheery uttered a plaintive cry. Into the faded blue eyes beneath scant light brows and straggly silver-gray hair crept a new expression. "Poor little birdie, did Femie forget to give you seed 'count o' stuffin' a lot of good-for-nothin' friends?" And really there wasn't one bit of difference between her crooning tones and Grace's that afternoon when she had hushed little Lillian to sleep.

MITZI brushed her lazy fur across the ankle-long brown gingham print as Femie stood before the cage, as though a bit jealous of Cheery's monopoly. "Goodness," laughed Femie, the storm-clouds evaporating, "you hungry, too? Just a minute."

The dissatisfaction returned, however, as the spinner unfolded the sunrise patch-work quilt to creep into bed. Vaguely rebellious and disquieted as she often was, it never occurred to her to use the weapons of rebuttal or reprisal at her command. Grace's sarcastic remark might easily have been parried with an "I can't see as you're any better off with a drunken husband and sponging daughter." Almas giggling. "You be the only old maid amongst us now," merited a "Yes, but I don't have to stretch curtains 'cause my man earns next to nothin'." No, poor Femie received agonizingly all the darts and shafts of her friends and she never saw the whole quiver of nice, long sharp arrows at her disposal.

The house, for instance, was her own, four large cozy rooms on Middleton's most pleasant street. A bank book, discreetly hidden, contained astonishingly large balances. And Femie had the finest dressmaking trade in Middleton; for she knew how to sew, though you'd never guess it from the ugly blue, brown and pink gingham dresses she wore.

She knelt down to pray, an old-fashioned habit she had acquired as a child of three, centuries ago, it seemed. Two thin braids quivered on the white muslin back with intensity of emotion. The flat breasts pressed against the iron bedstead shook with desire. "Oh, Lord," she prayed, unorthodoxially, "help me to do something so great I kin crow over Grace, Alma, Alice and the rest!"

A neat dark green mail box hung to the right of Femie's door. As eagerly as though for twenty years she had never received anything but advertising circulurs, blotters, dodgers and folders, Femie stood in the early morning sunshine peering into its black interior. "Pooh," she ejaculated crossly, "nothin' but—well, my sakes alive—she broke off weakly, 'here's that fool grocer Wilkins givin' a airplane ride with a hundred dollars wuth o' groceries! Who in tunken could use all that stuff, and who'—her eyes widened—"would durst go up in the air?"

The circular, advertising a free hundred-mile ride, overcame her so completely that she almost forgot to look at the thin envelope in her hand. She went inside and sat down in a big red leather rocker. "Lawyer August Evans, Portland Block, Middleton," read the upper left-hand corner. Femie's trembling hands refused for a while to open the terrifying bit of paper. Lawyers were an unknown species of humanity to Femie; mostly connected with policemen and criminals. At last a small note was extracted from within. She read the message somehow. But the accumulation of exciting mail proved too much. Her hands became limp, her eyes stared unseeing, a great buzzing sounded in her ears; for the first time in her well-ordered existence she fainted.

Shivering back into consciousness she stumbled through the (Continued on page 440)
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MUTUAL WORK

The June Conference

NOT since our Jubilee year, 1925, has our June Conference been so outstanding an event as the one this year promises to be. It is the centennial year of the Church and every feature connected with Church activities will take on the spirit and color of the great occasion.

The dates set for the conference are Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 6, 7, 8. The preparations have not yet been completed in detail but the various committees have been at work for several weeks and are enthusiastically making their arrangements to provide a program of unusual interest. All are agreed that the gathering this year must be truly a young people’s conference; the spirit of youth and the place of youth in the great latter-day Church is to shape the activities which will be carried on.

In every stake and ward the spirit of enthusiasm will run high; both officers and members will want to be in attendance to participate in the fine program and to attest their love and loyalty for the M. I. A. cause and for the Church.

As the weeks go by announcements will appear frequently in the newspapers and the program in full will appear in the May and June issues of the Era. We hope that all of our workers and members will make their plans early to be present upon this joyous occasion.

No Lagging of Interest

NOW is the time of year when presidents, secretaries and class leaders should check up on attendance. Many of our members will be interested in contest work, which will add to their interest, but what about those who do not take part in the contest events? Are you putting forth every effort to make the lessons just as interesting, or even more so, during the remainder of the season? Let us all carry on to a glorious climax, feeling that we have throughout touched the life of all young persons within our reach and held their interest to the end.

Community Activity Department

Gold and Green Balls

JUAB STAKE

The Mutual Improvement Associations of the three wards of Nephi, assisted by the Juab Stake Board, cooperated in the presentation of the 1930 Gold and Green Ball at Nephi. The ball was held in the Arlington Pavilion, which was decorated with the M. I. A. colors with an artistic canopied throne in gold and green for the Queen of Colors. The Queen was chosen by ballot of the guests arriving before nine thirty p. m., it being a rule of Juab Stake that the Queen shall not be chosen by tardy guests.

The coronation was an artistic and impressive ceremony. The Queen was preceded in her entrance into the hall by a tiny but dignified crown bearer carrying the jeweled crown on a green crown.
satin cushion, while tiny flower girls in butterfly dresses scattered flowers along the line of march. Her Majesty was accompanied by her ladies in waiting, while tiny train bearers held the flowing train of her green satin robe. The conclusion of the coronation the Queen and her ladies were presented with bouquets of sweet peas and rose buds.

FREMONT STAKE

One of the most successful and enjoyable events of the season was the 1930 Gold and Green Ball given by the four wards of Rexburg and the M. I. A. Stake Boards.

The hall was artistically decorated by the ward and stake committees. The special lighting effect with gold and green lights was beautifu. The members of the different wards as well as those of the Stake Boards could easily be distinguished by their insignia. The young men from one ward wore gold colored shirts with green ties, and the ladies gold and green collars and cuffs. Another ward carried gold and green balloons, and the other two wards wore gold flowers with green leaves. The Stake Board’s insignia was a gold and green ball pendant on gold and green ribbon. An outstanding feature of the evening was the crowning of four queens. Each ward had chosen a queen and two attendants. At 10:30 these were escorted by their attendants to a platform in a beautifully decorated alcove where each in turn was crowned.

The Stake Superintendent H. H. Cutler then announced that the added honor of Queen of Attendance would be bestowed upon the queen of the ward having the greatest number present according to membership. Miss Maurine Romney, queen of the fourth ward, received this honor and was presented with the Stake Board insignia by rote. At the conclusion of the coronation the four queens were escorted by their attendants.

Another very attractive feature was the demonstration of the Gold and Green Caprice by six graceful couples. The spirit of friendship and sociability for which the M. I. A. stands was enjoyed by all present.

EAST JORDAN STAKE

The East Jordan Stake Gold and Green Ball was a pleasing success, being the most outstanding social event of the year so far, being held at Union, in the beautiful amusement hall which has recently been constructed.

The royal procession of the wards was presented in a picturesque way, with striking colors in costume schemes and arrangement. As soon as the ward picture was finished the participants marched down the steps and took their places in the center of the dance floor in such a position as to form the letters E. J. From this position the Gold and Green march was led by the winning ward whose queen became the Queen of the evening.

A feeling of cheer and good-will pervaded and without doubt the overwhelming success of the party was due to the loyal support and hearty cooperation of the wards of East Jordan Stake.

CALIFORNIA MISSION

The San Jose Branch of California, enjoyed one of the finest social functions of the season, upon the occasion of the annual Gold and Green Ball. Budget tickets admitted all branch members, who also were permitted to invite personal friends as their guests. The Palo Alto and Monterey branches were invited and a large number came as a party. The Gypsy chorus, a high class music club of San Jose, attended as a body, many of our young people belonging to that group. The Redmond Co.—a dramatic organization of San Jose were also guests, they having put on "The Patsy" and several other dramas in our amusement hall this season, free of charge.

It took place in the Palm Garden, one of the most beautiful ballrooms in California. The music was furnished by their regular orchestra and our own members. Punch was served. About 250 were in attendance and a very fine time was enjoyed by all.

The entire affair was financed by our budget system, there being no door charges—our budget has practically eliminated all our financial worries in our mutual work. No advertising of any sort is necessary, but we always have a fine enthusiastic, appreciative attendance.

TWIN FALLS STAKE

In spite of sub-zero weather, the 1930 Gold and Green Ball, held in the Latter-day Saints recreation hall at Twin Falls, was a most successful event. The decorations were carried out effectively in the M. I. A. colors, and refreshments in gold and green color scheme were served. A delightful spirit of cooperation and harmony characterized the affair, and all present had a thoroughly enjoyable evening. General Board members in attendance pronounced it a most successful occasion—one which exemplified in every detail the fine spirit of M. I. A.
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The Improvement Era for April, 1930

Course of Study

Physical Activities
(April 1)
Prepare for discussion, Handbook,
pages 9, 440-445. Handbook Supple-
ment pages 29-31.
The problem of choosing physical
activities for different groups, classi-
fying according to age, height, weight
classifications and physical fitness, also
according to ability, should be deter-
mined by group leaders selected from
the group.

GROUP ACTIVITIES
FOR PUBESCENT OR ADOLESCENT GIRLS
I. Games
A. Approved:
1. Volley-ball.
2. Captain-ball.
3. Captain-basketball.
5. Endball.
6. Punch ball.
7. Drive ball.
8. Long ball.
9. Giant volley-ball.
12. Field Hockey.
13. Indoor baseball.
15. Bowling.
16. Tennis.
17. Golf.
18. Quoits.
19. Archery.
20. Tenkoit.
B. Doubtful:
1. Basket-ball—in competition (dur-
ing early adolescence).
2. Soccer (during early adolescence).
3. Outdoor baseball.
C. To be condemned:
1. Football.
II. Track and Field Events
A. Approved:
1. Short dashes (up to 50 yds.).
2. Throwing events.
3. Jumping events for form (with
soft pit).
4. Hurdling for form.
5. Hurdling for speed (short distances
slow hurdles—18")
7. Obstacle races.
8. Short relay races.
9. Novelty events.
B. Doubtful:
1. High jump for height.
2. Broad jump for distance.
C. Condemned:
1. Long runs for speed.
2. Throwing heavy weights.
3. High jump for height in competi-
tion.
4. All jumps for height or distance
indoors.
5. High hurdles.
6. Cross-country running.
7. Pole vault.
8. Shot put.
9. Broad jump for distance in com-
petition.

III. Swimming
A. Approved:
1. Short distances for speed (20 to
40 yds. indoors, 20 to 60 yds. out-
doors).
2. Strokes for form.
3. Dives.
4. Plunge for distance (30 sec.).
5. Novelty events.
7. Relays (20 yds.).
8. Life-saving events for form.
9. Water games—not strenuous ones
B. Doubtful:
1. Plunge longer than 30 seconds.
2. Under-water swimming.
C. Condemned:
1. Swimming long distances for speed.
2. Water polo.
3. High Diving.

IV. Miscellaneous
A. Approved:
1. Hiking, climbing.
2. Skating and winter sports.
3. Horseback riding.
4. Paddling.
5. Rowing.
7. Roller-skating.
B. Doubtful:
1. Hikes longer than 15 miles.
C. Condemned:
1. Paddling or rowing long distances,
especially for speed.

FOR MATURE GIRL
All sports, games and events approved
for pubescent girl, and in addition:

I. Games
A. Approved:
1. Basketball (girls' rules). 
2. Soccer—(modified rules).
B. Condemned:
1. Football.

II. Track and Field
A. Approved:
1. Dashes up to 75 yds.
2. Jumping for form.
3. High jump with soft pit.
4. Hurdling for form.
5. Hurdling for speed to 60 yds.
6. Short walking races for speed.
7. Throwing events, for form, dis-
tance, accuracy.
8. Obstacle races.
9. Relay races.
10. Novelty events.
B. Doubtful:
1. High jump for height in competi-
tion.
2. Broad jump for distance.
C. Condemned:
1. Long runs for speed.
2. Long walks for speed.
3. High jump indoors for height.
4. Broad jump for distance indoors.

III. Swimming
A. Approved:
1. For speed—75 yds.
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The Improvement Era for April, 1930

Was. 4180—Was. 4181
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12. Swimming
13. Boating
14. Life-saving
15. Bowling
16. Boxing
17. Wrestling
18. Dancing
19. Horseshoe Pitching
20. Lawn Bowling
21. Women's basketball
22. Indoor baseball

It is important that activities of physical (strenuous) nature should be limited and restricted in regard to time or endurance unless participants have had thorough health examinations and a recent heart test. Strenuous physical activity is very unwise after a recent acute infection of any kind. It is therefore very important to have frequent heart tests and classify group according to age and physical ability. (See articles in May, 1929—Why Women Should Supervise Girls' Activities and Why a Medical Examination and What Kind.)

Consider the following:

QUESTIONS

Do the M Men in basketball have heart tests?
Why not just as much fun if the time of competition is cut down or limited?
Why would you not have men coach girls in physical activities?
Why would group and mass physical activities be fostered rather than specialized team play?
Why is tennis possibly the best sport for adolescent boys and girls?
How can hiking and camping be made accessible to more young boys and girls?

Bibliography:

Facilities Needed for Conduct of Physical Activities

Age classification of activities listed above. Take classification and check those people in your ward can participate in.

Within ward.*
Within community.**
Schools.
City or community organizations.
Private that may be used.
What could be provided that is not on your own ward property?

Horseshoe courts
Volley ball
Croquet
Basket ball
Tennis Court, lighted
Mats for stunts
Golf Putting

Check up vacant space in your ward and see how some of it might be used.
Formulate some plan for increasing facilities in home yards, school, church or community areas.

Draw a map of a mile or one-half mile radius, showing all the possible facilities that might be used for group or mass participation.

Bibliography:
Layout and Equipment of Playgrounds, Recreation Assn. of Amer., 815, 4th Ave., N. Y.
Play Areas, Playground and Recreation Assn., A. S. Barnes & Co.

(April 15)

How to organize and further use existing facilities of public school or church for:
Tournaments.
Hikes.
Teaching Tennis.
Teaching Golf.
Mass Participation in group competition.
Illustration of things to do in your group or gathering outdoors. Divide group according to departments into 4 teams representing Yellows, Reds, Oranges, Greens.
Have each class team compete as follows:

Boy Scouts (6 to 8) Broad Jump. Total feet.

Bee Hive Girls (8) Basketball Throw. 2 throws each. Total Distance.

Vanguard (8) 60 yd. Dash Average Time.

Junior Girls, Indoor Baseball Throw. Total Distance.

Gleamers, Volley ball, Serve 3 tries. 1 point each time ball clears net and falls within court bounds. Total Points.

M Men, Basketball, Pitching—3 pitches from foul line. 1 point each basket. Total Points.

Adult Men, Horseshoe Pitching. Total Points.

Adult Women, Walking Race 30 ft., Average time.

Determine 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th place in each group, giving 12, 10, 8, 6 points respectively for score. If more are on team make score possibly greater. Then have teams total points to determine winning team.

Work out three or other events that might be suitable to each group for outdoor gathering, also three events each that might be used by group indoors. Work out score sheets for such mass participations.
Keep your suggestions for actual use.

(April 22)

This is the night when department activity leaders meet with Community Activity Committee under direction of Counselors in charge of activities to discuss physical activities suitable for each group.

1st—Make out suggestive list for each group of:
A—rest or intermission purposes.
B—Social purposes.
C—Physical development of individuals.

2d—Make out suggestive list of games for each department that may be taught in the department and which may be introduced by department members into their homes and may become part of a program in home recreation.

3d—Round table discussion on activity problems of each department with questions and suggestions for their possible solution.

Bibliography:
"Home Play." "What Can We Do?"
"Recreational Games and Programs."
"Rural and Small Community Recreation."
"Fun for Everyone," Playground and Recreation Asso. of America, 315 4th Ave., N. Y.

(April 27)

Building a social-physical program for a ward reunion, a ward picnic, an all mutual party.

Organization and planning.
Suitable games and activities.
Equipment needed.
Supplies needed.

Each member of committee bring suggestions for non-dance program for a mutual recreation party.

A. Indoors.
B. Outdoors.

Have suggestions more social in nature than those planned as a physical activity mass participation program outlined for April 15 night.

Make out list for indoor recreation kit.

Make out list for outdoor recreation kit.

Criticize lists included below.

Social Party Kit
No. 1

24 paper caps.
50 paper sacks.
12 cloth scarfs.
1 whistle.
1 ball twine.
100 colored paper strips.
4 hoops.
4 Indian club pins.
2 Books—Community Songs.
2 Books—Community Games.

Picnic Kit (Outdoors)
No. 1

1 indoor baseball.
1 indoor baseball bat.
1 volleyball.

Pans.
Hammers.
Horseshoes.
Horseshoe Stakes.
Megaphones.
Sticks.
Sacks.
Tape (Length).
Trowel.
T. of W. Rope.
Volley Standards.
Volley Nets.
Volley Balls.

Suggestive Picnic Games for Mixed Groups

Special Stunts:
Guessing Contests. Ad's nails, peas, etc.

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25 yd. Dash.
Rolling Race.
Kiddie Car Race.
Rabbit Hop.
Treasure Hunt.

Children 5 to 8:
Penny Scramble.
Candy Kiss Scramble.
25 yd. Dash.
Rolling Race.
Kiddie Car Race.
Rabbit Hop.
Treasure Hunt.

Children 8 to 11:
Boys and girls. Separately.
One out.
Jump the Shot.
Sack Relay.
Subway.
Hobble Relay.
Elephant Walk.
Cock Fight.

Children 12 to 15:
Separately for boys and girls.
Crab Race (Bags).
Siamese Twins.
Stilt Race.
Bean Bag Rush.
Go and Go Back Race.
Obstacle Race.
Hoop Rolling Relay.
Dodge Ball.
Wheel Barrow Relay.
Squat Position Race.
All Up Relay.
Hand Walking Race.
Three Legged Sack Relay.
Drake Fight.
Hat Sparring.
Ball Kicking Relay.
Water Carrier's Relay.
Club Throw Elimination.
Lemon Tossing.

Men and Women:
Two in One.
Cracker Eating.
Folding Chair Relay.
Relay over Line (Bean Bags).
Confetti Race.
Match Box Passing.
Hunter, Gun and Rabbit.
Bag and Balloon Relay.
Stepping Stones.
Make Up Contest.
Jump Stick Relay.
Shuttle Relay (Obstacle).
Circle Marble Passing.
Double Quick Relay.
Spooning Race.
Hoop Ocean Wave Relay.

Women:
Balloon Blowing.
Balloon Kicking.
Kangaroo Balloon Race.
Baseball Throw.
Ten Trips.
Over Relay.
Pass Ball.
Jiggs and Maggie Derby.
Clothes Pin Race.
Fanning Race.
Tossing Into Barrels.
Bag Bursting Race.
Bean Bag Stacking.

Teacher and Class.
The Old Oaken Bucket.
Bowling to Line.
Volley Ball Kicking.
Hoop Rolling.
Zig Zag Relay.
Bean Bag Balance Relay.
Potato Race.
Skipping Race.
Eggs and Spoon Race.
Rooster Fight.
Over Relay.

Men:
Centipede Race.
Over and Under Race.
Ocean Wave Relay.
Egg Throwing.
Prohibition Race.
Leap Frog.
Tug of War.
Tug of War Rush.
Squat Ball Relay.
Three Legged Sack Race.
Tire Changing.
Head Ducking.
Marshmallow Eating.
Chef Boxing.

Check over Bibliography in Handbook, page 456, Activities 456, Outdoor 458, Athletics, and list those you are acquainted with and have used.

In a program of physical activities such objectives as the following should be kept in mind: The achievement of health and physical well-being through wholesome activities, properly conducted; the development of a social attitude among participants; congenial cooperation of all agencies concerned.

Problems: Does your community have suitable quarters in which to conduct games of a physical nature? Where can the boys and girls go for this type of activity? If the equipment is not suitable, is it due to indifference, lack of funds, or lack of executive leadership. If you find no general participation in wholesome physical activities, is it due to lack of opportunity, lack of appreciation of its value, or special group monopoly of grounds and equipment?

Suggestions for the solution of these problems:

Make a survey of all available play spaces, and from the results, decide upon a project for the establishing of what is needed. Organize a campaign to educate the community, and provide for the raising of necessary funds.

Organize a consistent, supervised program to bring interested people together for play purposes.

Plan a constructive plan for physical recreation.
WHOEVER created the false proverb, “Children should be seen, but not heard,” has never caught the real thrill and joy of family association. The proprieties of conversation cannot be learned by silence, and the subdued child is certain to break out with some awkward and embarrassing remark when in company.

Conversation is a valuable feature of family recreation, although one easy to neglect. The home group is an ideal one for the discussion of thought and ideas. Amusing incidents, news of the day, family plans and aspirations, accomplishments of great people, all help train in the important arts of observation and expression. If this form of activity is difficult to launch, there are many interesting and simple devices through which it may be developed, and the members of the family come into a closer understanding of one another.

ONE mother suggests that as a beginning, each person be asked to describe in the evening one interesting event observed during the day. Another suggests that each member bring home from school or work or play the report of the nicest thought entertained during the hours just past. In another family, each one is expected to be prepared daily to use a new and unusual word in the course of conversation, and to see if he can do it naturally enough so that the others will not detect it. If it is noticed, the user pays a forfeit. Otherwise they are told the word, and all who cannot give its meaning pay a forfeit. This is helpful in increasing the vocabularies of participants, and in developing attentive attitudes toward the remarks of others.

Stories, anecdotes, good turns seen or done that day, visits to factories and places of historic interest, all may be made subjects of family talk, and questions and answers concerning them promote interesting discussion. From such assigned topics, natural and easy conversation develops and personalities are enriched thereby.

Home Reading
It is necessary that good reading should be provided. An interesting magazine such as the Child Life, Children’s Friend, and others as well as certain types of books help to develop desirable traits. John Martin has selected a list of 60 books called John Martin’s Safety Sixty, indicating the influence which he believes each book has on the child. The list with
the indicating symbols is given here with a key to the symbols:

A
(1) Moral tone and standards.
(2) Reverence.
(3) High sense of honor.
(4) Chivalry.
(5) Cultural, mental background.
B
(1) Higher and finer ambitions.
(2) Mental stability.
(3) Broad basic judgments.
(4) Fine standards of human and life relationships.
(5) Normal patriotism.
C
(1) Wholesome imagination and sympathies.
(2) Refined appreciations.
(3) Instinctive good taste.
(4) Intelligent patience.
(5) Clean sense of humor.

Aesop, Fables—A1, 5; B2; C1.
Alcott, Little Women—A5; B4; C4.
Andersen, Fairy Tales—A5; C1, 2.
Bennett, Master Skylark—A1, 3, 5.
Blackmore, Lorna Doone—A1, 2, 3, 5; B2, 3, 4.
Brown, Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts—A1, 2, 5; B4; C1.
Bunyan, Pilgrim’s Progress—A1, 2, 3, 5; B2, 4; C1, 2.
Carroll, Alice in Wonderland—A5; C1, 2, 5.
Carroll, Through the Looking-Glass—A5; C1, 2, 5.
Church, Iliad—A5; B1, 2; C1, 2.
Church, Odyssey—A5; B1, 2; C1, 2.
Collodi, Pinocchio—A1, 5; B2, 4; C1, 2.
Cooper, Last of the Mohicans—A5; B2, 4; C4.
Dana, Two Years Before the Mast—A1, 3, 5; B2, 5; C2, 4.
Defoe, Robinson Crusoe—A1, 2, 5; B2; C1, 4.
Dickens, Cricketers on the Hearth—A5; B4; C1, 2.
Dodge, Hans Brinker—A1, 2, 5; B4; C2, 4.
Doyly, The White Company—A1, 3, 4; B1, 2, 5.
Fabre, The Story Book of Science—A2, 5; B2, 4; C1, 2.
Field, Poems of Childhood—A5; B2.
Harris, Uncle Remus and His Sayings—A5; B3, 4; C1, 2, 5.
Hale, Man Without a Country—A1, 2, 3, 5; B2, 4; C1.
Hawthorne, Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales—A5; C1, 3.
Hughes, Tom Brown’s School Days—A2, 3, 5; B1, 2, 4; C4.
Ingelow, Moapa the Fairy—A5; C1, 2.
Kipling, Jungle Book (First)—A5; B2, 4; C1, 2, 4.
Kipling, Jungle Book (Second)—A5; B2, 4; C1, 2, 4.
Kipling, Just So Stories—A5; B3, 4; C1, 2, 3, 5.
Kipling, Kim—A1, 2, 5; B1, 3, 4; C1, 3, 4.
Kingsley, Water Babies—A5; B4; C1, 2.
Kingsley, Westward Ho!—A3, 5; B1, 2, 4; C1, 2.
2. 4; 5; C4.
Lamb, Tales From Shakespeare—A5; B2, 4; C1, 2, 5.
Lane, Book of Bravery—A1, 3, 4.
Lear, Complete Nonsense Book—A5; B2; C1, 2, 3, 5.
Lyttton, Last Days of Pompeii—A1, 5; B1, 2; C2, 4.
Lagerlof, Adventure of Nils—A2; B2, 3, 4; C1, 3, 4.
Palgrave, Golden Treasury—A1, 2, 5; B2, 3; C1, 2, 3, 5.
Porter, Scottish Chiefs—A1, 2, 3, 4; B1, 2, 5; C1.
Pyle, King Arthur—A1, 3, 4, 5; B1, 2, 5; C1, 2, 4.
Pyle, Merry Adventures of Robin Hood—A3, 4, 5; B4; C1, 2, 5.
Pyle, Men of Iron—A1, 3, 4, 5; B1, 2; 5; C1, 2, 4.
Ruskin, King of the Golden River—A1, 3, 5; B4; C1.
Scott, Ivanhoe—A1, 2, 3, 4, 5; B1, 2, 5; C2, 4.

Story Telling

THE plea, “Tell me a story,” provides the mother or father with an opportunity to give real joy to the child and at the same time to help build his education and character, for through the presentation of some of the well-known stories the child will get a great amount of pleasure, will become familiarized with some of literature’s gems and will understand better the value of certain traits of character. As Theodore Roosevelt said, “Presidents may come and presidents may go, but Uncle Remus stays put.” A story should be simply and directly told. It need not be learned word for word—in fact it is better to tell it in one’s own way. Stories should be fitted to the age and experience of the child to whom they are told and there should be no moralizing. Fairy tales, nonsense tales and nature and historical stories are the best to tell children. The book, Stories to Tell Children, by Sara Cone Bryant, published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., New York, price $1.50, is one of a number of books which contains good stories for children of different ages.

Many lists of story books for children are available through libraries and other sources, among them the following:

Books for Young Readers. Child Study Association of America, New York City.
In every case where a fancy finish is to be given a wall, the wall must first be thoroughly covered with a good standard paint either a gloss or a flat finish, done just as well as though the wall were to be finished in a plain color. The last coat of plain paint must be perfectly dry before any fancy finish is applied.

Glazed or Antique Finish

Tint glazing liquid with oil color and brush it over the dry painted wall. On a rough or textured wall the glaze coat may be wiped off, leaving the color in the depressions. On smooth walls it may be wiped in swirled, irregular strokes with good results, or the wiping rags may simply be pressed against the wet glaze coat. These methods give the appearance of texture where none exists. The glazed effects are much in vogue for woodwork as well as walls, and may be applied over stippled flat or semi-flat enamel. Wall paints are suitable for woodwork that is to be glazed. When the glaze is dry it should be given a coat of flat varnish.

Scumbled Finish

Scumbling is removing part of a wet coat to allow a dry background of another coat to show through. The background may be either a gloss finish or a flat finish. The last coat of paint should be thinned with glazing liquid or linseed oil to retard its setting and give it the proper stickiness to enable the paper or rags to pick up the paint in interesting patterns.

For the coarsest design or pattern, press loosely crumpled newspaper against the wet coat; for a somewhat smarter pattern roll crumpled paper or rags over the wet coat, for a fine pattern pat the wet coat over and over with a handful of crumpled paper until the texture is uniform.

Sponge Imprints

Impressions may be either of flat or gloss paint, applied on a dry background of either paint. Take an ordinary sponge and cut it in two to give you two good working forces. Use a board or sheet of tin to serve as a palette and spread on it a rather thin layer of the paint to be used on the sponge. Wet the sponge in water and squeeze it out as dry as possible, choose the surface you will use, touch it to the paint on the palette, tap it gently to rid it of superfluous paint, then press it lightly but firmly against the wall and you have an imprint. A number of these may be made before renewing the paint in the sponge and it is best to apply them in a hit or miss fashion, turning the hand at the wrist occasionally but taking care not to turn the sponge in the hand, because the formation of the

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sponge regulates the pattern on the wall.

A second person may follow immediately with another color without waiting for the first imprints to dry. Imprints in four or five colors or a neutral background produce a pleasing effect.

Tiffany Finish No. 1

Flat paint background; oil colors for blending.

Use a separate vessel and a separate brush for each oil color. Thin each oil color with a bit of turpentine and add glazing liquid to each, the turpentine insures the color mixing readily with the glazing liquid. To a wall which is to be done at one working apply a coat of glazing liquid (either plain or tinted with one of the oil colors that is to appear in the blend) and on this wet coat apply the various colors in irregular daubs, always avoiding straight lines. Then with cheesecloth, waste, sponge or brush, commence working around the outer edges of these color splotches and gradually blend all together. Much or little blending may be done, according to the effect desired. For a very smooth flat-appearing finish pat the wall with a handful of cheesecloth after the blending is done.

Tiffany Finish No. 2

Gloss background; also for blending.

No glazing liquid is necessary; simply daub the various blend colors on the painted wall and blend them with a brush. The paint sets slowly enough to enable one to blend the colors satisfactorily without haste. If an ordinary paint brush is used, hold it at an angle of about 45 degrees, and use a sort of stabbing motion when blending. The blending may be done with a regular stippling brush. This makes a softer blend, backing the high lights that give character to the wall.

A somewhat more artistic effect is produced if (on smooth plaster) the last coat of the background color is stippled, that is, tapped with a brush when the paint has set sufficiently to prevent it leveling out again. This stippling gives the wall an interesting pebbly texture, because the brush bristles pull the paint out in tiny points that do not wholly settle back again. If mello gloss is used it is ready for stippling in about thirty minutes after being applied, depending upon the condition of the atmosphere.

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If Winter Comes

By MARGARET C. MOLONEY

We may as well prepare for Spring, for she will not be many steps behind Winter. As the wise virgins look to their lamps, so will the wise gardener look to hers, placing them about the house close to the foundation that they may snuggle in the friendly shelter through the long unfriendly months with their chilly breaths and frosty mantles—cold austere months who have no traffic with gay cheery lights such as are tendered by crocus, narcissus, daffodil, tulip.

One day, though, Winter will totter, grow more and more feeble, and then eventually grudgingly give way to the lamplighters. March, April and May. March is a blustering lamplighter, and like as not will blow out all the lamps he has lighted, just for the sport of it, neither knowing nor caring, that the lamps must remain dark all through the gay Spring. So, it were better to hide the lamps from the blustery chap. April is more dependable; and she will find every lamp, no fear. Even if released from duty before she has lighted every one, May, her successor, will complete the task.

What a grand and glorious thrill to step from the bed one chilly April morning, and find the place all lighted up with bits of color, bobbing and dancing in the early breeze, while the mist scurries over the hills into hiding.

(Continued on page 431)
My Needs
(Continued from page 387)

fluffy balls of kittens following her.

This is not very much: a house, a garden, a dog, cat and kittens! I need far, far more. The poet must have made a mistake!

I need a radio set so I can listen to the speeches and sermons of great men, to the world's best music, even at times to things more frivolous. How can I do my exercises without my radio? How can I know the best recipes? How can I keep in touch with the burning questions of the present day? How can I entertain my friends? The little boy can press a button now, and at once we are in another world.

Fairy tales no longer seem absurd for electricity beats all fairy tales, making all things possible. I could not do without electricity — I do not want to go back to the years before it came. Yes, I must have electricity to light my house, to clean my house, to run my radio, to do those hundred and one things which we no longer do for ourselves, and to do them more efficiently!

I NEED running water (hot and cold) in my house. Do you expect me to go to a well? 'True, I did so once—but not now, please!' I need a car to take me quickly to my friends in times of great joy and sorrow, even for the pleasure of taking one or the other out with me when I shop!

I need a telephone! How else can I communicate with my friends when I feel I must talk, and there is no time to go to their houses? Cut off my telephone and you deprive me of one of the joys of life! It is true it buzzes with insistence for trivial matters — its business calls make me wish myself on a desert island: but there are other times! Ah, I would not do without my telephone! Not now!

We used to be satisfied with letters — our hearts leaped at the sight of a certain, well-known handwriting; but do they not thrill more when we hear the voice we love, and shutting our eyes, we can almost feel our dear ones in the same room with us — and the rest of the world is forgotten! In England, the way to answer a telephone was by saying: 'Are you there?' This sounds formal. 'Is it you?' conveys a meaning which every woman knows! I would part with my car sooner than with my telephone. It is one of my greatest possessions. 'Be with you in a minute,' I hear, and run, womanlike, to my mirror! We may not have the old-fashioned bulky love letters, tied with blue or pink ribbon, hidden away in our trunks, but the silvery sound of the little telephone brings messages quicker in time of bereavement, and there is the 'human
voice" which was missing in those days of letter writing!

WHY do I need so many books?
I can only read one at a time. There are the lending libraries. Why keep so many books on my own shelves? Why indeed?
Ask any lover of literature this question. It is one I cannot answer: but I hoard my books as a miser does his gold. I would not, willingly, part with any of them.

Why do I need so many cups and saucers and pretty plates? I can eat out of only one at a time! I am a social being; so I need these things for others. I need many things for myself—many more for others. Why do I need pretty clothes, for instance? Is it not to gladden the eyes of someone else?

I need an open fireplace where, in the glowing flames, I can see long forgotten stories once again. I dream dreams and see visions! I need the warmth of my open fire beside the companionship that it can give and a stove cannot. I would rather be a little chilly by an open fireplace than roast near a shut-in stove! A fireplace—oh, how it conjures up all that is romantic, cheery, lovable! It brings the children back again. Have I forgotten them? Oh, how I need the little children! What is the use of a house if there be no children to clutter it with toys? Wherefore have a garden if tiny feet cannot run in and out amongst the flowers, after a fugitive ball?

Can I sit round my fireplace and not want the children?

I WANT so much. I need so many things. Some I have not time to mention. I often think that Woman, when she reads the words: "Man needs but little here below, nor needs that little long," must hide a smile!

Did the author of them mean "Mankind!" Did he mean "Man" as distinct to "Woman"? I wonder. I am none too sure that even Man needs little in these days. Man too has been spoiled.

It is a fact, however, that Woman needs and always will need things: their name is Legion. Woman needs a great deal here below; and she needs it all the time.

---

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Season one can of Miss-Lou Shrimp well with salt and pepper; chop a few pieces celery well with a little onion, and add. Pour over this mayonnaise sauce, and garnish with sliced hard boiled eggs, lemon, beet and celery tops.

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<td>Med. Wt. Silk and Wool</td>
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20% Extra Charge For Sizes Over 46

Do not fail to specify New or Old Style and if for Man or Woman, also state if long or short sleeve, short or long legs are wanted. Give accurate Bust Measurement, Height and Weight.

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The Contagion of Attitude
(Continued from page 397)
I’ll get by snatching and grabbing won’t make much difference in the long run. Is it necessary to have all this malice? How ridiculous it is that we let our spirits get crinkled and screwed-up with selfishness and ill-feeling for the sake of a few pencies!

ON the trail of these thoughts a generous resolve welled up in the girl’s mind, giving her release from the tension she was under, a relaxing happiness, which compensated instantly for the prospect of a little self-denial.
Very soon the new determination was given an opportunity to bear fruit. The girl had a pan half full of beans when she noticed that the vessel of her neighbor on the left was empty. "Take some of mine," she invited, gladly, sincerely, "Maybe by the time we finish these some more will be here."
Thus was the leavening commenced. Astonished, the other worker accepted, and it was not long until she had taken advantage of a chance to reciprocate. The idea spread, entirely obliterating the atmosphere of distrust which had pervaded. Interested conversation, laughter, and smiles displaced the sullen silence. All at once this seemed to be the sensible thing to do. Everyone earned just as much, anyway, and it was ever so much easier. The college girl found herself surprisingly congenial with the illiterate Italian woman who sat opposite her, becoming genuinely interested in the pretty young daughter who sometimes accompanied her mother. Good-will mellowed all friction, and mitigated the burden of the long hours. It was almost a miracle, the metamorphosis that had taken place in that little group. And all because someone had been original enough to start a new attitude going!

WHAT a real and potent thing attitude is, after all! It is something one can rely on to be more authentic than words or even actions (by themselves alone). One can feel antagonism in an individual who is scorched with it, even though he or she treat you with irreproachable courtesy, and ask you sweetly to "come again." You can discern friendship and love in a person who has this feeling for you, though never a word of it be spoken. I know a man who at times goes into periods of melancholy which tincture everything around him. He seldom says anything about it, and tries to be normal, but his wife can recognize one
of those gloomy, depressed spells as soon as she comes in his presence.

Bertrand Russell, in his address, *My Philosophy of Life*, declared that "emotion is the basis of one's judgments and values." Fundamentally, it does have much to do with our words, our deeds, our expressions and our mannerism. In fact, so inextricably correlated are these things that we frequently do not distinguish between them, but could we fully appreciate the role that attitude—which is a mild emotion—plays in our lives, we should see, with Bertrand Russell, the importance of placing people in an environment which will stimulate desirable attitudes. A nervous, fretful mother is almost invariably harassed by petulant, whining children. The atmosphere of the home determines more than most parents care to realize, the personality of the individuals reared in it. The irreverence and vulgarity of a pool-hall produces coarseness in its frequenters, just as, inversely, the purity and sweetness of the mission field helps the new missionary to want and to acquire that holy spirit which, enhancing that part of his being that responds to cosmic stimuli, causes the spiritual glow which we admire so much in our returned youths.

We meet people whom we at once like, people whom we understand and who understand us; and we meet others who are repulsive to us. We gravitate toward our own kind avoiding stimuli to which we cannot, or do not care to adjust. And why? There emanates from people an attitude, a radiation of their personalities, which represents their typical reaction-tendencies. This influence, if it is compatible with our own characters, we comprehend, experiencing a favorable sensation because there is a condition of harmony, not discord, in the contact.

In this manner, then, there is spiritual communion among mortals. Is it not so, too, with our cosmic relationships? Who knows? Perhaps this is one of the ways God talks with us, the way he hears our prayers. Our attitude seeking for him, and being attuned to the rays of the universe, to the spirit or personality which radiates from him, can vibrate in rhythm with his until the desires and messages of both parties are mutually perceived.
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Subconscious Hears the Cackle
By MARGARET C. MOLONEY

At the Grange Picnic I heard all day long the complaints against the hen. "She doesn't pay for her feed," over and over they said until I came home fully convinced that it must be so. Even when I went down to the cherry modern henhouse and filled my basket with dozens of eggs, I couldn't be fair. I wouldn't let myself think about that basket full of eggs. I thought instead of sacks of feed, and after the family had retired for the night I sat up and figured.

To be sure, the sale of eggs for the month exceeded the feed bill—but not much, and I kept repeating the words of my neighbors—"Nothing for my labor—or, at least, very little."

I WENT to sleep with strong disapproval for my beautiful flock uppermost in my mind. Then, as is often the case, my subconscious took up the subject, and laid the matter before me in a vivid dream, an enlightening dream.

"Pretty good food at that picnic," remarked my subconscious as an opening shot.

"Great!" I admitted ungrudgingly.

"If the eggs had been removed from it, it would have been a queer picnic dinner, wouldn't it?" said subconscious.

"It would," I said, unthinkingly.

IT has been said," went on the chatty subconscious, "that you can do more with a dozen eggs than with any other one ingredient, and I believe it. Take for instance that real loaf—it was full of eggs; and those banana pies that made such a hit, had lots of eggs in 'em, didn't they. And the delicious creamed chicken Mrs. Jarnegaw brought along with her little Sterno to heat it on! I heard her say it had four hard boiled eggs to a quart of chicken. All the cakes had eggs in them of course: and the ice cream; and the salads, excepting those made of fruit; and that gingerbread that had so many eggs in. that Mrs. Suter got so many compliments on, not to mention the dozens and dozens of

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Say "Gear-ar-delley"
The "Good English" Teapot

By EDITH CHER RINGTON

It is impossible to express high ideals in low language, and just as impossible to improve the quality of that language if one cannot endure criticism. This circumstance formed the problems that, for a time, seemed to threaten the peace and progression of our "grown up" family.

Each one of us pursues his individual interests during the day, and at dinner time we all meet and exchange our views and experiences at table. Saving every amusing incident and bit of extraordinary information for this hour, we linger over our food and banquet ourselves with conversation. It is a pleasant habit and would be thoroughly delightful were it not for one correcting another's mistakes in English, and injured pride declaring silent hatred for the other. We are all anxious to improve, and have often declared that we welcomed correction, yet it always breaks the harmony of our association like a flat note in a charming melody.

The climax came one evening when we were discussing a down-town parade. "They had a dandy steam calliope!" Philip said enthusiastically, "You could hear it for blocks."

"Yes, we heard the calliope clear down to third street." Jean put undue emphasis on calli-ope. Philip had pronounced it "cal-lee-ope." All enthusiasm died, and an uncomfortable silence shadowed the table.

Philip didn't question Jean's authority, for she was the recognized grammarian of the family, and carried her knowledge like a sword; but he resented it because it implied his imperfection.

"Everybody says 'cal-lee-ope' he argued. "It's the common pronunciation. No one says 'calli-opee'."

"I say it! But of course the common pronunciation is all right for anyone that wants to be common."

There was nothing more to be said on the subject, and while they sat glaring at each other like (Continued on page 438)
A WEALTH OF SKY-BLUE BLOSSOMS

My Border of Felicia
By MARY C. SHAW

Many who will not recognize this plant by its newer name may know the pretty little thing as Agathaea coelestis, or even by its more common name, blue marguerite or blue daisy. If not already known, it is quite well worth an intimate acquaintance, which is almost sure to reveal, besides beauty of form and flower, that Felicia is somewhat fickle and inclined to sport. This characteristic, of course, makes the plant even more interesting than otherwise. Felicia's real home is in South America.

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Africa, and like all the Cape subjects, is rather tender, requiring some protection through cold weather. Being perennial, it is better still to pot up the plant for a house bloomer or for greenhouse material during winter, as it is admirable for either purpose. After growing Felicia for many seasons, I find that it prefers light shade through the hottest portion of the day. It is not at all exciting about soil or moisture, but, of the latter, better too little than too much.

This plant grows one or two feet high, is spreading in habit rather than erect, and for a border it is indeed difficult to find a blue flower more satisfactory.

The leaves are very dark green, in shape roundish, rough to the touch and quite heavy in texture. On long stems the lovely blue flowers, having golden center disks, are borne singly. Felicia is a profuse bloomer, the flowers following each other in rapid succession over a long period of time.

When cut with a bit of its own foliage it is most charming. I have also combined, with splendid effect, blue marguerites and tiny buds of the pink baby rose, Cecile Brunner. Like all other blue flowers, this one is much more beautiful in day than by artificial light.

This plant comes easily from seeds and may also be grown by using tender tip cuttings taken, preferably, in very early spring before the plants are at all weakened through blooming.

Felicia seeds itself quite readily, and thereby hangs the tale of its sportiveness. When true to type, the flowers are about an inch across, with a single row of petals in color a clear azure blue. From the next generation of seedlings, however, there are apt to be variations. Some of these will likely produce semi-double blossoms almost twice the usual size. This is called ‘variety monstrosa’ and when these appear, gardeners generally hasten to increase stock by cuttings from this larger flowered sort. I have had very fine giant Felicia in this way.

Then, one time, among the seedlings I discovered a plant with flowers several shades deeper, in fact, a cobalt blue. This was very richly colored and so was

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straightway "fixed" by rooted cuttings.
For a border, this blue marguerite is altogether adaptable, clean and attractive, blooming almost the whole season through, while nearly all that is required to keep it in good condition is a frequent clipping of the faded flowers.

California Poppies
(Continued from page 393)

* * *

ESCHSCHOLTZIAS are especially charming when grown as a border with a low edging of either sweet alyssum or blue lobelia. This arrangement will produce a wealth of flowers all summer long continuing even until after rather heavy frosts. Prompt removal of seed pods will make for better and larger blooms.

Then too, California poppies are splendid for cutting if taken bright and early in the morning before the sun strikes them and put immediately into cold water. Treated thus, the flowers will last for several days, partially closing at night and opening again in the morning.

Eschscholtzias are true perennials, but generally treated as annuals. However, if well protected, they will come up again in spring and will often blossom even earlier than before. Frequently also, they re-seed, so if once started are apt to remain from season to season, and for a brilliant display in house and garden these poppies are most useful and dependable, with scarcely a rival.

* * *

If Winter Comes
(Continued from page 421)

But the lamps must be ready for the torch-bearers of Spring. And now is the time to place them.

Moles are creatures of darkness. They are most unfriendly to the wee lamps, and will go out of their way to upset them, and toss them out of their safe niches. Eternal vigilance is the only prescription we can offer after years of battling these gruesome little beasts—such eternal vigilance as that for which the wise virgins were so highly commended.
**Easter Symbols and Customs**

(Continued from page 402)

In our own country the lily is symbolic of Easter, and churches at this period, are largely adorned with it. Many are sent as Easter gifts to hospitals and homes and given to friends.

A MOST peculiar Easter custom has long been in vogue—and is still continued—in Hallaton, England, known as the “Hare-Pie Festival.” An immense hare-pie is made for the occasion and taken to the church, to which a procession, led by a brass band, repairs, after having marched through the principal streets of the town. Assisted by two or three other officials, the rector cuts this pie and the pieces are scrambled for down a steep bank, known as Hare-Bank. It is considered lucky to secure the largest piece. A banquet in the village follows this ceremony.

In Scotland, it was anciently believed that the sun rose with a whirling motion on Easter morning, thus showing its exceeding great joy.

A great deal of superstition was attached to the weather on this day, an old folklore song running—

“A good deal of rain on Easter day,
Gives a crop of good grass, but little good hay.”

If the sun shone on Easter morning it was claimed it would shine a little, at least, during every day throughout the year.

Many people do not know the rule which determines the time of Easter celebration, which sometimes comes in March, and sometimes in April, but always with this difference: it never occurs two consecutive years in March, while it may come in April several successive years. It always comes upon the first Sunday after the first full moon after the twenty-first of March. In addition to its spiritual significance, Easter is the time when, by general consent, Mistress Fashion makes her bow to the world.

Although not generally known, Florida received its name from the fact that Ponce de Leon, searching for the fountain of perpetual youth, landed there on Easter Sunday—the Spanish name for which is Pascua Florida—in 1512.

---

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Out of the Burning

(Continued from page 399)

chagrined that Portia was not chosen valedictorian. Still he knew the principal had stretched a point in permitting her to graduate. Portia was a sad scholastic failure. If she had only enjoyed school as she did a golf course! All this was buried deeply beneath the dress suit. Only a calm, unruffled dignity was presented to the proud, whispering audience in the pit.

The principal had addressed the graduates on the solemnity of this occasion; had told them that diplomas must be engraved with proper christian names. Thus Spike Reeves, football hero, had to confess to the name of Harold Benjamin; other queer names furnished much mirth, while the titles Pamela Harrison and Portia Harrison followed each other in alphabetical order. The Governor bestowed the diplomas with a flowery speech, while the audience tired itself with plaudits. Portia was beautiful in nile green crepe, gold slippers, profuse flowers. Her curls were immaculately arranged, her poise perfect. But her pleasure was short-lived. Pamela Harrison looked like her shadow, walking across the stage. Golden curls, gold slippers, pale green gown. The audience howled its appreciation—the resemblance was too evident to be longer ignored. A voice from the balcony called out "The Harrison twins! Speech!"

JUDGE James Fleming Harrison was so perturbed he nearly lost his dignity. He even failed to notice Echo smiling and gesticulating to Eunice, down in the orchestra row. Later, at home, he turned a deaf ear to Portia’s protests and tears.

"She’s ruining my youth!" wailed Portia, tossing the offending dress to a chair. "I can’t have a pair of shoes without that girl getting a duplicate of them. It’s just too mean of Aunt Eunice. I feel like going over there and telling her so, too!"

Again the judge walked his study floor half the night. The result was that early the next morning Pamela Harrison received
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Pamela's decision was swift. An appointment with Judge Harrison was not nearly as important as the chance to be kind to the old soul who had stood between her and many a severe punishment. While Miss Eunice summoned Dr. Locke and his dependable car, Pamela answered the judge's note and packed a bag. While Dr. Locke hurried four anxious people back to Crow's Nest, Judge Harrison read the following answer:

An urgent call from a sick friend makes it impossible for me to call upon you today. I offer no claims for you to investigate.

Pamela Harrison.

An hour later unmindful he was eating an excellent lunch, James Harrison addressed his wife accusingly.

"Echo," he began in the admonitory tones she knew so well, "I feel you are guilty of maternal neglect. You have wilfully and knowingly ignored this Pamela Harrison. I feel she is my lost daughter."

"Why, James!" gasped Echo, nearly choking over a mouthful of salad. "You told us she was dead!"

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James raised his hand, commanding silence.

"That was camouflage; to discourage pretenders. I had had no less than seventeen different claimants. Orphans, poor white trash, even foreigners, had offered to be my lost child. Portia's future was being menaced, so I elected that method of elimination. It was effective, too. No claim has ever come up since. But I had a suspicion of this young lady when I interviewed her, that night in the library; on that occasion she displayed Harrison intelligence. Last night she revealed Harrison beauty. The women of my family were always beautiful. Now I know she is my daughter. This morning she refused to call upon me. Invented an excuse. Declined to come at my bidding! That is Harrison pride. Intelligence, beauty, pride. Of course she is my daughter. I regret, Echo, that you have neglected her so!"

Portia, so interested that she forgot to sulk as she had planned, cried excitedly.

"Are you so dense, Father, that you think the identity of our graduation gowns was accidental—a mere coincidence? This girl has been dressed exactly like me for years. Mother has been at the bottom of it all. She has planned this method of making you see. I wondered why she no longer gave me money from grandmother's estate. She spends it on Pamela. Suppose she is my sister? I don't know what a sister could mean. It's too late now to bring her into my life! She's been a thorn in my side ever since that horrid mountain woman tried to kiss me. You'll take her in, and kill the fatted calf and fuss over her. She is bright. She likes books and calculus and astronomy. She can go to your old law college. I'm only a fickle shallow thing, and it's no use trying to make me study law. I'm going to marry Spike Reeves some day, so there!" Quivering with emotion, she fled from the room.

Judge Harrison turned toward Echo. "I fear," he began and stopped short. Once again Echo had fainted. He had no audience, but solemnly commented to the deserted table.

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"If women ever become jurors, I shall retire!" He felt aggrieved and injured. This weaker sex was incomprehensible. Portia was an intellectual failure; or, if not a failure, a disappointment; but self-willed. Echo was subtly clever, when he had thought her shallow. Eunice was grimly determined. And lastly, Pamela, just when he became convinced of her identity declined to acknowledge him! Such independence and indifference!

He began to feel old. "I have freed Silas Hoggan," he mused, anxious to reestablish a full measure of self esteem. "Next, I will develop my coal prospects in Crow's Nest. Then I will make this independent young woman recognize me as her father."

As rapidly as he dared drive, Dr. Locke whisked Pamela over the road to Crow's Nest, back to the familiar settings of her childhood. It seemed as though the long, lonely trek had been but yesterday. "Remember where I found you, Pamela?" the doctor called affectionately, "Right on the road by that bush? Wonder I didn't run over you!"

The rain-soaked, weather-beaten house looked exactly as it had four years before, when Granny pushed the frightened child down the path toward the town road. The same old hounds came barking from their holes under the house. Pigs still enjoyed the freedom of the yard. Millie was washing, her figure heavy and prematurely old. She stepped wearily from the barrel tubs to the "bilin'" pot, swinging over a coal fire. A small boy, clinging to her skirts, whimpering, begging to be held. On a bench in the shade of the cellar house Abe Walters lounged, whistling and sang sonorously:

"I sold my cow and bought me a calf
And knotted I lost the bargain by half.
I sold my calf and bought me a mole
And the darned old thing ran in its hole."

On seeing the visitors, Abe jumped up with alacrity. "Curly," he grinned familiarly, but Pamela ran to Millie.

"You poor dear," she cried, "you shouldn't wash. It's too hard. Abe, you should help her; did you tote the water?"
Abe looked sullen and muttered, "Washin's is fur women." Dr. Locke swore softly under his breath, and the little party filed into the house. Here Cassie cried over her least one, and rejoiced that her affection was not repulsed, then cried again, as she related Granny's "miseries." Bud did not appear. In the semi dark, windowless sleeping room beyond lay Granny Turner. The gaunt old hands were even thinner; the nose more prominent. the lips drawn with pain. The mark of death was upon her; Dr. Locke could do nothing save give temporary relief to the aged sufferer.

"I bin apinin' ter see youall, Curly," the old voice quivered. "I aims ter live till I seed ef you all war gold agin. M'Cee it war wicked ter dip et, but et's purty now." The crooked old hands stroked the golden mass, as if loath to loosen their hold.

"Granny, dear old granny," sobbed Pamela, yielding to a rush of old memories. "I don't mind about it now. Not a bit. You must rest and get well. See, we brought you a doctor; a real medicine doctor. He will cure you."

"My time air come." The voice was predestined and marked with finality. "I've fit hard, but et's nary use. I been a hankerin' ter hear the rest o' thar story yours war a readin', the last night yours war hyar, Curly. Cassie gev me the book hyar in bed." From beneath the old, worn covers Granny Turner pulled forth the copy of "The Prince and the Pauper" which Miss Eunice had sent them long ago.

PAMELA sat on the side of the bed. Aided by Dr. Locke's flashlight she picked up the story where she had ceased. Steve and Cassie came in to listen. Dr. Locke and Miss Eunice stole softly out. Pamela read on and on, pausing only to listen to the labored breathing from the patient. Through the fortunes of the little prince, on to his coronation and death, the story progressed, ending happily for Tom Canty.

"Youns sure has got larnin'. I'm the proud that that little prince got his crown 'fore he died," Granny whispered happily. "Bud he tried ter read et ter me, but he can't do et like yours can. Don't "

“I touched a button

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yous ever let nobody ever dip the hair of yourn agin, Curly." She sank into a deep, stuporous sleep, from which she never awoke. After a few days the harassed soul passed on to a well earned rest, where ignorance and poverty played no part, where pride and revenge were never known.

The visitors returned home, but not until Dr. Locke had expressed his indignation. He ordered Abe Walters to do the heavy work for Millie; to bring her down to the hospital for her approaching illness. He ordered Steve to cut a window in the bedroom, and to take Cassie to a doctor. The doctor found physical relief in verbal expression, but he knew full well that his orders would never be obeyed. Although they stayed until nearly dark, there was no sign of Bud. But when Pamela got into the car, a large bunch of May apple blossoms decorated the rear seat and a caged cardinal, fluttering and nervous, was marked "Curly from Bud."

HALF way home the headlights fell on the figure of an old man, tramping along at a rapid gait.

"Want a lift?" called Dr. Locke, slowing down, while Miss Eunice looked nervous. "Climb in! Who are you? Where are you going this time of night?" demanded the doctor. "Somebody sick?"

"I'm Silas Hoggan," came the drawling reply. "I'm agoin' back ter thet thar penitochinary ter stay. I don't want no pardon. My old dog is dead, an' my old woman says she kin make et better 'when I ain't thar.' I got some purty roses down thar, an' a good bed, an' no worry 'bout vittels."

Doctor Locke laughed until the car swerved. He felt this was the one bright spot in a day marred by the evidence of human ignorance, indolence and poverty.

"Please stop, just one moment," called Pamela. "I want to free this poor bird. Beautiful thing, go home. I was once a captive, too!"

"AUNT Eunice," she whispered as they resumed their journey "just think, for over twelve years I slept in that windowless room! Poor old Granny has slept there all her life. You don't know, you couldn't be expected to understand, the poverty that binds their lives. The poor food that stunts their minds and bodies. Seems like I can smell sour dough and hominy now. I shall be a nurse," she continued after a moment's quiet thought. "I will learn proper ways of living and come back to Crow's Nest to teach these poor, ignorant people how to live!"

"That's the stuff!" cried Dr. Locke. "A marvelous life—that of a nurse. Come to my hospital any time you please Pamela, and we'll start you out right. My boy Dick will be home from medical college next year. I want him to meet a real girl like you!"

(To be Continued)

The "Good English" Teapot

(Continued from page 428)

strange tom-cats. Coral got the old English teapot, that leaks around the spout. It was quite heavy, for it contained the fines imposed for being late, leaving the door open, and forgetting; but these frailties had diminished to such an extent that the "donations" had almost ceased.

"We'll never get anywhere if we act like this!" she said. "We all want to speak good English, yet we don't want to be told about it any more than any other mistake. Now I suggest that we be fined the usual five cents for our mistakes in English."

"And slang!"

"And scolding and nagging!"

"—Or any other form of vulgarity."

The new system was accepted enthusiastically, and it is surprising how the fund in the "Good English" teapot has grown. Many mistakes that went unnoticed before were shown up and obliterated without any hard feelings. The teapot has been emptied for the first time, and the contents used in subscribing for several magazines that we have never been able to afford before. It is indeed a "Good English" teapot, for it brought us harmony, improvement and pleasure.
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Her Day of Glory

Continued from page 409

words again. Necessity for speech often drove her to talking aloud to the cat. "We—we're rich, Mitzi! Old Uncle Hezekiah up in Ioway's left us one thousand dollars! I—I got to see this lawyer man 'bout it today."

Mechanically

she picked up puss, brought her into the kitchen, then took the night-cover from Cheery's cage, and poured out an extra cup of cocoa. Although her wondrous news fairly shrieked for publicity, Femie was not going to tell much about it to her friends; they'd feel it be due on duty to help them. Neither did she want to place it in the bank where it could furnish no thrills—she wanted to celebrate, to—to do "somethin' great."

Femie put down her cup unsteadily. Her pale blue eyes gazed reverently up into the cloud-flecked sky just outside the window. "I thank heaven for answerin' my prayer so fast! The others'll die o' envy."

That last part of her grateful prayer seemed wrong somehow. Femie creased her bony forehead painfully. "Fosterin' jealousy's wicked, especially with money. I gotta do somethin' else but just tell 'em 'bout it." She sprang up, urged by a sudden thought, and ran into her bedroom. Ah, here it was. She rustled the grayish newspaper extracted from the bottom dresser drawer to a certain page. "Want- ed," she read, "to correspond with gentlewoman possessing $1000, by a fifty-year-old gentleman owning the same amount. Object: Matrimony." Femie's bank account was sacred even from acquiring a husband, but this unexpected fortune was different. She pondered long and deeply, kneeling before the open drawer, paper in hand, but at last the gray top knot shook negatively, "What good are husbands anyhow, 'speciality mail-order ones? No, that plan won't do." She put the paper slowly away.

Oh, lots of people went to France, Italy, Turkey and such-like heathenish places. "No, Mitzi, I can't abide travel."

She looked at the porcelain clock above a blue enameled table, the white gas stove, the pot of geraniums splashing a brilliant red between two parted white scrim curtains. They all seemed inexpressibly precious. "I'd die away from here!" thought Femie, a bit wildly.

Pouring the steaming hot water for dishes into a pan, her third idea exploded with a force that made her spill the scalding drops on her hand. She took them off, unfelt, and stood, poised above the kettle like a figure in a fountain. "A airplane ride! Wilkin's offer! Not one of my friends has ever been up in a plane, not even friends of my friends. Alma, Alice and the rest can't afford it, and wouldn't dare if they could."

It cost five dollars for five minutes out in the single plane on Pleasant Field. Only society folks could spend so much money, and they generally went to Staunch Field much farther away. "But I'm scared!" wailed Femie, quite as though some monster were forcing her into this. "How kin they stay in the air 'bout anythin' underneath? Every time I see one I think it's comin' down on me." Common-sense whispered, "You needn't go," but the deep-rooted desire for recognition gave battle. She'd be the queen of them all. How she could lord it over the Y. P. S. C., they with just husbands and children to brag about, she with her glorious ride! What a reputation for bravery she'd acquire, 'somethin' like that Alma Earwig, or Earling, or whatever her name was, who flew across the ocean." In a class with Lindy, perhaps—a hundred miles was a terrible long distance!"

The occasion of speaking to a real live lawyer professionally called for Femie's best black silk dress and straw hat with its demure bank of rosebuds across the turned-up rim. At last, her feet laboriously laced in those high "Sensible Woman" shoes, her hands clutching the satin handbag.
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given to her at Christmas time, she stepped outside. "Where you goin'?" shouted an astonished feminine voice from the next porch. "It's too early for your shoppin'."

A NEW dignity had come to Femie. "I'm bound on a most important mission, Miz Struthers, most important."

With that she swept regally down the street and vanished around the corner, leaving Miz Struthers torn between unbelief and indignation. "High and mighty tone she used," sniffed Miz Struthers, banging her way inside.

Femie's lofty spirit forsook her outside the lawyer's door, however; but half an hour later she came out radiant. It wasn't nearly so bad as going to a dentist! From there she went to Wilkins' store; in a week she'd get the thousand dollars. Whatever money she needed until then she was going to take from the bank.

Mr. Wilkins, a portly, ruddy-cheeked grocer with an eye for advertising novelties, received her ungraciously. In the first place she didn't patronize him much; in the next, she bought such mealy amounts—a pound of sugar, two eggs, two frankfurters. For Wilkins kept a meat market also.

"I understand you're givin' a free airplane trip with a hundred dollars worth of goods: want to make arrangements," stated Femie, calmly and proudly.

Wilkins clutched at the edge of the counter, his cheeks drained of their glow, eyes protruding. "Di-di-did yuh want a-a hundred dollars worth o' groceries?" he gasped.

"S what I said," snapped Femie, a bit peeved that he should think it unusual for her to give such an order.

"A-all right," managed Wilkins, "I'll take the order. But I may have to git some u' the things from wholesale." He rummaged below the desk bringing out a yard-long sheet of paper. Composition had returned. He spoke respectfully, admiringly, the way he should have done at first.

On the instant another plan had flashed into Femie's now fertile brain. She'd give a party with the groceries, and divide what was left between her friends: she'd hire a hall, have games, prizes and even a band! Not the grandest wedding Middleton had ever known should surpass this stupendous celebration of Femie's. "I'd like to go up next Tuesday, Mr. Wilkins, and—here her haughty tone fled, a frightened note crept in—"do you think it's safe?"

"Oh, certainly!" reassured Mr. Wilkins. "Nice big monoplane; licensed pilot with twenty years' experience, and the dandiest engine made." Femie understood not a word of this, but it sounded all right.

"What time does he sail—oh, it's fly—and where?" she queried.

"From Pleasant Field; at eleven o'clock, then, next Tuesday. You'll be back by twelve."

"Sakes alive, one hours ride ain't much to git fer a hundred dollars, Mr. Wilkins!"

"You're gittin' the groceries, too, Miss Gray," reminded Wilkins gently. "Now le's see what you want."

It took a long time for Femie's mind, accustomed to small amounts, to give that order. "Thank heaven, it's done!" she sighed, wiping her brow. "Now for spreading the news," she added to herself. "Goo'-day, Mr. Wilkins."

Like a snow-ball gathering momentum Femie's original plan expanded tremendously. She'd arrange for five taxis to convey the most favored guests, free of charge, to the field. She'd decorate her house, and have the Ladies' Aid, as well as her own Bible Class of girls, invited.

For the next three days she lived in an Elysium of delight. Gifts kept pouring in, "for all the world like a real weddin', only better," thought Femie, gloatingly unwrapping dainty tissue-paper packages. The Y. P. S. C. had called a hasty meeting on Saturday afternoon to discuss this latest venture and good fortune of Femie's. In the excitement of the moment, the occasion began to par-
The electrical industry's mission in life was begun little over fifty years ago. Its anniversary was celebrated elaborately only a few months since.

The anniversary the readers of this magazine are celebrating goes back twice as far on the calendar.

Improvement has been the aim of this industry and of the organizations sponsoring this magazine during these many years.

In the brief history of the electrical industry, all stand amazed at its accomplishments.

It has filled homes with comforts, conveniences and necessities which were undreamed of half a century ago. Edison, upon the fiftieth anniversary of his electric lamp a few months ago, said, "This is only the beginning. Much greater things are to come."

It is difficult to dream of what is to come. Of those home appliances, large and small, those know best who use them. They take away irksome cares and duties for the housewife and give her hours of leisure for self-improvement, recreation and the rearing of her children. Mothers of fifty years ago—yes, even of twenty-five years—knew nothing of the economical scale upon which the helpful service of electrical servants might be enjoyed in their homes as it might be in the home of only the very rich.

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take of the nature of a wedding, "or somethin' like that," and the ladies by unanimous vote had agreed to send gifts. "Besides," as Alma practically stated, "Femie's allus remembered us on showers fer brides, babies and sech."

Tuesday dawned bright, clear and sunny. Femie, anxiously getting up at five o'clock, peered at the sky with all the solicitude of a prospective bride. The day promised to be perfect. Everything was finished. The "girls" were to give a luncheon (Femie's groceries, of course) at the hall upon her return from the ride. The band—violin, piano and saxophone—were to play "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes," as she slowly ascended the stairs. Femie's breast swelled in anticipation.

ABOUT nine o'clock the stream of guests began coming, and, at ten-thirty o'clock, five taxis drew up in a majestic line in front of the house. Femie, giving Mitzi a violent hug and murmuring an endearing farewell to Cheery, gazed about her home with a sudden access of longing. How safe and peaceful it was!

As she stepped out on the porch a gasp arose from the crowd on the stairs and walk, for, from top to toe, Femie was decked out in what she fondly believed an aviatrix ought to wear. A brown cap with wide peak perched atop the silver-gray hair; goggles hid the beaming blue eyes; a leather jacket concealed the lanky waist; and yes, a short khaki skirt revealed a full three inches of brown woolen hose! Most marvelous of all, bronze oxfords encased the large feet that had for years been seen only in high footwear. A few ill-bred snickers sounded from the fringe of the crowd, but they were quickly drowned by her Sunday School girls yelling, "Who's all right? Miss Gray's all right!" while they flung asters, lilies-of-the-valley and Chinese pinks at their teacher.

In a trice the cavalcade had reached the field, private cars trailing the taxis. Femie pushed up her goggles to peer at the pilot, upon Mr. Wilkins's introduction. "Humph! 'Pears to me he looks mighty young to have been air-planing twenty years," she sniffed incredulously.

WILLIS Scanson, a sturdy, genial chap, shook her hand vigorously. "I was born in a plane, you might say, Miss. Bcen at it many years." Fortunately, he didn't mention the exact number.

"The airship looks awful small," complained Femie, determined to find fault. She was so scared!

"Git in back there," commanded Scanson briskly. "It's perfectly safe, ma'am. I got a wife and two kids at home; bet yer life I don't take no chances. And this baby," he leaned lovingly against the side of the plane, "is A No. 1!"

"My—but the walls are high; I can't see much of yuh in front," continued Femie, watching Scanson strap her in securely. "How'll I tell yuh when I need somethin'?

"You won't want anythin', ma'am. Leave it to me."

AROUND the plane stood Grace, Alma and Alice, gazing with absorbed wonder. "How's it feel, Femie?" they chorused, some envy, but more alarm visible in their eyes. "Ain't yuh scared?"

"No-no," lied Femie bravely. Beyond the crowd she could see her girls' upturned faces, admiringly fastened upon her. It seemed as though the whole world were filled with wonder at her daring, but if poor Femie could have heard the remarks of bystanders she might not have been so elated. Some were unquestionably sarcastic slurs at the "silly old maid," others, condemning disapproval of the waste of money. No one guessed that this was Femie's vicarious wedding day.

WHAT if the plane would fall and she'd be "squashed to pieces?" Who'd git her money, her house, her—two tears trickled down—her Cheery and Mitzi?

"You're cryin!" accused Alma suddenly.

"I—it's 'cause I'm so happy," stammered Femie. Second lie she'd told in one day!

A back appeared in the front seat; the throbbing dimly felt, increased. There were a great many shouts, a scampering of people, a forward motion. Femie leaned out. The wheels were still on
To the man whose ship never quite comes in

WHEN my ship comes in," you say—but your smile cannot hide the worry gnawing at your heart—
A fine sea-going vessel you thought that ship of yours when you launched it on the business ocean—
Yet the days and months and years slip by and though others see their ships ride triumphantly to harbor, still you scan the horizon anxiously for a ship that never quite materializes.
No one's fault, perhaps—but what a misfortune that so many business ships should founder on a hidden reef or a treacherous shoal, when the channels to Success are plainly charted and a chart for every channel is available to every thinking man!

How the Right "Chart" Increased E. T. Orcutt's Income 500% Certain is my ship-of-fortune seems far off its course, said E. T. Orcutt, in effect, when as railroad clerk at $20 a week he enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Traffic Management.
Before he had completed the training, however, came an opportunity with Hitchings & Co., Elizabeth, N. J., one of the largest manufacturers of greenhouses in the world.
Training had set his "ship" on the right course.
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Clason had left school at 14, and at 19 his job was to take care of the horses in the barn of a laundry.
"Never mind," said G. W. Clason, "I'll make my opportunity right where I am!"
So he learned the laundry business from barn to office, and at 28 was operating his own plant. When fire wiped his business out, he rebuilt and started again. Unable to finance properly—thru lack of business understanding, as he testifies—he sold out and became superintendent of the Ideal Laundry Company, Spokane, Washington.
Right then he made up his mind to remedy his lack—and enrolled with LaSalle for training in Business Management.
Today, at 48, he is vice-president and a director of this successful company, and commands an income several times as large as when he started with LaSalle six years ago.
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I'm tired of trying to bring my ship to port without chart or compass, said B. J. Mertz, in effect, when as principal of a rural high school in Texas at $30 a month he enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accounting.
Upon completing the training, he first took a place as Assistant Bookkeeper, in Chicago—then joined a firm of Certified Public Accountants, chiefly to get experience. Then he became Office Manager and Acting Secretary of a foundry in Southern Ohio. Already—in only four years—his salary had increased 500%.
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earth, and oh how she hoped they'd stay there! Those terrible straps held her in physically, pride held her mentally, or she would certainly have fought her way out to good solid land.

ABRUPTLY the wheels left the sod. "We're up," gasped Femie weakly, as though shocked. Oblivious to the shouts, the hand-waving, to floating handkerchiefs, she huddled herself into the seat, closed her eyes and silently prayed. Served her right, flyin' in the face of Providence this way with her high and mighty notions, her pride and sinful vanity.

Never saw the lovely toy farmhouses, the checkerboard fields, the narrow ribboned rivers, the wee, wee animals. She never even felt the cool bracing winds of heaven rushing over her. She never noticed the fleecy white clouds and the glorious blue of the sky that they were nearing.

Nevertheless, consciousness was not altogether gone. Femie felt the sickening lurch of the plane and her previous terror increased to unreasoning hysterics. "Hey, you," she shouted furiously, "stop doin' tricks!"

SCANSON caught the last word. "Tricks? Wish they was. What the Sam Hill ails this engine, anyway?" He jabbed away at throttles and instruments, but the imperfect rhythm continued.

"We're gonna make a forced landing," he shouted above the din of the now dying engine.

Femie, aware that judgment had come, refrained from more anger. Oh, if she'd ever get back to earth she'd stay with Mitzi and Cheery to the end o' time! Another thought began to harass her. Here she was, an unmarried girl, all alone up in the air with a married man. Wouldn't there be talk? Then every sensation was obliterated in the stark belief that the end of the world had come. Up went the tail of the plane in the air, down went the nose, and Femie, flung across the back of the pilot, felt her head almost jerked from her neck.

"Stay there a minute," said a shaken voice in front. "We landed in a ditch, but no one's hurt, I guess. I'll get yuh out."

SHE felt herself gently pushed back; a few minutes later, pale and sobbing, she found herself on dear old Mother Earth. "Gosh!" breathed Scanson, mopping his clammy brow. "That was a narrow escape! We're lucky to be alive, ma'am, ain't we?"

"Lucky?" upbraided Femie, in a very weak voice indeed. "I'm gonna report your tricks to Mr. Wilkins and your wife. Much you cared fer my life!"

"Tricks?" gasped Scanson.

"The motor balked, ma'am. I couldn't help it."

"You could so!" retorted Femie, glad to vent her anger on someone. "Anyhow, don't stand yap-ping at me! I wanna git home."

"There's a road to the left; follow that and mebbe you'll get to a town. And when you come there, send a couple o' men back here to get this plane out." That was the worst of takin' scared old ladies up, the pilot complained to himself, they were so plain dumb!

FEMIE started unsteadily for the road. Her day of glory was utterly ruined. On and on she trudged, fields of corn to the left of her, fields of wheat to the right of her, with never a farmhouse or human being in sight.

"How these oxfords hurt!" she moaned at last. "I'm gonna take 'em off." And she did, stuffing the stockings into their toes. Poor Femie! What a contrast to the glorious creature of just two hours previous! Pitching her goggles off, she stood revealed in all the pathos of badly swollen eyes, vividly shining nose, and lips without any color at all. Her cap was still perched at a saucy little angle on her flying hair, but Femie didn't care much for personal appearance just then. One thing she knew: Earth was beneath her wriggling toes, solid dirt and sand and mud. not just empty air.

The mud gave way suddenly and inexplicably to a cream-colored fluid, splashing up on her bare legs as she stepped heavily therein, almost knocking over the little five-year-old maid weeping silently nearby. "What's the matter?" asked Femie, startled at the unexpected appearance of a human being.
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The girl raised large dark-brown tear-strained eyes. "I spilled the milk and Pa'll lick me!" she stated in a hopelessly aged and helpless voice.

"Yuh poor mit!" breathed Femie, pitifully, forgetting her own woes in a greater sorrow. "Never yuh mind, I'll pay your pa—if you tell me how to git home."

With a quick starved gesture she opened her arms, and so unseeing was the child that she crept into the shelter of this queer-looking creature.

How the tiny form filled an aching void in Femie's heart! Above the two thin shoe-string-tied braids, Femie began to croon comforting sentences of hope. "Kiss me!" she begged humbly, tilting the face so blissfully buried on her shoulder.

The warm red lips upon her own narrow ones released the full tide of Femie's emotion. "Why, you're what I need—a little girl. No airplane ride, no husband even, no money, no honors, just—just a child!"

A being duly placated with greenbacks, Femie received directions on how to get to town. Unhappily, the train wouldn't leave until three-thirty. At five-thirty, disheveled, dirty, worn-out, but triumphant, Femie arrived at the hall. "Mercy sakes!" reproved Alice, "we et all the lunch, the band went home, and Wilkins got searchers out fer yuh. He's scared stiff fer fear yuh're dead, and he'll be arrested. Mrs. Scanson reported her husband wasn't back yet, either, and the evening papers got a full page account o' the trip, and its disaster's endin'."

"My name in print?" cried Femie, joyfully. "Le's see." And if anything was needed to put the finishing touch to this perfect day it was this.

The Improvement Era for April, 1930

Spring's Coming

By L. D. STEARNS

Spring's here, no matter what your barometer may say. Before you know it birds will sing, and fragile wayside blooms will burst along the way, while in your garden bed the old sweet loneliness will lift its head. Cheer up! Gruff winter's gone after making surly plans for leaving. Remember when you used to board each penny—sorely grieving if one was lost—to buy your love a valentine? And Valentine has come and gone again, with all his merry quips and rhymes. Push on! Renewing life is in the air—'twill soon be pulsing everywhere! And life is good, and work is sweet, and each new problem one may meet—and solve—but draws one up a little higher, paving a path to heart's desire. There's no such word as fail. No effort, ever yet, has been in vain. Though spring may pass, spring always comes again! She's on her way, e'en now. Her steps are swift. She's singing. If you but listen, you will hear, perhaps, a pussy-willow burst its silvery sheath, or catch the liquid notes of joy-bells ringing.
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